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Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXI.

JANUARY, 1923

NO. 1



SWEETHEARTS OF THE SIXTIES

And sweethearts still are Capt. and Mrs. J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who celebrated their fifty-sixth wedding anniversary on August 12, 1922

AN OFFERING OF OLD BOOKS.

Memoirs of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long.....	\$5 00
Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.....	5 00
Life and Campaigns of Stonewall Jackson. By Dr. R. L. Dabney.....	4 00
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke.....	6 00
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Four Years in Rebel Capitals. By T. C. DeLeon.....	4 00
Autobiography and Narrative of the War. By Gen. J. A. Early.....	4 00
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Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General. By Dr. W. M. Polk.....	4 00
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With Saber and Scalpel. By Dr. John A. Wyeth.....	3 00
Tennessee in the War. By Gen. M. J. Wright.....	2 00
Personal Record of the 13th Tennessee Regiment. By its old commander, A. J. Vaughan, with complete roster.....	2 00
Southern Historical Society Papers. Vols. I-VI, in five volumes.....	10 00
Life of Jefferson Davis, with Secret History of the Southern Confederacy. By E. A. Pollard.....	3 50
A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie. By J. B. Polley, of Hood's Texas Brigade.....	3 00
The Great Parliamentary Battles and Farewell Addresses of the Southern Senators on the Eve of the War. By T. R. Martin.....	4 00
Military Annals of Tennessee. By J. B. Lindsley.....	5 00

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Phillips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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In renewing subscription, W. S. Land writes from Belington, W. Va.: "The Veteran is a welcome visitor to our old days. We want to help the truths that my father found in this humble way the memory of him in the Stonewall

Cemetery at Winchester, Va., 'Lieut. Col. David B. Lang, 62nd Virginia Regiment; died September 6, 1864.'"

Charles Marshall, Bay St. Louis, Miss., wants to get the names and addresses of the surviving members of Woodward's 2nd Kentucky Cavalry.

MISS RUTHERFORD'S
Scrapbook

Realizing the time consumed in answering questions and giving statistics regarding the South, it is deemed wise to issue a monthly pamphlet containing such information.

There will be 10 issues a year beginning with January, 1923. PRICE, \$2.50 A YEAR. The pamphlet will be the size of all of the pamphlets that have been published by the Historian U. D. C. and will average 20 to 30 pages.

Advanced subscriptions will be appreciated to defray the expense of first issue.

Advertisements pertaining to articles needed by Confederate organizations will be welcome.

One inch space, \$2.00; 1 page, \$10.00.

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The South in History and Literature.....	\$1.50
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Four Addresses as above, bound with picture, The South of Yesterday.....	.50
The Civilization of the Old South.....	.15
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Georgia Facts.....	.10
Memorial Day Banner.....	.25
Measuring Rod for Textbooks.....	.15
Historical Programs U. D. C. & C. of C....	.10

Address Miss M. Rutherford
Athens, Ga.

A typographical error gave the address of Allen C. Redwood as Port Conway, La., when it should have been Port Conway, Va. See November VETERAN, page 423.

A. W. Mountcastle, Lenoir City, Tenn., offers a copy of the "Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston" in exchange for some back numbers of the VETERAN as follows: January to November, 1900; January to May, 1901; August to December, 1906; the entire year of 1920. The book is leather bound, gilt edges, 755 pages, illustrated. Write him in advance of sending numbers.

David Cornelius Porter, of Houston, Tex. (Park Place, R. F. D. Box 370), wants to establish his record as a Confederate soldier so as to receive a pension. He enlisted with the 1st and 7th Alabama Volunteers from Decatur, Ala., under Hatchel Cochran and Forrest, and after eighteen months he went with the 1st Tennessee Scouts, under Captain Shaw. He was a companion of Sam Davis, whom he had known before the war, being in the same military school. Any assistance in getting a pension will be appreciated.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. } VOL. XXXI. NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1923. No. 1. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. } FOUNDER.

ARLINGTON—THE HOME OF LEE.

MRS. N. P. BALLARD, HANOVER, VA.

White-pillared, fair, lies Arlington,
Along the brimming river,
And with its name is linked a fame
That time nor death can sever.
Within its walls there lived a man
Whose name in song and story
Rings down the corridors of Time
With ever gathering glory.
As soldier, patriot, father, friend,
A warrior, statesman—he
Sprung of a noble, kingly race,
This man was Robert Lee.
Success was not for him, but loss,
And every nation's frown,
But nobly did he bear his cross
And win the world's renown.
The purple hills around his home,
Look on an alien race,
For those who bear his noble name
Have there no real place.
The brimming river rushes on
Unhindered to the sea,
And bears to many distant lands
The immortal name of Lee.

LENGTH OF DAYS.

A most remarkable showing is made in the great age which has been attained by so many of our Confederate veterans while still in mental and physical vigor. It is quite common now to read of another having passed the century mark, and, as a rule, these centenarians are still active. Veterans in the eighties are still numerous, and many of them are men of affairs, and some still engage in physical labor on farms and elsewhere. Though many succumbed to the hardships of soldier life in the sixties, that physical training and outdoor life for four years evidently built up many a constitution to withstand the softening effects of civil life. During the late World War the effect of the physical training of our boys in

camp was quickly apparent, and few failed to benefit in that way.

When the Confederate soldier returned to civil life he found so much to be done to rebuild his ruined country that he did not have the opportunity always to pick a job to his liking, but at once tackled what he saw needed to be done. It is said that the South made its bumper crop the year after the war, and the man behind the plow had not long laid aside a gun. And just as soon as he could prepare a little home for the girl he "left behind"—and many times without waiting for that or knowing how the daily bread would come—he took unto himself a bride and firmly established a home. Children came to these homes, to some of them in great numbers, and the struggle for the wherewithal to feed, clothe, and educate the young brood became desperate at times; but there was no more giving way to despair in this fight than there had been in the fight for Southern independence, for there was still the courage of woman to add to his own. These brave women shared their poverty in smiling acceptance of fate, cheering them on to their best endeavor, helpmeets in every sense of the word. Many are sharing the evening of life together, still the sweethearts of long ago. The illustration on the front cover of this number shows a happy couple of the sixties, Capt. J. F. Shipp and his wife, who posed this picture for a tableau in the May Festival at Chattanooga, 1922. Their golden wedding anniversary was celebrated six years ago. Many other couples have reached and passed this golden anniversary, and some have been together more than sixty years.

The South is proud of the men who fought for its independence in the sixties, proud of them not only as soldiers, but as citizens after the war had closed. They built up what the invading army had torn down, and their labor has made this section to blossom and bloom again; they have been the leaders in their States as governors, members of Congress, judges, and other high officials; they prepared the way for the following generation to "carry on" in the South's interest, and no other section of this country has a more pleasing prospect for the future. All honor to them as soldiers and citizens! May their days be long yet in the land they fought to save, the evening of their lives cheered and blessed by the love and devotion of sons and daughters and the grateful appreciation of their fellow men.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

FREE IN THE TRUTH.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unassuming eye,
And smiling say: "My Father made them all."

—William Cowper.

THE BARBARA FRIETCHIE MYTH.

Every now and then the old story of Barbara Frietchie's having waved the Union flag in the face of Stonewall Jackson and his troops as they passed through Frederick, Md., is brought into special publicity, and the general effect is to strengthen the belief in such a happening. However, the class in American Literature at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., recently made thorough research into its origin, and came to the conclusion that "she didn't do it;" that if anybody waved a flag, it wasn't Barbara; and that there is doubt that Jackson passed up Market Street. It seems too bad that the old dame should be stripped of this little honor, and especially after a monument has been placed in "Fredericktown" to perpetuate her deed of heroism—which she didn't perform. Such a monument perpetuates an untruth, but those who put it up said it would attract visitors there, even if the old lady didn't deserve it.

There has been much controversy over this poetic incident, but the statement made by Gen. H. Kyd Douglas, of Maryland, who was on the staff of Stonewall Jackson, not only that no such incident occurred during their progress through Frederick, but that Jackson did not pass by the home of Barbara Frietchie at all, should have been sufficient for all right-minded people. However, the myth persists even over the statement of the old lady's nephew, one Valerius Ebert, who had charge of her financial affairs. He stated that his aunt died in December, 1862, at the age of ninety-six years; that she was bedridden and helpless, able to move only with the help of others at the time Jackson passed through Frederick; that Jackson did not pass her residence at all, but passed up what is known as "Mill Alley," some three hundred yards above her home. And he says the facts prove that Whittier's poem is pure fiction, without even the remotest resemblance to fact. Whittier himself conceded that it might be incorrect in some details, but said he got it from trustworthy sources.

"It is a well known fact," wrote Capt. William Gordon

McCabe in the VETERAN many years ago, "that Stonewall Jackson did not pass through Frederick along with his corps, but rode rapidly through the town with a small cavalry escort about an hour before his troops marched through the streets. Neither he nor the troops passed Barbara Frietchie's house. There is not one single incident in Whittier's poem that has a historical foundation. It is poetic myth from start to finish."

There is altogether too much of this "poetic myth" in the history which has been written of the sixties, and not enough of fact. The time has come to demand fact alone. This poem should not be included in the literature of our young people, for it gives a false impression in every way; yet there is hardly a collection of "best poems" in which it does not appear, and children have it in their reading classes and thus imbibe the idea that the "rebels" were demons indeed. A movement should be started for its elimination. "It will not be missed."

THE SOUTH'S STORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS LIBRARY.

The late Maj. George Littlefield, of Texas, by generous gifts to the University of Texas, made possible the collection of material on Southern history for that library. He donated for this purpose a fund of \$25,000, and by bequest the amount of \$100,000 became available in May, 1921. For twenty-five years the income from this fund is to be used to purchase books, pamphlets, newspaper files, maps, and manuscripts bearing on the subject, and at the end of that time the fund may be spent for that purpose if thought best. The administration of the fund is vested in a committee consisting of H. A. Wroe, of Austin, professor of American History in the University; the President and the librarian of the University, and the State Librarian. E. W. Winkler, of the University library, is curator of the collection.

This collection is now considered to be one of the most complete in the United States, and that within the next five years it will be the largest collection in existence. Additions are being constantly made by gift and purchase.

Major Littlefield gave to the University more than \$2,000,000, and of this a bequest of \$250,000 was for the erection of a memorial arch in honor of Confederate soldiers on the south entrance to the University campus.

In writing of this, Mrs. W. L. Kellam, of Austin, mentioned that a short while ago an effort was made by a member of the school board of San Antonio to have Lincoln's picture and the Gettysburg address placed on the walls of the schools in that city, which effort was blocked by another member with the support of the veterans and Daughters. Yet few schools show the pictures of great men of the South, whose many Christian acts and utterances deserve to adorn our school walls. She says: "We should awake and stage a campaign in every city town, and hamlet in the South for the vindication of our departed leader, Jefferson Davis, who gave up fortune, health and eventually life itself in vindicating our cause of constitutional rights. If we had a government functioning as the Confederate States of America, with a grand and noble man as President, should not his portrait adorn our school walls? That is his rightful place, we think."

REUNION DATES.—Gen. A. B. Booth, Assistant Adjutant General U. C. V., writes that the dates for the reunion in New Orleans should have been given as April 10-13. The reunion will last four days.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

(In Memory of Rev. James Hugh McNeilly.)

BY EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In youth he chose that narrow path
Beset with thorns and tears,
To bear the banner of his King
Through all his earthly years.

It led him, its bright folds unstained,
Into the thick of fight,
Where, 'mid the shrieks of battle's wrath,
He faced Death's dreadful night.

He stood the test of camp and march,
He fared as fared his "boys";
The dying soldiers through his eyes
Visioned eternal joys.

Along the blood-stained track of war,
Fearless amid the fray,
He comforted the wounded, and
Prayed where the dead ones lay.

Brother and friend, the rich, the poor,
His great heart loved them all—
Sons of the South, who bravely thus
Answered their country's call.

Peace came at last, and o'er that land
Of ruin, wreck, and woe
Spread her white wings, and through the clouds
Hope's rainbow seemed to glow.

But still his Master's banner led
This Christian soldier on,
Till in the service of his King
He heard him say: "Well done!"

And all his deeds of kindness wrought,
And all his works of love,
Shine brighter than the stars that light
The firmament above.

LEE AT LEXINGTON.

(Essay by Miss Edith Pope, Nashville, Tenn., which won the Leonora St. George Rogers Schuyler prize of \$50 offered for the best paper on "Lee at Lexington" by any member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and which was awarded at the convention in Birmingham, Ala., November, 1922.)

The world judges greatness by success and takes little thought of the supreme effort behind failure. The life of Gen. Robert E. Lee furnishes an example of failure triumphant, for, though a leader who surrendered his army, he was acclaimed the greatest military commander of his time, and in the obscurity of his last years won even greater fame by following the simple path of duty. "To the world he has been revealed as the purest and loftiest character yet evolved by our Christian civilization."

* * *

When peace had dropped her silent benediction over the ravaged South, General Lee turned from those gory battle fields to become a private citizen for the first time in his manhood; and it was his wish to spend the remainder of his days

in the simple enjoyment of that citizenship. He wanted just a little country home in his native Virginia, with his family about him, and to work for their support. Offers of homes, lands, money, and positions poured in on him after the surrender; an English nobleman even offered him a mansion and an estate "commensurate with the merit and the greatness of an historic family." But he declined all, replying to the offer of a home in England: "I am deeply grateful, but I cannot desert my native State in the hour of her adversity. I must abide her fortune and share her fate."

While enjoying the quiet and rest of a temporary country home, placed at his disposal by his good friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph Cocke, of Cumberland County, he was notified of his election to the presidency of Washington College at Lexington, and, after deep consideration, he decided to accept it, yielding to the judgment of the trustees that his connection with the institution "would greatly promote its prosperity and advance the general interest of education." And, in accepting the position, he was influenced, his son thought, "by the great need of education in his State and the South and the opportunity this gave him for helping, by his experience and example, the youth of the country to become good and useful citizens."

He consulted with Bishop Wilmer about this offer, which the latter thought would be a step down in his career, as "the institution was one of local interest and comparatively unknown to our people. I named others more conspicuous which would welcome him with ardor as their presiding head. I soon discovered that his mind towered above these earthly distinctions; that, in his judgment, the cause gave dignity to the institution and not the wealth of its endowment or the renown of its scholars; that this door and not another was opened to him by Providence, and he only wished to be assured of his competence to fulfill this trust, and thus to make his few remaining years a comfort and a blessing to his suffering country. I had spoken to his human feelings; he had now revealed himself to me as one 'whose life was hid with Christ in God.'"

Lexington is the capital town of Rockbridge County, which is a part of the famed Valley of Virginia, "justly celebrated as the most beautiful, picturesque, and fertile part of the State." The town is noted especially for the two great institutions of learning—Washington and Lee University and the Virginia Military Institute, the latter being on the same high ridge, but somewhat farther out of town.

The institution to which General Lee was to give the best efforts of his last years had a worthy history. The original school, founded in 1749, near the present site, was called Augusta Academy, and "it was the first concrete expression of that devotion to learning and religion which characterized the settlers of the Valley of Virginia, and fifth in the order of founding of American colleges." In 1776, two months before the Declaration of Independence, its name was changed to Liberty Hall Academy, and in 1782 the institution was chartered by the State of Virginia, "independent of either Church or State control." General Washington became interested in the school, and in 1798 he endowed it with a gift of \$50,000, and authorized it to bear his name as Washington Academy. This was changed in 1813, by act of the Virginia legislature, to Washington College. Another handsome bequest had come to it in 1803 from the funds of the Virginia Society of the Cincinnati upon its dissolution, but at the close of the War between the States the college was almost bankrupt—its funds exhausted, its buildings and equipment wrecked by the depredations of the Federal army under the notorious General Hunter. Other bequests of great value

have come to it in later years, but nothing could equal that which General Lee gave to it—himself. After his death the name was changed to Washington and Lee University. From its early history its graduates have been among the leading men of the country—governors, senators, judges, teachers—reflecting luster upon the institution, which is now recognized as “the nursery of national leadership.”

Entering upon his new duties, General Lee began to put into effect plans for a great institution. He designed an elective system of study and adopted the honor method of government. “Make no needless rules,” he told his teachers; and to a student who asked for a copy of the rules upon entering the college, he said: “We have no printed rules. We have but one rule here, that every student be a gentleman.” He believed thoroughly in education, and at every opportunity urged its importance “for the present and future safety, welfare, and prosperity of the country.” He set himself to get acquainted with the students, to win their friendship. His interest in each and every one of them was keen and personal, and he spared no effort to arouse their ambition. He won their confidence and soon had their affection; they so loved and honored him that they tried to please him. His patience and forbearance with those who were not trying to make the best of their opportunity were such that he would enter a plea for some student whom the faculty thought should be sent home. “Let us try him a little longer,” he would say; “we may do him some good.” He gave close attention to the reports on students, by which he kept up with the standing of each one in his classes. He felt responsible for their getting the most out of this opportunity for an education, so he tried to inspire them with ambition to be good students and useful men and Christians. In conversation on the religious welfare of the students, he said with emotion: “If I could only know that all the young men in this college were good Christians, I should have nothing more to desire.”

General Lee had a distinct policy and plan for the upbuilding of the institution under his charge, which he wished to meet the highest needs of education in every department. He did not wait for the means to be provided in advance, but proceeded to create the new chairs which he thought were needed. A practical engineer himself, one of his first acts was to establish the Chair of Civil and Highway Engineering in the interest of the war-wrecked South. In the same first year the Chairs of Natural Philosophy and Modern Languages were created, followed in the second year by the Chairs of History and English Literature. His ideas culminated in a system of “schools,” and in the third and fourth years he established the Schools of Law and Equity and of Practical Journalism, the latter being the first effort ever made to teach methods of molding public opinion.

In all his association with Washington College, General Lee had no thought of self-advancement or material benefit. As the college began to prosper under his wise administration, the board of trustees wanted to increase his salary, but he would not allow it, saying he was already receiving more than his services were worth. And just as firmly he refused to allow the college to give him a house and an annuity for his family. “I am unwilling that my family should become a tax on the college,” he wrote to the board, “but desire that all of its funds should be devoted to the purpose of education.” And the noble wife was equally firm in refusing such financial settlement after his death.

His interest was not only on the inside of the college walls, for he immediately began the systematic improvement of grounds and buildings. He drew the plans for the chapel and superintended its erection, and other buildings were added from time to time. It was his nature to try to improve his

surroundings wherever placed, and at Lexington there was a splendid field for exercising his abilities in that line. The example he set in these improvements about the college and grounds was soon followed by the Virginia Military Institute, then the town authorities saw the necessity of better streets and sidewalks, and the people also began to improve and beautify their homes. “At Lexington he was creating or recreating a great nation still. His patience, his courage, his attitude toward the past, his attitude toward the future, his perfect forgiveness, his large magnanimity, above all, his hope were reflected in the eager hearts about him, and from them spread wide over the bruised and bleeding South, so sorely in need of all these things.”

Under General Lee the college grew in every way—in attendance, in financial support, in its widening influence. He inspired the teachers and pupils to put forth their highest powers, the standards of scholarship were advanced, and soon the graduates of Washington College were ranking with those from the best institutions elsewhere, and they were in demand as teachers for the highest positions in the best schools. And these results were due mainly to the personality and influence of General Lee as President of the college. Such was the opinion of those who worked with him.

During the years of so-called “reconstruction” in the South General Lee suffered with his people, and their love and devotion were very precious to him. He longed to help them, and did what he could by trying to make useful citizens of the youth under him; and by his example he showed his people that human fortitude could be equal to human adversity. His pleasure was in his home life; he was devoted to his family, and that association, as revealed by his letters, was very beautiful. Children were his delight, and they gave him their adoring love. His greatest recreation was in his rides on Traveller in the beautiful country about Lexington, and those rides were mostly solitary, giving abundant opportunity for quiet thought. Doubtless he thus solved many problems arising in his responsible position and drew inspiration and fortitude for the morrow’s duties from the beautiful scenes of that lovely country; and perhaps he could relieve his burdened heart by communion with his dumb companion as he could not with his fellow men.

As the years passed he felt his duty grow stronger, and the while the college was growing dearer to him. “His great labors were directed toward making Washington College the seat of science, art, and literature,” and “a scholastic monument was slowly responding to his noble influence and wise administration which would be as illustrious as his most brilliant military achievements.”

Five years he was spared to this work at Lexington—years of ceaseless labor despite physical disability and suffering—and then the great heart grew still and his spirit passed into the realms of the immortals, for

“He triumphed and he did not die!

But on that day at Lexington
Fame came herself to hold
His stirrup while he mounted
To ride down the streets of gold.”

FREEDOM OF CHOICE.—In case of direct and insoluble issue between sovereign State and sovereign nation, every man was not only free to decide, but had to decide the question of ultimate allegiance for himself; and whichever way he decided he was right.—*Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts.*

ALABAMA'S SECESSION CONVENTION, 1861.

[Scenes and incidents of the secession convention of Alabama, which convened in Montgomery on January 7, 1861, as remembered by Col. John W. Inzer, of Ashville, who represented St. Clair County in that assembly. These notes were dictated to and prepared by his grandson, John Inzer Freeman, of Birmingham, Ala.]

In January, 1861, Montgomery had but three railroads entering the city. Much of the travel there was by stage-coach, steamboat, and private conveyance. There was at that time quite a number of fine steamers on the river, among them the Southern Republic, a double-decked steamer, on which many of the delegates to this convention went to Montgomery.

One of the first things attracting the eye of the visitor on approaching the capital of the State, was the presence of the military, something not often seen in those days, soldiers dressed in gray uniforms and encamped about the Capitol. Guard mounting was a daily occurrence at the very foot of the steps of the Capitol. It was said that the destruction of the State Capitol had been threatened, hence the presence of the military to protect the building and its inmates. This was doubted by some, who thought the main object of the military on Capitol Hill was for display. The soldiers were under the command of Colonel Tennant Lomax, who afterwards lost his life in leading his regiment in a gallant charge at the battle of Seven Pines, in front of Richmond, in 1862.

On entering the city one would readily notice the strong, quick, elastic steps of all persons, the stern and determined countenances of men. Added to this were an unusual number of shrill whistles on trains and boats approaching and leaving the city and the soul-stirring music of the calliopes on the steamers playing "Dixie" and other Southern airs, together with the field music attending the military parades on the streets, indicating that great events were near at hand.

From the very moment of the convening of the convention

the city was crowded to overflow with persons from all parts of Alabama and by strangers from other States. Scarcely was there a town of the State without representation, all anxiously waiting to see what could be done. Be it said to the credit of that vast gathering and the extraordinary surroundings, all was orderly and well behaved.

It will be remembered that on February 24, 1860, the legislature of the State adopted certain joint resolutions providing that at the election to be held in November, 1860, for President of the United States, if a "Black Republican" should be elected the Governor of the State was directed and required forthwith to issue his proclamation calling a convention of the people to convene at the capital soon thereafter to determine what action the State should take. Such proclamation was duly issued by the Governor on December 6, 1860, for an election to be held on December 24 to select delegates to such convention at the State capital, January 7, 1861. The counties were allowed the same number of delegates in this convention that they had in the lower house of the legislature.

This convention of the people of the sovereign State of Alabama did assemble in the hall of the House of Representatives at the Capitol, in the city of Montgomery, at the hour of 12 o'clock, on Monday January 7, 1861, and, strange to say, notwithstanding the difficulties in reaching Montgomery at that time and season of the year, on first roll call every delegate of the one hundred was present in his seat and responded to such call.

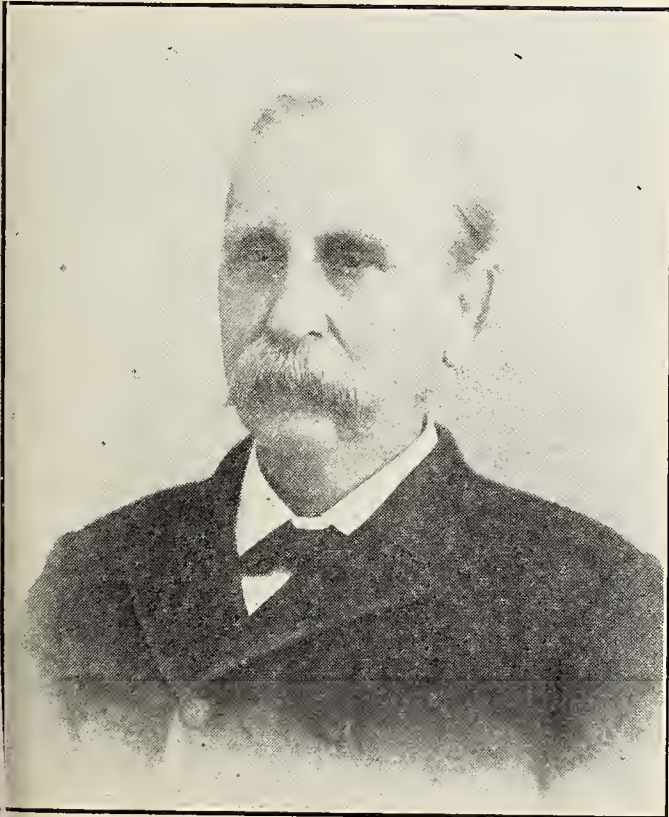
The members of the convention, before proceeding to the discharge of the duties confronting them, and as was usual in such cases, took no oath or obligation whatever, each being guided by the sense of right for himself and the right to pursue.

Before the time fixed for the convening of the convention, it was conceded and believed that a majority of the delegates as would be seated favored the immediate secession of the State from the Federal Union, or compact of States, hence the convention was temporarily and permanently organized without wrangle or scramble. The only unpleasantness, if any, had its origin in the fact that the minority of the delegates, as stated, believed that the two delegates from Shelby County, who were really elected, were entitled to seats, but not having certificates of election could only be seated after a successful contest. These excluded delegates were present in the lobby. Had these delegates from Shelby been seated, the convention on the question of immediate secession of the State would have been about equally divided.

However, the first real test of strength was on the election of the president of the convention. Those who were in favor of the immediate secession of the State voted for Hon. W. M. Brooks, of Perry County, and those opposed voted for Hon. Robert Jemison, Jr., of Tuscaloosa County, Brooks receiving fifty-three votes, and Jemison forty-five, neither Brooks nor Jemison voting.

After this temporary organization of the body, on the motion of Hon. W. L. Yancey, Dr. Baswell Manly, of Montgomery, was requested to open the convention with prayer. Standing just to the right of the temporary chairman on the speaker's stand, Dr. Manly, in a humble and graceful manner, delivered an earnest prayer, which was attentively listened to by all present and seemed to have a profound effect.

The delegates composing this convention might have well been classed into three groups, the complexion of the body standing about thus: Fifty-two favored the immediate secession of the State, twenty-four favored coöperation with the other Southern States before seceding from the Union, and twenty-four opposed secession in any manner, preferring to



COL. JOHN W. INZER.

remain in the Union and give Mr. Lincoln a trial, as they expressed it, before taking action. There were as many as twenty-four that never signed the lithograph copy of the ordinance of secession; however, some of these who did not place their names to the ordinance pledged themselves and their people to its support, and some of these same men were found subsequently in the Confederate army doing patriotic service. Three-fourths of the delegates of the convention believed in the constitutional right of secession. This right they had been taught from childhood.

The delegates, taken as a whole, were a superior body of men and not surpassed by any body of one hundred men that ever assembled in any State. They were generally men of middle age, though there were some quite young, while others were well advanced in years. Many of them were dressed in suits of homemade gray jeans, manufactured by the fair hands of their wives and daughters, who never before knew what it was to perform such work. Yancey, Henderson, Morgan, Watts, Bragg, Timberlake, and many others who had usually worn suits of the finest quality of broadcloth, wore suits of the homemade jeans, and some of the most elegant and fashionable ladies of the State were also in attendance dressed in suits made by their own fair hands, and such ladies were greatly admired by all. It had been said that the South was without factories to clothe our people, hence these suits were made at home manufactories to show that there could be found in every home in the South cards, wheels, and looms ready for manufacturing clothing for our soldiers and people in the event war should come. This was freely verified during the war which followed, as this homemade jeans constituted the material out of which our army was clothed and uniformed, these same noble women manufacturing such material in their homes.

The first ripple in the convention which caused feeling and angry expressions grew out of a resolution offered early after organization by Mr. Whatly, of Calhoun County. Some of the members thought this resolution tended to reflect on their loyalty to Alabama, hence the trouble was soon explained and good feeling was restored in the body.

This convention had its William L. Yancey, usually called Bill Yancey, the great spirit and leader of his party in the convention, to whom all straight-out secessionists in the body looked for leadership. The life of Yancey and his private and public career were as pure as the driven snow, and he felt that the right of secession of a State from the Federal Union was guaranteed in the Constitution of the United States, and that in the exercise of this right of secession was the only sure road to the peace and prosperity of his beloved South. Looking back at Yancey after a lapse of over sixty years, my prejudices have all vanished and gone, if I ever had any. I feel, and verily believe, that Yancey was the greatest of men I ever saw, and one of the greatest that ever lived, and his greatness will be awarded him by the future historian. Likewise, this convention had its Robert Jemison, Jr., of Tuscaloosa, a man of clear head, sound judgment, and pure motives, whose public and private life was without spot or blemish, and to whom the delegates of that body opposed to separate State action at all times looked for counsel and leadership. Jemison possessed many of the elements of greatness. Yancey was the great orator, while Jemison was the cool, clear-headed thinker. A stranger coming into the body would have had no trouble in detecting that Yancey and Jemison were the leaders of the convention, despite the fact that there were a number of others there who might have been classed with these men.

This convention had its Watts, one of the noblest, purest, and best of men. It also had its great lawyers and judges in the persons of Dargan, Bragg, Morgan, Herndon, Webb, Stone, Gibbons, and many others. This convention was not without its great orators, among whom was Baker, of Barbour. It also had its poets, one of whom was W. H. Smith, of Tuscaloosa, who wrote, in part, the debates of the convention and to whom the historian of Alabama owes and will ever owe much for this report of the acts and sayings of the convention.

In the convention was to be found able statesmen and profound scholars, among them being Cochran, of Barbour; its great advocates at the bar, such men as Barnes, of Chambers; Clements, of Madison. Also such great men as Brooks, Boiling, Dowdell, Clarke, Bulger, Coleman, Jewett, Jones, and others whose known ability and love of the State were not questioned. Besides these were to be found delegates of unusual ability, many of whom, in token of their sincerity, gave up their lives on the field of battle for the cause they knew to be right. "Is not one sincere in a cause for which he will sacrifice his life?"

The greater part of the time before the passage of the ordinance of secession, the body was in executive session, sitting behind closed doors. During this time many exciting scenes occurred, most of which have been lost to history. It is difficult to remember all that occurred there, after a lapse of sixty years.

On the evening of January 10, 1861, and after all matters in connection with the ordinance of secession had been completed and all preliminary votes had been taken, by mutual consent it was understood that, at some period on the coming day, a final vote should be taken, and before the adjournment on that evening, Mr. Watts, of the convention, invited the body to dine with him at his palatial home in the city. At this dining there were, in addition to the members of the convention, hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of others present the largest gathering at any private residence that I ever saw in my life.

On the morning of January 11, 1861, the day which had been designated by the convention for the final vote on the adoption of the ordinance of secession, long before the time appointed for taking the vote, the Capitol building was filled from top to bottom with people anxiously awaiting the result. It was impossible to obtain standing room. The vendors of refreshments and the peanut dealers in the rotund were forced to beat a hasty retreat for the safety of themselves and their valuables. The grounds around the Capitol were crowded by people anxiously awaiting the announcement that Alabama was a free sovereign State. The excitement was intense.

During the time the ordinance was being considered by the convention and just before its adoption, another secession convention was being held by citizens in the Senate chamber presided over by the good and great man, Judge John I. Pelham, and by which an ordinance dissolving the bonds that subsisted between the State of Alabama and the United States was unanimously adopted. During all this time the convention sat with closed doors and the most perfect order prevailed. Members of the body, in short talks favoring or opposing the adoption of the measure, treated each other with the greatest courtesy and respect and with expressions of brotherly love. Notwithstanding there was intense feeling permeating the whole body and the passions of men ran high such feeling did not manifest itself in an unseemly manner at the convention. Members spoke in great earnestness and were, in the main, guarded in their expressions.

Those favoring secession argued earnestly and contended that the right of a State to secede from the Federal Union was so clear under the Constitution of the United States that, without doubt, Alabama would be allowed to secede in peace and good feeling on the part of the general government; and some went so far as to insist that the difference existing between the Northern and Southern divisions of the United States was of such nature, and so great, and the interests of the two sections so different, that the only way to prevent war and bloodshed was in the exercise of this constitutional right of secession. And the delegates who opposed the secession of the State, while they generally conceded the right of the State to secede at pleasure, were of the opinion that such action on the part of Alabama would necessarily result in war and bloodshed. There were some delegates in the convention who denied the right of a State to secede under the Federal Constitution, and to do so, in their judgment, would constitute treason. While this earnest discussion was in progress, others seemed to take pleasure in the thought that, before the adjournment of the body, Alabama would be a free and independent State, free from the rule and domineering control of a "black republican" administration (as it was called), headed by Abraham Lincoln. Other members, in sorrow and regret, did not like to part company with the good old Union of their fathers, as they expressed it, rather preferring to live and die in the Union. One elderly delegate from North Alabama, Judge Posey, said that on the evening before he walked out on the hill near the cemetery with a friend and there beheld the sun, setting the last time on Alabama as a member or a part of the Federal Union. This he said with tears in his eyes, and it was evident that his feelings were stronger than he was able to express. The many short talks were earnest and sincere and very impressive and never to be forgotten. Those participating in these talks seemed to give no heed to the great excitement then going on outside the convention hall. Love for the old Union was great indeed, and the scene was pathetic. However, the love of State rights and for independence and the thought of a Southern republic was greater than that for the old government and prevailed in the body, as shown by the votes of the members, sixty-one voting for and thirty-nine against the adoption of the ordinance.

It is a great loss to the people of the South that those speeches could not have been preserved completely, and the spirit in which they were uttered. They would have made a fine impression on the minds of our brethren in the North as to the honesty and sincere manner in which our people seceded from the Federal Union. They would have been convinced that Alabama was not carried out of the Union by a few hot-headed secessionists, and that if war should come the people of the State would stand together in making the secession of the State a success and a government free from Northern control. Had our Northern opponents occupied seats in the gallery of the convention while it was getting ready to make its final vote on the adoption of the ordinance, they would have been thoroughly convinced that a large majority of those present were ready and willing to offer their hearts' blood in the defense of Alabama.

At last, on the evening of that memorable day, never to be forgotten in the history of the State, the time came for the making of the final vote on the adoption of the ordinance, and at such time no one was present except the delegates and officers, though possibly a favored few were permitted to remain. Notwithstanding the wild confusion and enthusiasm in and

around the Capitol, everything was as still as death in that hall. This was one of the most solemn scenes my eyes ever beheld. The faces of strong men were pale and almost like death in appearance while the names of the delegates were being called and the final vote registered. This was not because of personal cowardice or fear, but because of the grave responsibility resting upon them.

On the announcement of the president that the ordinance of secession had passed and that Alabama was a free sovereign State, the doors of the hall were at once thrown open to the public, and men, women, and children rushed into the hall amid scenes of the wildest excitement. It had been so arranged that when the president of the convention declared the ordinance adopted, an officer of the body stood at the third window from the southwest corner of the Capitol, in the hall, and on the side fronting the city, with a handkerchief in his hand to signal Mrs. A. G. Walker, the wife of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, announcing the secession of the State. Mrs. Walker was standing on the pavement just outside of the gate leading up to the Capitol, and on the left coming down from the Capitol, with the lanyard of "Little Texas" in her hand, and at the particular moment the gun was discharged amid terrific excitement. The first gun was in honor of the independence of the State, and then a salute was fired for each State that had seceded, Mrs. Walker firing only for Alabama, which was the fourth State that seceded. "Little Texas" was a small piece of artillery, mounted on low wheels, and used on public occasions by the people of Montgomery. Amid all this excitement, everything was carried out systematically as arranged.

Immediately after the opening of the doors of the convention hall, Mr. Yancey moved some two or three steps down the aisle toward the president's stand, having in his hand a beautiful flag, which, in the name of and in behalf of the ladies of Montgomery, in one of his eloquent and beautiful speeches, he presented to the convention. On one side of this flag was a large cotton stalk, and on the other a large rattlesnake in coil, with appropriate emblems. One mentioned cotton as king, and the other forbade anyone to tread on him.

At the close of Yancey's address, Mr. Brooks, the president of the convention, turned to Alpheus Baker, a delegate from Barbour, who was standing just to his left and on the speaker's stand, and requested him to accept the flag in behalf of the convention. This Mr. Baker did with great eloquence. Some one asked Hon. Alexandria Meek, of Mobile, what he thought of Baker's speech, and he said "it was a perfect Niagara of eloquence."

At the close of Mr. Baker's address, the convention adjourned for the day amidst great excitement and enthusiasm. That evening was spent by the crowd about the Capitol in making short addresses, many of the leading men of this and other States participating. Many of the addresses were by men who had opposed the secession of the State, and on this occasion they fully committed themselves to secession.

The enthusiasm continued throughout the evening and until daybreak on the morning of the twelfth. Stands were erected all along Dexter Avenue at street crossings and in the public square and on down Commerce Street to the river bank, and speakings were held at other places in the city, the whole city being beautifully illuminated.

The convention met again on the morning of January 12, and commenced work in good earnest to make the action of the State a success.

COMPARISON AND APPRAISAL.

HISTORICAL EVENING ADDRESS AT BIRMINGHAM CONVENTION
U. D. C., BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

It is a high privilege to hold the third and last of my Historical Evenings in this beautiful city of Birmingham in the noble commonwealth of Alabama, which gave to the Confederacy its first capital, the great Admiral Raphael Semmes, the dashing cavalier, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, and a host of illustrious soldiers, among them the gallant Pelham, who, like so many sons of Dixie, died in her defense. Alabama fittingly represents the Old South with its lofty traditions, and Birmingham symbolizes the new era which dawned when the old had drawn to its somber close. Let us, therefore, make this hour, dedicated to retrospects, a time for comparison and appraisal, realizing that whatever is best and worthiest in our newer South is due to the teaching and example of the men who marched under the Bonnie Blue Flag and made it immortal.

The leisure of the Old South was one of its salient charms. It was practically immune from the minor pests which provide subjects for our experiment stations and have made the word insecticide so common in our vocabulary. Fancy a potato without a bug, a tomato without a blight, a rose without a slug, an orchard without a scale, a boll without a weevil! What was planted grew without spraying, and died of old age without the assistance of the gipsy moth and its associate assassins. No wonder there was leisure for the development of a group of statesmen whose vision made this republic a mighty nation instead of a narrow strip along the Atlantic seaboard. From the conquest of the Northwest territory through the Louisiana Purchase, the Gadsden Purchase, the Mexican War, and the capture of California by Fremont, all our vast area was expanded by Southern men. As you have doubtless observed, these facts are not emphasized at Pilgrim dinners and Mayflower celebrations, and I may say to you, confidentially, that the ingenuity of our good friends, the Plymouth Rockers, is undoubtedly apparent in a discreet silence concerning the things they have left undone in the building of the nation.

There was another factor which made home life different and less fluctuating. The servant gal problem had not left the incubator of domestic trouble. There was no listening on cold mornings for a footstep which failed to register. As was said of Federal officeholders, the cook seldom died and never resigned, and those old cooks were the high priestesses of the culinary art. Their minds were not distracted by the conflicting claims of culture and the kitchen. Let me illustrate. The Old Dominion has acquired some little local celebrity as the Mother of Presidents, the first lady member of Parliament, and the Old Virginia ham. Some think the last is the best.

Once upon a time a ham was baking in my range, a distant relative of the ferocious pigs which sometimes attacked the Stonewall Brigade and were killed and eaten in self-defense by those intrepid warriors. Presiding over this aristocrat of the cuisine was the sweet girl graduate of an industrial school. The odor of burning meat warned me that a catastrophe had occurred. Rushing into the kitchen, I was greeted with the question: "Mrs. Campbell, do you think the madness of Hamlet was real or feigned? I am preparing an essay on the fair Ophelia and the Melancholy Dane." As I snatched the charred and smoking remnants of the F. F. V. from the oven, I fear my manner in replying lacked that repose which marks the stamp of Vere de Vere and did not encourage Shakespearian research during cooking hours.

If hospitality is less universal than of yore, let us comfort

ourselves with the reflection that in the average home it now entails infinitely more effort than in the placid, abundant days when a pound of butter, a dozen eggs, and a glass of brandy were the usual accessories to the simplest dessert and the announcement that Lucullus dines with Lucullus was the assurance of a feast fit for an epicure.

Our happy people, whose God was Jehovah, dwelt under a government which derived its fundamentals from Magna Charta and habeas corpus, but its motto, *E Pluribus Unum*, signified a new conception, one nation composed of many States. The men who framed the Federal Constitution were not copyists; they were originators. It was chiefly evolved by James Madison, and was declared by Gladstone to be the greatest instrument struck off at a given time by the human intellect.

If you wish to know by what small majorities and by what devious means the Constitution was adopted by the thirteen original States, read the life of John Marshall, by ex-Senator Beyeridge. Naturally, you will find no eulogies of Thomas Jefferson. You do not expect them any more than you expect something flippant and frivolous from the Prophet Jeremiah. But you do find the lucid and convincing proof that the right of withdrawal from the Union, commonly called secession, was recognized to secure the ratification of the Constitution. You find also which States first threatened secession, and why they desired to form a Northern Confederacy. If we exclude this book from our libraries because we entertain a different opinion of Jefferson, and other sections exclude it because it tells the truth about State rights, both sides are in danger of becoming narrow-minded bigots, incapable of appreciating the viewpoint of the other. Our entire history may be interpreted by the amendments to that Constitution. From 1804 to 1865 we did not modify it by the stroke of a pen, and then come the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments, which differ so radically with all that precedes that it is evident some mighty cataclysm has swept over our people, and the victors are recording the verdict.

One phase of that conflict must not be overlooked. It may have been inevitable, but the blame for its precipitation rests upon the Democratic convention which met at Charleston in 1860 and failed to agree upon a presidential candidate. The Northern Democrats chose Stephen A. Douglas; the Southern Democrats chose John C. Breckinridge. They defeated each other, put in power the Republican party, which was hostile to both, and many of the misfortunes which ensued must be traced to this colossal folly.

What is done is done. Let us not look into the past to discover its subtle treacheries, its brutal cruelties, its needless anguish. Rather let us revere in disaster a heroism unsurpassed by any race, and let us listen to the ancient cry of Faith which rose like incense from a bleeding land: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

The eternal stars, Orion and the glittering Pleiades, which witnessed the desolation and also the triumph of Job, still shine in benediction upon all who make human fortitude equal to human adversity.

The person who seeks to perpetuate sectional hatred is a friend to no one, but we would be traitors to our highest trust and recreant to our holiest duty if we failed to teach future generations that the South fought for its constitutional rights, and, as President Davis said, the fact that secession was impractical did not prove that it was wrong. We can stress principles without attacking personalities.

Let us glance for a moment at Southern literature, crowned with the unique name of Edgar Allen Poe, the prince of poets, also the founder of the modern detective story, and none of the

adventures of Sherlock Holmes have excelled "The Gold Bug" or "The Murders of the Rue Morgue." Another poet of the first rank was a Confederate soldier, Sidney Lanier, a master singer, whose music will echo down the ages.

A few days ago a distinguished man of letters entered the life eternal, one who depicted with rare fidelity the romance and the tragedy of the land where we were dreaming, Thomas Nelson Page, late Ambassador to Italy, perpetual Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from the Old South to the boundless realm of Futurity.

The renaissance of the eighties surpassed in productivity and value the prose writings of any previous era, and, while it has ebbed, there are a number of authors with best sellers to their credit.

It must, however, be conceded that the *Southern Literary Messenger* has had no successor. Southern magazines expire of infantile paralysis, not of senile decay, and, so far as I am informed, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of Nashville, is the only one continuously published for thirty years and still extensively circulated. Southern writers must now compete in the literary markets of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago for a place in their big publications. This is an unwelcome thought, but it is my solemn conviction that the first step toward remedying a condition is to admit its existence. We are baffled to fight better, fall to rise, sleep to wake.

In 1865 two great armies were disbanded in the reunited States. The blue and the gray went back to the fields and raised bumper crops. Our splendid men in khaki, after making Armistice Day next to the Fourth of July the most glorious in our annals, complained for many weary months of unemployment, because few of them desired work on the farms. This is not a tide which will again flow landward; it is a deep and powerful current which continually enriches the cities, impoverishes rural conditions, and causes one of our serious problems.

After forty-three years, 1870 to 1913, we began a series of four amendments which show how far we have progressed since the paramount issue of State rights was defeated at Appomattox, for three of them attack some cherished right of sovereign commonwealth never before challenged. The Supreme Court of the United States is now the sole bulwark against Federal aggression, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Chief Justice Taft for the decision that a law, although beneficial, should not be made operative through the invasion of the rights of a State.

Now for the appraisal of our present assets. The blow which struck the shackles from the slave emancipated our economic system. In material wealth the South is incalculably richer than ever before. Its natural resources in timber, minerals, land, and water power are absolutely unrivalled, and have barely crossed the threshold of development.

I have spoken of the great part played by ante-bellum statesmen. We may recall with pride that just four years ago the outstanding statesman of the entire world was a Southern man. After long exile, in 1913 a son of Virginia again sat in the White House, Woodrow Wilson. His form is still too near to estimate its full magnitude, but it will emerge from these temporary shadows as the greatest since Washington, for he attempted to gain for the whole world through the League of Nations that freedom which Washington secured for his own country.

Destiny did not call an amiable mediocrity to that high place in a tremendous crisis; it called a leader, and he evermore led. Sometimes he drove. It was not his nature to coax, but can you match the eight years of Woodrow Wilson

with any other period in American history and find equal achievement? For the first time the United States sat at the council table of nations, a victorious partner in the World War, and was accorded the leadership in the reconstruction of a devastated continent. We were not deposed. We abdicated, ingloriously, ignominiously, at the mandate of those whose vindictive hatred was aroused by the preëminence of President Wilson. In the misery of these unsettled times perhaps they have learned that there is nothing so disappointing as a satisfied vengeance.

Meanwhile, except in self-respect, we are the richest and most favored nation on the globe, but we are not the first, nor shall we be the last on that proud pinnacle. Go with me across the seas and the centuries to the palace in Babylon where Alexander lies dying. Silently the Macedonians salute him in a last farewell. His empire crumbles, and in the wake of his returning armies the luxury of the East, and its many races, come to Greece. Soon that gifted people is polluted by inferior strains, the very language of Homer, Plato, and Aristotle is forgotten, and a hybrid dialect takes its place which has not produced one single masterpiece in two thousand years.

Rome succeeded to the empire of Alexander, and added to it vast regions. A horde of slaves and aliens graced the triumphs of its conquering Cæsars, remained to minister to decadent Romans, and debased the blood that ruled the world. Soon the imperial city became the Niobe of nations, its language dead, and not a vestige left of the far-flung sway over provinces subjugated by the invincible legions. These are solemn lessons for us to ponder, for the United States is fast ceasing to be the home of a purely Anglo-Saxon civilization. For the first time since they quit work on the Tower of Babel Shem, Ham, and Japheth all dwell under one flag, and it is our Star-Spangled Banner, of whose meaning they are ignorant if they construe liberty to mean license and if they use our benign laws as a shield under whose protection they may safely teach the heresies and fallacies which have afflicted Europe and which menace the happiness of mankind.

Underlying and complicating these perils is one which knows nor creed nor color—the fatal spirit of greed, which is the source of lawlessness, the corrupter of virtue, the forger of those chains which hold in ultimate bondage the prisoners of that dire abode above whose portal is inscribed: "All hope abandon ye who enter here."

Against these dark forebodings there are two remedies, a patriotism which is proof against the allurements of pleasure or the appeal of unworthy ambition and an individual purpose to love mercy, to do justly, and to walk humbly with our God.

As Daughters of the Confederacy we find our hope and inspiration in the story of the Confederacy. We see its chief Executive, President Davis, bearing with patience and sublime resignation the vicarious burden of a people's woe; we see Stonewall Jackson, sword forever sheathed, looking across the river to the rest which awaits those who fight the good fight; we see Robert E. Lee standing in ever-growing splendor, the high exemplar of military genius and Christian manhood.

We may not know in what great agony these men have been the cup of strength to others, in what temptation they have nerved a human soul to victory, or in what struggle they have pointed the way to a supreme renunciation, but their lives, their memory, and the great, accumulated, intangible treasure of the lives and deeds of those who loved and followed them constitute our priceless heritage.

We believe if we enshrine in our heart of hearts the faith in

which they trusted, the principles for which they sacrificed, the South will continue to give to this nation its leaders in peace, in war, in high ideals, and unselfish service.

CLOSING SCENES OF WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

BY D. C. GALLAHER, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Perhaps no other such limited section as the Shenandoah Valley was the scene of such continuous fighting from the beginning to the end of the War between the States. Here Stonewall Jackson won immortal fame in his strategy and many victories, and here Sheridan won some fame and much infamy.

The situation in Virginia north of the James River and early in 1865 was temptingly ripe for just such events as actually occurred. Grant was tightening his strangle hold around Lee's depleted and half-starved army at Petersburg. Man and beast everywhere were suffering for subsistence. Even the Shenandoah Valley, justly called the "granary of the Confederacy," had been stripped bare by both armies, and in the preceding fall Sheridan had burned many homes, all of the mills, and every barn, and had carried off every foot of stock to be found by his soldiers, a prototype of the Huns in Belgium. Sheridan had boasted in a report to Grant that he had so devastated that section "that a crow even would have to carry his rations with him." One small mill is still pointed out as the only one left by Sheridan. The farmers too old for military service and their families throughout Virginia had been keeping body and soul together with the scant remnants left by the agents of the Confederacy, who had "impressed" or commandeered everything possible for the army even before Sheridan came and destroyed these scant remnants in the "Valley" and wherever he went. The only reliable main channels of supply to Lee's depleted and half-starved army were the two railroads running into Richmond, the Virginia Central (now the Cincinnati and Ohio Railroad) from west of Staunton, and the Richmond and Danville (now the Southern Railroad) via Lynchburg, and the small and slow boats of the canal, also from Lynchburg and Buchanan.

Grant early designed to cut off and absolutely destroy even these feeble arteries of supply from Lee's army near Richmond, and directed Sheridan, then in command at Winchester, to do so. Sheridan quietly spent several weeks in getting together some nine thousand or more picked cavalry, artillery, wagons, etc. The official reports show there were then within his reach and control over twenty-three thousand cavalry alone in and near the lower Valley, as far as Harper's Ferry, guarding the railroads, etc., and attached to his main army at Winchester. Mosby's ever-vigilant and daring command, liable to strike at any hour or place, necessitated the presence there of this unusual number of the enemy's cavalry. Every man, horse, wagon, and equipment was carefully selected for Sheridan's ride through Virginia to join Grant at or near Richmond, and on one of the last days of February, 1865, there rode out of Winchester, on their mission of ruin and destruction, the best equipped large body of horsemen ever seen on this continent. There was but little to oppose them. They were headed for Richmond and expected to, as they did in fact, sweep the Valley clean of Confederates and to destroy as they went, and their besom of destruction was indeed visible for years after.

Early's command had dwindled by fatalities and desertions and by most of it being sent to hard-pressed Lee, except

some of Wharton's Division, which was then away in the rear in winter quarters near Fishersville, six miles east of Staunton; and even from it daily desertions of half-starved and ragged soldiers were occurring. There was no subsistence for the cavalry down the Valley, hence they were scattered, some at Swope's (of Rosser's command), west of Staunton, and some near Lexington (of Lomax's command); but very many were at home on furlough or elsewhere feeding and saving their horses for the expected spring campaign. Sheridan's spies and "Jessie Scouts" (spies in Confederate uniforms) swarmed over the Valley and inside our lines, making daily reports, astonishingly accurate, for Sheridan's reports show he knew details of the situation far better than Early, who had only about one hundred and fifty cavalry between him and Winchester, picketing and scouting around Harrisonburg, thirty miles away from his small infantry in winter quarters. All during the winter Sheridan had kept pretty close to Winchester and Early near Staunton, with occasional forays of cavalry, mainly by Mosby's and McNeill's commands, and a notable raid in December by Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, who, by an all-night ride and daring surprise at daylight, captured at New Creek, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad (now Keyser, W. Va.), the fort and seven hundred of the garrison and five hundred cattle for Lee's starving army. At Moorefield the night before, Gen. Nathan Goff, later United States Judge and United States Senator and Secretary of the Navy, was captured. Save an occasional scout, Sheridan, now on his raid, encountered no Confederates until at the Mt. Crawford bridge over the North River, about sixteen miles from Staunton, he found guarding it, on the afternoon of March 1, a picket and reserve of about one hundred and fifty cavalry, which he flanked by some of his troopers swimming the swollen stream above the bridge, and nearly succeeded in capturing every one of them. It was then a keen run from there to Staunton, some sixteen miles away, the majority escaping by running into the woods and byroads. That night, unopposed, Sheridan entered Staunton, destroying as he went all supplies except those needed for his own forces. Straggling cavalry and couriers during the night brought the news to General Early, who, before daylight of March 2 hastily moved Wharton's skeleton division of only two slim brigades of about sixteen hundred men in all, and his few artillery from Fishersville, then winter quarters, down to Waynesboro, five miles eastward. He hurriedly formed his thin line of defense upon a moderate ridge east of the town, his line of battle practically, but not quite, as the sequel showed, spanning a crescent winding of South River, then swollen to a flood stage and way out of its banks, and with but one narrow bridge crossing available for retreat, if necessary. He failed, however, to entirely connect his extreme left with the river, leaving a body of woods on his flank unprotected.

The merest novice then and now wonders why he did not fall back promptly two or three miles farther into the narrow and easily defended Rockfish Gap of the Blue Ridge Mountains, only three miles away, where he might have held Sheridan at bay or compelled him to abandon that route, as General Hunter was compelled on his raid to Lynchburg, Va., under similar conditions the year before. It is said that Early declared he placed his men in that trap with no chance to retreat "*to compel them to fight!*" Compel the men of Monocacy, Winchester, and of Cedar Creek to fight! General Custer, Sheridan's best commander, in his published and official report, says that "There were four (?) brigades and one battery of artillery posted behind entrenchments," etc. There were, as a matter of fact, no entrenchments and only

two skeletons of brigades, perhaps sixteen hundred men in all. A rail fence torn down and piled up for a couple of hundred yards on a line of battle three-fourths of a mile in length made the only "entrenchments." Two boys, deserters from that vicinity (whose names were well known and which I withhold), and who for some months had been with Sheridan, guided Custer, concealed by the woods on Early's left flank above referred to, to a sunken lane leading from the Greenville road to the South River ford, and wholly unprotected by Early on his extreme left flank. Sheridan, with his usual plan of fighting, made a feint in front and flanked his enemy. Within a short half hour Custer had two brigades of about four thousand men galloping, a half mile in Early's rear, into Waynesboro between our men and the swollen river, cutting off all possible escape, and not losing one man killed, while the Confederates lost the gallant Col. William H. Harman, who was shot dead in the streets of Waynesboro near Gallagher's Mill when trying to escape, and practically all of the command and every piece of artillery and wagons were captured.

There was but little firing or fighting in this wretchedly managed affair, and General Early was later rebuked by Lee by an order, as shown below. The Yankee artillery on the hill near the "Punch Bowl," a mile away, and used as a feint to cover the flank movement, exchanged a few shots with Early's artillery. Sheridan reported that he "captured nine pieces of artillery, thirteen battle flags, eleven hundred and sixty-five men, seventy-eight officers, and one hundred and fifty wagons," and that "the enemy consisted of two of Wharton's infantry brigades and Rosser's cavalry" and "nearly the entire force of the enemy captured"; and this was about correct, only some of those who had horses escaping in the mad stampede of cavalry and civilians all mixed up together over the mountain road through Rockfish Gap. The rout was complete. Custer added, in his rather self-laudatory report, that he "captured a portion of Early's staff (who, in fact, was Dr. Hunter McGuire, formerly Stonewall Jackson's Medical Director), and I am in hopes of capturing Early. I am pushing him through the (Rockfish) Gap." But Early, just as soon as the stampede set in and it was seen to be a hopeless rout, avoiding the main pike, turned into a byroad and escaped, with several of his faithful staff, through Turk's Gap of the Blue Ridge some six miles below, on the eastern side of which he spent the night. And after wandering and avoiding Sheridan, General Early reported to General Lee, at Petersburg, nearly two weeks afterwards, at 2:30 A.M., March 15, according to his brief official report to Gen. John C. Breckinridge, then just made Secretary of War. On March 29, two weeks later to the day, according to official records, General Lee summarily relieved him of all command by an order, saying: "I will address you a letter at your home in Franklin County, to which you can return and await further orders."

Less than two weeks later came Appomattox. Here was a sad closing chapter to the career of one of Lee's bravest, most trusted, and efficient lieutenants, and to the brilliant victories which Early shared with Jackson and Breckinridge and that gave the Valley a historic glory unequaled by any since Marathon and Thermopylae. Except a running fight at Mt. Crawford, as stated, with about one hundred of our cavalry, Sheridan had had no opposition whatever on his way toward Waynesboro. Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, with a half dozen men selected by him, left the pike on the hill above Fishersville as the enemy came in view from Staunton and rode around Sheridan's forces to ascertain if the latter, as the infamous General Hunter did in June, 1864, when he

burned the Virginia Military Institute and hanged innocent citizens, was going to Lexington and Lynchburg via Greenville, and was only making a feint toward Rockfish Gap. General Rosser sent back from near Greenville to Early a courier, who, after running into the enemy in Waynesboro that night, escaped, and some years after met General Early for the first time and delivered Rosser's belated dispatch (oral) that the enemy was not on the Lexington road, etc.

Sheridan rode rapidly unopposed thereafter, crossing Rockfish Gap to Charlottesville and thence to Columbia, destroying the Virginia Central Railroad (now the Cincinnati and Ohio Railroad) and the Canal. Finding the James River too swollen to cross and destroy the Richmond and Danville Road, he, March 16, joined Grant at the White House, being followed by some five or six hundred cavalry which General Rosser had hastily gathered up, but who never overtook Sheridan, the roads being in deep mud and terribly cut up by Sheridan and well-nigh impassable. After continuous and heavy rains, so cut up were they by Sheridan that the deep ruts of his tracks remained for years after. To some people amusing, but an instance of impudence, was the fact that while in Charlottesville some of Sheridan's troopers actually got out and distributed free an edition of the *Chronicle*, a Charlottesville weekly, in which they ridiculed General Early and Confederates generally! I have a copy of that edition.

Early in the morning of March 7, at Mt. Jackson, before daylight, the heavy convoy of prisoners, artillery, wagons, etc., sent to Winchester by Sheridan was fruitlessly attacked by a small body of Confederate cavalry attempting rescue, and here the last shot by a body of Confederates was fired in that Valley, rendered immortal by four years of almost daily battle or skirmishing in the most remarkable war of the then modern history. It is but just to say that perhaps none of Lee's lieutenants, whether directly under him or with a separate army, ever fought harder or with more honor against overwhelming odds than General Early, who, it will be recalled, won the battle of Monocacy against great odds and drove the enemy clear to within sight of panic-stricken Washington itself, where the timely arrival of large reinforcements, hastily sent from Virginia by Grant, convinced Early that he was a day too late. After this Early retired to the Valley, the enemy not opposing or even pursuing, such a fright had he given them. This movement added to Early's great luster and glory as a general, which in a weak moment or by a hasty error at Waynesboro were unhappily dimmed.

GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER AND GEN. THOMAS L. ROSSER.

Among the cadets at West Point when the War between the States began were George A. Custer and Thomas L. Rosser, classmates, and both very young and very warm friends. Custer left there for the Union army and Rosser for the Confederacy, after a fond farewell to one another. Each, a *beau sabre*, became a famous cavalry general, and their commands, one of the Army of the Potomac, the other of the Army of Northern Virginia, and most often in the Shenandoah Valley, were frequently pitted against each other and almost personally at times. In the Shenandoah Valley campaign this was particularly so. Often in the furious clash of charges we could easily recognize Custer in the thickest of the fight, for he was recklessly brave, and with his long yellow hair, which he, perhaps from pardonable vanity, wore with an always brilliant uniform, was easily recognized. Many messages were sent by these school friends to one another through the lines, as each often retired before the other. It

was the keenest ambition of each to capture the other, and often this came very near being realized. A noticeable instance was in the fall of 1864, when Grant was encircling Richmond. Rosser, an unusually handsome man and the beau ideal of the dashing cavalier, had lately married a belle and beauty whose ancestral home, "Courtland," was in Hanover County, near Richmond. Grant's right flank and Lee's left alternately occupied this section, the cavalry having almost daily fights and with varying occupation.

Upon one occasion Rosser's command was at Hanover Courthouse, and he was spending the night at "Courtland," Custer's pickets, not very far away, were informed by some runaway negroes of Rosser's location. Just before daylight a faithful old slave of the family rushed into the mansion and waking Rosser up told him the Federal cavalry were coming. Rosser, hastily dressing, sprang upon his horse, saddled and the stirrup held by the old servant, and, dashing down a bypath, eluded the enemy coming up the avenue of trees in front, and escaped. Custer, entering the house, introduced himself to the family, Mrs. Rosser almost welcoming him, as she well knew the old-time fondness of her husband for Custer. Virginia hospitality overcame enmity and a warm breakfast was enjoyed by Custer. However, he was soon run out by Rosser by a sudden return and attack, but, before leaving, Custer left a note for Rosser saying he had "learned that he (Rosser) was in the neighborhood and had called to pay his respects and was sorry not to find him at home," etc. The next day Custer again drove Rosser out and found a note from him saying that as soon as he learned Custer was at his home he had returned and was sorry he had left in such a hurry, etc.

After the war Rosser and Custer met in Washington. The one was enjoying a victor's happiness and a brilliant fame; the other had lost everything but honor and an equally splendid record as a cavalry leader. Custer was then leaving for the Northwest to protect the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and offered to secure Rosser an important position on the engineering corps of that railroad. Rosser accepted and, with his usual good sense and foresight, in a few years became a wealthy man from investments along that railroad, with some of his brothers-in-law, one of whom, the brave Capt. Phil Winston of his staff during the war, became an honored mayor and a wealthy citizen of St. Paul or Minneapolis. It is said that Rosser, in some of Custer's fights with the Indians who attacked the railroad builders, displayed his usual bravery in leading the soldiers. After Custer's Massacre, Rosser met Major Reno in Washington, where a personal encounter ensued over Reno's alleged failure to rescue or aid Rosser's friend, Custer, when massacred. Rosser later was residing in Charlottesville, Va., and at the time of his death was postmaster and much loved and honored by everybody.

Mark him who stands on Texas soil,
And knows the Texas story;
His soul will thrill, his blood will boil
Responsive to her glory.
The "cannon shot" by Travis hurled—
Commanded to surrender—
Reëchoes ever through the world
With undiminished splendor.

—J. Alleine Brown.

THE FOURTH LOUISIANA BATTALION AT THE BATTLE OF SECESSIONVILLE, S. C.

BY H. J. LEA, WINNSBORO, LA.

I have been a constant reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for many years, and would not be without it, for I find in each issue something worth more to me than the price paid for the entire year. In the October number, page 368, is an interesting account of the battle of Secessionville, S. C. by R. de T. Lawrence, of Marietta, Ga., which I recognize as true in the main, but with a slight variation as to the part taken therein by the 4th Louisiana Battalion; and the purpose of this article is to correct the report in that respect, so I will give an account of this affair according to my knowledge of it, having participated therein.

I was a member of Capt. J. W. Walker's company, which enlisted and went out from Monroe, La., March 2, 1862. We went to Savannah, Ga., and there were attached to and made part of the 4th Louisiana Battalion, commanded by Col. John McEnry, also of Monroe, which became a part of Harrison's Brigade, commanded by Col. George P. Harrison of the 32nd Georgia Regiment, which brigade was composed of the 32nd Georgia and, I believe, the 47th Georgia and the 4th Louisiana Battalion. In the early part of June, 1862, this brigade was ordered to Charleston, S. C. On our arrival there we were ordered to cross over to James Island, just in front of Charleston, a few days later, the Yankees having landed a force on the east or southeast side of the Island. On June 10 our brigade crowded them back through the thick jungle to their vessels, where they took refuge. Night came on, and we were ordered to fall back to open ground, a short distance away, where we remained during the night, with orders to be quiet to prevent the Yankees from getting our range or location, as they were throwing shells from the mortars constantly, which exploded high in the air above us; and occasionally a shell would come down, strike the ground, and then explode, the fragments scattering everywhere with the usual whistling noise familiar to veterans but not to boys just merged into service. Needless to say that no one there was sleepy that night. But there was not much to this affair, and the enemy made no further attempt to land at this place. We retired to the rear of our fortified line a little farther up near the fort, where we remained in camp till the morning of the 16th. I refer to our battalion only, as I do not recall the location of the Georgia regiments composing our brigade at this time.

At the break of day on the morning of the 16th, firing was heard up in front of the fort, the alarm given, and the long roll beat, and the line was quickly formed with orders to march in double-quick time. The distance was as much as three-quarters of a mile or more to the fort. We went up the road along the west side of the line to the bridge, which was about two hundred yards long, crossed over, and turned to the east about four hundred yards to the fort. Just before the head of our line reached the fort, the Yankee regiment, having formed on the opposite side of Lighthouse Creek, at this point about one hundred yards distant, opened fire on us. We were ordered to halt, face to the right, and fire. This continued but a short time; the storming party in front was crowding in, and we were ordered to face to the left and rush to the fort, where the Yankees were scrambling for the top of the parapets, crowding forward in great numbers with a desperate determination to capture the fort. We arrived just at the critical moment; a few minutes later would have been too late. They were repulsed, routed, and fled in the

same quick time that they came, with the rifles and artillery playing on them to the extreme range.

It seemed that every man there in defense of the fort felt as though the whole responsibility of holding the fort rested on him, for it would have been impossible for any force of the same size to have done more. As soon as the storming party in front gave way and fled, the flanking party across the creek also fled hurriedly, for had they remained, even for a short time, they would have been cut off and captured or killed. Our Captain Walker was shot through the body and dangerously wounded by the party across the creek just before reaching the fort, and others were killed and wounded by them. Lieut. Ike Doyle and private John Reagan of Company C were killed at the fort. I notice there was no mention made in the report of the casualties of officers of Lieutenant Doyle's having been killed, and no mention of the 4th Louisiana Battalion having rushed to the assistance of the fort. The citizens and newspapers of Charleston had much to say at the time about the conduct of the brave Colonel McEnry and his 4th Louisiana Battalion in action at that time. The report says that the 4th Louisiana came up in a run, fell upon the regiment across the creek, and routed them. The facts are as above stated.

Had the flanking party across the creek been a little stronger so as to maintain their position there while four or five hundred more continued down the creek, crossed the bridge behind us, and made their attack in front, flank, and rear, they might have succeeded, though it would have been a bold movement. It looks like they might have had a good chance, as we had no infantry in the trenches in the vicinity of the bridge; in fact, there was not a very strong Confederate force on the Island.

Comrade Lawrence says the regiment across the creek was sheltered by jungle about the marsh and the bank of the creek. My recollection is that the marsh and jungle referred to were farther up the creek to the east of the fort, and that the body of water and the land on both sides were open as far up as the fort; and as the land was only four or five feet above high tide level, there could not have been any banks to shelter them. They were in plain open view of us. He says the north end of the fort was on Big Folly Creek. I do not know the name of the two bodies of water between which the fort was situated, my only information being derived from his article. He calls the one on the south side Lighthouse Creek and the one on the north side Big Folly Creek. The north end of the fort was on a body of water which must have been as much as a mile wide, and which I understood to lie between James Island and Morris Island. A few days after the battle I saw a vessel steam up from the east or northeast through this water, near enough as I thought for our batteries to fire on her, but they did not, and I presume the distance may have been too great. She stood there a few minutes then retired. I remember a tower which stood at the south end of the fort, two or three hundred feet high, on which a guard was constantly on duty to observe the movements of the enemy. I was permitted to go up on one occasion, and the sentry kindly let me have the use of his glasses for a short time.

Comrade Lawrence says a fatigue party of one hundred picked men started about one o'clock to cross the bridge to go to the fort to assist in the work of mounting a gun, and that they arrived about daylight, just in time to render assistance in the battle. He does not say where they started from, and I cannot think he means to say it would take them all that time, from one o'clock to daylight, to cross the bridge and reach the fort, when the distance was only four hundred yards. I am inclined to think the arrival of the working

party may have been confused with that of the 4th Louisiana, as we arrived on the scene about the time they are reported to have been there; but I would not at all detract from the bravery of this party or any others who may have been there in action. He says the 4th Louisiana was ordered there by Colonel Haygood, but I do not know why Colonel Haygood should be giving orders to Colonel McEnry, since we were in Harrison's Brigade and subject to his orders. There may be some way to explain that, as we may have been temporarily detached from the brigade at this time.

This battle was one of great importance, considering the effect it may have had on the Confederacy had we failed, for, as I remember it, this point was in reach of Charleston and the enemy, if successful, might have reversed our own guns and brought them to bear on that city.

Captain Walker was discharged from the service on account of his dangerous wound, and I did not see him again, but was informed that he died at his home in one of the hill Parishes of Louisiana, west of Monroe, several years after the close of the war. When we went to James Island, we crossed over just south of the city. On our departure we boarded a steamer at the point of the peninsula and steamed around by Fort Sumter to Charleston, then went back to Savannah and remained there till November. Vessels having been sighted off the coast of Wilmington, N. C., our brigade was sent up there, and we remained on the coast just above Wilmington till March, 1863, then returned to Savannah, where we remained till May, when the 4th Louisiana was ordered to Jackson, Miss., and there attached to Gen. W. H. T. Walker's Brigade. He was promoted to major general soon after, and Colonel Wilson was placed in command of the brigade. We were in all of the Mississippi campaign under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then went to North Georgia and joined Bragg's army just before the battle of Chickamauga. We were then in Wilson's Brigade, Walker's Division, Polk's Corps, and occupied the right wing of General Bragg's army, in which battle our losses were very great. We lost every commissioned officer, either killed or wounded, except one lieutenant, and fifty per cent of the men. Our battallion was then transferred to Gen. R. L. Gibson's Louisiana Brigade, where it remained to the close, Colonel McEnry receiving a serious wound through the shoulder. After being transferred to Gibson's Brigade, General Gibson assigned Capt. John McGrath (now president of Louisiana Pension Board), of the 13th Louisiana Regiment, to take charge of the 4th Louisiana Battalion till some of its officers were able to return for duty.

After the battle of Missionary Ridge, we were in winter quarters at Mill Creek Gap, Rocky Face Mountain, near Dalton, Ga., till the spring of 1864. We were then under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in all of the Georgia campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. Colonel McEnry was again seriously wounded in the battle of Resaca, and our Maj. Duncan Buie was wounded in the battle of Ezra, just west of Atlanta, on July 28, 1864. Neither of them was ever able to return for duty. Our General Polk was killed at Pine Mountain and Gen. W. H. T. Walker, in the battle of Atlanta, on July 22, then under General Hood, General Johnston having been relieved just before the battles of Atlanta. The battle of Jonesboro, just south of Atlanta, was the last before the evacuation of Atlanta, then General Hood made his bold move around and went up into Tennessee. French's Division fought the battle of Atlanta, Ga., which, I believe, was the last of the Georgia campaign. Our brigade crossed the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., in pontoon boats. The enemy occupied the town on the opposite side; the army was crossed over and remained there till all preparations were made,

then proceeded on up by way of Columbia, where we were stopped to guard the crossing of Duck River while the army went on to Franklin and Nashville, where terrible battles were fought. Quite a lot of prisoners were sent back to us with instructions to deliver them at Corinth, Miss., which was accordingly done. Our brigade was then ordered to Mobile, being so greatly reduced in number on account of hard service and casualties. An order came to General Maury, commanding the post of Mobile, to grant a furlough to one of every seven for sixty days, which was accordingly done on February 28, 1865, and the writer was so fortunate as to draw a furlough. In company with Maj. Ned Austin, of Austin's Battalion, Capt. John Clayton, of the 25th Louisiana Regiment, and two or three others, I left Mobile by train on March 1. We left the noble Major Austin at Jackson, his home being in New Orleans, and the other members of our party walked to the river and were taken over by a negro man in a skiff. Landing on Louisiana soil, we proceeded to our respective homes. Our furloughs would have expired April 28. General Lee's army surrendered April 9, and General Johnston's a few days later, and, other organizations rapidly following, the Confederate government merged into history. I have not been back since, but remain an unreconstructed Confederate.

REMINISCENCES OF INDIANOLA, TEX.

BY EUDORA I. MOORE, BUDA, TEX.

It does not seem to be generally known, even by Texans, that during the War between the States the Federals occupied the coast town of Indianola for nearly three months; yet such was the case.

In 1862 there were a few men stationed at Fort Esperanza, near Pass Caballo, the entrance from the Gulf of Mexico into Matagorda Bay. In the early fall of that year yellow fever broke out among them. Elijah Stapp, a dear school friend of mine, died, and his body was brought to Indianola for burial. Quite a number of people in the town also died of that dread disease.

The next year, 1863, a company of men belonging to Hobby's Regiment was stationed at Indianola for eight months; in the fall they were sent to Fort Esperanza. In the latter part of November the Federals made an attack on the fort, and the Confederates were obliged to retreat. In the words of Mr. Joe Lorn, of Seguin, "The Federal fleet was outside of the pass with a number of gunboats, and for several days bombarded the fort. They landed a large force of men and were about to surround and cut us off from the mainland, which forced us to vacate the fort. Being infantry, we could not bring anything away, so all supplies, guns, ammunition, etc., were blown up and destroyed. We left the fort about midnight, and passed through Indianola early the next morning, not stopping until we arrived at Port Lavaca."

We expected the Federals to follow immediately on the footsteps of the retreating Confederates, but it was a day or two before their gunboats appeared. In the meantime the wharves, bridges, and a large pile of railroad timber were burned.

When the gunboats arrived, the town was surrendered to them by the mayor. They then went on to Port Lavaca, about twelve miles up the bay, and bombarded the place for sometime. As their firing was not returned, they drew off and did not molest it further.

The latter part of December the Federals occupied Indianola in force. It was a part of the 13th Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Fits Henry Warren.

One regiment was camped immediately east of our house, in command of Col. Oran Perry, of Indianapolis, Ind., and he gave his men orders not to molest anything on the place. The following information I received from him only a few years ago:

"The time we spent at Indianola passed very pleasantly, a season of perfect rest after long campaigns in other parts. Our force then consisted of a division of three brigades of five regiments each. Our object in coming to Indianola was to march across the country to Tyler, Tex., where we were expected to meet General Banks's army, which was to invade Texas via Red River, but Banks was defeated by General Dick Taylor at Mansfield, and our division was recalled from Indianola back to New Orleans and thence up Red River to Alexandria, La., where we arrived in time to defeat Taylor and rescue Banks's demoralized army."

The Federals tore down a number of houses with which to build barracks and for firewood. They picked on those belonging to Confederate soldiers, my brother, Joseph L. Moore, losing two. A great many cattle were killed; they would drive up a pen full and shoot them down. We had to get a permit to obtain a piece of our own beef, which went mightily against the grain. Entrenchments were thrown up and forts build on the south side of town. One day a company of Home Guard boys rode up near the place. Two regiments of infantry and some cannon were ordered out to meet them, a number of shots were fired, but no harm was done on either side. After the regiment near us broke camp, they had to wait a few days for transportation. A young captain was taken ill, and they got permission from mother to let him stay at our house. He seemed very thankful, got the names of my two brothers in the army, and told mother that if fate ever threw them in his way he would act the part of a friend to them.

The Federals evacuated Indianola on March 13, 1864, but gunboats occasionally came into the bay and would land a squad of men to search the houses for Confederates.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

I wonder if any Confederate soldier who took part in this review will see this article. If so, I am sure he will remember this event, and I would be glad to hear from him. But, alas, how few of those heroes of a hundred battles who stepped so proudly before their grand old chief that day survived the campaign of the following spring and summer!

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread."

In the winter of 1863-64, after the Gettysburg campaign and that in which we had driven Meade's army back to the defenses around Washington, D. C., General Lee's army was strung out for many miles along the south side of the Rapidan River in winter quarters. To the north of our (Gordon's) camp, about two or three miles, was a large field one and a half miles or more square, on the east side of which was quite an elevation, affording a splendid view of the whole field. There was not a tree or shrub anywhere to obstruct the landscape. Nature seemed to have designed the place for the occasion, and the quick eye of our general caught the inspiration and ordered a review of our (the old Stonewall) corps, I suppose for his own pleasure and to cultivate the martial spirit of his men; for all of the army who chose to attend were free to do so. The weather was perfect, and all the brigades

constituting the three divisions marched to the appointed place on time and took their position in line. Our division, then commanded by "Old Jube" Early, occupied the front. Gen. R. E. Rodes's division stood to our rear about two hundred yards, and General Johnson's (the old Stonewall) division, the same distance to the rear of Rodes's. The lines were perfectly straight and parallel, extending each a mile or more east and west. To the right of each brigade stood the military band or other musicians belonging to that command. When the lines were all formed, General Lee, mounted on his fine dappled iron gray horse, rode to the brow of the hill above mentioned and sat motionless, while his staff officers, all mounted, took positions on his right and left. In rear of these, his mounted bodyguard formed a line, while a large company of observers, consisting of soldiers, women, and citizens, occupied the space farther to the right and left.

At the proper moment, General Lee rode down the hill toward the right of the front division, with his adjutant general by his side, while his numerous staff and bodyguard followed. At the head of the column he was joined by General Early, and all set out in a gallop down the line to the extreme left and then back again in our rear, where he was joined by General Rodes in a ride down in front and up in rear of his division, and then again by General Johnson, where the same thing was repeated back to the grand stand on the hill, having completed a ride of six miles without a single misstep or break in gait.

I think I never saw a horse perform his part so beautifully as did old Traveller on this occasion, or a rider sit more gracefully in the saddle. But to see General Lee at his best he must be seen on horseback, where he appeared to be perfectly at home. The same can be said of Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and Beauregard. They looked like kings when mounted.

And then the various regiments broke up into platoons and marched around the field by our old commander, sitting bare headed and motionless, except to acknowledge the salute of each officer as he led his command in front of him. This all consumed a great part of the day, and at the close we returned to our camps.

A little circumstance in this connection, which afforded the men in ranks much amusement, must be mentioned: The Fingal, a British blockade runner, came into Savannah just before the Yankee fleet bombarded and captured Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the harbor. The vessel could not escape to the ocean any more to continue in the business of blockade running, and General Lee, who was in command at that time of the forces at Savannah, commissioned two of the officers of the ship in the Confederate service. Lieutenant Burns was assigned as a sort of supernumerary officer in our 31st Georgia regiment. He had no special duties to perform, and was a kind of "free lance," to go and come when he pleased, and to fight or not as he liked. But there was no truer or braver soldier in the army than Lieutenant Burns, for he was always with us when the fighting was thickest, with a gun in his hand doing his duty as a private soldier, until shot down in battle at Second Manassas: when he fell with his knee shattered by a ball, the litter bearers placed him on a stretcher to remove him out of any further danger. As they were taking him away, he asked the men how the battle was going, and when told that we were holding our line against the powerful assaults of Pope's army, for Longstreet had not as yet come to our help, he lit his pipe and replied: "I don't care a farthing if I lose my leg if we win the day." When he was well and discharged from the hospital, he got a cork leg and returned to General Lee for further service as one of his staff.

The quartermaster of our regiment furnished him with a beautiful and spirited young mount for this occasion, but Lieutenant Burns was more expert at climbing ropes on board of a ship than riding a horse in a grand parade. Doubting his ability to ride with the other staff officers, he chose to take his place in the rear of the bodyguard. For a while he followed the flying horsemen and stuck to the saddle very well, but before he got to the extreme left, he was far behind, as his cork leg became detached and began to fly about in the air in such an ungovernable way as to excite every one to laughter, and, since he could not control his horse and his false member at the same time, he was compelled to halt at the left of the division until the review was over. Poor, brave Lieutenant Burns! I wonder what became of him. Some years after the war I saw frequent mention of him in the papers, but this generation has forgotten his heroic, unselfish sacrifice in our behalf, as well as that of many others who sleep somewhere in unknown graves. But the Righteous Judge will requite them at the last day.

A few days later General Lee, on the same ground, reviewed General Stuart's cavalry corps, consisting of three divisions, whose ranks were very much depleted by constant contact with the enemy and hard service. This was very evident from the appearance of the men and their horses. The wonder is that their general, with so poor a force and equipment, could perform such achievements against such overwhelming odds. Surely Stuart and his men were little less than superhuman. But how proudly rode "The Knight of the Black Plume" that day before his chief!

All who followed him exhibited the same martial spirit that characterized their leader. What they had lacked in number and equipment they made good by their rapid movements, watchfulness, and bravery; for Stuart's men were always everywhere to head off any attempt of the enemy and to return blow for blow, or even to assume the offensive when expedient. They were the eyes of the army; the sun was never too hot nor the air too cold to check their activities, and they and their horses seemed immune to hunger and fatigue. The nights were never too dark nor the roads too bad to delay their excursions, and they always managed to get there on time, or ahead of time, to checkmate any movement on the part of the enemy. Their leader, as well as his men, seemed born for the saddle and at his best when fighting sword and pistol in hand in a "mix-up" with the enemy, or flying across ditches or over fences pursued by the foe. Even after the subsequent exhausting campaign in which Stuart was killed, these decimated battalions, under the wise leadership of the noble Hampton, were able utterly to rout a select force many times larger than their own under Sheridan at Trevillian Station, when the latter and a few of his men barely escaped into Grant's lines below Richmond, after losing their entire equipment. (See Note.) They were true to the cause of the South to the last, and to the indomitable spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race. Surprised and surrounded as they sometimes were, they seldom failed to break through the ranks of the enemy and make good their escape, to renew the contest on more favorable terms somewhere else.

After this General Lee reviewed A. P. Hill's corps at the same place, but we did not think they made so fine a show as ours (Ewell's.) I cannot say whether General Lee reviewed Longstreet's corps, as they were more distant from us toward Culpeper.

Perhaps in this connection it would not be out of order to relate another little incident to illustrate the daring heroism of the Confederate cavalry. When our army was passing through Loudon County, Va., in 1864, in returning from our

expedition to Washington, D. C., we stopped to take a few minutes' rest on the roadside near a barn, which was surrounded by a high, close fence, with a big gate opening out on the highway. We had just thrown ourselves down when the old gentleman, owner of the place, came out of his house near by and approached us, smiling, and told us this story: "Right here," said he, "at my barn not long ago, old Mosby got into a trap, and I was certain the Yankees had him; but he and every one of his men escaped. They came here late one evening in a gallop and went into my lot and shut the big gate to spend the night. They dismounted and unsaddled their tired horses immediately, and were fixing to feed, when the place was suddenly surrounded by a regiment of Yankees that had been riding in pursuit of them all day. I said to myself, 'They've got old Mosby this time sure;' but not a bit of it, for they all mounted their horses bareback, threw open the big gate, and rode out through the ranks of the enemy without the loss of a man."

At this time the Yankees were killing all Confederate scouts, and especially Mosby's men, claiming that they were guerrillas.

[NOTE.—Will some veteran who participated in this, one of the greatest cavalry battles of the war write it up for the readers of the VETERAN? I cannot do so myself, as I did not take part in it and would have to depend on "hearsay," though I passed through that part of the ground where the fighting was hottest two days afterwards with my regiment and saw dead horses and other evidences everywhere over a great extent of country.]

WITH THE THIRD MISSOURI REGIMENT.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES BOARMAN CLEVELAND, LATE OF MIAMI, FLA.

My first battle, or fight, was at Boonsville, Mo., but we had many skirmishes, and at Lexington, Mo., we made our first big capture, taking General Mulligan and four thousand of his men, after which we fought at Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo., where we routed the Yanks, killing the commanding officer, General Lyon, and many of his men. General Sigel and his Germans (whom we called "Dutchmen") took to the woods in flight.

We then started through Arkansas to join General Bragg in Mississippi at or near Corinth. We encountered an immense army at Elkhorn Tavern, and lost our gallant Colonel Reeves of the 3rd Missouri Infantry. Col. Ben McCulloch was also killed, as were General McIntosh, who commanded the Indians, and Captain Clark, a West Pointer, who commanded a battery. Our company did nobly, stood square to the enemy, and lost many killed and wounded. My brother Ben was with me, a very gallant soldier. We had quite a number of boys of his age who were raised with us on the farms near Huntsville, Mo.

From Elkhorn we went to Memphis, crossing the Mississippi River there, and were in the largest city in which we had yet been. This was April 7, 1862. From there we were rushed toward Shiloh to reënforce Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. We encountered the Yankees at Farmington and fought a skirmish line driving them back, but did not get to take part at Shiloh.

Our command was in the first and second battles of Corinth and did some gallant fighting, making quite a name. We went from Corinth to Grenada, and there my brother, Benjamin F. Cleveland, was taken ill and died, and was buried in the cemetery at Oxford. My mother was then in deep distress.

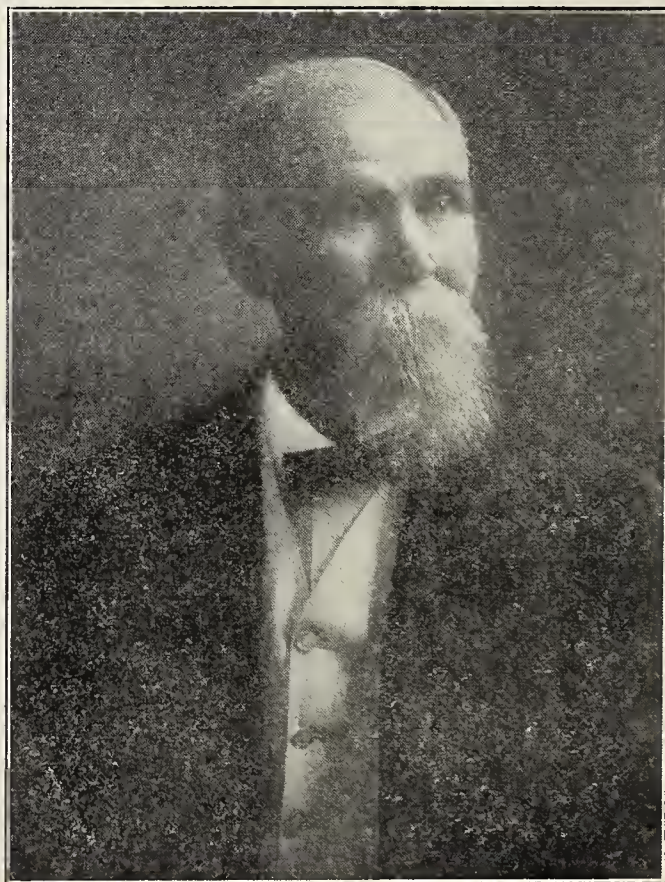
My oldest brother, John D. Cleveland, was taken prisoner and sent to Gratiot Street Prison, St. Louis, and kept three months, and then to Alton Prison in Illinois and kept there a long time. His health was so impaired that he never rallied, but died soon after the war. My oldest sister, the wife of Franklin C. Edwards, lived near Bunker Hill, Ill., and escaped all the hardships of the war; by other sister was a red hot Rebel, and in 1863 was banished from Missouri.

The army returned toward Corinth, where we fought a big battle, and then we went to Iuka and fought a battle there, losing quite a number of good men.

We marched and countermarched over Mississippi. Upon the reorganization of our command in May, 1862, I was elected a lieutenant in Company K, 3rd Missouri Infantry. Our ranks were reduced and, our companies being small, we consolidated our regiments as follows: The 1st Missouri, Colonel Riley's, with the 4th, Colonel McFarland; The 2nd Missouri, Colonel Cockrell, with the 6th, Colonel Flourney; The 3rd Missouri (ours), Colonel Gauze, with the 5th, Colonel McGowan; The 1st Missouri Cavalry, Colonel Gates, with the 3rd Missouri.

We went into winter quarters at Meridian, and I was selected by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to go with a train of fifty-two wagons into Alabama for supplies. Down in Choctaw County, near Pushmataha, I got the fifty-two wagons loaded with edibles, mostly sweet potatoes, without one cent of cost to the government. General Johnston complimented my success.

We had a nice camp during the winter in Meridian, every soldier having a reed bed, made of canes, or fishing poles, and moss, covered with blankets, to lie on; we were comfortable, well fed, and passed a very pleasant time. After the winter we took the cars and went into Louisiana and camped on some of those beautiful grounds under the most magnificent oak trees I ever saw; the bayous were lovely streams of water.



CHARLES B. CLEVELAND IN LATE YEARS.

Later we moved down the river and crossed back into Mississippi and camped near Port Gibson and Grand Gulf. At this time the Yankee gunboats were coming up the river. They stopped at Grand Gulf and bombarded the place. I was on picket duty. All the big shells went over our heads, so every time they fired, we poured such a fearful volley into their portholes that they had to back out.

Captain Wade was the only man killed by their fire. He was a gallant Missourian and commanded a battery bearing his name, which the battery retained until the end of the war. Two days later the Yankees began to land at Bruinsburg and march out into the country. Our brigade, under General Bowen, marched through Port Gibson and met them a few miles out of town, where we had a fearful battle and, being outnumbered, we fell back through Port Gibson. Instead of following us, the Yankees moved out in large force toward Raymond, while we moved up the river toward Vicksburg. May 12, 1863, we fought them at Baker's Creek and drove them back all day, but at night, reinforcements coming on, we fell back to Vicksburg and, on the way, had quite a battle at Big Black Bridge, where Colonel Gates and a number of his men were captured.

On May 13, my birthday, we were still fighting, and on May 15 we fell back to Vicksburg, on which place Grant and Sherman were gradually advancing. The siege of Vicksburg began in earnest on May 16, and we were kept busy in keeping the Yanks away from our works. In my immediate command we had many encounters with them, some at very close quarters, and, if I do say so, they never one time in the long siege ran over us; whereas we filled the ground and ditch in front of our breastworks with their dead and wounded. There were almost daily skirmishes. We often marched from our works into town and were called upon to go to the assistance of those hard pressed. Our rations, very good and bountiful at first, became very short toward the last, and our crippled and broken-down mule was killed, cooked, and enjoyed. Other rations were small quantities of peas, pea meal, and an occasional piece of bacon.

Things continued to grow worse until July 3, and General Pemberton surrendered the entire army. On the 4th, we were marched out and paroled. I cut through the country and landed in Demopolis, then went out to Prairieville to Mr. James Manning's, where my sister Mary was, and spent my time with those good people until I was exchanged. I had to go into camp in Demopolis every week and report. At Macon Station, now Gallion, in Marengo County, on the Southern Railroad (then called the Selma and Meridian) lived the Tayloes, formerly of Virginia, who were loyal to the very last and never could do too much for the Missouri soldiers who were in camp at Demopolis. Capt. Henry Tayloe ("Cousin Henry") was depot agent, postmaster, and a large farmer or planter, and was fond of horses and fine stock. Capt. Tayloe had but one son, William Henry Tayloe, in after years our friend as well as kinsman. His six daughters were all fine and lovely girls.

My sister and I spent our time with the Mannings. Their children were all girls. I had a glorious time with these people, as did many other soldiers.

Our command was exchanged in September, and in October we reported for duty and were ordered into camp across the Tombigbee River. I was put on detached duty and assigned as adjutant of Colonel Gates's regiment. We did a good deal of drilling, had several reviews, and finally pulled out for Tuscaloosa and North Alabama. While in Tuscaloosa our crack company, Company A, 1st Missouri Infantry, drilled on the University campus, and drilled so well that the

cadets challenged them for a competitive skirmish drill. The challenge was accepted, and, after a most exciting contest, witnessed by all the students and nearly every citizen of the town, our old soldiers were declared the winners, by unanimous vote of the judges, in manual of arms, regular company, and skirmish drilling. I was sorry when we had to leave.

We went into Winston and Walker Counties to hunt deserters, and were up there a couple of days in the woods, capturing quite a number and racing the rest of them out of the State. About midnight of the drive on the last day I was sent out to bring in two companies of ours. Getting beyond our men in the dark I rode right into the camp of sixty or more deserters under command of a Captain Smith. I put on a bold front and asked them if they had seen anything of two companies of infantry around there. They searched me, looked at my papers, saw I was the adjutant of my regiment, and such a waking up, scrambling around, saddling horses, and loading wagons I never saw before. In less than an hour I was alone in the camp, well over my fright, and my horse rested. I found the soldiers soon after and reached camp at six o'clock in time for breakfast.

Colonel Gates then gave orders for our march to join the army of General Johnston, advancing on Rome, Ga. We went through old Elyton to Jacksonville, Ala., and then to Cave Springs, Ga., and on to Rome, where we had a slight brush with the Yanks under "Gen. Jeff Davis." We pushed them out of town, and then withdrew with twenty-five boxes of tobacco and other spoils, which we divided with Johnston's army at Cassville.

We then went off the cars into line of battle about a mile out of town, but later were ordered to New Hope Church. General Polk, our Bishop General, was killed while making an observation on Flat Top Mountain. I saw him fall. His death cast a gloom over all of us. At New Hope we also lost Colonel Riley. A stray bullet hit a limb on the tree under which he was sleeping, which fell and struck him in the head, killing one of our best-drilled and most distinguished officers.

We then went to Marietta and had a fearful battle, losing a number killed and wounded, but we beat Sherman's troops back and really won the day.

We then moved out on the Chattahoochee River and had several engagements, and finally fell back to Atlanta, where we fought a fierce battle, losing one of the bravest officers that we had left, Col. James K. McDowell. After quite a stay in Atlanta, we took up our line of march to Lovejoy Station, where we had a big battle with the Yankees; and then a fight at Jonesboro that did not amount to much.

We were in a fierce battle at Allatoona, where we fought the Yankees hand to hand and captured their breastworks and many prisoners. In November, 1864, the twenty-first day, we were in Tennessee at Franklin. General Hood had a large army and our brigade was to be held in reserve; about four o'clock our brigade was ordered forward and came on the Yankees at a ginhouse with strong breastworks, well built of head logs and with portholes. Our men made a gallant charge, led by Colonel Gates and Major Parker, right up to the breastworks. Colonel Gates was on his horse riding up and down the line and cheering his men on when he was shot in one arm, and in a few minutes he was shot in the other arm. As he was unable to guide his horse, being his adjutant I went to his assistance and led his horse off the field to a place of safety, and helped Colonel Gates to dismount, with the assistance of General Forrest, the great cavalry commander, who happened to pass by, and after an appeal to soldiers who were there for help, with only one response, and that from a poor wounded private who was too badly hurt to do any good.

I then went for an ambulance, but the bullets were flying so thick the drivers refused to go. I finally persuaded one to let me have his team and started back, but before going fifty yards one of the horses was killed. I took Colonel Gates's horse and, with the help of the driver, who got ashamed of himself, got the harness off the dead horse and on to the Colonel's horse. Then we got Colonel Gates into the ambulance and took him to the hospital, where he his left arm was amputated.

I left Colonel Gates, on his request, to go back to the lines and look after the men. I found this a difficult and dangerous undertaking, as the fire of the enemy was very heavy. My horse had been killed under me and I was afoot. I found our command terribly cut up, eleven officers killed, seven wounded, and only three able for duty; the men reduced to less than a hundred, one hundred and seventeen being killed and wounded.

After getting straightened up, we went to Nashville, stayed a day and night and were ordered back to watch the Tennessee River to keep our communication open and protect our pontoons, thus missing the terrible battle at Nashville, where our army was worsted. After that we fell back and our brigade was ordered into winter quarters and crossed the river to Spanish Fort and Blakely. At Blakely we were greatly outnumbered and were compelled to surrender. Capt. Niel was commanding the regiment, Colonel Gates the brigade, General Cockrell the division, and General Liddell the corps, or all the troops.

After we had surrendered, the Yankees ran up in our front and began firing on us, killing Captain Niel and four of our men. I had been placed in command of Company C, the color company, and, seeing that our chances for life were small, ordered the men to grab their guns and go at them. This we did, killing all who had come over. Our flag was still ours and I took it from the staff and gave it to one of the men, who afterwards gave it to Colonel Gates. We then surrendered to the 154th New York Regiment.

It was then dark and I got permission to bury our dead comrades, and at twelve o'clock I was turned over to General Granger's command. The General told me we would be sent to Ship Island in the Gulf of Mexico. We left the next morning on a cattle boat; General Granger asked me where I was from. I asked him if he wanted the whole thing, and he said: "Yes." I then said: "I was born in Missouri, reared in Virginia, educated in Maryland, and am now traveling down South for my health."

We were guarded at Ship Island by negro soldiers, commanded and officered by German officers who just could talk English. We were on Ship Island when the news of Lincoln's death came to us. Many of us thought his death was a great misfortune to our country and to us old soldiers. We did not dare to mention Lincoln's name, as the negroes said they had orders to shoot anyone who did so, but after a short time they quieted down. We stayed on this island three weeks and then went to New Orleans, and were kept in the Picayune Cotton Press and guarded by New York negroes.

About May 10, we took boats for Vicksburg, where we arrived May 12, and May 13, my birthday, we were paroled at Jackson, Miss. I then went to old Marengo County, Ala., and after seeing our friends, I started for Pickens County right behind the Yankees (General Grierson's cavalry), who were on the way to Columbus, Miss. My sister had taught in the family of a Mrs. McCaa, and I wanted to get to her house and see how she had fared. I found that General Grierson's men had taken her horses, mules, and provisions and gone on. I put out on foot and reached Columbus about

dark. The next day I called on General Grierson, who gave me six horses, a mule, saddle and bridle, and sent one of his officers to aid me in finding some of the negroes. We found two of Mrs. McCaa's who wanted to go home, and I hurried out with a permit for self and stock, and I tell you they were glad to see me. Mrs. McCaa broke down and cried and wanted me to take the best horse, saddle and bridle, but I refused any pay.

After resting up a day or two I returned to Marengo. Mr. Harvey Johnson, who had two sons whose education had been neglected, desired to secure the services of a tutor. My comrade, Lieut. Tip Manser, applied for the place. I did my best for Tip. The old man said for us to spend the night and he would talk to his wife and give us an answer the following morning. Next morning he called us in and said his wife wanted me and no one else, so I stayed. The first month I received \$50 in gold, board, washing, and the use of a buggy and horse; the second month, \$75 in gold; third month, \$100 in gold, and then told him to send his boys to Greensboro, sixteen miles away, to the Southern University, and explained to him that it was to his interest to get them away from the influence of the negroes, with whom they had grown up. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson begged me to stay another month, and they would then send the boys to Greensboro, and would give me \$125. I think I made good, as they were ever after devoted friends.

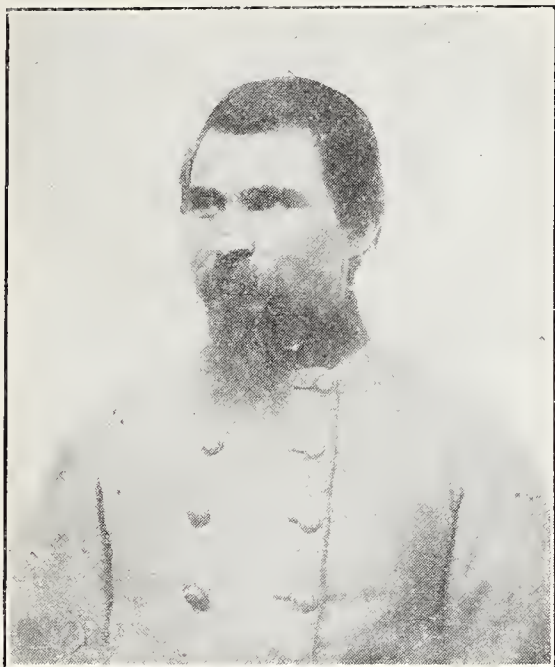
I then got a position in the Internal Revenue office and remained until Maj. A. J. Banks, a large planter, offered to employ me as paymaster and purchasing agent for his plantation in Mississippi and Alabama, and my time was pleasantly spent with these gooe people.

CHARLES BOARMAN CLEVELAND.

Charles Boarman Cleveland was born in Randolph County, Mo., on May 13, 1840, the first child of his parents to be born in that State, where the family had moved from Charlestown, Va. (now West Virginia). He was the son of William Cleveland, of Maryland, and Jane Elizabeth Abell, of Charleston. His father and oldest brother went from Missouri to California in 1849, where his father shortly died, and the family then went back to Virginia for a number of years. Charles was educated in both States, and was attending the Mt. Pleasant Academy at Huntsville, Mo., when he received an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Upon the breaking out of War between the States, he joined the Missouri troops, which were later merged with the Confederate army. His first battle was at Boonsville, Mo., and the last at Blakely, Ala. The official records show that Charles B. Cleveland served as first sergeant and later as first lieutenant of Company K, 3rd Missouri Infantry. He enlisted December 5, 1861, in St. Clair County, Mo., and was captured and paroled at Vicksburg, Miss., July 4-8, 1863. He was engaged in the battles of Elkhorn, Farmington, Iuka, Corinth, Hatcher's Bridge, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Big Black, Vicksburg, the Georgia campaign, Allatoona, Franklin, and the whole of the Tennessee campaign. The records also show that he served as first lieutenant and as adjutant of the 1st Missouri Cavalry. He was ordered to the 1st and 3rd Regiments of Missouri Cavalry by General Cockrell, and was assigned to duty by Colonel Gates, who said that "no better, braver soldier ever fought to maintain the rights of the Confederacy." He was captured at Blakely, Ala., and transferred to Ship Island, then exchanged May 1, 1865, paroled at Jackson, Miss., on May 15, 1865.

His fortune swept away by the war, Comrade Cleveland taught school for awhile, then for more than a third of a

century served as Clerk of the Circuit Court of Marengo County, Ala. Upon retirement from office, he made his home at Birmingham, Ala., and spent the winters in Florida. He died at Miami, Fla., on May 11, 1916. The outstanding trait of his life was his pleasure in serving others, particularly needy Confederate veterans, their widows, and orphans. He was a devout Christian, having been a member of the Episcopal Church from youth, and was active in the work of all the Churches of the community. He was a Mason, a member



CHARLES B. CLEVELAND IN THE SIXTIES.

of the Knights of Pythias, and for several years was Adjutant of Camp Archibald Gracie U. C. V., of Marengo County, Ala. He was married in 1872 to Miss Lizzie Houston Woolf, who survived him with three sons and two daughters. He rests in Elmwood Cemetery, at Birmingham, Ala.

Like all true soldiers, Charles Cleveland harbored no ill feeling for the Union soldiers of the fighting line, but he contributed in every proper way toward the riddance of the carpetbaggers who swooped down upon the stricken South. He was arrested for intimidating the negroes on election day and was taken to Mobile for trial, but they were forced to release him, as their own negro witnesses testified that he was the best friend the race had in the whole country.

THE BRAVEST ARE THE GENTLEST.

BY MRS. C. N. M'MAHON, LIVINGSTON, ALA.

The article on "A Mississippi Soldier of the Confederacy," by Capt. R. N. Rea, in the VETERAN for August was very much enjoyed by me, especially as he referred to my father, Captain Winston. But I would like to correct a mistake made by Captain Rea (a very natural mistake through the similarity of names) in speaking of Captain Winston as the son of Gov. John Anthony Winston, of Alabama. My father, Capt. James M. Winston was the son of Anthony Winston, who was an officer in the Mexican War, and grandson of Capt. Anthony Winston of Revolutionary fame. Governor John Anthony Winston was also a grandson of Anthony Winston, Revolutionary soldier, and was first cousin to my father. Governor Winston left no sons. He had an only child, a daughter, Mrs. Agnes Winston Goldsby, of Mobile, Ala., and Judge Joel Goldsby, also of Mobile, is his only living grandson.

I have in my possession a letter from Captain Rea to my father, thanking him for sending a horse to take him off the battle field, where he had been left wounded, and having him carried to the Confederate lines, thus saving him from death or a Federal prison. In Captain Rea's letter to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN he alluded to this circumstance. My father's body servant, Lewis (not Jim), who went for Captain Rea, helped him on the horse, and went with him to a place of safety, encouraging him as they rode for their lives, lived and died, when an old man, on my father's plantation, a loyal, faithful servant to the last.

This incident of my father sending help to a wounded man was one of many instances showing his kind, sympathetic heart. At one time he captured a squad of Federal soldiers, and noticing that one of them was limping badly, evidently from a sprained ankle, he told one of his men to walk and put the crippled man on his horse, and the soldier said: "Why, Captain, he is a Yankee; make him walk." My father's reply was: "Dismount, sir, and put that crippled man on your horse. Never strike a man when he is down, even if he is a foe."

At another time he captured some Union soldiers, and the captain of the company came up to him and handed him his watch and a large roll of greenbacks. My father said: "Put your watch and money back in your pocket. I am a soldier, not a robber." But though kind and tender hearted, just, and upright, he was a strict disciplinarian. One morning he received an order to build a bridge across a river. Going to his colonel, he told him that he was not an engineer and had never built a bridge in his life. The colonel replied: "We have a splendid civil engineer, but the men will not obey him. Take charge and ask the engineer to give you his orders, and you give them to the men, and see that they are carried out." When my father asked the engineer for directions, he said: "The men will have to go in the water, and they all refuse to do it." My father gave the order for every third man to swim to the middle of the stream, and the man standing nearest to him said sullenly: "The water is cold; we won't go in." Whereupon my father seized the rebellious soldier and pitched him headforemost into the river. Instantly every man ordered jumped into the water without assistance. That was the last act of disobedience, and the bridge was built on schedule time.

My father's men would recall with enthusiasm how, when going into battle or making a charge, he would call in a clear, ringing voice, "Boys, follow me!" and would never send his men where he was not willing to go. But he told us that once he ran from the Yankees, thus verifying the old adage that discretion is the better part of valor," and acted on Falstaff's policy "that he who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day."

He received orders from his colonel to ascertain the position of the enemy, and with a body of picked men he went skirmishing. Riding up to a supposedly vacant house, they were about to dismount when suddenly the doors were thrown open and, with yells and curses, the bluecoats swarmed out, greatly outnumbering his men. My father gave the order to fire, then to make for the Confederate lines, every man for himself. The Federals returned the fire and mounted their horses, which were concealed in the bushes near by, and gave hot pursuit. They got so close that my father heard them say: "Catch the fellow on the big black horse." Father was riding a very handsome large black horse. Lying flat on the horse's body, he put spurs to him and whispered, "Go it, Bill," and Bill rose to the occasion and went as if on wings,

(Continued on page 38.)

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 1, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

When but a small fraction of the Confederate army remained confronting the Federal army, in command of Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker, on the north bank of the Rappahannock River opposite Fredericksburg, Va., in June, 1863, Hooker, on June 13, withdrew his army from Stafford Heights and the bank of the river, and slowly maneuvered toward the upper waters of the Rappahannock and Potomac. He had no other purpose except to "keep in view always the importance of covering Washington and Harper's Ferry, either directly or by so operating as to be able to punish any force of the enemy sent against them." On June 24, Hooker laid a bridge at Edwards's Ferry, near Leesburg, Va., east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where his army crossed the Potomac River into Maryland. His rear guard crossed that bridge on June 26.

Harper's Ferry held a garrison of ten thousand or twelve thousand troops, and Hooker wished to abandon that place and utilize the garrison in the prospective field work which confronted his army. He was overruled by his superiors, and, on June 27, requested to be relieved of his command. His request was immediately accepted. Maj. Gen. George Gordon Meade was promptly made his successor, and took command of the army on June 28, 1863. Meade immediately set to work to familiarize himself with conditions, and, if necessary, to advance against his adversary. He soon possessed himself of the fact that the Confederate forces had abandoned the project of advancing upon Harrisburg and were moving south from the Susquehanna River.

He soon selected the ridges east of Pipe Creek as a suitable position to form his line of battle and that Westminster should be his base of operations. These were within the State of Maryland. This selection was, no doubt, a precautionary measure and intended to meet immediate needs. But fortune and the advance troops of both armies decreed that Gettysburg and its vicinity should be made famous, hence Pipe Creek and Westminster must be content to remain in obscurity until Dame Fortune decided to scatter her favors in their direction.

General Lee had received no report that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac River, and the absence of the cavalry rendered it impossible to obtain accurate information. But on the night of June 28 a Confederate scout reached the Confederate camp in the vicinity of Chambersburg, and reported that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac River and was advancing northward. The orders to Ewell to advance upon Harrisburg were immediately countermanded, and, instead, he was ordered to proceed to Cashtown or Gettysburg, and similar orders were given Longstreet and Hill.

On June 29, Lieut. Gen. Ambrose Powell Hill ordered Maj. Gen. Henry Heth to move his division to Cashtown, situated east of and at the base of South Mountain, on the road from Chambersburg, via Fayetteville, to Gettysburg. On the morning of June 30, Heth's Division having reached Cashtown, he ordered Pettigrew to take his brigade to Gettysburg, nine miles distant, and search the town for army supplies (especially shoes), and return the same day. On reaching the suburbs of Gettysburg, Pettigrew encountered Brig. Gen. John Buford, of the Federal army, with two brigades of cavalry and a battery of horse artillery. Buford had just arrived at Gettysburg. Not knowing the strength of the force confronting him, Pettigrew returned to Cashtown as directed.

Pettigrew's discovery was reported to Hill, who reached Cashtown that evening with Pender's division. Hill com-

municated the information to General Lee, and requested that Maj. Gen. Richard Herron Anderson be ordered forward immediately. He also notified Ewell, who was marching from Carlisle, of his purpose "to advance next morning to see what was in his front." At 5 A.M., July 1, Heth moved toward Gettysburg, followed by Pegram's Battalion of artillery, and Pender followed Heth with McIntosh's Battalion of artillery.

Archer's Brigade, leading Heth's column, came in contact with Buford's videttes after marching about three miles from his camp. These were pressed back slowly for about three miles, which brought Archer to the vicinity of Willoughby Run, which crosses the Cashtown and Gettysburg road two or three miles northwest of Gettysburg. Heth was ignorant of the character and magnitude of the force in his front. Archer's Brigade, numbering about eight hundred effectives, was deployed on the right of the Cashtown road, and Davis's Brigade was deployed on the left of the same road. Davis had but three of his four regiments with him, the fourth having been left as a guard for the division wagon train. The two brigades, Archer's and Davis's, numbered less than two thousand effectives when they entered the battle.

Maj. Gen. John Fulton Reynolds, of the Federal army, had been invested by Meade with the command of the First, Third, and Eleventh Corps, constituting the left wing of the Federal army, on the evening of June 30. When Buford discovered the advance of Heth's Division, he sent notice to Reynolds at his bivouac a few miles southwest from Gettysburg. At about 8 A.M., Wadsworth's Division, of the First Corps, marched under the immediate direction of Reynolds. When within about a mile of Gettysburg, information reached Reynolds that the Confederates were approaching from the direction of Cashtown. He deflected the head of his column to the left, and approached the Cashtown road about three-quarters of a mile from Gettysburg at about 10 A.M. Cutler's Brigade, leading the column, was deployed in line of battle north of the Cashtown road, and Hall's Battery was placed in position near the road.

Meredith's Brigade, which followed Cutler, was deployed and placed in line of battle south of the Cashtown road. Both brigades held position on the east side of Willoughby Run and near McPherson's farm house and barn. As they assumed position previously held by Buford's cavalry, the latter moved away, Gamble to the Federal left and Devin eastward to look out for Ewell, reported to be approaching from the north. Cutler became sharply engaged before his line was formed, and while supervising the formation of Cutler's line, Reynolds was mortally wounded, and died soon after, by the bullet of a Confederate sharpshooter. Cutler's Brigade met Davis's Brigade and was forced to retire to Seminary Ridge. Hall's Second Maine Battery fell into the hands of Davis's Brigade. As Cutler fell back, pursued by Davis, Doubleday, commanding the First Corps, hurried his reserves to the relief of Cutler's retreating forces. These new troops made a charge on Davis's men and renewed the fight. The sudden onslaught caused some of Davis's men to seek shelter in a railroad cut, and when the brigade retreated they were entrapped and forced to surrender.

Meredith confronted Archer's Brigade and during the desperate fighting which followed, it charged across the run, forcing Archer back and capturing sixty or seventy members of his command, including Brigadier General Archer. The dead of both sides, which were thickly strewn on this hotly contested field, attests the resolute character of the battle was waged by the contestants. After the stubborn and bloody contest between the Confederate and Federal brigades, which

began soon after 10 A.M., there is ample evidence that a lull occurred in the fighting, which continued for at least an hour and a half or two hours, and was not actively resumed until after 1 P.M., and after the arrival of Rowley's and Robinson's divisions of Doubleday's Corps. Desultory cannonading was engaged in by both sides. It was during this lull that Rodes's force reached the field. The roar of Hill's and Reynolds's guns was the stimulating force which urged Rodes's men to quicken their pace.

Heth now decided that the enemy had "been felt and found in heavy force in and around Gettysburg." He proceeded to form his line of battle between the Cashtown and Fairfield roads. Archer's Brigade (Col. B. D. Fry, 13th Alabama Regiment, commanding), on the right, Pettigrew in the center, and Brockenbrough on the left. Davis's Brigade was allowed to remain on the left of the road to gather its stragglers. After resting an hour or more (one witness says two or three hours), Heth received orders to attack the enemy in his front, advised that Pender's Division would support him.

The divisions of Rowley and Robinson, of the First Federal Corps, reached the vicinity of the battle field between 12 M., and 1 P.M. Rowley's Division formed between the Cashtown and Fairfield roads in Heth's front, with Cooper's Battery of four 3-inch rifles, and Robinson's Division was held in reserve near the Lutheran Seminary. (See page 464, CONFEDERATE VETERAN, December, 1922.)

At first Iverson's Brigade only was deployed by Rodes, but as the conditions were of such character as to admit of cover for a larger opposing force, two other brigades were deployed, Iverson on the right, O'Neal in the center, and Doles on the left. The artillery and two other brigades were moved up closely to the line of battle. The force had to move nearly a mile before coming in view of the enemy, when it finally reached the highest point on Oak Ridge, and the whole of the Federal force engaged with Hill's troops were presented to view. Rodes discovered that to get at the enemy properly more than a half mile off, it was necessary to move his whole division by the right flank, and to change direction to the right.

During the delay following these maneuvers, Carter's Battalion of artillery was ordered forward, and the two leading batteries, Carter's and Fry's, were placed in position on an elevated point near the Cashtown road, and fired, with decided effect, an enfilading fire, which compelled the Federal infantry to take shelter in the railroad cut and change front on their right. The Federal force here was evidently surprised, as no troops were formerly fronting Rodes's formation.

Before Rodes could get his dispositions made, the Eleventh Federal Corps, commanded by Maj. Gen. Oliver Otis Howard, after a hurried march of ten or twelve miles, reached the vicinity of Gettysburg. As Reynolds had been killed earlier in the day, Howard, being the ranking officer present after his arrival; assumed chief command and relinquished the command of the corps to Maj. Gen. Carl Schurz, and Schurz transferred the command of his division to Schimmelfennig. When Howard had made a survey of the surrounding conditions from a high building in the town, he directed Schurz to place Steinwer's Division in position on Cemetery Hill, and proceed with the other two divisions and seize Oak Ridge, which he quickly saw was the key to the situation as it then existed. The divisions were each followed by a battery of artillery.

As Schimmelfennig moved toward Oak Ridge, he was met by a forcible protest from Rodes in the form of a storm of hot, shell, and shrapnel, which was warmly responded to by the accompanying Federal batteries. Barlow's Division

moved northeast from the town, along the Heidlersburg road, and seized an elevation near the bank of Rock Creek, when his battery opened fire on the Confederate forces in its front. As Barlow's Division moved to its position, Doles's Brigade and Rees's Battery made a corresponding movement to meet it, and it was these troops that the Federal battery opened on.

Almost simultaneously with the movement, the Eleventh Corps, Robinson's Division of the First Federal Corps, consisting of the brigades of Baxter and Paul, previously held in reserve near the Lutheran Seminary, moved to the Federal right and formed near the Mummasburg road. When the Eleventh Corps formed its line made a right angle with the line of Wadsworth's and Heth's divisions, and the move of Robinson to the Mummasburg road connected Schimmelfennig's left with Wadsworth's right, though considerable gaps occurred in the line.

As the line now existed, it began at the Fairfield road, more than a mile west of Gettysburg, extended thence north to the Cashtown road, thence northeasterly across the Mummasburg and Middletown roads to the west bank of Rock Creek. Its length was perhaps two and one half or three miles between extremities. It was the extension of the Federal line by Barlow's Division that presented the apparently dangerous condition previously mentioned, when the long train of covered wagons appeared still farther toward the Confederate left and intensified the already apparent serious condition on that flank.

When Rodes saw the formation of Robinson's Division, and the advance of the two divisions of the Eleventh Corps toward his center and left, he considered the movements as a threat to attack him, and he promptly determined to attack with his center and right, holding at bay Barlow's Division with Doles's Brigade and Reese's Battery. The latter troops occupied the open plain at the foot of Oak Ridge extending to Rock Creek. O'Neal's Brigade, with a wide gap between it and Doles's, guarded by the 5th Alabama Regiment, extended from the plain up the slope of the ridge; Daniel's Brigade supported Iverson's, and extended some distance to the right of it; Ramseuer's Brigade was in reserve. All of Rodes's troops were in the woods of Oak Ridge, except a part of O'Neal's and all of Doles's Brigade and Reese's Battery, but all were subject to loss or annoyance from the Federal artillery.

Rodes ordered Iverson to attack, and Daniel was ordered to advance to support Iverson, if necessary, or to attack on O'Neal's right as soon as possible. Carter's entire battalion of artillery was now engaged. Page's Battery opened on Schimmelfennig's Division and its accompanying Federal batteries; Reese's Battery opened on Barlow's Division and its accompanying battery, and Carter's Battery was changed so as to direct its fire against the threatening conditions presented by the Eleventh Corps. Reese's Battery occupied position in a wheat field where the grain was nearly as tall as the men. The shot of the Federal batteries directed toward it caused the stocks of grain to part as the missiles speeded through it.

The Federal batteries which met the fire of Carter's batteries were Lieut. Bayard Wilkinson's six 12-pounders; Dilger's six 12-pounders; Wheeler's four 3-inch rifles; and later Heckman's four 12-pounders. These were supplemented by Weidrick's six 3-inch rifles from Cemetery Hill; total twenty-six guns. Carter had but sixteen guns, part of which were engaging the batteries of the First Corps on Rodes's right. Fry's Battery of Carter's Battalion devoted its whole attention in an opposite direction.

Iverson's Brigade attacked in fine style, but suffered heavily from the musketry of Paul's Brigade located behind a stone

fence. Three regiments of O'Neal's Brigade, the 6th, 12th, and 26th Alabama, attacked Baxter's brigade. In the confused condition in which these regiments went into action, they were quickly repulsed and gave Baxter an opportunity to assault Iverson, and Cutler, of Wadsworth's Division, attacked Iverson's left flank. This unequal contest cost Iverson five hundred men, killed and wounded, besides a considerable number captured. Iverson's "men fought and died like heroes. His dead lay in a distinctly marked line of battle. His left was overpowered and many of his men, being surrounded, were captured."

Daniel made a most desperate, gallant, and successful charge on Stone's Pennsylvania Brigade, located slightly northwest of the Lutheran Seminary, along the Cashtown road. Two commanders of Stone's Brigade were wounded and had to retire. This caused its command to fall upon Col. Edmund L. Dana, who was in command when the brigade was forced to retreat. When Daniel's last effort was made, Ramseuer's Brigade was hurled forward with skill, gallantry, and irresistible force against Baxter's, Paul's, and Cutler's brigades, the troops which had repulsed O'Neal's brigade. In addition to his own regiments, Ramseuer was joined by the remnant of Iverson's Brigade and the 3rd Alabama Regiment of O'Neal's Brigade.

Until 3:30 P.M. Doles's Brigade and Reese's and Page's batteries had held Barlow's Division and Krzyzanowski's Brigade, of Schimmelfennig's Division, at bay. After Rodes's attack by his right and center, the sound of artillery on Doles's left, and the familiar "rebel yell" which broke forth with great enthusiasm, satisfied this writer that the extensive train of army wagons, which came in sight in that direction, was not an attachment of a column of Federal troops. So on after that familiar yell, and a salvo of artillery which followed, almost immediately there appeared from the Confederate left, from behind the elevation opposite Doles's front, a mass of broken and fleeing Federal soldiers, pursued by cheering Confederates, who fired an occasional shot at the fleeing mass. The entire line formed of the two divisions of the Eleventh Corps immediately crumbled into a broken and ungovernable mass.

As the fugitives passed across the front of Reese's Battery in their wild flight toward the town, rapid shots, accompanied by such cheers as only Confederate soldiers could give, were fired at them. To shoot at a flying foe gives an artilleryman more ecstatic pleasure than any other duty connected with his gruesome business, especially if that foeman has shown stubborn tenacity in his effort to retain his position. This fire was continued until the pursuers were endangered by its continuance. The battery, with the other batteries of Carter's Battalion, was limbered up; the cannoneers mounted the limber chests (something not often permitted), and galloped into the town of Gettysburg, distant slightly less than a mile from the position just vacated. As it moved toward the retreating Federals, who had shown more determination on the Confederate right and were right inclined to move away, the guns were again unlimbered and fired at the pugnacious remnant who would defy the victorious Confederates, and a shot or two invariably moved them off.

The troops which approached on Rodes's left, and were followed by the supposed frightful train of army wagons, were Early's Division. The artillery which fired the welcome shots were twelve guns of Lieut. Col. Hilary P. Jones, commanding the battalion which was attached to that division. The position held by Jones enabled him to enfilade both the Federal infantry and Wilkinson's Battery, operating with that force. Gordon's Brigade of Early's Division joined

Doles's Brigade, and while the latter assailed the Federal troops in the front and flank, the brigades of Hoke and Hays, also of Early's Division, were preparing to strike the line in the rear. When the Federal troops were hit by such an overpowering force, they crumbled and sought safety in flight. These troops made a gallant fight, but were not able to stand the whirlwind of Confederate fighters that threw themselves against that line. Barlow was seriously wounded and Wilkinson was killed, and both fell into the hands of the Confederates.

When Schurz found that his two advance divisions were crumbling he ordered forward Colonel Coster, commanding a brigade in Steinwer's Division in reserve, and Heckman's Battery of four 12-pounder guns. These troops went into position slightly northeast of the limits of the town. Heckman fought his guns valiantly and stood his ground until exulting Confederates were actually among his guns, shooting down his men and horses. Coster's Brigade of infantry soon abandoned their line and returned to Cemetery Hill before the advancing Confederates. Many of them either hid in the residences of the town or were captured. So insignificant a force as a single brigade of infantry could be but little more obstruction to the force that was driving the fugitives than a feather to a tornado.

Heth, of Hill's Corps, attacked the brigades of Biddle, Meredith, and Dana. These troops made a stubborn stand, but were gradually forced back, both sides sustaining heavy losses. Gamble's brigade of cavalry was discovered hovering around Heth's right flank, when Col. B. D. Fry, of the 13th Alabama Regiment, commanding Archer's Brigade, changed front on his right to meet the menace. After breaking through several lines confronting it, and several of Heth's regiments were out of ammunition, Pender, about 4 P.M., ordered an advance of three of his brigades, with instructions to pass Heth if found at a halt, and charge the Federal position on Seminary Ridge. Pender's forward movement was also menaced on his right flank by Gamble's cavalry brigade, causing a delay of Brigadier General Lane, who slowed up to meet it. Though Pender's Division met with a warm reception and suffered considerable loss, it drove the commands of Biddle, Meredith, and Dana, and perhaps other troops, from their position, when they were forced to retreat through the town to Cemetery Hill, south of the town, in a more or less broken condition, notwithstanding the several statements of Federal officers that such retreat was made in an orderly and compact condition.

When Reese's Battery reached the public square of Gettysburg, the Confederate skirmishers were having occasional conflicts with the same class of Federal troops, as was shown by the frequent spasmodic outbursts of musketry. An occasional cannon shot was heard from Cemetery Hill, seemingly directed toward Seminary Ridge. Thousands of Federal prisoners were captured in the town of Gettysburg. Rodes reported that his "division captured about two thousand five hundred—so many as to embarrass its movements materially." Many prisoners were captured in the houses in which they had taken refuge. Wash Traweck, Gus Acker, and W. J. ("Big Zeke") Melton (there was a "Little Zeke" Melton in the company too), members of Reese's Battery, all noted for their extra qualities for prying into the surroundings where the battery reached a new location, peeped into the cellar of a neighboring residence and discovered Federal soldiers therein. When called out, they found they had five commissioned officers and four private soldiers, who were turned over to the guards.

Schimmelfennig, commanding Schurz's Division in the

light, fell into the hands of the Confederate skirmishers, but succeeded in escaping and hiding in a woodpile, where he remained until the Confederate forces evacuated the town on the night of July 3. This unauthorized seizure of the possessions to which the swarthy Ethiopian is supposed to hold a fee-simple title can be excused only by the "necessities of war." H. M. M. Richards's, Company A, 26th Pennsylvania Militia, says: "On the first day of the battle hundreds of the unfortunate men of Reynolds's gallant corps were secreted, sheltered, fed, and aided in every way by the men and women of the town." So it seems the doughty general "in the woodpile" was not the only concealed Federal soldier in Gettysburg after the First and Eleventh Corps were shattered on July 1, 1863.

Early does not give the number of prisoners captured by his division, but says the number was so great as to embarrass it. Ewell states that the number captured by the two divisions exceeded four thousand. No other Confederate troops entered the town that night except Early's and Rodes's divisions.

In reading the reports of this battle by our friends on the other side, and articles written since, I have been forcibly impressed with the great exaggeration and erroneous statements made as to the number of Confederates engaged, the captures of prisoners, and deaths inflicted on the Confederate forces. If all the statements were true, the entire Confederate infantry and its accompanying artillery were engaged, whereas but four of the nine divisions constituting the army were engaged, and an equal number of battalions of artillery. These divisions would hardly average seven thousand effectives engaged. The artillery battalions would hardly average two hundred and seventy-five effectives. Hence both arms would not exceed thirty thousand, including Jenkins's cavalry brigade.

Nearly all the troops engaged on the Confederate side had been in active service nearly two years and had suffered many casualties in battle, besides deaths from sickness. Many brigades numbered less than a thousand effectives. Archer's and Davis's brigades, of Heth's Division, Hill's Corps, bore the brunt of the fighting for at least three or four hours. Both of these were diminutive brigades. Pender's Division did no fighting until about 4 P.M. Why it was permitted to remain idle, simply supporting Heth, for four or five hours, is not shown. When the division did advance, its gallantry was unexcelled. Did Hill hesitate because he felt he was only authorized to make a reconnoissance in force?

After remaining in column in the streets of Gettysburg for several hours, listening to the desultory firing of cannon and the fitful rattle of musketry from the opposing pickets, expecting at any moment to be ordered forward to drive the shattered Federal troops from Cemetery Hill, where they had effected a lodgment, and night coming on, the batteries of Carter's Battalion were ordered back to Seminary Ridge and placed in position north of the Lutheran Seminary near the railroad cut in the ridge. Though all the batteries were held in readiness to advance at a moment's notice if required to do so, they never left that position until the night of July 4, when the army began its retrograde movement. The long-range guns of the battalion fired during the great bombardment on July 3.

Our friends (?) who opposed us in the battle on July 1, 1863, do not hesitate to magnify the number of Confederate troops engaged. As a sample of their estimates, I quote the commander of the First Corps: "It must be remembered that A. P. Hill's Corps alone, which fought us on the west, was estimated at thirty-five thousand men, of whom twenty-five thousand, under Heth and Pender, were in line opposed to us, and that

Ewell's Corps, which attacked us on the north, was said to amount to thirty thousand more. Its two divisions, with which we contended under Rodes and Early, contained about twenty thousand men. Reserves amounting to twenty thousand additional men, belonging to the two corps, and backed by the whole rebel army, were within a few hours' march. When that part of the Eleventh Corps adjacent to us fell back, a force of thirty thousand men was thrown upon the First Corps, which in the beginning contained only about eight thousand two hundred men."

On June 30, 1863, the day before the battle, the number "present for duty" in the First Federal Corps is shown to have been ten thousand three hundred and fifty-five, a shrinkage of more than two thousand. The combined strength of the First and Eleventh Federal Corps is shown to be, "present for duty," including the artillery, twenty-one thousand nine hundred and forty, plus two thousand seven hundred and forty-two for two brigades, Buford's cavalry: total twenty-four thousand seven hundred and eighty-two. Our friend above estimates the Confederate forces present and engaged at forty-five thousand. This number is within twenty-five thousand of the entire Confederate force, including infantry, artillery, and cavalry, constituting the Army of Northern Virginia at Gettysburg. Though the Confederate force engaged on July 1, was greater than that of the Federal force, it did not number as much as thirty thousand in all.

I reached the battle field of Gettysburg on July 1, 1863, soon after the fighting began between Hill's Confederate troops and Reynolds's Federal troops, and was a participant in the battle and witnessed the break up of the Eleventh Corps and the final crumbling of the First Corps, which showed itself more tenacious than the Eleventh. I was in the pursuing party which followed the shattered Federals into the town of Gettysburg while the sun was high in the western heavens. It was then my deliberate conclusion, and I have never seen any reason to change it, that the first great mistake in the conduct of that battle was made when the Confederates failed to drive the demoralized Federal troops from their lodgment on Cemetery Hill and Ridge. There was but one brigade of Federal troops, Col. Orlando Smith's Brigade of Steinwer's Division, Eleventh Corps, in the vicinity of Gettysburg, which had not been engaged and shattered during the engagement. Though all the Confederates had been engaged, and many of the commands had suffered greatly, they had all just experienced the exhilarating feeling which follows victory. Early's division had not suffered greatly. I am sure the men who followed the broken troops into the town were ready to follow, or move forward, in any effort to dislodge the enemy from his newly acquired position. Not that Cemetery Hill was of any particular value to the Confederate army, but the victory just won was incomplete without the evacuation of the hill by the Federal remnants and its occupation by the Confederate troops.

The battle that had just been fought was an accident, as the commanders of both armies cautioned their advanced troops that if they found their enemy in force not to bring on a general engagement until the remaining commands of the army could be concentrated.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—Washington stands alone and unapproachable, like a snow peak rising above its fellows into the clear air of morning, with a dignity, constancy, and purity which have made him the ideal type of civic virtue to succeeding generations.—*James Bryce.*

THE LAST ROLL

Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Of little faith we are that we should weep
When God, the Father, calls his children hence
With love unanswered by our mortal sense,
For so he giveth his beloved sleep."

DR. JOHN J. TERRELL.

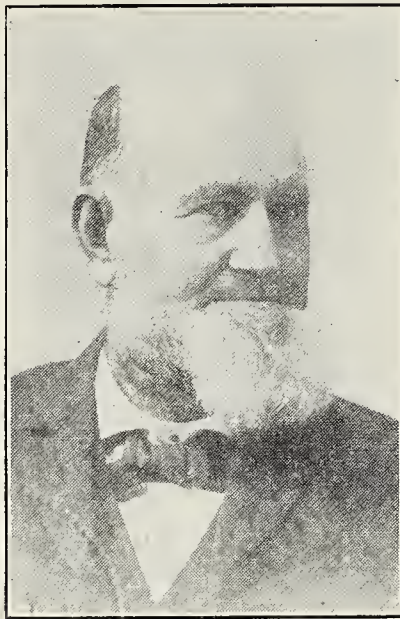
On November 7, 1922, at his home in Campbell County, Va., in his ninety-fourth year, Dr. John J. Terrell passed from this life to the reward of the faithful. He had been intimately connected with the city of Lynchburg and surrounding country as physician throughout the greater part of his long life, and was endeared to thousands for his gentle ministrations.

John Jay Terrell was born on August 8, 1829, in Patrick County, Va., the son of Dr. Christopher J. and Susan Kennerly Terrell. His parents removed to Missouri, where his father died in 1833. At the age of fourteen he returned to Virginia, and the remainder of his life was spent at the ancestral home, Rock Castle, in Campbell County. His early religious training was with the Quakers, of whom were his grandmother and aunts, but while at college he united with the Methodist Church and was a consistent member to the end.

He was a student at Emory and Henry College at the time of the Mexican War, for which he enlisted at the age of seventeen. At the end of the war he returned home and began to study medicine, then went to Richmond College for a university course. He graduated there in 1852, then completed his medical education at the Jefferson College of Philadelphia, from which he graduated at the head of his class in 1853. He was practicing his profession in the country about his home when the War between the States came on, and he was assigned to Lynchburg as assistant to Dr. W. O. Owen, chief of staff, and served in charge of hospitals there to the close of the war.

In 1857, Dr. Terrell was married to Miss Susan Helen Wade, who was his loving companion for sixty-two years. To them were born nine children, of whom five survive him, three sons and two daughters.

Dr. Terrell was a man of most gentle and genial disposition



DR. J. J. TERRELL.

—the typical old Virginia gentleman, and throughout his life he held the respect, admiration, and love of all associated with him. He was the oldest member of Marshall Lodge A. F. and A. M. of Lynchburg, and Surgeon General of the Virginia Division U. C. V. His comrades of Garland Rodes Camp, at Lynchburg, laid him to rest in the Spring Hill Cemetery.

HON. FRANK S. WHITE.

Frank S. White was born near Macon, Miss., in 1847, and died on August 1, 1922, at Birmingham, Ala.

He was a private in the 1st Mississippi Cavalry during the War between the States; was captured at the battle of Selma, Ala., but escaped and returned to his command.

After the war, with only a meager education, but possessing indomitable will, he studied law and began his career as a lawyer at West Point, Miss. He was elected to the legislature of that State when only twenty-three years of age, and was made chairman of the committee appointed to investigate the conduct of the carpetbag lieutenant governor, and helped to procure his impeachment and removal from office. He aided also in the prosecution of Governor Ames and other officials of the carpetbag régime. He again served in the legislature of that State in 1882-1883.

Removing to Birmingham, Ala., in 1886, he quickly made his impress there as a citizen and lawyer, rising to the heights in his profession. But his activities were not confined to law, for the people of the State, recognizing his courage and ability, called him to many places of honor, the last being in 1914, when he was elected to the United States Senate to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Johnston, and he was the first United States Senator to be elected in Alabama by a direct vote of the people.

As a citizen also in the private walks of life, he stood for all those things which make for the betterment of society. He had a gracious personality, with a keen, lively sense of humor, which made him a charming companion, and so he drew men to him by those graces of mind and manner as well as by reason of those sterner qualities of determination and courage.

Comrade White had always taken a prominent interest in the Confederate Veteran Association, and was Commander of Forrest Cavalry, Alabama Division, with the rank of General, at the time of his death.

WILLIAM A. RUCKER.

William Ambrose Rucker, who died recently in Richmond, Va., after an illness of five weeks, was one of the oldest Masons in Virginia and a veteran of the War between the States.

He was born in 1840 in Amherst County, Va. During the war he married Miss Annie Chapplelear, of Delaplane, Va., where he made his home. The last ten years of his life were spent in Warrenton, Va., where he was in the seed business.

He was an active member of the Warrenton Baptist Church and took special pride in his record of always being in his seat in Bible class when he was in town.

As soon as hostilities began in 1861 he became member of the 2nd Virginia Cavalry under Col. Tom Mumford, serving as orderly sergeant, and was with the army until the close of the war.

His company, E, was at the First Battle of Manassass, supporting artillery, and he had the good fortune to be the courier who carried the good tidings of victory from the battle field to President Jefferson Davis.

He served through the Valley campaign with Stonewall Jackson, and during this campaign was cited for bravery shown in obtaining information in his capacity as scout.

MAJ. M. A. SPURR.

A prominent citizen and Christian gentleman was lost to his community in the passing of Maj. M. A. Spurr on July 18, 1922, at his home near Nashville, Tenn., after an extended illness. He was a Kentuckian by birth, but his mature years had been spent in Nashville. Resolutions passed by the Frank Cheatham Bivouac and Camp, on August 26, state that in his death "has been lost one of its most valuable members, his Church an earnest and devout Christian, his family a devoted husband and loving father."

Born in Fayette County, Ky., in March, 1844, he enlisted in the Confederate service in September, 1862, becoming a member of Troop A, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, and with that command won his rank by the excellence of his service. He was with Morgan, and on that famous raid in Ohio, in 1863, was captured at Buffington Island, and imprisoned at Camp Chase with Morgan and others of the command. However, he had the good fortune to be one of those who escaped with Morgan, and he and the late Bennett H. Young made their way to Canada, where they joined the Confederate contingent there and continued their arduous and dangerous service for the Confederacy until the war closed.

It was while in Canada that Major Spurr met Miss Susie Porterfield, member of a prominent Nashville family, who afterwards became his wife. After the war he located in Nashville, where he had been prominently connected with various business interests. He is survived by his wife, a son, Lieut. Col. John P. Spurr, of the United States Coast Artillery, and two daughters.

A brave and gallant soldier, a Christian gentleman, Major Spurr left an impress on his community for courage and fortitude that should be an example to those coming after him. Misfortune could not cow or discourage him, and his helpful interest extended outside of his own business. He was a representative Southern gentleman, courtly in manner, kind and charitable always.

JESSE B. MINOR.

Jesse B. Minor, born in Fluvanna County, Va., died at his home in New York City on August 6, 1922, at the age of eighty-two years. His mother dying when he was six years old, he was reared by his uncle, Dr. William S. Morton, of Cumberland County. He was a student at Hampden-Sidney College when the War between the States came on, and he enlisted with the college boys under the estimable gentleman, Dr. M. P. Atkinson, captain of the company. He was captured with the entire company at Cheat Mountain, W. Va., and upon the exchange of prisoners enlisted with the Richmond Howitzers, with which command he served to the surrender at Appomattox.

After the war Comrade Minor went to New York City, where he held a position with a large dry goods house, and was held in high esteem. He was for more than forty years a member of the Church of the Stranger, and always donated a tenth of his income for the poor and needy. His three brothers were true to the Stars and Bars. Only one is now left, Raymond R. Minor, of New York City.

COMRADES AT VERNON, TEX.

The following deaths in Camp Cabell No. 125 U. C. V., at Vernon, Tex., are reported by Adjutant L. H. Stalcup: A. H. Castleberry, died February 24, 1922. B. F. Simmons, died September, 1922. C. A. Richie, died November 1, 1922. All were substantial and valuable citizens. C. A. Richie had served as Commander of the Camp for six years, and had been renominated for another term.

CAPT. A. F. MARMELSTEIN.

On the night of November 21, 1922, the spirit of our friend and brother, Adolphus Frederick (Ardie) Marmelstein,



A. F. MARMELSTEIN

passed over the river to join the hosts gone before, to be one of that valiant army in gray now resting in the shade of the trees. As the members of our Camp, with whom he had mingled so long, gathered around his flower-bedecked grave to pay the last sad rites to his memory, we were reminded of the friendship he bore for us all and the many pleasant days we had spent together. With the ending of the simple burial service, we left him sleeping there in the hope of meeting again in the home beyond the skies.

Captain Marmelstein entered the Confederate service by joining the Republican Blues, of Savannah, Ga., but within a very short time, early in 1861, he was transferred to the naval service, becoming one of the crew of the Alabama in the Confederate navy. He was made master's mate of this ship, and witnessed the fight between the U. S. Steamer Kearsarge and the Alabama, off Cherbourg Harbor on the coast of France. He did a valiant service for his country on the high seas. While running the blockade, he was captured off Wilmington, N. C., and sent to New York a prisoner, where he suffered great indignities at the hands of his captors in Ludlow Street jail. On being released, he returned to Liverpool, England, reporting to the Confederate authorities there, doing shore duty, and was there at the time of the surrender.

Returning to Savannah, he made his home there, operating as a master's pilot between the different outlets, doing active work in bringing in and taking out some of the largest vessels entering here. Though he was born in Baltimore and came to Savannah as a boy of nine years, Captain Marmelstein had spent the most of his long life of eighty-five years here. In addition to being a Confederate veteran, he was thought to be the oldest Odd Fellow in the State of Georgia. Surviving him are his wife and one son, Charles E. Marmelstein.

(B. D. Morgan, Secretary.)

B. J. SMITH.

B. J. Smith, of Upson County, Ga., died on November 23, 1922, at the Confederate Home in Atlanta, Ga.; he was buried in the cemetery of the Fellowship Church in Upson County.

In his youth Comrade Smith enlisted, July, 1864, at Atlanta, in Company E, 9th Georgia Regiment, Volunteer Infantry, Anderson's Brigade, and served until the close of the war. He was a patriot, a good citizen, and a brave soldier who has entered into eternal peace as one who

"Calmly lays him down to sleep
When friendly night has come
And leaves to God the rest."

He was on the pension roll of Georgia, first in Muscogee County, and transferred to Upson County.

(J. E. F. Matthews, Thomaston, Ga.)

MAJ. MASON MORFIT.

Died, at the home of his son in Webster Groves, Mo., on February 22, 1921, Maj. Mason Morfit, of the Maryland Line, C. S. A., in his eighty-fifth year. Major Morfit joined the Confederate forces at the beginning of hostilities as a private, leaving a lucrative legal practice at his home in Baltimore. Poor health, from camp exposure, removed him from the field after a year's service, but he was made quartermaster at Richmond, Va., with rank as captain, which was soon advanced to that of major. Toward the close of the war he was placed in command of prisons at Salisbury, N. C., where he rendered faithful service to the close.

After the war, Major Morfit was a successful broker in canned goods for many years, not being able to take up his legal practice, refusing to take the "ironclad" oath pledging never to take up arms against the North, another sacrifice to the cause he loved.

Major Morfit was an honored member of the Confederate Society of Baltimore, Md., to the time of his death. He was survived by his wife and four sons, all residing in St. Louis, except one son, who is a member of the bar in Baltimore.

[This is a belated tribute to a devoted son of the Confederacy, to which he gave his young manhood.]

AMOS T. HESS.

Amos Thomas Hess, a lifelong resident of Martinsburg, W. Va., member of one of the oldest families of the section, died there on September 3, 1922. He was born in Martinsburg, then Virginia, on September 6, 1840, and was the son of David and Mary Hess. As a young man he joined Company B, Wise Artillery, at the time it was organized, November, 1859. The company was named for Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia. On April 10, 1861, young Hess entered the Confederate army, serving at Harper's Ferry under the immortal Jackson; and his service for the Confederacy was continuous until he was captured in Amelia County, Va., on April 6, 1865. He was held as prisoner until June 13, of the same year. During the war, at various times, he was attached to Gen. "Tige" Anderson's Georgia Brigade of Infantry, Alexander's Battalion of Artillery, Longstreet's corps.

After his release, Comrade Hess returned to Martinsburg and had been in business there until his retirement some nine years ago. So far as can be learned, he was the last survivor of the Wise Artillery. He was a member of Washington Lodge No. 1, Knights of Pythias, and of St. John's Lutheran Church. Surviving him are his wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Staub, two sons, and four daughters. He was laid to rest in the Green Hill Cemetery.

WILLIAM A. HANGER.

William A. Hanger, born in Augusta County, Va., on December 23, 1840, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Laura Roy, in South Elkins, W. Va., May 4, 1922, being in his eighty-second year. He was the son of Robinson Hanger and Sarah Ann Patterson, of Staunton, Va. When war broke out in 1861, he immediately volunteered in the Confederate army, and was enlisted in Company I, 14th Virginia Regiment, Churchville Cavalry, in which he served throughout the war.

On January 28, 1864, he was married to Miss Margaret J. Schutterle, also of Augusta County, Va., who died in 1907.

In 1867, he removed his family to Randolph County, W. Va., where he spent the remainder of his life.

Mr. Hanger was an intelligent man of unblemished character, highly respected by all who knew him. He left four

sons and three daughters, also a sister, Mrs. Sarah J. Smith, and a host of friends to mourn their loss. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church. He was laid to rest beside his wife in the old Brick Church Cemetery near Huttonsville.

(W. C. Hart, Elkins, W. Va.)

GEORGE W. FOSTER.

George W. Foster, born and reared in Marshall County, Tenn., died at Fayetteville, Tenn., on September 6, 1922, and was laid to rest in the cemetery at Belfast, where he was born seventy-nine years ago. He was married twice, and is survived by his wife and thirteen of the fifteen children which blessed his home.

Enlisting in 1861 in the 8th Tennessee Regiment, George W. Foster served with this regiment until he was severely wounded. A Minie ball passed through his neck, and came near making a fatal wound; in fact, he never fully recovered from it. When partially recovered, he was offered a discharge on account of the disability, but he refused it and asked for a transfer to Forrest's Escort, with which command he served until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865. He was one of the bravest of Forrest's men. Always interested in what pertained to our Confederate organizations, he was President of the Shackelford Fulton Bivouac, of Fayetteville, at the time of his death.

Comrade Foster was an honest upright citizen, a brave soldier, a true, loyal, and devoted husband, father, and friend, a faithful member of the Christian Church.

It is sorrowful to see our comrades dropping out of the ranks so fast, yet it is sweet to know that when the roll is called up yonder, they'll be there.

(T. C. Little.)

CAPT. JOHN C. APPLER.

With the passing of Capt. John C. Appler, aged eighty, at the home of his son, in Hot Springs, Ark., on November 27, 1922, one of the most prominent and faithful citizens among the Confederate veterans is lost.

Captain Appler was born in Uniontown, Md., November 16, 1842. He later moved to Missouri, and at the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted in the Confederate ranks, Company H, 1st Regiment, First Brigade, French's division, Missouri Confederate Volunteers. He participated in the battles of Corinth, Farmington, and Iuka, Miss. He was wounded and made prisoner at the second battle of Corinth, October 2 and 4, 1862. He escaped from a prison boat at Memphis, October 12, 1862, ran through Union pickets with a valuable package of quinine. Later he participated in the battles connected with the Vicksburg campaign, taking part in the battles of Hard Times Landing, La., Grand Gulf, Miss., and Port Gibson in 1863. He was badly wounded in the battle of Champion Hill, Miss., May 16, 1863, and left on the field for dead. Captain Appler was the founder of the Confederate Cemetery at Springfield, Mo., in 1870.

For the past six years Captain Appler resided Hot Springs, and assisted materially in building up the local camp of United Confederate Veterans. He was the principal figure at a local benefit performance at the Auditorium about a year ago for the Confederate Monument fund, appearing in the same uniform that he wore in the War between the States. Captain Appler attended most of the Confederate reunions, and was always a conspicuous figure in his original uniform.

Captain Appler is survived by his wife, one son, and a daughter. He is also survived by a brother and two sisters. Captain Appler was loved by every one as the embodiment of the type of the true Southern gentleman.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY JONES.

In the early morning of July 21, 1922, Richard Montgomery Jones answered the last roll call. He was born in Stafford County, Va., July 30, 1844, his early life being spent on his father's farm, "Ludlow," in Stafford County. He was of a quiet, gentle nature, but when the War between the States came on, he answered the call of his native State and, at the early age of sixteen years, enlisted as a private soldier and served with honor throughout the war. His war record, of which he was justly proud, shows that he enlisted from Stafford County, Va., in February, 1862, and was mustered into the Confederate States service at Stafford Courthouse, Va., February, 1862, as a private soldier of Company A, 9th Regiment, Virginia Volunteer Cavalry, under Capt. Thomas Waller and Col. W. H. F. Lee to serve during the war. The regiment was assigned to Fitz Lee's brigade, Stuart's division, afterwards Stuart's Corps, A. N. V., and participated in the following engagements: Seven Days' Battle around Richmond, Manassas, Brandy Station, Barnesville, Boonesborough, Sharpsburg, Wilson's Race, Hatcher's Run, Bellefield, Dinwiddie Courthouse, Five Forks, Sailor's Creek, Seven Pines, North Anna, Rapidan, Middleburg, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Wilderness, Hanover Courthouse, and Morton's Ford. Received final discharge on May 4, 1865 at Fredericksburg, Va., on account of close of the war.



R. M. JONES.

Mr. Jones was a son of Amos and Eliza Botts Jones. In 1871 he married Miss Mary Ellen French, who died in February, 1917, and he later made his home with his daughter, at Manassas, Va.

Comrade Jones was laid to rest in Manassas Cemetery, wearing the Confederate uniform he loved so well. He is survived by four sons—Garland F. Jones and L. Hugh Jones, of California; J. Amos Jones, of Texas; Charles R. Jones, of Arizona—and one daughter, Mrs. H. Y. Meetze, of Manassas.

A. R. DEAN.

After a long illness, A. R. Dean died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Marvin Wilson, at Greenwood, S. C. Born June 20, 1947, he was one of the young soldiers of the Confederacy, and made a worthy record as a member of Company G, 7th Carolina Infantry, surrendering with Johnston at Greensboro, N. C. He was a member of Camp D. Wyatt Aiken, U. C. V., and was always interested in the activities of the organization. A comrade's tribute is that he was "a valiant, faithful soldier, a quiet, agreeable, and loveable man, and a true friend."

Surviving Comrade Dean are his wife, who was Miss Belle Thompson, four sons, and three daughters; also two sisters and a brother, Capt. L. Y. Dean, of Eufaula, Ala. Confederate comrades served as his honorary pallbearers, and he was laid to rest in Magnolia Cemetery.

CAPT. JAMES M. DALE.

Pursuant to a call from the mayor of the city, a mass meeting of the citizens of Russellville, Ky., was held at the courthouse on November 20 to draft fitting resolutions on the death of Capt. James M. Dale, a resident of that city for more than half a century and a most honored and exemplary citizen. From those memorial resolutions the following on his life is taken:

James M. Dale was born in Liberty, Smith County, Tenn., eighty-nine years ago. While he was yet a lad, his parents removed to Gallatin, thence at a later date to Nashville, where young Dale was employed for awhile in the steamboat service. A few years before the outbreak of the War between the States he settled in Russellville, Ky., where he passed to his reward on November 15, 1922.

While engaged in business in Russellville, Captain Dale, always interested in military matters, joined a company of militia and soon became expert in the manual of arms. His proficiency caused him to be called to Springfield, Tenn., to act as drillmaster of a newly formed organization, in which he rose to be first lieutenant. In a camp near Clarksville, Tenn., this company became one of those composing the 14th Regiment, Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, C. S. A., with Colonel Forbes commanding; and not long afterwards the regiment was ordered to Virginia to become a part of Hatton's Brigade, later Archer's Brigade, under the immortal Stonewall Jackson. His courage, skill, fidelity, and other soldierly qualities soon won promotion for James M. Dale, and he became a captain of sharpshooters and achieved an enviable reputation for efficiency in his difficult duties. He participated in all of the battles fought by his brigade down to Appomattox, surrendering under the incomparable Lee.

Captain Dale was buried with Masonic honors in Maple Grove Cemetery at Russellville, with his comrades of Camp Caldwell U. C. V. as honorary pallbearers, and with the Confederate colors draping his casket. The monument which stands in Central Park at Russellville, erected by the Caldwell Camp of Confederate Veterans, is due, in part, to his devotion to the cause to which he consecrated his life in the sixties.

JUDGE ALBERT M. AYRES.

Albert M. Ayres, born October 23, 1843, was the son of Asher and Mary Cutter Ayres. His father was a native of Woodbridge County, N. J., and moved to Georgia and established himself there as a merchant. His grandparents were Asher and Fannie Ayres, of Woodbridge County, N. J., and Henry S. and Annie Herb Cutter, natives respectively of Massachusetts and Georgia. He was educated in private schools and colleges at Yonkers and Cornell, N. Y., from which latter place he was graduated in civil engineering just before the outbreak of the War between the States. He entered the Confederate army, joining the 1st Regiment Engineer Corps of the Army of Virginia, and served throughout the war. At the close of the war he farmed and engaged in the profession of civil engineering for twenty years in Marshall County. He was elected Judge of the Probate Court of Marshall County in 1898, and represented the Seventh District as member of the Board of Trustees of the Agricultural College at Albertville. He was a Democrat in politics.

In 1877 he was married to Miss Nannie C. Foster, of Marshall County, and to them were born three sons. He died at his home on Georgia Mountain, near Guntersville, Ala., on October 17, 1922, survived by his wife and sons.

(This sketch was taken in part from the "History of Alabama," by the late Thomas M. Owen. Mrs. John A. Lusk, Guntersville, Ala.)

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*

520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
 MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, Riverside, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Third Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *Recording Secretary General*
 MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
 MRS. ST. JOHN ALLISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
 MISS IDA POWELL, Chicago, Ill. *Registrar General*
 MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crass*
 MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennan*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: After the convention held in Birmingham I sent a hurried note to the VETERAN conveying my deep gratitude for the confidence that my reflection to the office of President General had expressed. Let me assure you of my appreciation and pledge you my undivided service in carrying on the work of our great organization.

You will learn of the many details of the convention from the report which will appear in this issue of the VETERAN, but as we are entering now upon a new year I beg that you will focus your attention upon those objects to which we have specifically given our pledges in order that we may meet in Washington with a record which will be worthy of our organization.

"*Women of the South in War Times.*"—I am proud to relate that New York (my own Division) has made possible a new edition of "The Women of the South in War Times" through the generous donation of \$100 (for new plates) of Mrs. James Henry Parker, President of the New York Chapter, who came to the assistance of the managing editor when it was moved to substitute "War between the States" for "War of Secession" and to make other changes which will be necessary in the reprint. You have pledged through your delegates to place this book in the libraries, colleges, and universities of your State, either by donation or by procuring it through your directors. This in no way relieves us of our pledge, made at the convention in St. Louis, to sell ten thousand copies. The U. D. C. has never failed to redeem its word, and this book is an obligation resting upon us. Surely we will meet it! With the changes that will be made in the new edition it should be one of the best sources of spreading the truth that we have.

Jefferson Davis Highway.—Again Mrs. Parker added a large donation of \$200 to the splendid contribution of Mrs. Peter Youree of \$500, when subscriptions were taken for markers along the Jefferson Davis Highway. And here let me ask that every Division send in its pledge at once, for unless the highway, designated by the different States is marked, we will lose the privilege of having it named for President Davis. This work has progressed with such marvelous rapidity, under the able leadership of Miss West, that we do not wish to lose, by our neglect, any of the advantages that she has gained. If the Divisions through which this highway passes will bend every energy to the influencing of its Legislature this greatest of all memorials will become an accomplished fact.

Prizes.—It was with a feeling of personal pleasure that I learned of the award of the Leonora St. George Rogers Schuyler Prize, offered by Mrs. G. Tracy Rogers in honor of your President General, to Miss E. D. Pope, the woman who is so ably carrying on the work of Mr. Cunningham in the VETERAN, and for whom we all feel so deep an admiration.

Prize for Membership, Offered by Mrs. Hunt, Missouri Division.—This prize was offered too late last year to be listed in the minutes, but the generous donor, Mrs. Hunt, gave wide circulation, and it was won by the Georgia Division which recorded the greatest number of new members during the year.

Pledges for the Coming Year.—For those members who were not present at the convention, let me say that you may pledge through your representatives for the following work.

Cunningham Memorial Scholarship to be completed as fellowship at \$5,000, and the full amount was pledged at Birmingham.

To The Jefferson Davis Monument was pledged the sum of \$30,000, which I beg you to redeem as soon as possible. It is most important that we should continue this work without interruption, in order to prevent the removal of the machinery which would afterwards have to be replaced.

Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington Va.—Your representatives at Birmingham reaffirmed the action of the St. Louis convention to reconstruct and fireproof the chapel; therefore you have pledged yourself to this once more, and it will be necessary to raise the sum of \$150,000 to meet the obligation. This could be easily done within the year if every member would contribute not less than two dollars toward this work. Just think how little this really is for each one, and yet what a splendid result it would bring in placing the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the South in fitting light before the thousands of strangers who annually visit the recumbent statue of General Lee.

Chairmen of Committees.—Acceptances have been received from the following chairmen who have been reappointed:

Education.—Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chatham, Va.,

Award of University Prize for Confederate Essays.—Mrs. Armida Moses, Sumter, S. C.

Official Stationery.—Mrs. W. S. Coleman, Apartment 1, Juniper Terrace, Atlanta, Ga.

State Constitution and By-Laws.—Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Greenwood, Miss.

Your convention has ordered a revision of the By-Laws, and Mrs. Henderson will serve as Chairman of the Special Committee. In order to secure all changes that will improve the working of the organization you are requested to send all suggestions to her at your earliest convenience.

May the Christmas season bring you joy and happiness, and may the new year be full of success and prosperity is the sincere wish of your friend.

Faithfully and fraternally,

LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER.

THE CONVENTION AT BIRMINGHAM.

BY DECCA LAMAR WEST, WACO TEX.

From the first arrival of general officers and committee chairmen on November 12 to the final departure on the 20th, the visiting Daughters found themselves the honored guests of the local Chapter and their splendidly organized committees, with Mrs. Chapell Cory as General Chairman.

Two days, the 13th and 14th, were devoted to executive and committee meetings, with a conference of State Presidents, presided over by the President General, which was preceded by a State Presidents' dinner, which becomes a delightful precedent. The evening of the 14th was a brilliant opening with addresses of welcome from State and local U. D. C. organizations, presided over by Mrs. Ledbetter. Addresses of welcome were made by Mesdames Cory and Echols, of Birmingham, and Mrs. Huey, State President, and response for the U. D. C. by Miss Decca Lamar West, of Texas. A forceful address by Hon. John Tilley, of Montgomery, was the chief feature of the evening and struck a responsive chord in every heart, for he gave practical illustration of how the South had been placed and kept at a disadvantage and was yet criticised, instead of being commended for the wonderful strides she made after the war of devastation. It was a thoughtful, scholarly address, and one which we wish could be delivered in every college of the United States to counteract many of the false teachings that have obtained.

A pleasing ceremony was the introduction of the ex-Presidents General by Mrs. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia. To the First Vice President General fell the pleasing duty of introducing the Honorary Presidents, among whom were the brilliant Miss Rutherford, of Georgia, and our beloved Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, who is, I truly believe, the most honored woman of the entire membership of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Despite her eighty-three years, she maintains a clearness of thought and expression that renders her the adviser of many and an advocate to be desired when important matters are up for discussion.

One of the pleasing incidents of this "opening night" was the presentation of a portrait of President Davis to the United Daughters of the Confederacy by Mrs. J. A. Perdue, of Georgia. Another Georgia woman who won new encomiums by the brilliancy of her diction was Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, of Macon, who had the happy privilege of introducing to the audience the daughter of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, Miss Annie Wheeler, who was known during the Spanish-American War as the "Florence Nightingale" of the American forces.

The splendid Annual Report of our President General was delivered on the next morning, and there were many opportunities during the four days' session for her to make brief addresses, which she always did with consummate skill. As an inspirational speaker, she has few equals. Her annual address, which was printed and distributed to the delegates so that they might follow every detail, showed the painstaking work throughout the year that has characterized the administration, the time, labor, and means that have been so freely and generally given by our leader.

The roll call found a remarkably full attendance of State presidents, who led, in most instances, large delegations, the exceptions being from the distant States of Washington, Minnesota, and Massachusetts. Even the cross-continent State of California boasted several delegates in attendance. The Chapter in Paris, France, sent its report by a proxy, who presented the tri-color of France when each State President proudly bore the emblem of her State, to remain as a gift for the local entertaining Chapter—a ceremony always inspiring

and but an added symbol of our vows, not only to our organization, but to the Constitution of the United States, which still (in theory, at least) recognizes the sovereignty of the States for which our fathers fought.

ALL GENERAL OFFICERS PRESENT.

Every general officer, like a faithful soldier, answered "Here," the report of each showing how conscientiously she had "carried on." During the four days one by one were added the reports of the general chairmen of committees, making of the administration a complete whole of wonderful achievements. An entire evening devoted to the reports of State Presidents further enlightened the delegations and visitors how the results had been accomplished. Comparisons seem invidious when all show painstaking effort, nevertheless, as the records of special awards for various forms of endeavor were made, three States lead all the rest—North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia winning most of the prizes. Cases of individuals merit were scattered throughout the land, showing that the historical and educational work are of paramount importance. For the benefit of those who could not attend, the reports of the Historian General and the Chairman of education will be published later, as they are really necessary for information.

In a wonderful record by States, the Chairman of Education, Mrs. Merchant, gives statistics. Briefly stated, the United Daughters of the Confederacy control nearly one hundred thousand dollars worth of scholarships annually. These are awarded after most complete investigation through chairmen from each State. This committee and the Historical Department would alone constitute a reason for our being, and yet, when you add to this the remarkable work of the various enterprises, it constitutes a splendid result, almost inestimable in its educational value. The Historian's address and a large part of her report will be printed in the *VETERAN* by request of the convention. Many hoped for the publication of the address in pamphlet form, so greatly are the scholarly attainments of Mrs. Campbell appreciated. Another report printed for distribution, and which only an expert auditor can fully appreciate, is that of the Treasurer General, Mrs. Amos Norris. Such method, such skill in investment, such careful handling of both large and infinitesimal sums, was little short of a miracle to most of us—but few women claim mathematics as their long suit. Strange to say, it goes hand in hand with high idealism and great interest in educational, historical, and literary matters with Mrs. Norris, just as it does in her successor, Mrs. Higgins, of Missouri.

In parting with Mrs. Norris, Treasurer, Mrs. Campbell, Historian, Mrs. Wright as Recording Secretary, and Mrs. Williams as Registrar, it was with a feeling that we could ill afford to lose such workers; yet in each case their successors come with records to show we are again fortunate in finding women of such splendid ability and unselfishness to serve us, for these four offices are undoubtedly the most difficult to fill. (See roster of officers.)

PRESIDENT'S RECOMMENDATIONS.

In closing her report, the President General made six recommendations, all of which were unanimously adopted by the convention.

1. It is recommended that the voluntary contributions of one dollar per Chapter for the Confederate Woman's Relief Work be made a provision of the By-Laws at the next annual convention.

2. It is recommended that one thousand dollars be trans-

ferred from the general fund to the Hector W. Church Scholarship Fund annually, subject to the Finance Committee, until such time as the twelve thousand dollars necessary to complete the fund is obtained.

3. It is recommended that the definition of the term "War between the States" be reprinted annually among the notices in our Minutes.

4. It is recommended that a portrait of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury be painted and presented to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

5. It is recommended that an offer be made to the British War School to present to it a bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

6. It is recommended that a portrait of Admiral Raphael Semmes be presented to the LaSalle de l'Alabama," at Geneva, Switzerland.

Of these recommendations, No. 2 became void, as later the Executive Board brought in a recommendation that four thousand dollars be appropriated from the Treasury to immediately complete the four scholarships inaugurated by the Hector W. Church bequest, which it had been previously voted (1920) should be invested until it should have multiplied itself into a sufficient fund for the four scholarships. This action was never rescinded, and while agreeing with the general sentiment that it was good to have more scholarships available, and to honor the Union soldier who generously left us the bequest, many felt the original plan of investment wisest. The four thousand dollars would have been a wonderful gift for the completion of the Jefferson Davis Monument or for the promotion of the Jefferson Davis Highway.

It is the ardent wish of the veterans that the former, which the committee reported lacked thirty thousand dollars of the sum required, be completed by June. The refusal of the Board to recognize the necessity for any appropriation for the promotion of the Jefferson Davis Highway would have prevented any further effort, but chiefly through the generous contributions of two members of the Committee—Mesdames Youree, of Louisiana, and Parker, of New York—the work will continue. The Board, at the urgent request of the committee, agreed that a bowlder should be placed at Point Isabel, Tex., in commemoration of the landing of Mississippi troops under command of Jefferson Davis (colonel in the United States army) in 1846, from which point they went into Mexico to reinforce the troops of Gen. Zachary Taylor, and Jefferson Davis was proclaimed "the rescuer of the United States army" and "Hero of Buena Vista and Monterrey."

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

After a report of the Jefferson Davis Monument Committee by Mrs. Jaeksie Thrash Morrison, Chairman, and the reading of a letter from General Haldeman, a stirring appeal was made for it. Mr. Eustace Williams, Jr., Secretary-Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, following some discussion and particularly eloquent talks by Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson and Mrs. Walter Lamar, nearly eight thousand dollars was subscribed from the floor, including one thousand dollars from the treasury, said to be the largest subscription ever made at one session of a U. D. C. convention. A vigorous drive is to be inaugurated in a few weeks, in the hope of having the remainder of the sum in hand by March 1, so that the monument may be completed by June and unveiled on June 3.

All Chapters which subscribed are requested to have their pledges in by February, if possible.

THE MAURY MONUMENT.

The convention at St. Louis pledged to raise five thousand

dollars toward the Maury Monument, which is to be erected in Richmond, Va., by the Maury Monument Association. Nearly three thousand dollars of this sum has already been raised. Mrs. Frank Antony Walke, of Norfolk, Va., gave an interesting report and presided at a Maury Monument Directors' dinner in promotion of this great enterprise.

LIBRARY BUILDING IN RICHMOND.

On recommendation of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Chairman, the convention rescinded the action of the convention at Tampa, Fla., in regard to such building until such time as a proper building site should be offered.

FAITHFUL SLAVES MEMORIAL.

Under the skillful leadership of Mrs. Mary Dowling Bond, the work of the committee to place a bowlder at Harper's Ferry to the faithful slaves has progressed, but some opposition is met with from the owners of the land, so the matter is still in abeyance.

BORGLUM'S ADDRESS.

At the earnest request of Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, the eminent sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, was invited to address the convention on his great enterprise of carving the story of the Confederacy on the face of Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Ga. This gigantic undertaking is sponsored by the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, and indorsed by the Georgia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, but has never been "taken over" by the general United Daughters of the Confederacy, as has frequently been erroneously stated in the newspapers of the South.

LEE MEMORIAL.

The Lee Memorial report was a brilliantly staged debate at an evening session with a crowded house. To "a looker on in Vienna" the results were perceptible from the first.

As most U. D. C. members know, the controversy to be debated was whether or not the Birmingham convention should ratify the action of the St. Louis convention in pledging the general U. D. C. to assist in building a Lee Memorial Chapel, which is to be an enlargement and fireproofing of the present chapel built by General Lee in 1876, and where repose his ashes and the wonderful recumbent statue by Valentine. The point of dispute between the Committee, Executive Board, and Washington and Lee authorities, on one side, and the Virginia Division U. D. C., on the other, was that the Virginia Division and many adherents to their cause wished to preserve the chapel intact as a "sacred shrine" to the memory of General Lee. The University authorities and their adherents claim they are to preserve the tomb and the most sacred relics by making the building fireproof and enlarging the chapel to meet modern demands, because they felt sure General Lee would prefer it that way.

The house was divided for a debate, the President General stating she would recognize speakers from each side alternately. The Chairman of the Committee, Mrs. McKinney, and Dr. Smith, President of the University, and his legal adviser, who is also a trustee of the University, occupied the vantage ground of the platform; and, as is customary, opened and closed the debate. The Virginia Division was represented by some able delegates, led by their President, Mrs. Seott, of Richmond, the chief spokesman being Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, also of Richmond. They had no lawyer or other male speaker. There were a number of speakers for and against, the debate lasting nearly two hours. The President General finally announced that the "promise" last year constituted a "legal

contract," which was most amazing news to the average delegate on either side, and which would have seemed to make the entire debate unnecessary. There was no time to consult a lawyer on this legal point. The ayes and nays were called for, and a roll call was had. The ayes were declared in a majority, and so the action at St. Louis was ratified. Official information on the subject will doubtless be furnished every State President.

HISTORICAL EVENING.

Brief mention has been made of the Historian General's address and report, but gives no adequate idea of this most interesting and far-reaching feature of our work. The general plan of study issued by the Historian General and published in the *VETERAN* through the year had been carried out successfully in nearly every State Division, and the prizes awarded Chapters, adults, and children showed a fine diversity that speaks well for the awakened interest in history and literature, and is an encouragement to Southern writers to persevere until they obtain the recognition from publishers and the general public to which they are entitled.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Under the leadership of Mrs. W. E. Massey, Third Vice President General, the organization of Children's Chapters has made splendid progress, and the work of these Chapters was evidenced in the State Presidents' reports, showing a marked progress that argues well for the future. The award of merit to the State Director reporting the largest number of children registered was won by North Carolina, with Texas second. The Florence Goalder Farris medal, offered for the best essay on "The Orphan Brigade of Kentucky," was won by a North Carolina boy, with a Texas boy receiving "honorable mention." So the Old North State and the Lone Star State were in friendly but close rivalry on two counts.

SOUTHERN WOMEN IN WAR TIMES.

The book, "Southern Women in War Times," was reported by the committee in charge as very popular where known, but not receiving as great publicity or sale as it should. At St. Louis, in 1921, the U. D. C. pledged themselves to sell ten thousand copies, believing this would be a most effective way to let the world know of the patriotism and heroism of the women of the South. Could we pay higher tribute to the memory of our mothers than to help in this distribution? We were urged to place the book in libraries and use for Christmas gifts.

MEMORIAL.

Memorial Hour, in charge of Mrs. Hyde, of Tennessee, with many "special memorials," by speakers and writers of ability, and with appropriate music beautifully rendered, was a sacred hour appealing to all hearts, for to most of us the entire work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is a memorial to father or mother. The list grows longer each year, the names of many dear coworker receiving the tributes of love and tears.

"They have reached a fairer region
Far away, far away."

THE ARLINGTON AMPHITHEATER.

The Arlington Amphitheater controversy still hangs fire, but is in the hands of a diplomatic committee who hope to achieve results.

WAR RECORDS COMMITTEE AND INSIGNIA FOR CONFEDERATE DESCENDANTS IN WORLD WAR.

Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Chairman of War Records Committee and Insignia for Confederate Descendants in the World War, reported splendidly progressive work. The design for the insignia to be awarded World War soldiers of Confederate lineage, was adopted, and several thousand will be made, the plan of bestowal to be decided later.

On the very attractive programs issued appeared a session to be held in the White House at Montgomery. Several chairmen were in a flutter of anticipation that they should be permitted to make their reports in such a historic place. The "powers that be" ruled that such session would be unconstitutional, as well as consuming too much time from business, so it was abandoned. The hospitable Daughters of Alabama, however arranged an excursion to Montgomery after the convention closed, of which many took advantage. With social courtesies—official, unofficial, and general in their nature—Birmingham kept open house. A most enjoyable feature, which was inaugurated in St. Louis, was carried out most elaborately in Birmingham—that of a groups of local women being luncheon hostesses for each State. This plan is most excellent as well as enjoyable, and bids fair to become a regular custom.

Also, the inauguration of a State Presidents' dinner, suggested by the capable little President of Alabama, Mrs. Huey, is a splendid "get-acquainted-early" move, and will doubtless be a regular feature in the future. The President General was guest of honor, as was Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, and a few distinguished Alabamians. A unique feature was the presentation of a wonderful cake to Mrs. Schuyler, the artistic maker of which stated that the pan had been used but once before, to make a cake for President Wilson. She had never intended it to be used again, but the ability of Mrs. Schuyler had so impressed her that she had requested permission to bake one for her. The decorations were the three official flags of the Confederacy and the insignia of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, all perfectly reproduced in color, unique, artistic, and a tribute worthily bestowed and applauded by the whole convention when it was exhibited.

PRIZES AWARDED ON HISTORICAL EVENING.

The Raines Banner went to the North Carolina Division for the largest collection of papers and historical records.

The Rose Loving Cup, for the best essay on Sidney Lanier, was awarded to Mrs. Nellie C. Ellerbee, of South Carolina.

The Anna Robinson Andrews Medal, for best review of the book, "Women of the South in War Times," went to Miss Marion Jones, of South Carolina.

The Mildred Rutherford Medal was awarded to the Colorado Division, and the Roberts Medal to Miss Bonnie Eloise Mauney, of North Carolina.

The Hyde Medal was awarded to Miss Ruby S. Thornberry, of Florida, for best essay on "The Alabama."

The Orren Randolph Smith Medal was won by Miss Beatrice Van Court Meegan, Washington, D. C., for best essay on "The Causes of Secession."

The Leonora St. George Rogers Schuyler prize was awarded to Miss Edith Pope, of Tennessee, for best essay on "Lee at Lexington."

The Carter Prize was won by the Georgia Division.

The \$75 Prize given by Mrs. Sanford C. Hunt, President of the Mississippi Division, to the State sending in the greatest number of new members, was won by the Georgia Division. As this prize was not listed, it was not presented on Historical Evening, but later privately.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALLISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

The suggested Course of Study for the year will be a brief outline of the first and second years of the War between the States.

For the Children of the Confederacy the year's work will consist of a study of Jefferson Davis.

HISTORICAL PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1923.

January.—Jefferson Davis: His early life in Kentucky, June 3, 1808-1824.

February.—Jefferson Davis: Cadet at United States Military Academy, West Point, 1824-1828.

March.—Jefferson Davis: Lieutenant in campaign against Indians; Black Hawk War, 1831.

April.—Jefferson Davis: Member of United States Congress, 1845.

May.—Jefferson Davis: Colonel of Mississippi Volunteers in war with Mexico, 1846.

June.—Jefferson Davis: United States Senator, 1848-1850.

July.—Jefferson Davis: Secretary of War, 1853-1857.

August.—Jefferson Davis: United States Senator, 1857-1861.

September.—Jefferson Davis: President of Confederate States of America. Life in Montgomery, Ala. Life in Richmond, Va., 1861-1865.

October.—Jefferson Davis: Prisoner of war in Fortress Monroe, Va., 1865-1867.

November.—Jefferson Davis: Travels in Canada and England, 1867-1869. Action of Supreme Court of United States.

December.—Jefferson Davis: President Life Insurance Company in Memphis, Tenn. "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" written at Beauvoir, 1876-1879. New Orleans, December 6, 1889. The end.

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR STUDY U. D. C. 1922.

January.

Presidential election, 1860.

South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860.

Mississippi seceded January 9, 1860.

Florida seceded January 10, 1861.

Alabama seceded January 11, 1861.

Georgia seceded January 19, 1861.

Louisiana seceded January 26, 1861.

Texas seceded February 1, 1861.

Star of the West fired on January 9, 1861.

Confederate Government formed. Capital at Montgomery, Ala.

President, Jefferson Davis; Vice President, Alexander H. Stephens.

Lincoln inaugurated, March 4, 1861.

Bombardment of Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861.

General Gustav Beauregard; Maj. Robert Anderson.

April 15, 1861, Lincoln calls for 75,000 volunteers.

Virginia seceded April 17, 1861.

Arkansas seceded May 6, 1861.

North Carolina seceded May 20, 1861.

Tennessee seceded June 8, 1861.

Baltimore, April 19, 1861, first blood shed.

Missouri, Kentucky, Delaware, Maryland—divided in sentiment, but were held in the Union.

February.

Confederate capital moved to Richmond, Va.

Both sides prepare for war.

Northern Plan: Take Western Virginia; capture Richmond; blockade coast.

Success of first Battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, the result of the second plan.

Gen. Robert E. Lee in South Carolina three months, November 1861-January 1862.

"Mason and Slidell Affair," or the Trent Affair, autumn of 1861. Blockade begun.

Big Bethel, 1861. Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861.

Confederate Victories.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

The Managing Editor "begs to report" that the delegates at the Birmingham general convention U. D. C. enthusiastically took hold of the opportunity presented at the convention for subscribing to a number of copies of "The Women of the South in War Times," to be sent to various schools and colleges as memorials to relatives of the sixties. The exact number cannot be presented or the names of the subscribers for the reason that the reports have not been received by the Managing Editor through official channels.

At the invitation of the President General, a report was read by the Managing Editor in which he said, in part:

"Your book aims to be *illustrative*. It could not be *comprehensive* in its limited scope of less than five hundred pages. Nevertheless, there are some few men and women who pick up such a volume and, instead of seeking to learn what others have done, have been dissatisfied if they could not read about their relatives or their communities. As it stands to-day, however, your book presents a convincing refutation of every false conception which has been generally held about the South. The narratives and editorial comments have been so selected and combined as to offer an effective rejoinder in any argument raised on any of these issues.

"A lady wrote to me that she had seen where your book was commended because it did not deal in invective or vituperation. She declared she *wanted invective, and plenty of it*. I replied that our committee did not wish to throw bricks, but to secure conviction; nevertheless, if she wanted a perfectly convincing example of excoriation, she could find the best one ever penned on page 201 in Mrs. Henrietta B. Lee's letter to General Hunter. English literature of two worlds may be searched in vain for anything superior to it in power of expression. And yet it is so phrased as to be taken to the heart and heads of those of opposite sympathies, *for one basic reason*, which your Editor will leave to every intelligent woman in this audience to see for herself, *a reason, that, in lesser degree throughout, is the keynote of this volume and which has caused your book to be more favorably reviewed in the best newspapers and periodicals in every section of this country than any other historical volume which has ever appeared from the press on a Southern theme.*

"*This, then, is your distinction.* I will leave it to you if it is not an obligation upon you to respond to the best opportunity you have ever had to set before the *English speaking*

[Continued on page 38.]

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

THE NEW YEAR.

Dear Coworkers: The season's greetings, with the hope that each home has shared to the fullest every blessing, and that the new year looms radiant with promises of prosperity, peace and happiness.

May we each one also resolve to help make the coming year the greatest in the history of the C. S. M. A., and so tell anew to the world that the blessed work begun by our dear mothers and left a sacred legacy to us still holds our loyalty and speaks afresh our love and devotion to the cause for which our valiant heroes gave life and all in the effort to prove the right of self-government.

May the Giver of all good send his blessings upon each one of you and the unspeakable blessing of his loving care over each home during the new year is the loving wish of our President General.

Announcement has been made that the reunion and C. S. M. A. convention will be held in New Orleans April 15 to 18, 1923. Let every Association have representation, for wonderful time is promised in that, the most delightful and unique of Southern cities.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General C. S. M. A.*

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

Tree-planting time is here. Thousands of trees are being planted along the public highways and in other places, and I am in hearty sympathy with our President General, who is desirous of having you, dear Memorial Women, enter into his beautiful work of planting remembrance trees. The world of to-day is planting trees for the dead of the World War, and I am urging you women of the C. S. M. A. to plant trees in memory of your Confederate dead—both heroes and heroines. There is the Dixie Highway and the Jefferson Davis Highway open to you who live in easy reach of them, and there is always your public parks and your courthouse grounds and cemeteries where you could plant a tree for some beloved boy who wore the gray, or for your mother or grandmother who gave hospital service or worked to relieve the sufferings of the boys in camp. Any tree dealer will sell you a tree for a small amount, or you can get your trees from the woods near by. There are simple little metal tags to be had for the merest trifle of money, and these may be secured for the tree by a copper wire. The tags will indicate for whom the tree is planted and the necessary date. Please get busy and plant trees this spring. Plant them as Associations or as individuals, no matter which, just so you plant them. The

women in the twelve States through which the Bankhead National Highway passes are planting thousands of trees this year for the World War heroes. Can you think of anything more beautiful for a memorial than a tree, which offers shade to the traveler, a playground for a child, and a home for myriad birds and insects?

It seems to me that there has never been a more fitting time in which the Memorial Women can direct a special effort for the maintenance of old Southern chivalry than now. This wonderful old world has undergone some strange transformation, and especially among the younger generation does there seem to be a need for balance. When I say chivalry I mean that the relation of the man toward the woman—a relation that was her protection—should be revived, and that the modesty of the woman, that was her most enviable inheritance from her mothers and grandmothers, should be more carefully cultivated. It came to my notice recently how lax the young men of to-day are in their relation to the girls. A young man called for a girl in his car. He honked at the curb in front of her home, and she came tripping down the long steps and fell sprawling on the pavement. The young man at the wheel, without moving an inch, called, "Are you hurt?" "No," laughed the girl, and stepped into the car. Had that been a couple of the old South, what would have been done by the young man? It is these little things that we Memorial Women should take upon ourselves to remedy. It may be that the hurry and whirl of the world has shaken off the sweet little courtesies and customs of the past, but let us who remain tell the youth of to-day how beautiful it was for a young man to show deference to his girl companion, and how his respect safeguarded her; and tell the girl how her modesty and reticence placed her on a pinnacle. We have time, and there can be much good accomplished yet.

The time is drawing near when plans should be formulated for the reunion, which will be held at New Orleans in April. Your President General is very desirous of having a large delegation at this reunion for several reasons, one of which is the great possibilities for pleasure and happiness the occasion offers. New Orleans is one of the most inspiring and romantic cities in the South, and in April it will be in its full flower and beauty. Begin to plan to go. You will never regret it.

Time, the tomb builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not,
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

—George D. Prentice.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Richmond, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton, Denver, Colo.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.
[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

SALUTÉ.

The Editor of this department takes it over on three days' notice, as far as getting copy to the printer for this issue is concerned. He hopes and proposes to make a real department of this page as far as his ability allows, a department which will interest the S. C. V. and our friends. If he departs a little from the stereotyped page of announcements of meetings held and to be held, bear with him. Remember, it is his first chance to send stuff to a publication and not have it hurried back to him "with regrets and thanks." With this plea and a bow, let's go!

* * *

Save Us From Our Friends.—Leon Buorgeoise said that the trial and execution of Major Wirz furnished the Allies with all necessary legal precedent for the arraignment of the Kaiser. Clemenceau, visiting Lincoln's tomb, made the assertion that Lincoln died for the same principles which moved our men to make war in this last Great War. Both, of course, are vitally in error. It would seem a good thing to serve up a little elementary American history to these eminent French statesmen. Yet there is scarcely a foreigner who has escaped the blight of Northern propaganda and misstatement of our history. Lloyd George is a conspicuous offender.

* * *

S. V. and S. C. V.—The sons of Federal soldiers are organized in a body called "Sons of Veterans." While the Federal soldiers outnumbered the Confederate soldiers some three or four to one, the Sons of Veterans outnumber the Sons of Confederate Veterans about ten to one. They seem to appreciate their birthright more than we do, they value their fathers' records in war more than sons of Southern soldiers seem to value the deeds of their sires. It is not a pleasant picture to a Southern eye. There is only one remedy, let every son and grandson of a Confederate soldier join a S. C. V. Camp.

* * *

Attention, Yale Men.—Are there any Yale men in the S. C. V. membership? If so, please write the Editor of this page, who is likewise Historian in Chief, and address him at Lynchburg, Va. There is important and patriotic work for you to do, and do at once.

* * *

Governor Lee Trinkle, of Virginia, sounded a high note when he made an address of welcome to Clemenceau at the meeting of the Southern Society in Washington the other day. Lee Trinkle was a very active Son and an enthusiastic worker, and was Commander of the Virginia Division in former days.

* * *

Roy Price, of that hustling bunch of Sons known as Washington (D. C.) Camp No. 305 (and the Editor is a member also), was in charge of this department formerly and did good work in it. He has been called to Texas, and we do not doubt he will prove himself a valuable S. C. V. worker in that empire of a State.

Every one who knows Commander in Chief McDonald Lee knows his ability, courage, and "pep." He has just issued a plea to all sons and grandsons of Confederate soldiers and sailors to join some Camp of the S. C. V. and help with the work. He gives some striking reasons why this should be done. It is hard to believe that any son of the South could read this letter of the Commander and remain indifferent. The main thing, then, is to get it into the hands and to the attention of as many of our men as possible.

* * *

The New Orleans reunion is so near that it can be reckoned in weeks now. It is not too soon to begin making your plans to attend.

* * *

Division Commanders, Attention.—This department is for the use and good of the S. C. V. organization. If you have an item tending to the good of the order, send it in to the Editor. If you have a notice you wish to make public, send that too. If every State Commander will send a copy of his staff to the Editor of this department and a news item of two of his State work, it will be published and will be of great interest. Will the Division Commanders take this seriously and heed this request?

* * *

To The Student.—We commend two valuable expositions of the right of the Southern States to secede (a question not closed and settled by force of arms.) One article by Mr. E. W. R. Ewing, in the "Grey Book," is a legal treatise of interest and great value; the other is from the pen of Rev. Harney M. McGehee, and is published in the VETERAN for November. It treats the subject in a historical vein. Both of them are worthy of careful reading.

* * *

Yale's American History Moving Pictures.—The Bulletin for December contained a considerable notice of this enterprise of the Yale University Press, which promises to surpass in importance "The Birth of a Nation." A board of editors are at work getting into shape historical material to be used upon the screen in this series of historical pictures. Representing the South, and interpreting the South, before the Board of Editors is Prof. Nathaniel W. Stephenson, of Ohio, now a teacher of history in a Charleston, S. C., college. Prof. Stephenson's historical writings have not exactly pleased Southern organizations and critics, and it has developed that there is considerable feeling that this section could be better interpreted by a Southern man. To the work of getting the South a showing, and a fair showing, in these pictures, the history department of the S. C. V. is bending every effort and is backed and supported by Commander in Chief McDonald Lee and Adjutant in Chief Carl Hinton, while the United Daughters of the Confederacy are doing a valuable part, especially through their accomplished President General, Mrs. Schuyler, and their Historian General, Mrs. A. son Lawton. More details on this subject will appear in the S. C. V. Bulletin and in this department of the VETERAN.

If the worn hearts and weary fall on sleep
With a deep longing for its sweet repose,
Shall not they likewise whom the high gods keep
Die while yet bloom the lily and the rose?
To each man living comes a day to die:
What better day than when Truth calls to Liberty?

—Armistead Churchill Gordon.

A CHRISTMAS DAY AT BEAUVOIR.

(From a paper prepared and read by Mrs. Thomas D. Reid, of Meridian, Miss., before the Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 718 U. D. C.)

It was my great privilege, while spending some months in the Southland, to be at Beauvoir on Christmas Day, and, knowing of the interest in this historic old home, I will endeavor to tell some of the things that interested me on that occasion.

Beauvoir was the home of our much beloved President Jefferson Davis, and is now the Home of Mississippi veterans of the War between the States. It is situated in a most picturesque spot on the Gulf Coast, between Gulfport and Biloxi, Miss. The grand old oaks that seem to stand guard over this sacred spot do protect and shield it from the terrific storms that rage upon the coast in the fall and spring. The magnificent memorial gate at the main entrance tells very plainly that it is the home and final resting place of the war-worn soldiers who followed General Lee and other Confederate generals through the war.

These grizzled and gray old veterans treasure, above all else, this place of refuge by "the sounding sea," where the surf moans and roars and the furious waves, lashing madly against the "rock-bound coast," soothe the hearts of these restless heroes of other days, who wander around the beautiful grounds, "rest under the shade of the trees," sail out in fishing boats, search for curios washed up on the beach, and help around the Home when needed or able.

At such a place, we know full well, no harm can come to them while "the orange and magnolia dispel their perfume," and the mocking birds sing them to sleep every night as they breathe that wonderful salt air from the Gulf.

The mansion stands in a large grove of trees of various kinds, many of them having been planted by President Davis. It is now occupied by the Superintendent and a few veterans.

There are only a few of the many choice books left from President Davis's library. Miss Winnie's piano and a very few pieces of furniture are all that remain of much rare old mahogany that was there.

The dining room, where about three hundred may be seated at different tables, is in the basement of the mansion. This room has electric lights and is very comfortable during cold weather.

Christmas is looked forward to by the veterans with as much pleasure and eagerness as children, and, although cold and dreary looking outside, it is very cheery and comfortable within these cottages.

On this Christmas Day all hearts seemed to be filled with gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and at this time especially, no doubt many thanks ascended to him for this "Haven of Rest" that had come to them through his mercy.

When dinner was announced and the doors of the spacious dining room were thrown open, all seemed spellbound as they gazed at the bountiful supply of good things spread before them in such artistic surroundings.

Electric lights, flowers, and fruits decorated the tables. Everything generally served in our best homes in the South on such an occasion was in evidence, and the dinner was one that would have tempted the taste of the most fastidious.

After spending ample time at the festive board, this well-satisfied, happy crowd began to disband, when the organist began playing old songs and airs loved by them. The sweet, soft tones that this ancient organ pealed forth were accompanied by the voices of some of the inmates and visitors sing-

ing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and then "We'll Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and many other stirring songs.

After this the room was cleared of all furniture, and a negro band came in to play dance music. Then was heard, "Get your partners," and things began to get lively. It was very amusing, interesting, and exciting to see these veterans "trip the light fantastic toe." The Virginia Reel, waltz, and, last but not least, the graceful minuet claimed the attention of the admiring throng. Some who took no part in the dances were amused by watching the others.

"After the ball was over" we were invited to visit the hospital. It was a great pleasure to be permitted to greet these sufferers and offer words of sympathy, for few are permitted to see them at any time. Some of them were eighty and older—helpless survivors whose days are numbered, patiently waiting for the "roll call up yonder." They are still being cared for beautifully by the U. D. C's and Sons of Veterans, and by the Superintendent of the Home.

How magnanimous it seems for their friends to assist in lifting life's heavy burdens, but how great a privilege that they have the opportunity of scattering sunbeams along their shadowy path. Three cheers for those who have made this one of the happiest days of their declining years! One that they will not forget while life lasts this Christmas at the Beauvoir Home, the home that they so richly deserve, won by hard-fought battles, terrific suffering, hardships, and bloodshed, many of them carrying scars to their graves as evidence of heroic deeds on the battle field.

Well may we appreciate this remnant of as bravesoldiery as ever faced the cannon's mouth. May we never weary of well-doing, and thus continue to do all in our power to bless and comfort them as one by one they journey out into the great beyond, on to the reward that comes to those who have "fought a good fight," and may they all "cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees" with their leaders, who are now watching and waiting for them in that peaceful kingdom prepared for those who love the meek and lowly Saviour, who gave his life that we may have a home eternal. And when the last war veteran has "crossed the bar," when the even flow of life moves slowly on, we will still honor and revere those whose heritage is immortal glory.

THE OLD CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

The old Confederate veteran,
We know him as he stands;
He listens to the thunder
Of the far-off battle lands;
He hears the crash of musketry,
The sound roars like the sea,
For he tramped the fields with Stonewall,
And climbed the heights with Lee.

The old Confederate veteran,
His life is in the past;
War clouds like a mantle
Round his rugged form are cast.
He hears the bugle calling
Far o'er the mystic lea,
For he tramped the fields with Stonewall
And climbed the heights with Lee.

(These lines were sent from Savannah, Ga., to O. C. Myers, of Seattle, Wash., and he sends them to the VETERAN with request for publication.)

WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

(Continued from page 34.)

world the story of your mothers and the principles for which they stood, *all in your own name as an organization*. Is it too much to say that your 1923 slogan shall be that every Daughter should own her copy?

"With favorable comment in all the press of the South, and nothing but praise for the Daughters in bringing the volume out, the *Manufacturers' Record* has declared that none can read your book without admiration for the striking American qualities of the 'Women of the South.' The *New York Times* epitomizes the whole by calling it a noble epic, and that great newspaper could use no stronger term. The *Boston Transcript*, hitherto disposed to unfavorable notices in regard to all Southern history, declared it gives the Northern reader a new viewpoint of '*those whom we once regarded as devoid of all honesty and faith*;' and finally, let me say that a Northern lady, who is an official in a great organization of women, declared:

"I envy the United Daughters of the Confederacy their book, 'The Women of the South in War Times.' It is the most wonderful volume ever issued under the auspices of any patriotic organization. It is a unique record of achievement, endurance, and self-sacrifice. All of it, or nearly all of it, is told by the women themselves and told simply, beautifully, convincingly. After reading it, I have an entirely new conception of the South, and I understand now as I never did before what the South stood for. 'Women of the South in War Times' is full of conviction as no other book I have ever seen. My sympathies are moved for the Southern people, and I am a better American for having read these stories. In the last chapter I have learned about the United Daughters of the Confederacy. I had always thought of them as a body perpetuating the spirit of strife and discord, but here is the record of American women engaged not only in memorializing the heroes of our war, but in doing, perhaps, the most remarkable work of any patriotic body in the World War.'

"This is the one memorial the United Daughters of the Confederacy have ever erected which has cost the organization nothing to prepare and little to maintain. *As far as it has gone*, it is doing more good for the cause you represent than perhaps any other memorial. And, finally, do you know that if, or rather, as, you carry out your St. Louis pledge to distribute ten thousand copies, that it will not only cost you nothing to do so, but will return to you or your Chapters as profit \$2,100 as a minimum, to a maximum of \$7,200.

"I trust all that which you have promised to do will be completed in the next few months, and that you will take steps at this convention to see that each and every Division lives up to its respective obligation to distribute its quota of books, so that next November you may have the satisfaction of progressive achievement and congratulations for all."

U. D. C. COOKBOOK.—During the absence of Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, who is abroad for a year, the cookbook of "tried and true recipes," compiled by her and sold for the benefit of the U. D. C. Scholarship Fund, can be procured from Mrs. Julius Jaffee, 2326 Highland Avenue, Birmingham, Ala., at \$2.00 per copy, postpaid. Every Daughter of the Confederacy is urged to possess a copy of this book, not only for its valuable collection of recipes, but to help along the educational work of the organization, which now leads in importance.

THE BRAVEST ARE THE GENTLEST.

(Continued from page 21.)

so far outstripping the pursuers that the chase was abandoned long before they reached the Confederate lines.

I must add to this an incident of the bravery of Gov. John Anthony Winston, who was colonel of the 8th Alabama Regiment. During an important engagement in which the Federals apparently had the advantage, the Confederates seemed disheartened, their courage begun to flag, when Colonel Winston, quick to recognize the situation, taking his bridle in his teeth, his sword in one hand and his gun in the other, dashed into the enemy's lines, ordering his men to follow. Consternation at such reckless daring caused the enemy to retreat, the tide was turned, and victory perched upon the Stars and Bars.

My father's devotion to his men was beautiful, and he was ever ready to extend aid to an old Confederate veteran. They were equally devoted to him, and loved to recall his acts of kindness, as well as his bravery, and often said: "Never a braver man wore the gray and never a more tender heart beat under a jacket of gray." After my father passed "over the river to rest under the shade of the trees," his old comrades delighted to show every courtesy to their "old captain's daughter."

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS," SERIES III, VOLUME II, 1863-64.

Grapevine.—The Rev. Hiram Douglass told General Thomas, U. S. Army, on January 18: "One of my reporters says that Wheeler was cashiered for drunkenness. All the meat the rebels have comes from the Florida Everglades, and Grant's proclamation would in a few months depopulate their army." And he missed it on all three.

War Prices and War Pay.—On February 1, the schedule of prices of necessities, as issued by the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments of J. E. Johnston's army, shows:

FOOD.		CLOTHING.	
Bacon, per lb.....	\$2 20	Coats, each.....	\$350
Beef, per lb.....	75	Boots, per pair.....	250
Lard, per lb.....	2 20	Pants, per pair.....	125
Sugar, per lb.....	1 50	Hats, each.....	125
Rice, per lb.....	15	Shirts, each.....	50
Flour, per lb.....	60	Drawers, per pair....	15
Meal, per lb.....	06	Socks, per pair.....	10
Salt, per lb.....	30		

Now, the pay of a captain was \$130, first lieutenant, \$90, and a second lieutenant \$80 per month, therefore, as a new outfit would cost \$925, it would take the captain three months to pay, the first lieutenant ten months and the second lieutenant a year, to accomplish this object. This would leave practically nothing for food during this period, and it was either starve or freeze, provided they were dependent on their army salary.

Keeping Tab on Officers.—General Sherman told General Buckland on January 27: "You know how much stress I have put on honesty in the character of a U. S. officer. Merchants naturally make gains; it is their calling; but an officer has a salary and nothing else, and if you see by the style of an officer's living, or any external symptoms, that he is spending more than his pay, or if you observe him interested in the personal affairs of business, stop it, and send him to some other duty." High time, too.

Confederate Veteran.

C L Willoughby
507 N Iowa Av
AUG 23

VOL. XXXI.

FEBRUARY, 1923

NO 2



A CENTENARIAN AT CONFEDERATE HOME OF NORTH CAROLINA
Capt. George Cathey, now 101 years old, is standing by his Comrade Beavers
in front of their cottage at the Home

973.705
C748

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.

2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.

3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.

4. Mathew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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The Kansas City Chapters U. D. C. gave a radio outfit to the Confederate Home at Higginsville for Christmas.

J. M. Carlock, Greenfield, Mo. (Star Route No. 2), wishes to secure information of the Confederate service of John Higgins, who enlisted in Arkansas, and whose wife is now trying to get a pension.

Mrs. R. A. Evans, Slaton, Tex. (Box 624), is very anxious to get some information of the service of her husband, J. P. (Jim) Evans, who was with the 24th Georgia Regiment. This will help her to get a pension.

Mrs. E. L. Sikes, of Wise, Va., wishes to hear from anyone who knew the Sikes brothers, of Bladen County, N. C. Edmond Sikes was captured at Fort Fisher and taken to Elmira Prison, N. Y., where he died. Any information will be appreciated.

WANTED—Old Confederate used postage stamps. Look up your old letters. George H. Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York City.

A patron of the VETERAN refers to a set of eighteen volumes giving the reports of officers of the Confederate army, which he wishes to buy. Anyone having such a work will kindly communicate with the VETERAN.

Dr. W. H. Scudder, Mayersville, Miss., is interested in securing a pension for Jim White Linsey, an old Confederate negro servant, who belonged to John White, a noncommissioned officer of the 2nd South Carolina Cavalry, and the captain of his company was Captain Chestnut, of Camden, S. C.; First Lieutenant Lee; Second Lieutenant Sharp. Jim went out early in the war, and was in the Carolinas, Virginia, and Georgia. After the war he went with his master to Weaver's Bluff, near Selma, Ala.

LEE.

BY FLORA ELLICE STEVENS.

He was the chieftain leal,
He was the knight ideal,
Blend of the Bruce and Paladin;
All the chivalry of all the ages flowing
in him,
All the chivalry of future ages flowing
back to him.

THIS DAY.

Finish every day and be done with it.
You have done what you could. Some
blunders and absurdities, no doubt,
crept in; forget them as soon as you can.
To-morrow is a new day; begin it well
and serenely and with too high a spirit to
be cumbered with your old nonsense.
This day is all that is good and fair. It
is too dear, with its hopes and invita-
tions, to waste a moment on yesterdays.
—Emerson.

ADDED THINGS.

Prosperity, enjoyment, happiness,
comfort, peace, whatever be the name
by which we designate that state in
which life is to our own selves pleasant
and delightful, as long as they are sought
or prized as things essential, so far they
have a tendency to disenoble our na-
ture, and are a sign that we are still in
servitude to selfishness. Only when
they lie outside us, as ornaments mere-
ly to be worn or laid aside as God pleases
—only then may such things be pos-
sessed with impunity.—Froude.

Miss Bertie Smith, an interested
subscriber at Greer, S. C., writes: "I
feel that I couldn't possibly do without
the VETERAN. The programs given for
the United Daughters of the Confederacy
and the Children of the Confederacy
are worth the price of the magazine."

Mrs. Flora E. Stevens, No. 2824
Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo., wishes
to secure the names of any women in
Missouri during the War between the
States who were sent to the peniten-
tiary at Jefferson City as military
prisoners for showing humanity to
Confederates.

Mrs. L. A. Blackwell, of Newcastle,
Tex., is trying to secure her husband's
war record so as to get a pension. J. S.
Blackwell enlisted in Knoxville, Tenn.,
and served with Company E, of the
1st Tennessee Cavalry. She would like
to know where this command was dis-
charged, and under what commander.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. }

VOL. XXXI. NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1923.

No. 2.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

PROPOSED CHANGES IN CONSTITUTION.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., December 1, 1922.

The following amendments to our Constitution have been proposed, to be voted on at the convention at New Orleans, La., April 11 to 13, 1923, by Gen. H. J. Peter, and indorsed by the Louisiana and Florida Divisions, as follows:

Amend Article I of the Constitution so as to make it read:

"ARTICLE I. This federation of Confederate Veterans Association shall be known as the United Confederate Veterans, and their organized descendants known as the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, their successors."

Amend Article XII so as to make it read:

"SECTION 1. This federation is intended to exist until the individual members of its camps are too few and feeble to longer keep it up, and it shall not be dissolved unless upon a vote or agreement in writing of four-fifths of the camps in good standing. In case of dissolution, any property it may then possess shall be left to our successors, the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and its records shall be deposited, *in perpetuo*, with the State Museum, New Orleans, La."

Add to Article XII of the Constitution another section, as follows:

"SECTION 2. Camps shall have the right to admit members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the United

Daughters of the Confederacy as associate members. These Associate members shall be kept on separate rolls, and reported as Sons and Daughters, on annual returns, and can act as assistant to officers, as assistant adjutant, assistant treasurer, and so on, to assist in the work of keeping up the organization, but shall not be delegates or have votes in the annual conventions, until after the final dissolution of our federation."

Proposed by Louisiana Division:

Amend Section 6, of Article VI, by adding the following:

"Except that the general elect shall succeed to the command on the first day of January following his election, so as to give time for his adjutant general to prepare and have printed all minutes," etc.

EDGAR D. TAYLOR,

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Per A. B. BOOTH, A. A. G.

PERPETUATING UNTRUTH.—W. A. Everman writes from Greenville, Miss.: "In a book on the 'Life of John A. Rawlins, Chief of Staff of General Grant,' it is stated that in a speech made at Cincinnati to the Society of the Army of Tennessee (page 468), speaking of the Emancipation Act, he said: 'The Rebel Congress, a Congress of slaveholders, notwithstanding the bitterness with which they had denounced the national government for the same act, passed a law authorizing the arming of negro slaves and putting them in the ranks side by side with the white soldiers of the Rebel army.' What a falsehood!"

DEBT OF THE GREAT COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD.

(From the *Ohio Legionaire*.)

Country.	Population 1919.	Wealth.	Debt (amount).	Debt in per cent Wealth.	Debt per Capita.
United States.....	105,683,000	\$204,393,000,000	\$23,922,000,000	11.7	\$ 226 35
United Kingdom.....	40,089,000	70,564,250,000	36,854,004,000	52.2	799 62
France.....	41,476,000	58,398,000,000	55,165,769,000	94.4	1,330 06
Belgium.....	7,658,000	14,307,510,000	3,781,155,000	26.4	493 75
Italy.....	36,740,000	21,801,920,000	18,650,000,000	85.5	507 62
Canada.....	8,361,000	11,119,953,000	2,234,496,916	20.1	267 25
Australia.....	4,981,000	7,445,745,000	1,859,003,000	25.0	373 22
Germany.....	67,812,000	80,540,575,000	71,400,000,000	88.6	1,051 92

OLDEST VETERAN IN NORTH CAROLINA.

An interesting character in the North Carolina Confederate Home, at Raleigh, is Capt. George Leonidas Cathey, now one hundred and one years old. But Captain Cathey refuses to be more than one hundred, so his last anniversary cake bore only the even number. In the frontispiece of this number of the *VETERAN* he is shown with his chum, G. F. Beavers, and they are known as the "David and Jonathan" of the Home, their devotion to each other giving that distinction.

Captain Cathey is an example of vigorous old age, his ruddy cheeks and sunny smile indicating perpetual youth despite the snowy hair and beard. Every morning, whatever the weather, he may be seen in his shirt sleeves clearing the yard in front of his cottage of the leaves scattered there by the giant oak tree near to which he stands. To temperance in all things he attributes his long life and vigor.

He was born in Virginia, near Danville, November 21, 1821, but the family moved to Iredell County, N. C., while he was still a mere lad, and in that country he did his first teaching. Later the family went to Georgia, and his profession went with him. In that State he entered the Confederate service, becoming captain of Company G, Georgia Legion, Rusk's Brigade. When the bitter end came he turned his sword over to his lieutenant—"For I couldn't surrender to a Yankee," said Captain Cathey in telling the story of those honorable years—and he went back to his home and the schoolroom, in which three-fourths of his life has been spent. Three years ago he came down from his mountain home to spend his last days with his comrades of the war period at the Home in Raleigh. Quietly he went about, reading, walking into town, making friends everywhere. Quietly he moved and gently he spoke, but the old fighting spirit still lived, and when his rights were encroached on—a gentle protest going unheeded—George Leonidas Cathey, who had voted for James K. Polk and would soon round out one hundred years, calmly rolled up his sleeves and "beat the stuffing" out of the presumptuous comrade—a mere stripling of seventy-eight years!

In appreciation of the years spent in the schoolroom, North Carolina presented to Captain Cathey a handsomely engraved teacher's certificate, signed by the Governor and the State Superintendent of Education and bearing the Great Seal of the State. Sitting there in his gray uniform, with a buttonhole posy in Confederate colors, he and his devoted "pal" held the place of honor in the Teachers' Assembly of 1922, in Raleigh. In his speech, Superintendent Brooks said, in part:

"It is appropriate for this great Assembly to honor George Leonidas Cathey, teacher, centenarian, and veteran of the War between the States. His biography on the 21st inst. spanned a century, and his teaching experience measured nearly fourscore years.

"He, a native of Virginia, appeared in life before the Monroe Doctrine was given to the world, and began his career as teacher in North Carolina before the public school system was inaugurated in this State.

"He was a master of the old school when the private academy was our leading educational institution. He was a master of the new school when Calvin H. Wiley extended the light to the children of the common people. To use one of his own phrases, he has taught from his youth up.

"He finally settled in Macon County, and in that rugged country, far removed from the great trade routes of the world, George Leonidas Cathey, the teacher, began raising the youth of the mountains toward the level of the children of light. He was a pioneer when a log schoolhouse was a temple and he was a master when textbooks were a luxury. But the culture

of the age passed through him, quickening the youth from generation to generation, and the marks on the soul of the teacher are now visible in the lives of the people like water lines measuring the flood tide of progress.

"It would be a travesty on justice to assume that the State can repay him or that we can too highly honor him. But let it be said to the everlasting glory of Macon, the county in which he taught for nearly a half century, that when his feeble body could no longer respond to the schoolmaster spirit, it voted him a modest monthly pension from the public school fund, which it continued until he chose to make his home in Raleigh with his comrades in gray.

"The precedent set by Macon should be followed by every county in the State. Society takes from the teacher what neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and no section of our State that lives a richer life to-day can forget that from generation to generation the teacher has held the torch that lit up the pathway of the pilgrims' progress.

"The eyes of the ages are toward him.

The love of the race is his own;

The heart of the world will reward him

With a name that is more than a throne;

The life that he lives is unending,

For he is the servant of youth

Earth is lit by the flame he is tending,

This priest at the altar of truth."

But best of all was the birthday party last November, when fair students from Meredith College and members of Manly's Battery, Children of the Confederacy, celebrated with him the one hundred and first anniversary, and to their congratulations each added a kiss, to his great enjoyment.

(For this picture and notes the *VETERAN* is indebted to Miss Martha Haywood and other Daughters of the Confederacy at Raleigh).

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

The following tribute to his comrades comes from H. C. Burnside, of Greenville, W. Va., "eighty years old, peart as a cricket," who served with Company A, 60th Virginia Regiment, Field's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, A. N. V.:

"The Confederate soldier was the most remarkable of all the soldiers the world has produced, and that in many ways. He could seemingly know more, and, in fact, did, than the officers in immediate command; and he could know less than any soldier in any army when he wanted it that way; when so instructed, or when he found it necessary for his convenience or profit, he could forget his name, company, regiment, brigade, division, or army commander, could even forget where he was from or whither he was going.

"This same soldier could get farther from camp, get more rations, and get back quicker than any other fellow you ever met. When he was marching he could see more, laugh louder, brood less over his troubles, and, when he wished, could carry more than any soldier any other army ever produced. He could march barefooted, go farther, complain less, eat nothing, never sleep, and endure more genuine suffering than any soldier that ever marched under the banners of Napoleon.

"When he reached camp after a long, toilsome march, he could start a fire, find water, and go to cooking quicker than the best-trained cook in the land.

"Such were the men who were trained by the Lees, Johnstons, Longstreet, Jackson, Pickett, and the Hills. May their courage and heroism continue to be lauded by the nations of the world until time shall be no more."

"OLD CONFEDS."

BY FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Length of Days," in the January VETERAN, suggested by that grand old vetcran, Capt. J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, and his lovely wife, has been read with much interest, and reminds me of some of my old friends and comrades who have reached "a ripe old age." It seems to me a fitting thing to speak of these heroes of the sixties through the medium of the VETERAN, that they among the living may not be lost sight of. There are now, alas! not many left, but an astonishing thing is that so many of those that are left have *passed* the *fourscore*, and some the *fourscore and ten*, line! I am reminded of one in Seattle, Wash. (O. C. Myers), on reading "The Old Confederate Veteran" in the January VETERAN. How he has grown old (*young?*) gracefully may be judged by a letter from him dated November 28, 1922, in which he writes: "I have never enjoyed better health in my life than I do at the present time and expect to live to be an 'old man.' I am now in the prime of life, as I shall be but eighty-six on my next birthday, January 21, 1923, and if I follow the advice of a good wife I may live to be a very aged person." Is not this encouraging to many his junior? O. C. Myers is the only living commissioned officer of my command, the 2nd Georgia Battalion of Sharpshooters, Jackson's Brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He commanded Company D. He was a cadet at the Georgia Military Institute at Marietta, Ga., 1852-1854, where I, as a boy of six years, knew him. His father, Colonel Mordecai Myers, of Marietta, was one of the trustees of the Institute. Two of his brothers, Henry and Julian, were in the United States navy when the war began in 1861, one a lieutenant, the other a paymaster, both of whom resigned to join the Confederate navy. A bill in the Senate (by Senator William J. Harris, of Georgia) was recently passed providing for payment of accrued salaries to navy officers who resigned at the outbreak of the civil war to take up service under the Stars and Bars. A few (Senator Harris said) still are living, and the heirs of others would be entitled to the salaries due, but unpaid, when the officers resigned from the Federal service. It remains for the House to pass this bill to make it a law.

Another of the Georgia Military Institute cadets (of the class of O. C. Myers) is Col. Charles H. Olmstead, of Savannah, Ga., who will reach his eighty-sixth mile post on April 21. He was major and colonel of the 1st Volunteers, Georgia Infantry, Mercer's Brigade, and commanded the brigade on the retreat from Nashville, Tenn., in December, 1864. I had the pleasure of seeing him the night of November 28, 1922, while he was passing through Washington on his way home from New York, the first time I had seen him since the summer of 1854! It was a very happy meeting after the long years that had passed.

Capt. William W. Carnes, of Memphis, Tenn., and Macon, Ga., the able and brave commander of Carnes's Battery, which did such gallant service, especially at Chickamauga in September, 1863, is living at Bradentown, Fla., well past the fourscore line, serene and happy, with the prospect of many more years. Martin V. Calvin, a sergeant of Company C, 2nd Georgia Battalion Sharpshooters, is living up in the eighties. He represented Richmond County, Ga., in the Georgia legislature, for many years after the war, then was for some years in charge of the Georgia Experiment Station, and in recent years statistician of the Department of Agriculture of Georgia.

Prof. James T. Derry, an old Augustan, but for many years past residing in Atlanta, is another of the honorable octo-

genarians with faculties of mind alert. He went from Augusta in April, 1861, with the Oglethorpe Infantry, of the 1st Georgia Infantry, Volunteers, commanded by Col. James N. Ramsey, of Columbus, Ga. Another one in this class, erect and alert, is Col. Charles M. Wiley, of Macon, Ga. He was adjutant of a Georgia regiment in Doles's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, and after the war prominent in the Georgia National Guard. In the old days, back in the early fifties, he was one of the "big boys" in Macon while I was one of the "little boys." Unless my old friend, Tom Conner, is living, Col. Wiley is the only Macon "boy" I can now recall.

Camp 171, U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., of which I am a member, has several past fourscore years, and one now nearly if not quite ninety-two years young, as he expresses it. This old soldier is Col. Lee Crandall, who went from New Orleans with a battery in 1861. He is active, bright, and cheerful always, and is at his desk regularly in the income tax office. Our Camp Commander, Capt. Fred Beall, is one of God's chosen ones, whom we will not let give up the command, though his infirmities prevent his regular attendance at the meetings of the Camp. Capt. D. C. Grayson, one of the "Immortal Six Hundred," who stood the fire of our guns on Morris Island, S. C., in 1863, being placed there by the Federal authorities, a member of our Camp, is another past fourscore. Capt. J. T. Petty is another in his eighty-sixth year, erect and active in his movements, one of our most valued and valuable members.

The last I shall speak of is our grand old member, reminding me of one of Napoleon's "Old Guard," Capt. John M. Hickcy. He was in Gen. B. F. Cockrill's Brigade, and at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, in that terrible charge on the right of the pike, in front of the old gin house, he gave one of his legs to the cause. Now eighty-six, he he attends the meetings of the Camp and takes an important part in all the affairs of the "Old Confeds," always bright and smiling, with a cheery word for every one, and always accompanied by his devoted wife, who is loved as he is!

If some of the "old boys" would contribute recollections like this, would it not prove interesting reading, and be the means of putting some in touch with those they have not heard of or from in many years?

OUR JIM.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

He didn't have no gun, our Jim;
They was fer men, not boys like him!
But Jim he went bold to the fight—
See, here's his letter, wrote that night:

"Dere ma, we licked 'em round the stump.
At first they give our boys a thump,
But when old Jack said, 'Come on, boys,'
You bet we drove 'em—Gawd, the noise!

"Dere ma, you oughter see my gun!
Old Jack's boys picked up near a ton.
I bet you, ma, she'll shoot a mile—
Brand new, and, ma—"

And so, this letter, torn and dim,
That's all we've got, fer Gawd took Jim.
And somewhere, sleeping 'till I come—
My baby Jim dreams 'bout his gun!

A HERO OF THE SOUTH.

When death came to "Hay" Taylor, of Maury County, Tenn., on December 22, 1922, there was lost to his community one of the most valuable of citizens, a man who had contributed generously to the history of the Confederacy and to the upbuilding of his country. Haywood Taylor had reached the age of eighty-three years, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed of Confederate veterans. He served throughout the war as a member of Company C, First Tennessee Infantry, his company being known as the "Brown Guards." Since the war he had been one of that no less valiant army which had sustained this Southern country and made it to grow and prosper.

A unique tribute to Comrade Taylor was published in the *Maury Democrat* in 1895, the contribution of the late N. B. Shepard, and it is reproduced here in appreciation of this worthy and noble life.

HAY TAYLOR, OF KNOB CREEK; HIS LIFE HEROIC, IF NOT HISTORIC.

The idea of most men is that a hero must be a man of renown, known to fame as having performed valorous deeds.

A man can be a moral hero as well as a military one; and I wish to tell you of a man, humble and unknown, yet a hero of the highest type in the esteem of all good men.

In the early spring of 1861, Hay Taylor, of Knob Creek, then a young man of twenty years, left the plow in the valley of that romantic stream and was enrolled a soldier in the 1st Tennessee Infantry, Company G, Brown Guards. His mess was No 2. His messmates still live, not because they were men of fear, but men of luck. Raleigh P. Dodson was one, who, though dreadfully wounded at Perryville, would not leave the field unless his gun was brought off also. Another was the indomitable Joe Foster, of Carter's Creek, who on one occasion ran eighteen Federal soldiers from Goshen Church to the railroad, twelve miles, and with the aid of one man only, whose horse broke down after passing Santa Fe. Another messmate was Thad Alexander, the Marshal Ney of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, who advanced in battle ahead of the flag, and was behind it when retreating. And last, but not least, was old Henry Montgomery, who could cook, sew, and wash as well as any woman, and who in some battle was struck in the hip by a Minie ball, which traversed the entire length of his thigh and leg and came out, as some say, at the big toe, but, as a matter of fact, at the heel. Mess. No. 2 was a nest of heroes.

From April, 1861, till at Atlanta, August 22, 1864, "Old Hay," as he was called, was always on hand. Others might be away from their command, but he was always present for duty. He never surrendered to hard duty; marching or hard fighting; rain and snow, heat or cold brought no change; starvation couldn't affect him. He was "do or die." When night came, and a thousand camp fires were glowing and men were variously engaged, then was heard the sweet-toned violin, as "Old Hay" was playing the plaintive or lively airs that he had learned in his native Knob Creek hills, such as "The Emigrant's Lament," "Barbara Allen," "Kildare," "Cheatham," "Beaver Dam," "Billy in the Low Grounds," "Old Joe Clark," "Indian Pudding and Puncheon Floor," "Rack Back Davy." He would imitate also with his violin the voices of many of the old people who lived on Snow Creek, especially 'Squire Vestal at church, saying:

"You better had a-come, when I called you,
To sit on the throne by Jesus, away up in heaven."

What he did with his fiddle in the daytime on the march I know not, but it could always be heard at night. But a time came when "Old Hay's" fiddle was heard no more forever. On August 22, 1864, a bullet shattered the bone in his right arm from shoulder to elbow, necessitating the surgical operation called resection, which is taking out the entire bone from joint to joint. And then "Old Hay's" arm hung at his side like it was held by a string to his body. But he still stayed with his regiment, and, as he could not play the fiddle, he now played "chuck-a-luck," at which he was wonderfully successful. Sometimes he would have bags full of Confederate money, thousands of dollars. Once in his chuck-a-luck career he got every dollar in "Company Aitch," Maury Grays, and, as he had an unlimited amount of money, he had it announced at roll call of "Company Aitch" that he would give to each one of the company fifty dollars upon application at his tent, and they all called, including Sam Watkins, Bill Whitthorne, Jay Webster, Alf Horsley, and others. Alf Horsley now denies it.

In the spring of 1865 Hay Taylor returned to the sun-crowned hills of Knob Creek. All his old friends were glad to see him. All expressed sorrow for his helpless condition. But sympathy or friendship seldom clothes nakedness or feeds the hungry; and, to use his own expressive words, it was a case of "root hog or die." So he went to work with one arm, and the left one at that. This was moral heroism on a higher plane than facing the cannon's mouth. Many and many were the long and dreadful years this poor man tried to make a living with one arm; but he did it, and he made something more than a living, and he says that why he ever made more than a living was because he married.

This brave man four years ago bought a fine farm of two hundred acres, making one cash payment, the balance in notes of one, two, and three years. He met every payment in full and to the day. The last payment, \$540, was due a few weeks ago. He was able to pay only half. No arrangement could be made, and he had to pay it all. He tried to borrow from the banks, and not a dollar could he get. He did not have tinsel and glitter enough. He don't owe a broken bank anything, and when banks break hereafter he will not be a debtor because he is not the type of man that banks let have money. When he found he must pay, the true heroism of his soul asserted itself, and he said: "I know what I can do. I can haul one hundred and fifty barrels of corn to the depot." And he did it.

In 1893 he made 400 barrels of corn; in 1894 he had 70 acres in corn. He has mules, horses, cows, hogs and—children in great abundance. He is entirely out of debt, and he stands to-day that rarest of men in Maury County—a free man, in deed. Free, because not in debt. And yet one-armed and moneyless when the war ended.

Let the pension heroes of the G. A. R. hide their faces in shame—those who fought for patriotism and now, like the horse leech's daughter cry, "Give, give!" Those who fought to save the glorious Union, and now howl and cry "poor house," if not paid for doing that for which so much credit is given. Every man that fought against rapine and invasion will be proud of Hay Taylor, and all men with a soul will honor him.

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye.
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that wrecks the evening sky."

MASONIC LOYALTY AND CHIVALRY IN THE WAR.

BY D. C. GALLAHER, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

The excellent and interesting article by Mrs. W. P. McGuire in a recent number of the *VETERAN*, relating an instance of kindness to and protection of women by some of the Federals who were Masons, prompts me to add two striking instances of my somewhat personal knowledge.

By a peculiar coincidence they relate to a brother-in-law of Mrs. McGuire, Dr. Hunter McGuire, Medical Director on Stonewall Jackson's staff until the latter died, almost in the arms of Dr. McGuire. Later he held the same position on Gen. Jubal Early's staff, and in after life resided in Richmond, Va., and became, perhaps, the most eminent surgeon in the South, his handsome monument now in the Capitol grounds there marking his fame and the devotion of our people to his memory.

On March 2, 1865, about six weeks before fatal Appomattox, General Early suffered a severe defeat by Sheridan, his old antagonist, at Waynesboro, some twelve miles east of Staunton. This was the very last battle in the famous Shenandoah Valley, which, from July 17, 1861, when the forces under Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and Thomas J. Jackson, by a forced march from Winchester, fell upon and turned the right flank in a rout of the army of General McDowell on July 21 at Manassas, where Jackson won the immortal soubriquet of "Stonewall," was the scene of almost daily battle or skirmish for about four years. The town of Winchester itself was occupied sixty-two times by first our forces and then by the Federals, but its people ever remained true to the South amid much suffering and outrage at the hands of the enemy, especially the brutal German mercenaries, whose boast was "We fight mit Sigel," and "Blenker's Dutch" also. When the sudden defeat set in at Waynesboro on the morning of March 2, 1865, and the rout began, General Early and his staff betook themselves in flight along with the rest of the fleeing little army, so easily and suddenly overwhelmed by greatly superior forces. It became a *sauve qui peut* race. When Dr. McGuire saw he was soon to be overtaken in that mad galloping away, he tried to jump his horse over a rail fence and get into a near-by body of woods and escape. But, unfortunately, his horse fell sprawling, throwing its rider, and when Dr. McGuire arose he found he was looking into the seemingly large barrel of a Yankee carbine. He at once made a sign or signal, whereupon an officer, who had ridden up and proved to be a Mason, knocked up the gun, saying, "This man is my prisoner. Let him alone," and his life, perhaps, was then and there saved. The officer accompanied him to the rear, introducing him to Sheridan and his staff. Recognizing his prominence, he was treated with distinguished courtesy, and soon thereafter was paroled. The battle and rout were soon over, and, it being cold and raining in torrents and Dr. McGuire being very hungry, he told the courteous officer who seemed to have him in personal charge that if he would accompany him to the home of a lady friend of his (the writer's mother), he was sure they would get a good warm meal. The officer gladly complied, and soon they were sitting around a warm fire awaiting the hospitality of their hostess, whose delight at seeing her old friend, Dr. McGuire, mollified and tempered her hostility to her Yankee guest, whom she, with the grace of a Southern woman, welcomed to her board. Soon the hostess, who had been left alone with her children, came in with affrighted complaint that the soldiers were already burning some buildings, which endangered the mansion, and were robbing her smokehouse and her pantry and interfering naturally with preparing the

meal. In the meanwhile Dr. McGuire's temporary friend, the officer, had noticed a picture on the wall, which, from early childhood I yet well remember vividly. It was a sort of Knight Templar chart, a highly pictured certificate of my father's membership; two knights or crusaders in coats of mail on horseback charging with spears at each other, and also showing a beautiful temple and Masonic insignia. Some readers who are old Templars may remember that picture.

In response to his interested and eager inquiry, he was told that the chart, as well as the house, belonged to the husband of their hostess, a brother Mason, who "conveniently" was then away from his home. As soon as complaint of the soldiers' plundering and burning was made to him, he instantly said to my mother to have no further fear; and he summoned guards, who put an end to the looting and to the burning. After they had eaten a warm meal, with many, many thanks he and Dr. McGuire rode off together.

I am not—and, perhaps, more's the pity—a Mason, but I am the son and brother of Masons, so these recitals are not colored propaganda, but are partly of my own experience and partly direct information from frequent talks with Dr. McGuire. Early that morning after breakfast together there, we had left my home as the surprise and attack began, each of us riding to our respective commands or places, Dr. McGuire to be captured and I among the few to escape and, with several comrades, to pass that night in the woods on the mountain side near by.

MEMBERS OF FORREST ESCORT CORPS.

List of names of members of Lieut. General N. B. Forrest's Escort Company, who surrendered at Centerville, Ala., May 4, 1865, to Major General E. R. S. Camby, United States Army, and were paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 9, 1865, serving in the department commanded by Lieut. Gen. Richard Taylor. Only those with star by name are known to be living. List furnished by T. C. Little, Fayetteville, Tenn.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

J. C. Jackson, captain; Nathan Boone, first lieutenant; Matthew Cortner, second lieutenant; George L. Cowan, second lieutenant.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

M. L. Parks,* first sergeant, Lynchburg; W. E. Sims second sergeant; W. A. E. Rutledge, third sergeant; C. C. McLemore, fourth sergeant; W. H. Matthews, fifth sergeant; H. J. Crenshaw, first corporal; W. T. H. Wharton, second corporal; P. C. Richardson, third corporal; R. C. Keeble, fourth corporal; W. F. Watson, bugler.

ENLISTED MEN.

Anderson,* N. J.; Adair, R., Atlanta, Ga.; Boone, H. L. W., Booneville, Tenn.; Bivins, J. H. Shelbyville; Bennett, P. P., Jackson; Bridgers, J. W.; Bailey,* W. A., Eagleville; Batts,* E.; Buchanan, W. F., Shelbyville; Crump, J. O., Lawrenceburg; Cooper, W. C.; Cortner, N. Alex.; Carreir, S. C.; Cunningham, Joseph; Clark,* S. J., McLean, Tex.; Clark, E. C., Lynchburg; Childs, Thomas; Cheairs, T. G., Springhill; Carmack, S. W.; Call, D. H.; Crenshaw, C. A.; Dismukes, G. R.; Dyer, W. R.; Dusenber, H. F.; Dodd, Philip; Driggins, G. A.; Davidson,* J. Q., Memphis; Davidson, G. W. Petersburg; Dance, F. M.; Eaton, T. J.; Eaton, John, Memphis;

Elder, William D.; Edens, S. W.; Emmons, M. M.; Enocks, M. A. L., Flat Creek; Forrcst, A.; Fletcher, J. D.; Fay, R. E.; Foster, George, Fayetteville; Felps, G. W., Flat Creek, Route 2; Floyd, R. E. B., Shelbyville; Garnett,* R. C., Rover, Shelbyville; Garnett, J. L.; Gillespie, G. C., Atlanta, Ga.; Hooper, G. W.; Holland, H. A.; Jackson, D. C.; Key, J. F.; Key, A. W.; Livingston, W. S.; Liscomb,* H. D., Grapevine, Tex.; Latimer,* C. T., Soldiers' Home, La.; Little,* T. C., Fayetteville, Tenn.; Lynch, E. E.; McGehee,* W. T., Memphis; McCord, T. N.; McKnight,* R. F., Tyler, Tex.; Martin, B. F., Mulberry, Tenn.; Martin, J. O.; Maxwell, R. H.; McKissick, O. W., Pulaski; McEwing,* A. A., Howell; Moore,* F. H., Unionville; McNabb, J. M.; Newsom, J. W.; Nolan, F. C.; Neece, J. R. P.; Oakley,* E. P.; Padgett,* D. C.; Person, B. A., Jackson; Pearson,* J. B., Petersburg, Tenn.; Pearson,* A. A., Kansas City, Mo.; Priest, T. R., Franklin; Poplin,* W. R.; Roland,* D. G.; Ruffin,* C. H.; Reece, Joel, Pulaski; Renfroe,* R. C. G., Pulaski, Houston, Tex.; Reeves, J. K. P.; Snell, J. W.; Shofner,* W. L., Fayetteville, Tenn.; Stephens, J. K.; Strickland, G. W.; Scott, J. D.; Stephenson, A. W.; Stephenson, G. W., Nashville; Spurlock, Richard, Memphis; Shaffner,* U. R.; Spencer,* A. M.; Scales,* Noah, Nashville; Troxler, H. C.; Taylor, J. N.; Taylor,* W. F.; Thompson,* N. F., Chattanooga; Thompson, W. A.; Troop, J. R.; Tucker, E. F., Mulberry; White, A. L.; Wood, T. H.

THE ARKANSAS CONFEDERATE HOME.

BY B. W. GREEN, COMMANDING ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

Some time about the year 1888, a half dozen big-hearted Confederate veterans of Little Rock saw the need of a home for the sick, down-and-out old Confederate comrades of Arkansas. The United States government was providing for Federal veterans by liberal pensions and comfortable Homes, but the Confederate veteran had no government from which he could ask aid, and many were suffering from the effects of poor and insufficient food, hardships, and exposure during the war.

No one had suggested that the State care for such citizens within her bounds. So these few big-hearted comrades put up \$500 each and purchased the Patten home place near the village of Sweet Home, five miles south of Little Rock, consisting of fifty-five acres, on which was a small frame cottage and a good well of water. They engaged a man and his wife to live in the cottage and care for such Confederate veterans as might be sent to them from time to time at \$10 per month for board and lodging, these great spirited men paying the bills. This very charitable and wise enterprise soon began to attract public attention. The cottage was filled to its capacity, and many applicants were turned away. These good citizens then went before a committee of the legislature and presented the cause of a State Home for old and needy Confederate veterans, and backed up their representations with an offer to deed to the State in fee the fifty-five acres if the State would appropriate a sufficient sum to construct and maintain a suitable home for needy Confederate veterans.

The legislature accepted the deed and its conditions. A commodious brick building was erected on the fifty-five acres, and the originators of this movement were appointed by the Governor as the first board of directors. They were to superintend and direct the affairs of the Home for two years until their successors were appointed and qualified.

From time to time as legislatures convened in biennial session, the building was enlarged and extended and other

buildings were erected, so that at this time the Confederate Home has also a modern and up-to-date hospital, thoroughly equipped in every respect, and with a dispensary. A general superintendent and manager was appointed, also a resident physician and a corps of trained nurses, a chaplain, and matron, each and all being paid a fair salary by the State. A culinary department is maintained equal to any first-class hotel. Also a modern laundry, electric and heating plants, with water works for fire protection and domestic uses. They have a large garden for vegetables and also an orchard, with a department for poultry, pigs, and cows, making this a real home. They have automobiles and trucks for the use of the inmates. They are provided with the best of food and clothing, and on the first of each month every inmate is handed \$5 with which to meet his little wants. There is a chapel for religious worship. The Home is situated in a beautiful oak grove, with flowers and green lawn, the whole property fronting the Confederate Pike and Highway to the city, and only a quarter of a mile away is the railroad station and post office.

The whole property is surrounded by a six-foot stone wall, with spacious gates of entrance. The United Daughters of Confederacy and others give weekly concerts of music and readings for the pleasure of the inmates. The annual State convention of Arkansas Confederate Veterans was held at the Home on October 12, 1922, on the lawn under the beautiful trees, and at noon enjoyed a barbecue given by the Daughters and Sons of Veterans. Speeches were made by Governor McRae, Senator T. H. Carraway, and others.

The legislature a few years ago provided that widows and wives of veterans should also be admitted, so that at this time there are in the Home one hundred and twenty-eight veterans and fifty-two widows and wives of veterans. They have religious services every Sunday, and the veterans are so happy and contented that a proposition to die and go to heaven finds no response. Arkansas is proud of the Confederate Home and its officers, who have made it not second to any similar institution in the United States.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOME.

A committee was appointed to visit the Home during the years 1921 and 1922 at regular intervals, finding everything in splendid order. This committee was composed of Mrs. W. C. Younts, A. Park, A. J. Snodgrass, J. D. Wood, and Mrs. C. N. Smith, and from their report the following is taken:

There are 180 residents in the Home—116 men and 64 women. All are well cared for in every respect, and their beloved superintendent never misses an opportunity to make any improvement that will add to the comfort of their last days. The food is especially well cooked and nicely served. Twenty gallons of buttermilk and forty gallons of the best sweetmilk are daily supplied. Hot and cold water are available in the Home at all times, and ice is furnished the year round. Free auto transportation to Little Rock is furnished every day. On the first of every month each inmate receives five dollars to spend as he or she wishes. The lawn is always beautifully kept.

Since Superintendent McDaniel took charge in January 1921, many improvements have been made, among which are an annex to the hospital, with baths and all equipment; a new heating plant, an ice plant, pump house, etc., fire escape, a beautiful reception room, kitchen enlarged, laundry equipment, new awnings, concrete walk, a handsome stone fence and a gateway hardly equalled anywhere. Many other things have been done and added to the Home, so that it now stands for comfort and convenience in every way.

GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT—A TRIBUTE.

BY. HON. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. Marcus J. Wright was born on June 5, 1831, at Purdy, McNairy County, in the commonwealth of Tennessee, the "Volunteer State" of the Union. Death came to him at his home in Washington, D. C., on December 27, 1922, in his ninety-second year.

There is no more interesting study of the founding of a commonwealth in America than that of Tennessee. Its history has peculiarities of its own. First a part of North Carolina, and then, along what are now its eastern counties, a part of the free State of Franklin in virtual secession from North Carolina, its settlement and evolution to statehood have been the subject of some very interesting books by Gilmore Simms, Theodore Roosevelt, and one of the Phelans, of Memphis.

Her pioneers were not protected in their settlement and in the inauguration of their agricultural pursuits by Federal soldiers, as were those of Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois, but each man went into the wilderness, almost always with a family, always with a rifle, and sometimes with a Bible. He plowed with his rifle slung to his shoulder, with one eye on his horse or mule or plow and the other on the woods and undergrowth around him to detect signs of lurking savages. There was another rifle at the house which his wife knew how to use, and there were certain signs, generally depending upon an agreed number of shots, which were signals, whereby they could communicate with one another with almost telephonic certainty and with more than telephonic quickness. The country before the coming of the pioneers was inhabited by the most notably cruel and irreconcilable of the Indian tribes, especially the Chickamaugas, who knew how to die fighting and who were adepts in taking every advantage of an enemy.

Most of the early settlers came into what was afterwards Tennessee from North Carolina, the parent State; many of them from Virginia, down the Valley. The Wrights came from Georgia, and while they were about it they came from the best part of Georgia—the country in and around Savannah. Their military record began almost with the beginning of the history of that part of America. In the French and Indian wars their services were not lacking. In the armies of the American Revolution they furnished their representatives.

Their military record began, and was splendidly made, long before Marcus J. Wright was born; he carried it on throughout the War between the States. From Belmont to the surrender of Johnston at Greensboro, Marcus J. Wright did his full duty. He was wounded on the field of Shiloh, where my father was killed. My family and his were personal and political friends. I was first introduced to him in Washington by the old "War Governor" of Tennessee, who was then a Senator from that State, Isham G. Harris. Harris was his friend and my friend, and my relative besides. The old war governor served on the staff of more than one of General Wright's chief commanders.

General Wright used to talk to me as mentor and half self-constituted guardian—a guardian which I valued—about the ties of friendship and the many friendly services which hereditarily bound together our families; encouraged me and exhorted me by the memory of the dead to faithful service to the living as far as I was capable of it. I esteemed, admired, and loved him. For these reasons, I suppose, his widow wanted me to write this. Many could have done it better; a great many could have paid a fairer tribute and with

greater right to pay it, because of war and longer peace association with him. None could do it with greater heart.

His services to the South in war, and to the South and North both in peace, and his services to history were signal. His courage as a man guaranteed his truthfulness as a historian, for courage is ever the quality without which truth finds it hard to exist. I, of course, did not personally know his war services, because I was not yet eleven years old when Joe Johnston surrendered, nor even yet a bit later when Kirby Smith and the Trans-Mississippi Confederate forces "threw up the sponge," finding it no longer possible to carry on open warfare, and scorning any other war or quasi-war operations, resigned themselves as best they could to defeat, and thereby performed the greatest service that was possible, or ever was performed in our history for both sections of this great and greatly civilized and finally reunited country. Gamaliel Bradford, a rigid abolitionist, belonging to a family of rigid abolitionists, said in one of his admirable articles upon the Confederate President and his great chieftain, that the greatest service ever performed for the American people as a whole was when Robert E. Lee, finding that he could not carry on war according to the laws of war, in the open field, resigned himself to the decrees of fate and turned his face against guerrilla warfare.

In an address made by Gen. William Ruffin Cox before R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, Confederate Veterans, at Richmond, Va., he quoted O. Henry as having said that "No one could have a thorough realization of life unless he had been poor, been in love, and in war." Not only Marcus J. Wright himself, but many members of his family, had been through all three experiences, and, while I am about it, I will say not the sort of love that is depicted in the modern triangular novel, but the sort of love that made a man willing to die for his neighbors, his State, his wife, his children, or his friends. Marcus J. Wright served in the Army of the West; did not have the good fortune to follow personally Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, or Jeb Stuart. There was no difference in the armies except that after Sidney Johnston died at Shiloh, the armies of the West were never as well commanded as those of Virginia. They had no Lee, they had no Jackson, but they "carried on" to the bitter end, and even later than the Army of Northern Virginia, which earlier reached its point of absolute exhaustion and had to quit. The fact remains though, after Albert Sidney Johnston there was no commander in the West equal to him in military ability and general grasp; and even with him, the Southern people were at one time so much dissatisfied that the noble knight and great soldier sent in his resignation, and the President of the Confederacy—that greatest Mississippian—replied virtually to the effect that "If you are not a soldier the South has none. Your resignation will not be accepted." With the exception of the letter which Jefferson Davis wrote to Robert E. Lee when he, discouraged by his check at Gettysburg, suggested his resignation, Davis's letter to Albert Sidney Johnston is the most pathetic incident on the Southern side of the War between the States, emphasized, as it was, by Johnston's death on the field of battle in the hour of seeming victory.

John Wright, the grandfather of Marcus J. Wright, was a native of Savannah, Ga., and a captain of Georgia troops in the American Revolutionary Army. His father, Benjamin Wright, was also a native of Savannah and served under Andrew Jackson in the Creek War, as an officer of the 39th Infantry, and subsequently saw service in the war with Mexico.

Among the very many congenial spirits whom I have met in

Washington during a service of now almost thirty years was Marcus J. Wright's brother, Judge John V. Wright, who was a colonel of the 13th Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., and later a member of the Confederate Congress.

General Wright lived for a while in Memphis, which for ten years was part of the Congressional District that my grandfather, Kit Williams, represented in Congress. When war came Marcus J. Wright went out as lieutenant colonel of the 154th Regiment—a regiment around whose name cluster more halos of victory and honor than around the name of almost any other Tennessee regiment in the Southern Confederacy, challenging comparison with any from anywhere. He was one of the first to go and one of the last to come back. He went in the early April of 1861. No Tennessean can speak without being moved of Frank Cheatham, who became a major general, C. S. A. Marcus Wright was with him in the battles of Munfordville and Perryville. On December 13, 1862, Wright was promoted to brigadier general. He bore his part in the victory of Chickamauga, and in the defeat of Missionary Ridge; after which he had to retire temporarily from active military service to command of the post at Atlanta, Ga. He concluded his career, after he had rejoined the army in active service, under Gen. Richard Taylor, the son of "Old Rough and Ready"—Zachary Taylor.

General Wright commanded various troops at various times, and it is approximately correct to say that his commands consisted of the 8th, 16th, 28th, 38th, 41st, and 52nd Tennessee Regiments, Carnes's Battery, and Murray's Battalion. On the great field of Chickamauga these men were under his command.

When the Federal government was looking around for somebody to take charge of the Confederate War Records—such of them as had not been destroyed and were available for use—Gen. Marcus J. Wright was recommended by various men in military and civil life, and among others by his war friend, Isham G. Harris, as one competent to do the work, and he was appointed to do it.

I know of very few things that show in themselves more industry, labor, judgment in the selection of material, sense of proportion, and taste in correlating the material than the Official War Records, at least three-fourths of which owe their existence in their present form to General Wright's supervision and direction. In addition to this labor, General Wright wrote a "Life of Governor William Blount," a man "not least of men" in his day; a "History of McNairy County, Tenn."; "Tennessee in the War 1861-65"; and a book which he entitled "The Social Evolution of Woman." He also wrote a sketch of the "Life of the Duke of Kent," and it was done so well that he received the thanks of Victoria, then Queen of England, for the work. It will be interesting also to know that General Marcus J. Wright was collaborator with General Long in the preparation of that very valuable military biography of General Lee.

General Wright's fairness in putting together the various papers of the Official War Records was so universally recognized that he received the public thanks of Secretary of War Elihu Root, of Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi, and of many other distinguished men on both sides of that great struggle.

General Wright's actual commands on the field of battle were several times beyond those of his rank, owing to the temporary disability, by wounds or otherwise, of his superior officers. At Shiloh, for example, he commanded his regiment although not colonel of it. It is worth comment that at the battle of Chickamauga the brigade commanded by General Wright lost 27% of its total effectives.

It is the life and service of General Wright around which cluster the admiration and affection of those acquainted with him, and it is upon Marcus J. Wright as husband and father and friend that those of us who knew him best love most to dwell. He was one of the most genial men I ever met, one of the most loyal to friends and to the memories of his life. I am a personal witness of the fact that his influence upon young people, the descendants of his old friends, was always good. He did not have many hates, but his hatred of a humbug, or of any sort of man who was trying to get credit for other people's services, no matter how high his position, in war or peace, was a sublime tribute to his peculiar temperament. It almost equalled his love and loyalty to those who in his opinion had actually performed service and actually deserved credit.

THE LITTLE BRONZE CROSS.

BY SARAH BANKS WEAVER, POET LAUREATE, FLORIDA
DIVISION, U. D. C.

Only a cross of bronze
On a faded coat of gray.
A little thing, but held most dear
By the men fast passing away.
It tells a story in life's evening,
A story of heroes sublime,
A story that goes on forever,
On through the realms of time.

It tells of the soldier's weary march,
Of the roaring, deafening gun,
Of the sickening smell of blood
And the awful havoc when day was done.
It tells of youth and manhood,
It tells of a noble band
That fought and died with Southern pride
In defense of a bright, sunny land

It tells of marches o'er a hundred hills,
The rattle of drums and fife's shrill note,
Sulphurous smoke that heavenward rolled,
And a rain of bullets on the winds afloat.
It tells of the men who rode with Lee,
With Gordon, with Jackson, and Beauregard:
And only the glorious defense of his country
Was the soldier's thought of reward.

It tells of homesick, heartsick men
In prisons far away;
It tells of whistling shot and shell,
And a shroud of Confederate gray;
It tells of the notes of a bugle,
Of camp fire by the side of a hill,
Of a dream of loved ones and home,
A memory sweet that lingers still.

It tells of heroic service and sacrifice;
Of a sweetheart's tear, of a mother's prayer,
Of a baby's smile in that far-off home,
Grown dimmer now 'mid the trumpet's blare.
O, 'tis a legacy priceless and rare
Bestowed upon men who wore the gray.
And dear almost as life to the veteran's heart
Is the little bronze cross he is wearing to day.

McGOWAN'S SOUTH CAROLINA BRIGADE IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY B. F. BROWN, AUGUSTA, GA.

The interesting article on "The Battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863," by John Purifoy, Montgomery, Ala., in the January VETERAN, has caused me to look up some history of what McGowan's South Carolina Brigade, Pender's Light Division, A. P. Hills' Corps, did on that memorable July 1, 1863. The brigade was commanded throughout the three days' battle by Col. Abner Perrin.

Col. Perrin's report, written a little over a month after the battle, and being official, is, therefore, authentic war history. That report was as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS MCGOWAN'S BRIGADE, August 13, 1863.

"Sir: This brigade, consisting of the following named regiments, to wit: The 1st (Provisional Army), 12th, 13th, 14th, and 1st (Rifles), the 1st under command of Major C. W. McCreary, the 12th under Col. John L. Miller, the 13th under Lieut. Col. B. T. Brockman, the 14th, Lieut. Col. Joseph N. Brown, and the Rifles, Capt. William M. Hadden, being a part of Maj. Gen. Pender's Light Division of the Army of Northern Virginia, in the late campaign across the Potomac, was from June 5 until the present time under my immediate command.

"About 8 o'clock on the morning of July 1, I received orders to get under arms, and the brigade, except Capt. Hadden, who was left with the Rifles to guard the wagon train, commenced the march on the turnpike leading to Gettysburg at the head of the division and just in rear of the division of Major General Heth.

"The march was continued to within three miles of Gettysburg, when I was ordered to file down a road, form line of battle, leaving sufficient room between my left and the Gettysburg road for General Scales's brigade, and to throw out skirmishers to cover my right flank.

"Skirmishing between the advanced infantry of General Heth's division and that of the enemy, as well as heavy artillery firing, had already commenced in our front. I was soon notified that General Heth would advance and that I would make a corresponding movement forward, preserving my alignment with General Scales on my left. We moved through an open field about a mile, where we halted in rear and in supporting distance of General Heth's division, which had now become closely engaged with the enemy in our front. Here Brigadier General Lane's brigade took position on my right to protect our flank from the enemy's cavalry and some infantry, reported by Capt. W. T. Haskell in that direction.

"We remained in this position until about 3 o'clock, and were again ordered forward, and again advanced, probably half a mile, when we came close upon General Heth's division pressing the enemy within a short distance in front of us.

"I remained in this position probably until after 4 o'clock, when I was ordered by General Pender to advance, and to pass General Heth's division, should I come up with it at a halt, and to engage the enemy as circumstances might warrant. I soon came up with and passed General Pettigrew's brigade, the men of which seemed much exhausted by several hours' hard fighting. Here I availed myself of a ravine, which sheltered us from the enemy's artillery, to reform my line, and instructed regimental commanders when the advance was resumed not to allow a gun to be fired at the enemy until they received orders to do so.

"We now moved forward, preserving an alignment with General Scales, and, as soon as the brigade commenced ascend-

ing the hill in front, we were met by a furious storm of musketry and shells from the enemy's batteries to the left of the road near Gettysburg; but the instructions I had given were scrupulously observed; not a gun was fired. The brigade received the enemy's fire without faltering, rushing up the hill at a charge, driving the enemy without difficulty to their last position at Gettysburg.

"We continued the charge without opposition, except from artillery, which maintained a constant and most galling fire upon us until we got within two hundred yards of their last position, about the Theological Seminary. Some lines of infantry had shown themselves across the field, but disappeared as we got within range of them. While crossing the last fence about two hundred yards from a grove near the college, the brigade received the most destructive fire of musketry I have ever been exposed to. We continued to press forward, however, without firing until we reached the edge of the grove. Here the 14th Regiment was staggered for a moment by the severity and destructiveness of the enemy's musketry. It looked to us as though this regiment was entirely destroyed.

"There I found myself without support either on the right or left. General Scales's brigade had halted to return the enemy's fire near the fence, about two hundred yards distant from the enemy. General Lane did not move on my right at all, and was not at this time in sight of me. This gave the enemy an enfilading fire on the 14th Regiment. This regiment, under lead of Colonel Brown and Major E. Croft, most gallantly stood its ground. I now directed the 1st Regiment, Major McCreary, to oblique to the right to avoid a breastwork of rails, behind which I discovered the enemy was posted, and then to change front to the left and attack in flank. This was done most effectually under the lead of this gallant officer. The enemy here were completely routed. This caused the whole of the artillery on our left, at least thirty pieces, to be limbered up and removed to the rear. Much of their artillery would have been captured, but the First and Fourteenth, in their pursuit, again met a force of the enemy's infantry strongly posted behind a stone wall near to the left of the college. It was the work of a few moments, however, to dislodge them.

"These two regiments, now reduced in numbers to less than one-half the men they carried into battle, pursued the enemy to within the town of Gettysburg, capturing hundreds of prisoners, two field pieces, and a number of caissons.

"While the 1st and 14th Regiments were assailing the enemy and driving him from his breastworks near the Seminary, I ordered the 12th Regiment, under Colonel Miller, and the 13th, under Lieutenant Colonel Brockman, to oblique to the right and charge the enemy, strongly posted behind a stone fence to the right of the college, from which position he had kept up a constant and withering fire of musketry upon the front and right flank of the brigade. These two regiments had necessarily to change direction to the right somewhat, so as to meet the enemy full in front. This movement was most brilliantly performed by these two regiments, and was most skillfully managed by the officers I have mentioned. They rushed up the crest of the hill and to the stone fence, driving everything before them, the Twelfth gaining the stone fence and pouring an enfilading fire upon the enemy's right flank. The Thirteenth, now coming up, made it an easy task to drive the enemy down the opposite slope and across the open field west of Gettysburg.

"This was the last of the fight of this day. The enemy

completely routed and driven from every point, Gettysburg was now completely in our possession.

"After penetrating the enemy's lines near the College, the change of direction of the First and Fourteenth to attack the enemy in flank to the left, and the oblique movement and change of direction of the Twelfth and Thirteenth to attack the enemy in the flank to the right, necessarily separated the brigade into two parts. As soon as I knew the enemy had been routed on the right, I ordered the Twelfth and Thirteenth to unite again with the First and Fourteenth, who were now pursuing the fleeing force through the town. Finding the two last-named regiments now reduced to less than half the number with which they entered the battle and the men much exhausted, I ordered them back from the town to await the Twelfth and Thirteenth, and sent a small detachment through the town to take such prisoners as the enemy had left in the retreat. It was after the recall of these two regiments that the brigade of Brigadier General Ramseur filed through Gettysburg from the direction of my left.

"The loss of the killed and wounded of the brigade did not fall short of 500—100 killed, 477 wounded; total, 577.

"Better conduct was never exhibited on any field than was shown by both officers and men in this engagement. Each one of the color sergeants taken into the fight was killed in front of his regiment. Some regiments had a number of color bearers shot down one after another. The officers generally were conspicuous in leading their men everywhere in the hottest of the fight.

"After the First and Fourteenth were withdrawn from Gettysburg, General Pender ordered me to get the brigade together and let the men rest. Now it was that the first piece of artillery which we had driven was opened upon my command, and it was the same artillery which we had driven from our left near Gettysburg. I saw it move off from my left and file into position over the hill.

"The next day (2nd), having taken position in rear of the artillery as a support, we were exposed to and suffered a small loss from the enemy's shells. About 6 o'clock in the afternoon I was ordered to push forward my skirmish line and to drive the enemy's pickets from the road in front of Cemetery Hill. I communicated this order to Capt. William T. Haskell, in command of a select battalion of sharpshooters acting as skirmishers, and sent Major McCreary forward with his regiment, about one hundred strong, to deploy in rear of Captain Haskell and to act as a support. The battalion of sharpshooters, led by the gallant Haskell, made a most intrepid charge upon the Yankee skirmishers, driving them out of the road and close up under their batteries, but soon after gaining the road (called the dirt road), Captain Haskell received a wound from the enemy's sharpshooters, from which he died in a few moments on the field. This brave and worthy young officer fell while boldly walking along the front of his command, encouraging his men and selecting favorable positions for them to defend. He was educated and accomplished, possessing in a high degree every virtuous quality of a true gentleman and Christian. He was an officer of most excellent judgment and a soldier of the coolest judgment and most chivalrous daring.

"This position was held by my skirmishers until about 10 o'clock at night. I was ordered to place my brigade in line of battle, then on the right of General Thomas. I remained quietly in this position during the remainder of the night, having thrown forward skirmishers again.

"Next morning (the 3rd) the heaviest skirmishing I ever witnessed was kept up during the greater part of the day.

The enemy made desperate efforts to recapture the position, on account of our skirmishers being within easy range of their artillerists on the Cemetery Hill, but we repulsed every assault, and held the position until ordered back to the main line at Gettysburg. At one time the enemy poured down a perfect torrent of light troops from the hill, which swept my skirmishers back to the main line. I now ordered the Fourteenth to deploy and charge the enemy, which was done in the most gallant style, not without losing some valuable officers and men. Lieutenant Colonel Brown and Major Croft, of the Fourteenth, were here severely wounded.

"We remained at Gettysburg the remainder of the night and during the 4th, and at night moved back with the division toward Hagerstown. We went into line of battle at Hagerstown, on the 11th, when my skirmishers were engaged and where we lost a few men in killed and wounded. Among the former Capt. John W. Chambers, of the First, a most gallant and worthy officer, who fell at the head of his company.

"I take occasion to mention the names of Major Croft, of the Fourteenth, Major Isaac F. Hunt, of the Thirteenth, Major E. F. Bookter, of the Twelfth, as officers who proved themselves fully worthy of their positions throughout the engagements around Gettysburg. I remarked particularly the cool and gallant bearing of Major Bookter, and the force and judgment with which he managed the men under his control. Capts. W. P. Shooter, T. P. Alston, and A. P. Butler, of the First South Carolina Volunteers; Capts. James Boatwright and E. Cowan, of the Fourteenth, and Capt. T. Frank Clyburn, of the Twelfth, were distinguished for uncommonly good conduct in the action, as I can testify from personal observation."

"A. PERRIN, *Colonel Commanding Brigade.*"

"Major Joseph A. Englehard, Assistant Adjutant General Light Division."

Extract from report of Maj. Joseph A. Englehard, Assistant Adjutant General of General Pender, who was mortally wounded:

"Too much credit cannot be awarded Colonel Perrin and the splendid brigade under his command for the manner and spirit with which this attack was conducted. Of the former the government has recognized his valuable services in a manner most grateful to the true soldier by a prompt promotion. Of the latter, all who are acquainted with their gallantry on this occasion unite in their commendation to both.

"Their commander Maj. Gen. W. D. Pender, who fell mortally wounded on the succeeding day, was most enthusiastic in their praise."

"JOSEPH A. ENGLEHARD, *Assistant Adjutant General.*"

From General A. P. Hill's report:

"The rout of the enemy was complete, Perrin's brigade taking position after position of the enemy and driving him through the town of Gettysburg.

"A. P. HILL, *Lieutenant General.*"

Extract from the report of the Federal commander, Gen. Abner Doubleday, commanding the First Corps of the Federals at this point, who says:

"I remained at the Seminary superintending the final movement until thousands of hostile bayonets made their appearance around the sides of the building. I then rode back and rejoined my command, nearly all of whom were filing through the town. As we passed through the streets our frightened people gave us food and drink.

"ABNER DOUBLEDAY,

"*Major General Commanding First Army Corps.*"

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF GETTYSBURG.

BY SERGT. B. F. BROWN, COMPANY L, FIRST REGIMENT,
SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.

Colonel Perrin says: "Here I availed myself of a ravine, which sheltered us from the enemy's artillery to reform my line and instructed regimental commanders when the advance was resumed not to allow a gun to be fired at the enemy until ordered to do so." This is what followed as well as I can now recall the circumstances. Colonel Perrin, who was only a few paces from where my company (L), of the First, was lined up, said: "Men, the order is to advance; you will go to the crest of the hill. If Heth does not need you, lie down and protect yourselves as well as you can; if he needs you, go to his assistance at once. Do not fire your guns; give them the bayonet; if they run, then see if they can outrun the bullet."

When we reached the crest it was plain that Heth did need us, for his men were at a standstill and were exposed to a terrific fire from the Union batteries on Seminary Ridge. As we swept through his lines, onward in our charge, the men cheered us with the stirring words: "Go in, South Carolina! Go in, South Carolina!" And so well did we go in that we not only reached Seminary Ridge, but actually entered the Theological Seminary, and my schoolmate and messmate, P. H. Reilly, captured some ten or more of the panic-stricken enemy who had sought shelter in one of the rooms in the Seminary building.

Colonel Perrin says: "I ordered the Twelfth and Thirteenth to unite again with the First and Fourteenth, who were now pursuing the fleeing enemy through the town."

The First, commanded by the brilliant, fearless, and magnetic Maj. C. W. McCreary, entered Gettysburg in response to a call for volunteers from Maj. McCreary. The heavy fighting was over; the enemy were disappearing from our front in the direction of Gettysburg, and we had come to a halt. Why we were halted I have never learned. Why Major McCreary did not take the regiment into Gettysburg without calling for volunteers, I do not know, but I do know that, so far as I could see, the 1st Regiment went with him to a man and remained in Gettysburg until withdrawn by order of Colonel Perrin.

The superb manner in which Colonel Perrin handled McGowan's Brigade won for him the stars of a brigadier general. He laid down his noble life in the front of the battle while leading his Alabama brigade in the charge at Spotsylvania, May 12, 1864.

MISSOURI, DIXIE'S AFFINITY.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA CREEL, SECOND VICE PRESIDENT OF
CONFEDERATE DAMES CHAPTER, U. D. C., ST. LOUIS.

(This paper was awarded first place in the Missouri State Division Historical contest.)

By blood and culture and tradition, by similar customs, ideas, ideals, and aspirations, Missouri has always been as close to the heart of the South as any State below the Mason and Dixon line.

St. Louis was founded by Creole merchants from New Orleans, and for years the Mississippi was an artery that carried all the adventurous blood of the South to the perils and opportunities of the new territory. The first settlers, advancing in great groups as far back as 1790, were Kentuckians, and it was in St. Charles County that Daniel Boone breathed his last.

By the time of the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, the majority

of the inhabitants of Missouri were English-speaking people from Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, and the Carolinas. Even as late as 1860, according to the census, the entire influx from the whole of New England was only 8,013, while there were 99,814 Kentuckians, 53,957 Virginians, 73,594 Tennesseans, and 20,259 North Carolinians.

These Southerners brought with them the architecture of the South, they followed Southern customs, supported Southern political leaders, and, as the new land lent itself kindly to the production of hemp, even their industry was essentially Southern. While it is true that a tidal wave of Germans poured into Missouri between the years of 1850 and 1860, they settled in St. Louis and St. Louis County, not touching the life of the State itself in any degree, or, for that matter, even disturbing the essentially Southern character of St. Louis for a good many years.

In considering the history of Missouri's earlier years, kinship with the South was peculiarly manifested in the young territory's devotion to the cultural values of life. As early as 1820, Missouri established a free public school system, and in 1839 our great State University came into existence, largely by reason of private donations from Southern-born men and women.

The most conclusive proof of Missouri's affinity with the South, however, is found in the State's political record. Three times within her century of life Missouri has been the center of national questions involving the future of the republic, and in every crisis she stood shoulder to shoulder with the South.

It was the dispute over Missouri's admission to statehood in 1819 that first disclosed the gulf of divergence between the North and South, giving plain intimation of the war that was to follow. The North was determined that Missouri should be admitted as a free State, and the South bitterly resented the attempt of Congress to usurp the sovereign prerogatives of the States. Every material consideration pushed Missouri to the side of the North, for the people were not slaveholders, less than one-seventh of the population being negroes. Southern, however, in every fiber of her being, she took her stand with the South, and refused to alter her position despite every threat.

When the first Missouri Compromise gave Missouri the right to frame a Constitution, that of Kentucky was taken as a model, and in treating of slavery the document specifically stated that the legislature had no power to free slaves without the consent of the owner. This was plainly a defense of the South, rather than any advocacy of slavery, for, as has been pointed out, only a small percentage of Missourians were slaveholders. For months Congress refused to accept this Constitution, but Missouri remained firm, and only Henry Clay's second Compromise won admission and averted civil war.

In 1849, when Congress again attempted to weaken the South by interference with the powers of the States, the Missouri legislature passed resolutions of bitter condemnation, and hinted openly at secession.

It was increasingly the case that Missouri grew away from the institution of slavery, but her sympathy with the South never wavered. She proved it in 1854, when the organization of Kansas precipitated another tremendous struggle. When New England commenced "colonizing," sending thousands of immigrants to Kansas, Missouri poured men and money over the border to aid the resident Southerners to retain control.

With the outbreak of the War between the States, Missouri's position became painful in the extreme. The people, as has been shown, did not believe in the institution of slavery,

and, moreover, intelligent selfishness commanded alignment with the North, or, at least, neutrality. Being a border State, a decision for the South inevitably entailed destruction, for on three sides were enemy States.

Her love of Union, strong in the beginning, led Missouri to send delegates to the various Southern peace conferences, and to urge Lincoln not to use force against the seceding States. When the North took the field, however, love for the South swept everything else away. The President, calling upon Missouri for troops, was met with a flat refusal, and, in addition, Governor Claiborne Jackson commenced the mobilization of militia for the support of the South.

When Captain Lyon suddenly attacked an assemblage of these citizen soldiers, killing and wounding innocent spectators, it is significant that his force was composed entirely of Germans. By force of arms Captain Lyon then overthrew the civil government, and throughout the war the State remained under martial law, policed by an army of occupation.

Governor Jackson and his legislature, retreating to Neosho, convened in proper session, passed an ordinance of secession, and officially carried Missouri into the ranks of the South. From the first to last more than 50,000 Missourians entered the Confederate service without draft or forced enlistment, a record not equalled by any other State on either side.

When the end came and the Confederacy fell into ruins, it was Missourians alone who refused to accept defeat, retreating across the Rio Grande into Mexico under the leadership of Gen. Jo Shelby. Such eminent Southerners as Gen. E. Kirby Smith, Gen. John B. Magruder, and Commodore Maury, the famous geographer, joined the Missourians, and such of the gallant band as did not serve with Juarez were given places of honor and trust by Maximilian.

Another tie between Missouri and the South is that Missouri felt the oppressions and humiliations of reconstruction as much as any Southern State. Under the infamous "Iron Clad" oath, anyone who had at any time shown even sympathy for the South was disfranchised, and virtually every teacher, lawyer, doctor, and minister of Southern blood was denied the right of suffrage. Even when the Supreme Court of the United States declared this tyranny unconstitutional, a new legislature ignored this decision and passed a still more vicious registration law.

A new Constitution, drafted in 1865, embodied the full program of the Northern radicals, but, when submitted to the people, was adopted only by a small majority. As every open Southern sympathizer was barred from the polls, the result plainly showed that even those Missourians who had stood for the Union were still possessed of love for the South.

A final and overwhelming proof of the essential Southernism of Missouri is given by a study of those men whose character and achievements have shed luster upon the State. In its first hundred years as a Southern commonwealth, every man who rose to prominence in politics, art, literature, and the other professions was of Southern birth, and even to-day, when new generations of native born are demonstrating the virile qualities of Missouri culture, inquiry shows that their fathers or grandfathers were from the South.

Alexander McNair, the first Governor, and Barton and Benton, the first Senators, were Southern born. For thirty years Thomas Hart Benton served in the Senate of the United States, the peer of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, and the trusted intimate of Andrew Jackson, leaving behind him traditions of statesmanship that still stand as an inspiration. It was Senator Benton that led the fight for Oregon, and it is owing to his vision and courage that the Northwest is now

American and not British. James S. Green, another great Senator, was a Virginian.

In the Mexican War, it was Missourians of Southern birth who wrote the brilliant chapters of the struggle. Col. Alexander W. Doniphan, born in Kentucky, was the hero of a march that deserves the pen of a Homer. At the head of Missourians, he marched the thousand miles to New Mexico, playing the most prominent part in the conquest of that territory. Directed to join General Wool in Parras, he left for Mexico with the eight hundred Missourians and fought his way over desert and river and mountain, through three thousand miles of hostile territory, never losing a battle, and winning Chihuahua against a force that outnumbered his own by ten to one.

Edward Bates, selected to serve as attorney general in Lincoln's cabinet, was a Virginian. Francis Preston Blair, United States Senator, was a Kentuckian, and G. Gratz Brown, first United States Senator and then the Governor whose liberalism ended the horrors of reconstruction, was also a native of Kentucky. Francis Marion Cockrell and George Graham Vest, two of the greatest senators ever sent to Washington by any State, were both Kentuckians. Senator Vest, during the war, served as a senator in the Congress of the Confederate States of America, and Senator Cockrell, wearing the gray from the first shot of war, distinguished himself in every battle fought in the Southwest, rising to the rank of major general.

Gen. Sterling Price, a Virginian, led the Southern forces of Missouri with courage and genius, his march from Wilson's Creek to Lexington standing out as one of the brilliant military exploits of the time. Gen. Jo Shelby, as dashing a cavalry leader as Stuart himself, was a native of Kentucky, and the Missourians that he led in so many brilliant charges were either Southern born or the sons of Southern parents.

No sooner was the outrageous test oath set aside than the voters of Missouri returned to their old spiritual allegiance. Vest and Cockrell were returned to the senate term after term, and every governor was Southern by birth or blood—Charles H. Hardin, a Kentuckian; Thomas T. Crittenden, a Kentuckian; John S. Marmaduke, the son of Southern parents; David R. Francis, a Kentuckian; William J. Stone, a Kentuckian; Lon V. Stephens and Alexander M. Dockery, both Missourians born of Southern parents; and Joseph W. Folk, a native of Tennessee.

The greatest artist ever produced by the State was George C. Bingham, whose great canvases have high historic value as well as beauty, and Bingham was a Virginian. The greatest educator in the whole Missouri record was James S. Rollins, "father of the State University," and Rollins was a Kentuckian. Incomparably the most famous writer of the many Missouri authors who have won fame was Mark Twain, and he was born of a Virginian father and Kentuckian mother. So it runs with every great and beloved name.

There is to-day no more loyal and patriotic State in the Union than Missouri, its record of courage and love being written large on every page of history in connection with the Spanish War and the great World War; but the ties of blood and sympathy bind strong, and as long as Missouri is Missouri, it is the South that will command her spiritual allegiance and devotion.

A Big Contract.—On February 17, the Congress of the Confederate States gave thanks to the 37th Mississippi "for their patriotic determination to continue in the service until the independence of these States shall have been established."

STUART'S RIDE THROUGH THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart, commanding the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, exercising the discretion given him by General Lee, had the men of Hampton's, Fitzhugh Lee's, and William Henry Fitzhugh Lee's brigades to prepare three days' retions, and, on the night of June 24, 1863, to secretly rendezvous near Salem Depot. His purpose was to so maneuver as to pass around the rear of the Federal army, and cross the Potomac River between that army and Washington. He left Robertson's and Jones's brigades, under the command of the former, in observation of the enemy on the front, with full instructions as to following up the enemy, in case of withdrawal, and rejoining the army. Stuart carried six pieces of artillery, with caissons and ambulances, and these were the only vehicles accompanying him.

At 1 o'clock on the morning of June 25, Stuart's force moved out in noiseless march. After maneuvering under great difficulties, making several detours to avoid the Federal forces, the command reached the Potomac River on the evening of June 27. The river was two feet higher than usual, from the effect of recent rains, and the command, under great difficulties, effected a crossing at Seneca Falls, about twenty miles above the city of Washington. The cavalry had but little trouble in reaching the opposite shore, but the artillery and ambulances were not so fortunate. The deep water threatened the destruction of the ammunition. In spite of this apparent insuperable difficulty, the indomitable energy and resolute determination of the artillerymen won, and the entire command bivouacked on Maryland soil.

Realizing the necessity of joining the army in Pennsylvania, Stuart resumed his march northward early on the morning of June 28. After encountering and brushing aside several small cavalry detachments, the command reached Rockville, a village situated on the road from Washington to the Federal army. Stuart found the latter had preceded him across the Potomac River, and was located between his force and the Confederate army. This condition was an unexpected obstacle. However, it did not prevent him from attacking and capturing a train of wagons eight miles long, approaching from the direction of Washington, loaded with army supplies. As soon as the presence of the Confederate force was discovered, those in charge of the train attempted to turn the wagons and to escape at full speed. The farthest wagon was within three or four miles of Washington. Not one escaped, though many were turned over and broken, which necessitated burning them. The splendid teams, with excellent rigs, were secured and driven off.

The capture of this train caused the troops to become scattered, and delay followed. The burden of caring for and conducting this train, for there were still two hundred wagons, made the progress of the column necessarily slow. In addition to caring for the train, when the column came in contact with telegraph and railroad lines, time was consumed to destroy them. The head of the column reached Westminster about 5 P.M., on the 29th. Here its progress was obstinately disputed for a short time by a squadron of the First Delaware Cavalry. In the brief engagement here Lieuts. Pierre Gibson and John W. Murry, of the 4th Virginia Cavalry, were killed. "The ladies of this place begged to be allowed to superintend their interment, and, in accordance with their wishes, the bodies of these young heroes were left in their charge." Such of the opposing squadron as were not killed or captured were pursued a long distance on the Baltimore road and created a

great panic in that city, as they impressed the authorities with the belief that the Confederates were at their heels.

Several flags and a piece of artillery without a carriage were captured. The piece of artillery was spiked and left. For the first time since the command left Rector's Crossroads in Virginia, it obtained a full supply of forage. It bivouacked on the night of the 29th a few miles north of Westminster, the head of the column halting at Union Mills, midway between Westminster and Littlestown, on the Gettysburg road. Early on the morning of the 30th, the march was resumed by a cross route to Hanover, Pa. When the head of the column reached Hanover, it came in contact with Kilpatrick's Division of Cavalry passing through, and it made a demonstration toward attacking Stuart. The leading regiment of Stuart's column made a gallant charge, which repulsed the enemy and drove him pell-mell through the town, capturing his ambulances and a large number of prisoners, all of which were carried safely to the Confederate train. Owing to the great elongation of Stuart's column, by reason of the two hundred wagons and the broken country, his command could not deal as advantageously with this column of the enemy as it would have otherwise done.

While Stuart was having reinforcements brought up, Kilpatrick regained possession of the town, but the heights by which the town was surrounded were soon crowned with Confederate artillery. Kilpatrick's column was cut in twain, and the Confederate force fell upon the rear portion, driving it and capturing a number of Kilpatrick's staff and many other prisoners. The wagon train had become a serious embarrassment, but this did not deter Stuart from exerting himself to save it. Another serious embarrassment was that the ammunition of the command had become greatly diminished from the numerous skirmishes in which it had engaged. The command was in the enemy's country, near a hostile army, and, besides, about four hundred prisoners had accumulated since last paroling. Nothing daunted, Stuart had the train closed up and parked, and Hampton, who was far behind at the outset, arrived and engaged the Federal forces farther to the right. Finally his sharpshooters dislodged the Federals from the town, but moved toward the Confederate column, on its left, with dismounted men.

The train, however, was pushed on through Jefferson for York, Pa. The march was continued during the night and over a very dark road, which made it exceedingly hard on the command. With the many previous combats and night marches, it was a severe tax on the men and horses. Whole regiments slept in the saddle, the faithful horses keeping the road unguided. In some instances the men fell from their horses overcome with fatigue and want of sleep. Reaching Dover on the morning of July 1, Stuart gained no satisfactory information concerning the Confederate army. It cannot be denied that he was lost. After a brief rest, he pushed on to Carlisle, which he knew was one of the points in the itinerary of the army. He reached that city in the afternoon of July 1. His rations were entirely out and he wished to levy a contribution on the inhabitants for rations, but before reaching the town he was informed that it was held by a considerable force of militia, who were concealed in the buildings with a view to entrap him upon entering the town.

Stuart soon found that his information was correct, and, though he disliked to subject the town to the consequences of attack, yet it was essential he should procure rations for his men and forage for his mules and horses. It must be remembered that his retinue consisted of thousands of cavalry and artillery horses, and probably an extra thousand animals

captured with his train, and all, men and naimals, needed food. Stuart, therefore, directed Fitz Lee to send in a flag of truce, demanding an unconditional surrender or to be subjected to a bombardment. The surrender was refused. He made preparations to shell the town and repeated the demand. It was again refused. He then threw a few shells, but his limited supply of ammunition prevented him from enforcing his threat. The whereabouts of the Confederate army was still a mystery.

But during the night of July 1, he received a dispatch from General Lee (in answer to one sent from over on Early's trail) that the army was at Gettysburg and had been engaged on the 1st with the Federal advance. He immediately issued orders for his force to move that night, with the view to reaching Gettysburg early next day, and started himself that night. His advance reached Gettysburg on July 2, in time to meet a move of the Federal cavalry on the Confederate rear by the way of Hunterstown, when Hampton's Brigade, after a fierce engagement, compelled the Federals to leave the field and abandon their purpose.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable rides by cavalry that history records. With less than three thousand troopers and artillerymen, Stuart had made a march almost continuous, day and night, for eight days and nights, entirely in country in possession of an enemy, conducting a wagon train not less than eight miles long, consisting of approximately two hundred wagons. Considerable of the time the men and horses were without food. A large part of the time the horses had no food except such as they obtained during brief periods of stop to graze. Notwithstanding the great achievement by Stuart and his gallant troopers, many of his associates have indulged in sharp criticism because of his failure to reach the army in time to give the necessary information of the movements of the Federal army; some have actually charged that he is responsible for the failure of the Pennsylvania campaign.

I shall refer again to this part of my narrative as the story proceeds.

GENERAL LEE'S MASTERLY STRATEGY.

General Lee maneuvered his troops so skillfully, from the time they began to move from the vicinity of Fredericksburg, that for three weeks his antagonists were in ignorance of his ultimate designs. By the skill and courage of the gallant J. E. B. Stuart and his heroic troopers, they were unable to penetrate any of the numerous gaps of the Blue Ridge Mountains. They discovered that the Confederate troops were disappearing from the vicinity of Fredericksburg and that they were moving up the Rappahannock River. They were immediately appraised of the fact when the Federal garrisons at Winchester, Berryville, and Martinsburg were captured, scattered, and driven off by a superior Confederate force, but the future designs of such troops, and of other divisions of the Confederate army, were veiled in mystery.

This condition led to considerable speculation as to Lee's designs. Pleasanton, the Federal cavalry commander, forecasted a stupendous raid by Stuart, with greatly exaggerated numbers. The conditions are well shown by the following extracts from despatches passing between officials of high rank.

On June 16, Hooker stated to President Lincoln: "You may depend upon it, we can never discover the whereabouts of the enemy, or divine his intentions, so long as he fills the country with a cloud of cavalry."

Again on June 17: "Has it ever been suggested to you that this cavalry raid may be a cover to Lee's reënforcing Bragg, or moving troops to the West?"

To President on June 21: "This cavalry force has hitherto prevented me from obtaining satisfactory information as to the whereabouts of the enemy. They have masked all their movements."

Stanton to Hooker, June 16: "The very demon of lying seems to be about these times, and generals will have to be broken for ignorance before they will take the trouble to find out the truth of reports."

Halleck to Hooker, June 17: "So far we have only the wild rumors of panic-stricken people."

Again on June 18, he said; "I can get no information of the enemy other than that sent to you. Rumors from Pennsylvania are too confused and contradictory to be relied on. Officers and citizens are on a big stampede. They are asking me why does not General Hooker tell where General Lee's army is; he is nearest to it. There are numerous suppositions and theories, but all is yet conjecture."

On June 19, Halleck said to Hooker: "It now looks very much as if Lee had been trying to draw your right across the Potomac, so as to attack your left, but of that it is impossible to judge until we know where Lee's army is."

Hooker to Halleck, June 24; "The aspect of the enemy is not much changed from yesterday. Ewell, I conclude, is over the river, and is now up the country, I suppose, for the purpose of plunder. The yeomanry of that district should be able to check any extended advance of that column and protect themselves from their aggression." General Hooker could hardly conceive of the insignificant opposition this class of soldiers interposed to the seasoned Confederate troops who met them during that campaign. They were but little more than chaff before a tornado.

During the movement thus far, Hooker directed the greater number of his dispatches to President Lincoln. On June 16 he dispatched to the President: "You have long been aware, Mr. President, that I have not enjoyed the confidence of the major general commanding the army, and I can assure you so long as this continues, we may look in vain for success, especially as future operations will require our relations to be more dependent upon each other than heretofore."

To this President Lincoln replied on the same date: "To remove all misunderstanding, I now place you in the strict military relation to General Halleck of a commander of one of the armies to general in chief of all the armies. I have not intended differently, but it seems to be differently understood. I shall direct him to give you orders and you to obey them." "Coming events cast their shadows before."

ARKANSAS'S BIRTH.

BY CLARA HUMPHREY CROWDER.

'Ere things were quite completed, and the world was young and new,

Like blossoming buds of springtime, unfolding to the view,
God drew the mist from morning, the soft wind o' the sea,
The sun's gold from the desert, the dew from Sharon's lea,
The beauteous scenes of Switzerland, the sturdy oaks and pine,
The cedars of far Lebanon, the gems of Indes' mine,
The air from Eden's garden, the roses of the dawn,
The crystal streams, the valleys, from Ionian hills were drawn,
A range of flowering hillsides of sweet Elysian bowers,
The odorous earth of glowing green, and sparkling springs
and flowers—

He fashioned these together in his universal law,
A star to grace our nation, and we call it "Arkansas."
(Copyrighted.)

CAPT. EDWIN DUNCAN CAMDEN.

BY ROY B. COOK, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

When the war came on in 1861, the Camden family, of Braxton County, Va. (now West Virginia), was largely divided on the subjects involved in that fratricidal strife. John S. Camden, Sr., was long a prominent figure in the central western Virginia region, a member of the Virginia Assembly, and colonel of the 133rd Regiment Virginia Militia. Of his five sons, three were enrolled for the South.—Edwin D. Camden, William I., and L. D., the latter two being lieutenants of the 17th Virginia. Of the other two, Dr. Thomas B. Camden was imprisoned in Camp Chase, but was released upon a petition signed by all sides, and subsequently served as post surgeon of the Federal army at Weston; Johnson N. Camden remained loyal to the Union, and in latter years became a vice president of the Standard Oil Company, United States Senator, and railroad builder. Richard P. Camden, an uncle of Edwin Camden, espoused the cause of the Union and was a member of the West Virginia legislature in 1866 as a loyal man. Another uncle, Lennox Camden, was arrested as a Southern sympathizer and confined in Fort Delaware in 1863. Having married into a powerful Western Virginia family, his release was secured, but not before his physical powers had wasted away, and he died in New York City. Judge Gideon D. Camden, another uncle, was a member of the Confederate Congress, and his son was a major in the Confederate army.

In July, 1861, Edwin Duncan Camden recruited a company of one hundred and twenty men and marched to Beverly, where he was to effect a junction with a command of the Confederate army under Colonel Pegram. In the meantime General Rosecrans had advanced by Clarksburg and Philippi, defeating Pegram in the battle of Rich Mountain on July 11. The men under Camden arrived during the closing hours of this affray, participated in the action, during which General Garnett was killed, and retreated with the Confederates into the Valley of Virginia. The men in his charge were mustered in as Company E, 25th Virginia Infantry, and he was commissioned first lieutenant.

After participating in activities in the Valley campaigns in the latter part of 1861, the 25th Regiment became a part of the 4th Brigade, 31st Division, under Col. J. A. Walker, and as such a part of the corps under command of the distinguished chieftain, Thomas J. Jackson. As the celebrated "Stonewall Brigade," it was ever afterwards the most noted organization in the Confederate service, engaged in deeds and exploits that attracted the attention of the entire world. Among the commanders were Gen. J. M. Jones and Bradley T. Johnson, and several others no less well known.

Company E, as part of the 4th Brigade, engaged in the battle at Fort Republic on June 9, 1862, lost four officers and twenty-five men, and Lieutenant Camden was wounded. Recovering, he rejoined the company and was commissioned captain, a rank held during his period of service.

In April, 1863, the 25th and 31st Virginia were transferred temporarily by General Lee to the command of Brig. Gen. John D. Imboden, to participate in the invasion of Western Virginia. During this month and May following, the celebrated "Imboden Raid" took place, in which Jones and Imboden advanced as far into the present State of West Virginia as Glenville, in Gilmer County, and Burning Springs, in Wirt County. At the latter place vast stores of oil were destroyed, which, as fate would have it, belonged largely to Johnson N. Camden, a brother of Captain Camden. The expedition was not successful in the desired purpose of securing recruits for the Southern cause, but did secure large numbers of cattle

and supplies for the Southern army. At Buckhannon, Camden's company and others lost some men by desertion, because Captain Camden lodged a complaint against a certain element stealing horses from the citizens without authority, need, or pay. This act, however, created a most favorable impression with the better element on both sides.

Returning to Virginia and the old organization, the march was taken up to the memorable field of Gettysburg. Here the company, on July 1, 1863, engaged in the storming of Culp's Hill, and late that evening moved into the "Valley of Death." During Pickett's charge the division held a position under the murderous fire from Little Round Top. John C. Higginbotham, colonel commanding, on the 21st, in his report to Acting Adjutant Moore, of General Jones's Brigade, speaking of the actions on the 3rd, says: "It is with pleasure that I can testify to the gallantry and skill of Captain (E. D.) Camden and Company E. I never saw men act better. Seventy men were lost in action.

In May, 1864, began the series of battles of the Wilderness, which led up to the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse. The 25th Virginia moved into the "Bloody Angle" on May 10, and in the next three days followed such scenes of carnage as never before existed in the war. Whole companies were wiped out. Lee and Grant pitted their armies together in the great struggle for what was believed to be the key to Richmond. At the close of the affray, Captain Camden, with a shattered leg and jaw, was left on the battle field, for it was not believed that surgical skill then available could save his life. The Confederate forces were forced to leave large numbers of their wounded in the hands of the Federals, and, after many hours, Captain Camden was removed to a Federal hospital, later sent to Fort Delaware as a prisoner, and, in the face of what was deemed mortal injuries, eventually recovered.

In July, 1864, it was reported in the North, but later found to have been a mistake, that Maj. Gen. Sam Jones had confined Federal prisoners in Charleston, S. C., under fire from the Federal batteries on Morris Island. On August 25, 1864, the Federal commander, General Schoepf, at Fort Delaware, sent six hundred commissioned Confederate officers to Morris Island, with the view in mind, it appears, of an exchange, but this was not done. For a time they were under fire of their own guns, and, though none were killed, they underwent terrible suffering; a number died, and their other experiences are recounted in book and poem as the "Immortal Six Hundred" of the War between the States. Among those from the interior of present West Virginia were: Lieut. T. Tussie, 25th Virginia, Weston, W. Va.; Capt. E. D. Camden, 25th Virginia, Sutton, W. Va.; Capt. T. J. Berry, Bulltown, W. Va., and some fifteen others from other sections of the State.

From Fort Delaware they were transported in August, huddled together on a small steamship called the Crescent, guarded by one hundred Ohio militiamen. Arriving at Morris Island, and failing in exchange, at times shells from batteries on the Island, Wagner's, and Forts Moultrie and Sumter were passing over them. Forty-five days later they were sent to Fort Pulaski; later to Hilton Head, and then back to Fort Delaware.

From this point those who would take the oath of allegiance to the United States were sent to New York and released. Others who refused were sent to Richmond in exchange for a like number of Federal prisoners. The term of imprisonment was marked by many happenings, one of which had both a tragic and amusing aspect. At Hilton Head an effort was made to escape. By raising a bunk in a section occupied by Captain Camden, a hole was made in the floor and, after a

long period of hard work, a hole was made down and under the wall. All arrangements were made for a trip to liberty, but the men inside the walls did not reckon with a moat filled with water surrounding the building. On the way through the basement a barrel of brown sugar was found, and while to us this does not mean much, to a soldier at that time it was the highest of dainties. Tightening belts, shirts and pockets were filled; arriving outside in the darkness, they fell into the water. Wading, scrambling, or swimming across as the need arose, sugar and water enshrouded them in a sticky syrup. The alarm was given and, with such an unusual impediment, all were caught and returned to prison.

Upon his release from service, Captain Camden returned to the little town of Weston, W. Va., along with others of the brave men in gray. Among the local Federals were men with little respect for those who espoused the Southern cause, and it was demanded that the Confederates divest themselves of the faded and worn uniforms. This they refused to do, and a near riot took place, in which Maj. H. H. Withers, of the 10th Virginia Infantry, mounted a horse block and announced that he would shoot the first man that touched a Confederate soldier, an act that endeared him to both sides.

Captain Camden died on May 13, 1922. He was the son of John S. and Nancy Newlon Camden, and was born in Sutton, Braxton County, Va. (now West Virginia), March 30, 1840. When the town of Sutton was burned by the Confederates under John S. Sprigg, on December 29, 1861, the Camden Hotel and store were burned, and his father and mother were forced to retire to Weston with the Federals, both dying within a few months from exposure on the trip. One of Captain Camden's great-grandfathers was Maj. Frederick Sprigg, of the Upper Battalion, Montgomery County, Maryland Continentals; while another was a member of the "Flying Squadron" in the Revolution. Kinsmen fought in the war with Spain, and a grandson was in the late World War. As a member of the "Immortal Six Hundred," Captain Camden was one of the honored guests at Confederate reunions, and was probably the last survivor of this famous group. In late years he was appointed as colonel on the staff of J. Thompson Brown, commanding the Army of Northern Virginia Department U. C. V.

CAUSES OF SECESSION.

(Essay by Miss Beatrice Van Court Meegan, Historian Beauregard Chapter U. D. C., Washington, D. C., which won the Orren Randolph Smith medal, awarded at Birmingham Convention, U. D. C.)

When forced by oppression to rebel against their mother country, the thirteen colonies formed a league, a federal government, under certain rules and articles, and it was intended that this should be a perpetual government; it, however, lasted only a few years. The proposed perpetual government ceased to exist in 1789 by the secession of the States. At the Annapolis, Md., convention several of the States were unrepresented, hence business was not transacted. The convention disbanded, meeting in Philadelphia on May 14, 1787, with instructions to devise and discuss "all such alterations and further provisions as may be necessary to render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of the Union." It was from a constitutional federal government that States seceded when they adopted the Constitution of the United States. As each formally and deliberately adopted the new government, it as formally and deliberately seceded from the old, and yet no cry of treason was heard. Nine States agreeing to the new government were enough to put it into opera-

tion, but as there were thirteen States, four remained from the compact, each taking care of itself. As all the States did not agree at once, it was not a voluntary breaking up by all parties concerned. Each State acted for itself without the consent of the others, just as the Southern States did with a view of forming a confederacy. Virginia and New York, in the ratification of the new Constitution, expressly reserved to themselves the right of secession, and no objection was made, all the States going into the Union on the same footing. Rhode Island remained two years out of the new government, nor uttered a word because nine States had agreed to disband the old federal confederacy. As it was a league among them, the sovereign States had a right to withdraw at any time.

A perusal of the journal of debates in the Philadelphia convention will show the jealousy with which each State guarded its rights. New Hampshire, in 1772, inserted a provision, claiming her sovereign State rights. Massachusetts next claimed a record for *her* rights. Then came Virginia fighting hard against the Constitution. North Carolina and Pennsylvania followed suit. So the *North* was as anxious as the *South* for her *individual State rights at that time*.

The States individually took every step to form the Constitution from its inception to its adoption. Being thus formed, the States had a right to break it, and when the Constitution was ratified, each State called its own convention. Some adopted it and others refused, the vote of eleven States not binding the other two. To the Virginia legislature, Mr. Madison said: "The parties to it (the Constitution) were the people, but not the people composing one great society, but the people composing thirteen sovereign States. In a consolidated government, the assent of a majority of the people is enough to establish it, but it is binding on the people of a State only by their own separate consent."

The seventh article of the Constitution says: "The ratifications of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of the Constitution between the States so ratifying the same." All the power and grandeur of the government is not self-created in the aggregate, but proceeds from the States.

In 1830 both Whigs and Democrats believed in State rights. A letter from John Quincy Adams, of Boston, to H. Gray Otis, of Boston, says of the New England States that "Their object is, and has been for several years, a dissolution of the Union and the establishment of a separate confederation." He knew from unequivocal evidence, although not provable in a court of law, that in case of a civil war, the aid of Great Britain, to effect that purpose, would be assuredly resorted to, as it would be indispensably necessary to their design. These proofs show that for forty years all sections of the country believed in State rights. While the South held the majority (forty years), she respected the rights of the minority. Constitutions are made for the protection of minorities. Minorities cling for protection to the fundamental law. It is only when they become majorities and strong that their principles and their virtues are really tested.

When the North became the majority she changed her doctrine, tore the Constitution to shreds; and when the South openly sought that defense which Massachusetts secretly threatened in 1803 and 1815, she was subjugated.

In prophetic words Patrick Henry said: "Interested majorities never in the history of the world respected the rights of minorities." In 1803 the Louisiana Purchase by Mr. Jefferson was a cause of dissatisfaction to New England. Every one saw the advantage to the country by the purchase of this

territory, which would extend our possessions from the head waters of the Mississippi to the sea. Massachusetts threatened to secede if the bill passed. In 1811, when Louisiana was brought up for admission to statehood, New England again objected. Why should the South be added to? Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, said in Congress: "If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be duty of some, to prepare definitely for separation, amicably, if they can; violently, if they must." In 1812 Great Britain impressed seamen from New England merchant ships, finally taking enlisted men from this United States ship of war Chesapeake. Massachusetts insisted on immediate war. The Southern States had little interest in the matter, except federal honor, but agreed, and war was declared. Massachusetts saw her shipping suffer, denounced the administration, and called a secret convention at Hartford, Conn., 1815. A perusal of that journal is interesting. However, when the deputies sent by that council reached Washington, the war had ended. From 1803 to 1815 New England seems to have been in the habit of threatening secession. The right of self-government was vindicated in the Declaration of Independence in favor of three millions of Great Britain's subjects. In the Southern Confederacy there were eight millions. Virginia and Massachusetts were the two original germs from which the majority of the American population sprang. Those who sought the more genial climate of the Chesapeake's vicinity were largely Cavaliers, adherents of the Charleses, while settlers in the harsher Northern States were of the material that formed the Parliament of Cromwell.

The North took up the ocean and the mechanical arts for sustenance, and the South, agriculture. In 1824 and 1828 oppressive tariffs were enacted to protect Northern manufacturers, thus making the Southerner pay two prices for clothing, textiles, goods, etc., excluding foreign goods. The South was nonmanufacturing.

Quoting from a speech by Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, 1828: "I feel for the changes that have taken place in the South during the last fifty years. It was the seat of wealth and hospitality; all this is reversed. Wealth has fled from the South and settled in regions north of the Potomac. Under Federal legislation exports from the South have been the basis of Federal revenue. Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia may be said to defray three-fourths of supporting the Federal government, and of this great sum annually furnished by them nothing, or next to nothing, is returned to them in the shape of government expenditure. It flows northwardly in one uninterrupted stream. This is the reason wealth disappears in the South and rises in the North. Federal legislation does all this; it does it by the simple process of taking from the South and returning nothing to it. If it returned to the South the whole, or even a good part, of what it extracted, the four States south of the Potomac might stand the action of the system, but the South must be exhausted of its money and its property by a course of legislation which is forever taking away and never returning anything. No tariff has ever yet included Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia, except to increase the burden imposed upon them."

No wonder when asked "Why not let the South go?" Mr. Lincoln replied: "Let the South go? Where, then, shall we get our revenue?" South Carolina, in 1830, taking alarm at the situation, resorted to nullification. A compromise was entered into in 1833; this changed the Northern idea of the compact between the States. New England was arrayed

against South Carolina, and her orators rose up proclaiming their new version of the Constitution, such an idea as had never been heard of before. The usual conception of the foundation of a republic is the consent of the governed, but as liberty is often destroyed by the multitude in the name of liberty, the North, in 1842, added a tariff more severe. No attempt was made to conciliate the South by forbearance or justice, so the South sank to the condition of a tributary province to her more powerful rival.

In 1820 the Missouri Compromise provided that slavery should not be carried into any of the territories north of a given line. The Northern man thus could go with his property into the territories. The Southern man could not, because he was prevented from taking his possessions (slaves allowed by law) with him, although he had, like the Northerner, given his blood and treasure to acquire these lands.

The Wilmot Proviso was a bill to appropriate two million dollars to purchase Mexican territory outside of Texas, on express conditions that in any territory acquired from the Republic of Mexico by the United States neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, where the party should be convicted.

The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, introduced by Stephen A. Douglas, 1854, annulled the Missouri Compromise. The bill reads: "Being inconsistent with the principles of nonintervention by Congress with slavery in the States and territories, as recognized by the legislature of 1850, commonly called the Compromise Measure, is hereby declared inoperative and void, it being the true interest and meaning of the act not to legislate slavery into any territory or State nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form their domestic institutions subject only to the Constitution of the United States." At first all colonies held slaves. The negro, born in the hot regions of Africa, under a system of slavery unparalleled for ignorance and barbarity by any race on earth, was used as an investment until the bargain was found poor. The North, not needing him, felt the sting of righteousness, and, to ease her conscience, sold the negro into bondage, for which later she blamed the South.

Daniel Webster declared on his professional reputation that the anti-slave methods of New York, Ohio, and Massachusetts against the constitutional provisions of 1787 and 1850 for the noninterference with the return of fugitive persons held in lawful servitude to be distinctly treasonable. Underground railroads were built to aid their escape. John Brown and his followers incited the negroes to a rebellion which would have had consequences similar in horror to that of Haiti. He was tried and hanged by United States authorities for murder, treason, and inciting slaves to rebellion. The slave question, really not a moral one to Northern politicians, was the last of a long list of grievances, and the South had recourse to the only means left—secession. She learned at Appomattox that her hope was vain, but the memory of the brave ones who gave their all to that cause will live forever, for

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

FALL OF FORT FISHER.—The capture of Fort Fisher, N. C., was followed so quickly by the final dissolution of the Confederacy that the great victory was not fully realized by the American people. The position commanded the last gateway between the Confederate States and the outside world. Its capture, with the resulting loss of all the Cape Fear River defenses, and of Wilmington, the great importing depot of the South, effectually ended all blockade running.—*Col. William Lamb.*

THE LONE STAR GUARDS.

BY B. L. AYCOCK, KOUNTZE, TEX.

This company was the first infantry troops, Confederate, raised at Waco, Tex., and left Waco under Capt. Ed Ryan, on July 21, 1861, for Virginia. At Marlin several Falls County boys joined, among them the writer, the company reaching Richmond, September 11, 1861. This was one of thirty companies raised in the State destined for the seat of war. Each company had one hundred men. They assembled at Harrisburg and, after three weeks' drilling, were formally enlisted to serve three years, or "endurin o' de wah."

Gov. Frank Lubbock, as the representative of the then infant Confederacy, officiated when these companies became a part of the army to be under the afterwards immortal Lee. We were armed with all sorts of guns except the modern (at that time) arms of war. We entrained on flat cars at Houston for Beaumont, and on the way it was common to hear the report of guns, as the alligators were plentiful along the railroad track; so these braves made war on those innocent creatures as their first exercise in war.

Leaving Beaumont on boat for Sabine Pass, thence up that stream to a place east of Orange, we landed on the Louisiana side. New Orleans was the objective, one hundred and sixty miles—rather New Iberia—that distance to walk. This accomplished, we gladly were soon afloat for the city. Here we encamped in a warehouse to await the rail trip to Richmond. Here at New Orleans was the first time I ever heard "Dixie." Two little Italian boys with violins played the air that was to be the war cry, the classic, of the Confederacy, and to go down the ages as long as music attunes the soldier's step or patriotism calls to defenders of hearth and home.

A short stay at Knoxville, Tenn, where we saw General Zollicoffer for the first and last time, as he fell at Fishing Creek early in the war. Then all aboard again for Richmond, for the first time viewing across the James that historic place, ever dear to the Confederate heart. Here we were incorporated into Company E, 4th Texas Regiment, and the Lone Star Guards became a thing of the past—as a name. We had a uniform of gray. Captain Ryan, being a merchant of Waco, had gone before hostilities to New York and had the buttons of our jackets show in raised letters, "L. S. G."

About the first sight we were treated to was the Yankee prisoners confined in Libby Prison. These fellows were taken at the First Battle of Manassas. Among them was Congressman W. W. Corcoran, of New York, who, it was said, came out from Washington in his buggy to see the rebels thrashed. The Corcoran Library was his contribution to the great things at Washington.

After two months in training camp near Richmond, early in the fall of 1861 (November 20), the brigade was ordered to join the Army of Northern Virginia, then facing the Union army at Centerville. It was given out that an engagement was imminent, but this turned out to be a false alarm after we reached the line on the Potomac. We marched a great part of the way, and our position was on the right wing of the army at Dumfries, some thirty miles down the line from Centerville.

Here we went into winter quarters and saw little but the prosy camp life all that winter of 1861-62. We were then under Gen. Joe Johnston. In March (9th) we took up march to Yorktown, quite a change of base, where the Federal General McClellan expected to either capture the rebel army cooped up in the peninsula, or compel its retreat to the Chickahominy River, a stream bent around Richmond, some seven miles from the Confederate capital.

On May 5, 1862, the retreat of our army from about Yorktown began, and here the Texas brigade was given—as the word came to the ranks—the post of honor—that is to say, the post of danger—to be the rear guard of the army. But, after an all day's march, as we passed through Williamsburg, another command took our place as rear guard, and before any sign of pursuit by the enemy as far as we could see. Several miles after this change, that same evening, the enemy overtook and attacked the force left behind, and here the bloody battle of Williamsburg took place. Thus we escaped, unintentionally, a trial of arms with the enemy. As we were still in the peninsula, we were hurried forward to meet an expected attack at Eltham's Landing, where the enemy did disembark from his gunboats, and a small engagement took place. Instead of cutting off our retreat, they were too late. There I saw the first bloodshed in our brigade. After one day here, the Federals betook themselves to their boats, and our march was continued to the north side of the Chickahominy.

On May 30, our brigade was to "act the part" at the severe battle of Seven Pines. Where again, after occupying the part of the line of battle assigned to us on and along the York River Railroad, we were not engaged. All the fighting of this battle of Seven Pines was a half mile or so to our left. However, here we had a scene. While we were standing there awaiting orders, President Davis and Postmaster General Reagan rode up in our rear, all unheralded. At this juncture a member of our company, one Fitzhugh, threw up his cap and hollowed: "Hurrah for General Reagan!" When to the surprise of Fitzhugh, as well as the rest of us, a fusillade of musketry was discharged by the Yankee troops lying opposite to us on the other side of the railroad. As the enemy didn't take aim or didn't see us through the thick brush between, it was a bloodless demonstration, with one exception. At the command for us to lie down, Sam Chambers, a private at my side, hit the ground so hard that he stuck a stubble in his chin. I saw him feeling of his chin and looking at the blood. I asked Sam if he was wounded, and he had to admit how it occurred. This was all the blood spilled by the brigade at the battle of Seven Pines.

Returning to our camp, after wading in some deep water, it seemed miles the way we went, all was quiet again. Following this, on June 11, 1862, we were ordered to march, and here began one of General Lee's admirable plans to deceive the enemy. (General Johnston was disabled in the engagement just mentioned and was succeeded by the immortal Lee.) I said orders to march! We came back to the city and entrained to the Shenandoah Valley to join Stonewall Jackson, this to make the Federals believe it was another aim to capture Washington. A few days there, and we took up march back to Richmond by another route than we had come. Jackson was to come with his army and attack simultaneously with General Lee to drive McClellan out of the position he held on the Chickahominy. This ruse of General Lee's was an eminent success.

On our return by this circuitous route, on June 26, 1862, in the afternoon, we could hear the booming of cannon, which was the attack from the Richmond side of the Chickahominy, at what was known as the battle of Mechanicsville, the first of the seven days' battles. By night we were in the neighborhood, so to speak, of the battle field, and were ordered to sleep on our arms. The night was quiet, but the following day, after being maneuvered all day, we had retreated to Powhite Creek, the stream that turned the wheels of Gaines's mill. Late in the evening the brigade was marching we did not know where. A cannon ball came crashing through the

trees and struck a few steps ahead of our company with a terrific crash. Word came to us that it took off Jim Smiley's head. There was no halt at that. Soon we were wading through the mill pond above the mill. On and up to high ground, where the field officers were in waiting. Here was the Telegraph Road. On this road our army seemed to be forming for the assault on the entrenched Federals.

We were wheeled to the right and went a short distance, stopped, and were lined up, as if on dress parade. About seven o'clock P.M., facing the west, eight hundred yards in our front, the battle was and had been raging for hours, our forces trying to dislodge Fitzjohn Porter from his strongly fortified position, having two or three lines, one above the other, opposite the Confederate assaulting line.

Through the open field we began the charge to take the place of the line in our front, to relieve them.

We had orders not to fire a gun, and when we got to our men lying flat on the ground, I passed by a fellow who looked up, with such an expression of relief overspreading his face! Up he jumped and away he retreated. I had no time to turn to see him run.

Right here I fired, I believe, my first shot at a Yank, and in an instant came the order to fix bayonets. I could see the Yanks begin to leave their lines and run, and this was the occasion for a rebel yell. On and across the little branchlike creek the Texas brigade followed the routed enemy. By the time I got to where the enemy had been holding the Confederate line for hours, I was struck down by a ball, a wound in the head and another in quick succession in my left arm, shattering the bone near the shoulder. I lay where I fell for several hours. Later a comrade, Billy Dunklin, found me and aided me to the field hospital in the rear.

When I was hit, the thought came, "I am killed." Then I became unconscious, I don't know how long, till near when Billy found me.

This was Thursday night. The surgeon examined my wounds and said: "If your arm has to come off, it will be at the shoulder joint. But," he said, "I must go to worse cases than yours," and departed. I remained there without a dressing until Sunday morning and was then put aboard an army wagon with a number of other wounded and sent to Richmond, nine miles away, over a very rocky road.

We arrived in Richmond the following Monday and were taken to the First Baptist Church, which had been converted into a hospital. My jacket was cut off and the wound dressed.

After some days a swelling in my neck below the right ear located the ball that had knocked me over the week previous, and the surgeon had an easy operation taking it out. I kept that leaden missile a long time, showing it to friends. Wonderful to tell, it was flat from the contact with my skull. I still carry the scars in my neck, as well as where it entered and glanced down into my neck. The other ball was not taken out of my arm until the December following at Waco. Such was the surgery at the time. What a wonder gangrene did not take me off. On our way to Richmond in that jolting wagon, Tom Cunningham, of Company F, overtook the wagon from the same field hospital, walking to Richmond with a slight wound. A few days afterwards he was a victim of gangrene and died.

I was furloughed after a few weeks, October, 1862, and went to Marlin, Tex., my home, with my arm still in a sling. I stayed in Texas until the spring of 1863. Although not recovered from my arm wound, I started back with two or three recruits for our company, which was now in Virginia. We went by stage from Waco to Shreveport and through the Mississippi bottoms in canoes to Natchez. At Natchez our

little band volunteered to meet a Yankee raid through Mississippi. The citizens expected the raiders to come, but fortunately the raiders changed their course.

From Natchez to Hazlehurst we traveled on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad and had a glimpse of Grierson's work. The tracks were torn up and depots burned. Transportation was furnished us on to Chattanooga, and upon arrival there I went to my sister's, Mrs. Pope's, and rested, as my arm was still very painful. I returned to my company, encamped near Fredericksburg, in August, but was not well enough to shoulder a musket, and Colonel Baine appointed me ordnance sergeant. The company had recently returned from Pennsylvania, having fought at Gettysburg. Here I saw my comrades barefoot after their march into Pennsylvania.

While I was with the 4th serving as ordnance sergeant, our brigade and, in fact, Longstreet's whole command, was ordered to Georgia, where, on September 19 and 20, the great battle of Chickamauga was fought. Our brigade, again in the thickest of the fight, lost heavily.

I was with my ordnance wagon in the rear while this battle was fought. Here General Hood was wounded the second day, and was brought out by our ordnance train on a litter. I walked up to see him, and his great blue eyes looked up to me as much as to say: "I know your face." He was our colonel at the organization and with us in all our marches and engagements mentioned, afterwards being promoted to take Joe Johnston's place before Atlanta. This was the last time I ever saw our beloved general. The Federal army, defeated, fell back from the Chickamauga to Chattanooga, and for a couple of months we stayed there, having Rosecrans cooped up at Chattanooga.

We next moved to Knoxville, East Tennessee, and after some fighting there, we moved farther up in East Tennessee and went into winter quarters at Morristown. We built our log cabins and remained quietly there, and in March, 1864, came orders for our return to Virginia to rejoin Lee's army of Northern Virginia. At this time, I shouldered a musket again after eighteen months off the firing line.

The spring campaign was to open on the Rapidan, where Grant had assembled his hosts, 120,000 strong for his "On to Richmond."

(Continued in March number.)

IN THE BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH.

A number of letters have come to Posey Hamilton, at Pleasant Hill, Ala., since the publication of his article in the September VETERAN, from comrades who took part in that battle. The following, from H. J. Lea, Winnsboro, La., will be of interest:

"I was a member of the 4th Louisiana Battalion, Gibson's Brigade, Stewart's Division, Hood's Corps, and it was our brigade engaged in the battle of New Hope Church, Ga., and our position was on the right of Granbury's Brigade. Gibson's Brigade was composed of the 4th Louisiana Battalion, Austin's Battalion, and the 13th, 16th, 19th, 20th, and 25th Louisiana Regiments. That battle was well impressed on my mind.

"We were marching down a beautiful shady country road in a southerly direction parallel with the Chattanooga and Atlanta railroad and a few miles to the west of it. The Federal army under Sherman was still to the west of us, at least, that was our understanding. We came to the crossroads at the church, were ordered to halt, stack arms, and rest, with no thought of being in battle so soon. We were lounging around resting not more than thirty minutes when we heard a few

guns fire to the west of us and about a mile distant. My battalion and (I believe it was) the 16th and 25th Louisiana Regiments were ordered out to the front in skirmish line formation, and advanced through the thick forest some distance to where we found a thin line of cavalry dismounted and skirmishing with the line of the enemy's skirmishers, supported by a line of battle, crowding the cavalry line back. Our line became engaged in skirmish battle and fell back slowly before their advancing lines till within two hundred yards of our battle line, which had been formed under the brow of the ridge about one hundred yards west of the road we had been traveling, which line ran along the west edge of the church cemetery grounds, when our skirmish line was ordered to rush back to the top of the ridge in rear of our battle line for formation. In the meantime the enemy had advanced and continued heavy column formation till within one hundred yards, or less than that possibly, and our line opened fire on them as soon as the skirmishers were out of the way. We had an excellent position, and our artillery and muskets were used freely and maintained our position, though the force of the enemy was much greater than ours. I am informed through the columns of the *National Tribune*, the official organ of the Federal veterans, that General Hooker advanced five double lines of battle against our forces there, and was criticized for so doing by the military critics for the reason that the rear lines were exposed to the same danger as the front lines, but could not fire on account of the front lines being in the way.

"After we had assembled in the road on top of the ridge in proper formation, and after the battle had been going on for a short while, we were ordered to the front and took our places on the firing line. It was while we were standing in the road before moving to the front that we were in full view of both lines while the battle was raging. The grounds were open for a distance of two hundred yards from the road, and then were thickly timbered, through which the enemy advanced, and they halted at the edge of the opening. Our artillery cut down the timber and did great service on that occasion. The enemy was prevented from bringing up artillery on account of the dense forest through which they came. They finally withdrew from our front. I think it was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we went out to the front, and about four o'clock when the battle was well under way. Both lines remained entrenched that night, and I think it was the second night that the enemy withdrew and left us.

"In the *National Tribune* many years ago I noticed the statement that it was not General Sherman's intention to bring on a battle at New Hope Church when he gave the order to General Hooker to occupy the crossroads there, thinking there was just a few cavalry in that vicinity; instead, it was stated that Hooker found all of Johnston's army there. Judging from the warm reception they got, I presume they thought so."

A LOVE-SICK VOLUNTEER.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Our captain had a hard time drumming up volunteers to form a company to enter the Confederate army in the summer of 1861, but, after canvassing the whole county, he finally succeeded in enlisting a few boys, like the writer, and some grown men in a squad large enough to be called a company, as three fine commands had already been made up and gone off to the war. They were the flower of our population, and we were the leavings, mostly such as would not have been received for

enlistment in the other companies. Some of us entered the service for one reason and some another; but the hero of this little story was crossed in love, jilted by his best girl, and most cruelly deceived. In this desperate state of mind he was ready to do anything unreasonable—fight a duel, commit suicide, or enlist. This latter course he preferred to help himself out of all his trouble. With this in view, he saddled up his beautiful horse, always kept well groomed for his special use at any and all times, and hied him away to our camp, then located a few miles from his home, to enlist and throw away his life, now a burden to him, in war. In his mind there was nothing more to live for, since that which he prized most of all else in the world had been irretrievably lost to him, having given her heart and hand to another—gone, hopelessly gone, to a rival.

As he rode up with his shining locks hanging down to his shoulders and dressed in his Prince Albert suit of black broadcloth, he looked neither to the right nor to the left until he halted in front of the captain, when, telling his business in the fewest words possible, he turned his horse's head toward home. He was truly a distinguished looking youth; but his manner was so distant that he made a bad impression on all in the camp. Not knowing the tumultuous state of his mind, we supposed he considered the rest of us too far beneath his dignity to deserve a word from him. He was the petted child of a rich old aunt, who had no children of her own, and her husband was equally kind and indulgent. They had taken him in his early infancy and reared him in luxury and idleness. He was now growing up to manhood and becoming a great beau among the ladies far and wide. He was a welcome guest at every entertainment, and, being of a very susceptible and rather romantic disposition, had become at this early age a great ladies' man.

Among his acquaintances was a Miss D'Arci, conceded to be the handsomest girl in all that country, and a great belle. Miss D'Arci was somewhat older than John, for that was his name, but that did matter or keep our future comrade from falling desperately in love with her, for he was now at the right age to do that foolish thing or something else equally silly. Another admirer of the beautiful Miss D'Arci was also a future comrade, whom I shall call Dan, destined to be a brave and faithful soldier. Their love had been of long standing and their confidence in each other mutual. Recently a young Dr. Blank, just graduated from a medical school had come to that part of the country and was becoming quite popular. He was a successful physician, and, being also a great admirer of the ladies, he had become a fast friend and confidante of our hero of the shining locks. Now, John's visits to his lady love were frequent, and he had been so indiscreet as to plight his troth to the beautiful but false Miss D'Arci. Although he called on her often and insisted on her fixing a time when their two hearts would be united in one, she always put off that important event to some indefinite future time, as the young lady's mind was wavering, and she was undecided which to choose among her numerous suitors, for my friend Dan just mentioned had a previous claim on her affections: and Dr. Blank and perhaps others were in her mind.

Sitting on the piazza one afternoon, reading a novel to kill time and satisfy his desire for love stories, John saw Dr. Blank in his buggy coming along the road in front of the house. When opposite the gate he stopped and asked John to come out and ride with him, as he had something confidential to say to him. As they rode along, he told John that the secret he had to impart was that he and Miss D'Arci were to

be married shortly, and he wished him to be his best man. This information almost lifted poor John off his seat and filled his heart with indignation. He hopped out of the buggy and the very next morning, after a sleepless night, he went to see his dulcinea and related to her what had happened in the interview the evening before with Dr. Blank. She denied what the doctor had said and assured John that she intended to marry him and no one else. But the doctor, equally stirred by what John had told him, went to see her, and to him she protested that what he had heard was false; that John was a silly upstart and fool; and that she had no idea of marrying him; that she was not engaged to him at all, but was true and faithful to him. The doctor was satisfied with this explanation, and when John and his former friend met again, hot words passed between them and a challenge was passed to fight it out.

Previous to all this, however, my friend Dan and future comrade in many battles, and Miss D'Arci had long ago solemnly plighted their faith and were only waiting a suitable time to make good their vows. Dan was working as a clerk in a dry goods store about twenty-five miles away, and did not know what was taking place, but his heart was still full of love for the false Miss D'Arci and confident also of her devotion. Trusting in her fidelity, he was her obedient servant. One day about this time he received a beautifully written letter from her, begging him to do her a favor. She wished him to get a horse and buggy and start so as to reach her father's house about midnight. She told him she had decided to marry her cousin, a Mr. D'Arci, but her father and mother were bitterly opposed to it and had her shut up in the attic to keep her from running away from home with this new lover, who had recently come to their home on a visit. She informed him that there was a ladder in a convenient place under the house, which he could put up to her window and take her and her trunk down to the buggy and to her lover, who was at the county seat with the license. Strange to say, Dan was willing to comply and even knowing that her father always kept in his back yard a pack of hounds that were always ready to notice the least noise about the place did not deter him. He arrived on time, and, leaving the horse and buggy some distance up the road, he crept noiselessly up to the house, found the ladder, and managed to get it out and set it up in position. He now ascended to the window where the lady was; but when the supreme moment arrived for her to take a step so momentous in her life, she was disposed to back out and began to ask Dan's advice. This, he told her, he could not give, but that she must decide the matter for herself. At this moment one of the sleeping hounds gave a yelp. This was enough. Dan ran down the ladder and struck out in a trot for the picket fence surrounding the yard, without going to the gate. As he leaped over this in a great hurry, the bottom of his pantaloons became fastened over the top of one of the pickets and he fell headlong over the fence; but in doing so he, fortunately, became disengaged from the fence. He arose and struck out in a gallop down the road.

By this time the old man had been awakened by the noise of the barking dogs in the front yard trying to get out to pursue Dan, who was now making tracks very fast to escape the dogs, which he knew would soon get out somehow and follow him. The old gentleman rushed to the front door and out into the yard and, opening the gate, let the dogs out. They took the track immediately; but by this time Dan was some distance down the road. Knowing that if he followed this he would soon be overtaken, he left the road and struck out into a swamp, while he could hear the old man back at the house encouraging the dogs in the chase. Selecting a tall tree, he

was not long in getting out of reach of his pursuers. They howled around the tree for sometime, but slowly, one at a time, they scattered about in the swamp hunting other game. When the last one had gone away, Dan came down and returned to the house, where everything now was quiet. The ladder was still in position, and he went up cautiously to the window. Miss D'Arci handed him her trunk, and as soon as he had gotten this down, she followed him to the buggy and made her escape to her lover. The next day the old man found the ladder at the window, but the room was empty.

When the news of this elopement was known, the duel between John and the doctor was off, and to get out of all his troubles John decided to enlist in the army and forget them all; but they were now just begun and to last a great while. He was to meet not one, but many new difficulties. His beautiful shining locks must be cut off, and, instead of his spotless shirt and broadcloth, he must don a suit of Confederate gray and take his place in the ranks as a common private soldier. At first I sought no acquaintance with him, but in the course of time common danger and suffering brought us together, so that we understood each other better, and when out on the lonesome picket post, where we had nothing to amuse us, John opened his bosom to me and told this story. But this was not all. Often I had overheard him expressing his contempt for a poor little girl, a little waif his good old aunt had found somewhere and taken into her home through sympathy or for the sake of some one to love. John could not tolerate the presence of such a poor specimen of humanity at the fine table of his aunt, and his heart was full of resentment to see her there when he went home on a sick furlough. But this same poor little creature was to become quite a factor in his future life.

After four years of hard service and much danger, we reached our homes, and John found not a little half-starved outcast child there, but a handsome young woman, and, as might have been expected, he fell desperately in love with that very one whom he had so despised. When old Bill Newman could not prevent this marriage, he gave them a good round sum of money and sent them adrift in the world with the understanding that they were never more to return to his house or expect anything more from him. Poor John was little capable of meeting the many difficulties of life and did not survive very long. After his death, his wife returned to her former home to care for her foster parents in their last days.

Before John died he wrote me never to marry, and this injunction I faithfully adhered to until I was forty-four.

OF OFFICIAL RECORD.

GLEANED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

On February 26, 1864, Gen. Sooy Smith U. S. A., returned to Memphis and reported that he had had a running fight for sixty miles back to Pontiac with Forrest's cavalry, in which he was modest as to the running part. He should more aptly have said "flying," and he would have come closer to the mark. He also said, among other things, that he had captured 1,500 contrabands, which shows that not all of the Americans of African descent who flocked to the bosom of "Father Abraham" came entirely of their own accord. At any rate, his command deserves great credit for having such staying powers, for, after Forrest had chased them two days and as his cavalry was worn to a frazzle and gave up the hunt, "Sooy's" people were still going strong enough to make a "Garrison" finish, or, rather, a finish to a place that was strongly garrisoned by U. S. forces.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"He is not dead, although asleep
In the encircling arms of death,
Unconscious while we o'er him weep
And tell our grief in quickening breath;
For in our memory still he lives,
And will while love its tribute gives."

SAMUEL WHITE.

On Tuesday, December 12, 1922, Samuel White passed quietly and peacefully "over the river to rest on the other side." His wife survives him, their life together having extended over fifty-two years. Mr. White died in Pittsburg, Pa., where he had gone with his wife to spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. J. C. Morehead. He was taken back to Salem, Va., and laid to rest there in East Hill Cemetery.

Samuel White was the son of Alexander White and Mary Bacon Oliver, and was reared on the "Fort Lewis" estate, west of Salem, and his home had always been on a part of this estate.

Some men go through life to pile up riches, and for that only, but Mr. White had done more than that, for he leaves behind a name that through more than fourscore years was untarnished. He lived to see his children grow up and call him blessed. Could a man ask for more? To those dear children for whom he had striven during so many years he left the heritage of "a good name, which is better than great riches."

With enthusiasm, Samuel White was among the first to answer his country's call to her defense, enlisting in Hupp's Battery, at Salem, Va. Later he exchanged into the cavalry, and served until the end under Stonewall Jackson, Stuart, and his beloved "Fitz Lee." He was offered promotion, a lieutenantancy in a West Virginia command, but refused, saying: "I would rather stay and fight with the boys." He was twice taken prisoner, first at Hagerstown, where he deliberately went back into the enemy's lines on hearing that a dear friend and comrade had been left behind sick and suffering. When remonstrated with for the sacrifice, he answered: "I will not desert Charles" (Capt. Charles Griffin, of Salem). They were exchanged at the same time.

So neat was his appearance, and, though but nineteen years of age, bearing himself with such proud dignity, and on his face the look of calm command characteristic of the Virginian of that day, he was mistaken for an officer and directed to the officers's quarters, with whom he made the entire return trip. Afterwards he was again taken prisoner in a mad charge on a fort on the lower James. He and two others were all that were left, one of whom was G. W. Logan, now of Salem, and a boy from North Carolina, "the bravest boy I ever saw," he always said. Their captain was killed; the command had disappeared. It was a negro fort, and they swarmed over the breastworks shouting: "Fort Pillow! Fort Pillow!" A young white officer, with drawn sword, rushed to their defense, and with his flat sword beat the negroes back and hurried his captives to the protection of the white soldiers and officers. They

were kept there three weeks, then sent to Point Lookout, Md., where they had just arrived when orders were received to bring them back. Some man stepped to the side of Samuel White and, speaking no word, returned with them. They were taken to the tent of Gen. Benjamin Butler, and were condemned to an ignominious death, to be hanged as an act of retaliation. The brave fellows stood erect, looked him steadily in the eye, and did not flinch. An officer of General Butler's staff stepped forward and, with apparent carelessness, brushed against Mr. White, touching him lightly on the shoulder, whispered, "Don't be uneasy. You and your comrades shall be treated as prisoners of war," then passed on out of the tent. They were returned to Point Lookout the next morning. These men were Masons, and he was a Mason.

Mr. White was a man with the highest ideals of integrity, honor, and truth. No one ever doubted his word, and, although at times sorely pressed by misfortune, he never swerved from these ideals or faltered in his devotion to his beloved South. So deep was the impression of his lofty character upon his children, so great his influence, they ever valued his approval more than the plaudits of the outside world.

Mr. White had a younger brother, Alexander White, a recklessly brave boy, killed in battle near Winchester.

In early life he married Miss Jean Dandridge Logan, of Dungeness, near Richmond, Va., who survives him with the following children: James Logan White, of Birmingham, Mich.; E. L. White, of Philadelphia; Mrs. John M. Clark, Augusta, Ga.; Mrs. J. C. Morehead, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. O. L. Hurdle, Portsmouth, Va.; Mrs. G. Earle Pierpont, Salem, Va.; and Miss Rose Lee White, of Richmond, Va.

He was truly a gentleman of the old school, quiet, reserved, but kindly and courteous always. He won the regard of all who knew him, as was attested by the large attendance at his funeral and the many and beautiful flowers sent by family and friends. When the services at the grave were over, an old comrade planted the Confederate flag at his head, and the grandson of the old bugler of his regiment sounded taps.

Farewell, beloved. Rest in peace!

"... Visions come again
Of golden dreams departed
And years of weary pain."

LEMUEL DAMPIER SMITH.

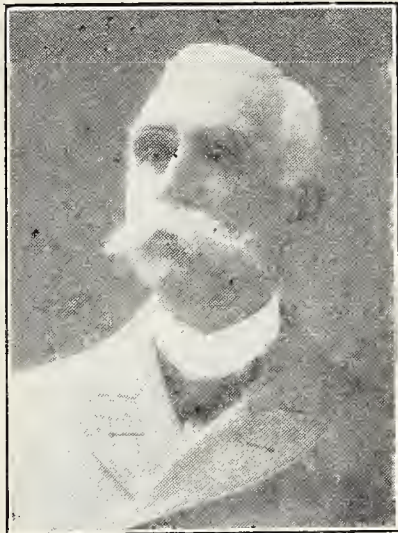
Lemuel D. Smith, a member of Camp Hardee U. C. V., of Birmingham, Ala., died at the Fraternal Hospital in that city on December 5, 1922. He was born in Simpson County, Miss., June 17, 1844. He enlisted in Adams's Brigade, in 1862, and fought throughout the entire war. In March, 1873, he was married to Miss Kate B. Hall, of Brandon, Miss. For twenty years he was engaged in the mercantile business at Wesson, Miss.

Mr. Smith always took an active part in the Camp of veterans at Birmingham and all U. D. C. work, which he loved so well. It would be difficult to find words to pay a fitting tribute to this veteran of the sixties, who rounded out a well-spent life as a loyal citizen, a faithful friend, a most devoted father, a brave Confederate soldier, true to the traditions of the old South, loyal and devoted to his country.

After a short service in Birmingham, his body was taken to Hattiesburg, Miss., where sorrowing friends paid the last sad tribute. At the Court Street Methodist Church the funeral service was held, the casket draped in the Confederate flag he loved so well, with many floral offerings, then he was laid to rest in the City Cemetery by the side of his wife and eldest son. He is survived by five daughters and two sons.

HORACE LEE STEVENSON.

After an illness of many months, Horace Lee Stevenson died at his home in Jacksonville, Ala., on July 31, 1922, aged seventy-nine years. He was born June 28, 1843, at Mt. Tabor, Union District, S. C., the son of James Ainsley and Lucy McDonald Shelton Stevenson, his father a native of York District, S. C., who located in Jacksonville, Ala., in 1852.



HORACE L. STEVENSON

Horace Lee Stevenson was a student of South Carolina College, 1860-61, and left school to go to Fort Sumter, where he participated in its capture April 12, 1861. After this he joined Company D, 10th Alabama Regiment, and was in a number of battles to the end of the war. He then studied law under Gen. William Henry Forney, and in 1867 he was admitted to the bar. In 1868 he was appointed State and county solicitor, which office he held for sixteen years. He was elected mayor of Jacksonville, and held that office for twenty years; was made President of the First National Bank of Jacksonville, 1902-13; and was elected Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, Calhoun County Chairman Senatorial, Judicial, and Congressional Conventions. Comrade Stevenson was a stanch Presbyterian. He organized a Camp of Confederate veterans at Jacksonville twenty years ago, and was Commander of the Camp continuously until his health failed several years ago. He also organized the first Grandsons of Confederate Veterans five years ago. He was a man of the highest personal honor, "a gentleman of the old school," and a friend as true as steel. His loyalty to the Confederate cause was marked by the intense interest he took in all of the organizations, attending nearly all of the Confederate reunions. A tried and true soldier and patriot has passed to his reward.

On December 19, 1866, he was married at Jacksonville, Ala., to Miss Mary Abernathy, daughter of Miles and Ann Hoke Abernathy, who came from Lincoln, N. C. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and five daughters.

Clothed in his Confederate uniform, which he loved so well, he was laid to rest in the Jacksonville Cemetery.

"Pease to the ashes of our noble dead."

CALVIN C. CARPENTER.

After an extended illness, Calvin C. Carpenter died in East Thomaston, Ga., on November 28, 1922, and was buried in Walker's Cemetery in Upson County.

Comrade Carpenter enlisted on September 1, 1864, at Richmond, Va., in Company C, 17th Georgia Regiment, and served until the surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. He had been on the pension roll of Georgia since 1904. Surviving him are his wife, a daughter ten years old, and three sons, whose ages are eight years, four years, and thirteen months respectively.

"He lives long who lives well."

(J. E. F. Matthews, Thomaston, Ga.)

JUDGE J. W. HALLIBURTON.

Death came suddenly to Judge John W. Halliburton at his home in Carthage, Mo., on November 11, 1922, at the age of seventy-six years. Though he had retired from active practice, he still retained his interest in affairs. He was a man of great public spirit, always ready to lend his efforts to any movement for the benefit of his community and people.

John W. Halliburton was born in Linneus, Linn County, Mo., December 30, 1846, and virtually his entire life was spent in his native State. He was a son of Judge Westley Halliburton, one of the pioneers of Missouri. Young Halliburton was a student at Mount Pleasant College, Huntsville, Mo., in the fall of 1864, when the school was disbanded on account of Price's raid through the State. He returned to Brunswick and enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of a company commanded by Capt. James Kennedy. This company was attached to Searcy's Regiment of Tyler's brigade until January, 1865, and was then transferred to Shelby's division. Comrade Halliburton participated in the battle at Mine Creek, and in June, 1865, received an honorable discharge from General Shelby at Corsicana, Tex. In July he started for Mexico, but returned to this country in 1866, later studied law, and entered upon its practice with success. He and his father were in partnership at Milan, Mo., but in 1877 he located in Carthage, Mo., and entered upon the practice of law in partnership with his brother-in-law, and that partnership continued for forty years. In 1917 he began practicing with his son, but retired from active practice in 1921. Judge Halliburton stood high in the profession, and had served as President of the State Bar Association and as City Attorney. He was Secretary of the Confederate Home Corporation to his death, and had also been on the board of managers. He had been commander of the Missouri Division U. C. V., and was the last surviving officer of the Jasper County Camp of Veterans, which he had served as Adjutant from its organization.

In October, 1878, he was married to Miss Julia B. Ivie, of Kirksville, who survives him with two sons and two daughters.

ELIJAH FINE.

Elijah Fine, who died at his home in Lenoir City, Tenn., during the summer of 1922, was among the oldest citizens of that community, respected and esteemed by all who knew him. His record as a Confederate soldier shows the brave part he had in those stirring and eventful days of war. He joined the Confederate army in the early part of 1862 at Rhea Springs, in Rhea County, Tenn., and was mustered into the service at Knoxville, becoming a member of Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment, Colonel Carter commanding. He took part in the first fighting at Chattanooga, at Lawrenceburg, Ky., and Perryville, and was in the raid under Wheeler when Rosecrans's supply train was burned. His command was at Murfreesboro and in the charge led by Wheeler on the last day there, and he helped to cover the retreat of Bragg's army at Tullahoma. After this he was detached and became a part of Gen. J. C. Vaughan's escort, acting as courier for the brigade, which was ordered to the vicinity of Knoxville, and was with Longstreet in the siege of that place. He was also with the brigade in other engagements, and was with General Early in the strenuous campaign in West Virginia, crossing the Potomac into Maryland after that campaign, during which crossing he was wounded in the hand. He returned to Tennessee and was with General Vaughan at the surrender.

Comrade Fine is survived by a large family of sons and daughters, thirteen in all.

DR. THOMAS T. BROYLES.

Dr. Thomas Taliaferro Broyles died at his home near Jonesboro, Tenn., on December 8, 1922. He was a son of Dr. O. R. Broyles, of Anderson, S. C., and a brother of A. T. and John P. Broyles and Mrs. W. D. Williams, of Greeneville, Tenn., and Mrs. M. C. VanWyck, of Anderson, S. C., whose husband was Dr. Samuel Maverick VanWyck, C. S. A. Thomas Broyles graduated from the University of North Carolina at eighteen years of age, and three days later was in the saddle as a member of Heiskell's Cavalry. He was one of six brothers, two brothers-in-law, and several cousins in the Confederate army, ranking as privates, captains, colonels, and surgeons. Sustained by trust in the righteous cause, the mother at home unceasingly wrestled in prayer and fasting. Comrade Broyles was a conscientious man and soldier. A comrade of the same command wrote to home friends: "Tom won't hear to our being whipped. He is a brave boy, and comes up to time exactly in the hour of danger." His brother Robert wrote to their mother: "I offered him everything I had, even tobacco, when I saw him last, but he would not even breakfast with me." Characteristic of the Confederate soldier! Both Thomas and Robert were present at Lee's surrender.

After the war, Thomas Broyles graduated in medicine and practiced for many years. He was a man of piety and unusual attainments, and could thrill his listeners with vivid descriptions of great battle scenes in Virginia, the privations and sufferings of war. He was twice married, first to Miss Reney, of Alabama, and his second wife was a daughter of General Harrison, of South Carolina, a distinguished jurist of his time. She survives him with two daughters. At the age of eighty years he answered the reveille from the distant shore, and his body rests under the cedars of Lebanon churchyard, while below the near-by cliffs the waters of the Nolachucky sing an endless requiem.

CHARLES BENTON HAVELY.

Charles B. Havely was born in Lee County, Va., November 10, 1840. Early in 1862 he enlisted in the Confederate army at Tazewell, Tenn., as a member of Company A, 63rd Tennessee, with Colonel Fulkerson and Captain Fugate commanding. He participated in seventeen battles, among them the siege of Knoxville, Bean's Station, Rogersville, Sailor's Creek, Chickamauga, and Drewry's Bluff. He was taken prisoner at the latter place early in 1864, and sent to Point Lookout, Md., and thence to Elmira, N. Y., where he was held to the close of the war.

Returning to Tennessee after the war, he was married to Miss Mary E. Maine in November, 1866, and to them were born seven children, of whom four sons and two daughters survive him.

Farming was the occupation of Mr. Havely in civil life, and he loved the great out of doors world, so much so indeed that even after he had to give up general farming, there remained a large, beautifully kept garden which he attended to himself until almost the very last days of his life.

He was an active member of W. B. Tate Camp U. C. V., Morristown, Tenn., a constant reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN ever since it was published; a devoted husband and kind father; a devout, consistent, religious man, a member of the rural Methodist Church, "Economy," near Morristown, since 1872; and one of the oldest, best known citizens of this community, where he had spent the greater part of his life.

Very close in age and affinity to his wife, he could not long survive her death, which occurred on her eighty-first birthday, March 7, after a lingering illness. Her Church paper says

of her, among other encomiums: "Few people of her age loved life and the beauty of nature as she did; and through cares and afflictions, mingled with age, she still loved to live; and not only her children, but her grandchildren, rise up and call her blessed."

The death of Mr. Havely occurred on August 17, 1922. Such peaceful gentle, quiet lives this good couple lived left an influence well worth imitating. The world is better for their having lived in it, and we feel that they have only been called to a better life beyond this.

(Mrs. J. S. C. Felknor.)

J. G. STEVENSON.

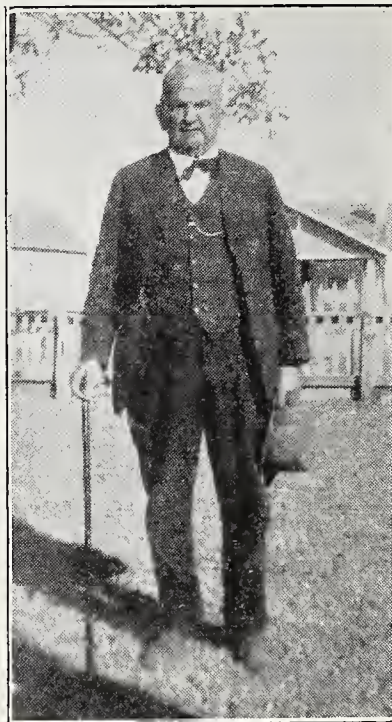
Died, at Greenville, Miss., December 8, 1922, J. G. Stevenson, a member of Gen. Jeff Thompson's Regiment, Missouri State Guard, for the first six months of the War between the States. He then joined the 5th Missouri Infantry, C. S. A. Later his regiment was consolidated with the 3rd, and became known as the 3rd and 5th Missouri and First Missouri Brigade, commanded by Gen. F. M. Cockrell till the close of the war.

Comrade Stevenson was a member of the Baptist Church for many years, and a true Christian.

(W. A. Everman.)

FRANK HERRON.

The constantly dwindling membership of R. E. Lee, Camp U. V. C., at Graham, Tex., suffered a great loss in the passing, of Comrade Frank Herron on May 31, 1922. He was one of the pioneers of Young County.



FRANK HERRON.

Born in Tennessee, in 1848, Frank Herron enlisted in John C. Brown's Tennessee Regiment. He was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Raymond, Miss.

Comrade Herron's identity with the people of Texas began in 1869. He was one of the empire builders of the wilderness of the West, and in Palo Pinto County, Tex., he was of that coterie of courageous spirits which formed the advance guard of civilization against the savage K i o w a and Comanche, who had been the undisputed masters of that country. In that county he met and married

Miss Mary L. Dalton, daughter of Marcus and Lucinda Dalton, pioneers of Palo Pinto County.

Herron City, the former ranch and home of comrade Herron, is now dotted with oil derricks. His great hopes were realized, for the desolate country which he viewed back in the eighties now abounds in wealth and prosperity.

Through all the vicissitudes of pioneer days, his life was of that spotless character to which his family can look with pride and admiration. Ever facing the future, but not unmindful of the lessons of history, his life and works are his best benediction.

COLOR SERGT. G. R. BOULWARE.

Sergt. G. R. Boulware answered the last call to "taps" at his home in Conecuh County, Ala., September 28, 1922, at the age of eighty years.

Born August 15, 1842, at Brooklyn, Conecuh County, Ala., he spent his entire life, with the exception of the years of his military service, in his native county, his death occurring within a mile of the place of his birth.

Mr. Boulware enlisted for military service in the cause of the Confederacy in the Conecuh Guards at Old Sparta, Ala., April 1, 1861, and leaves a war record of honor and distinction. He was wounded in action at Fredericksburg, Va., in September, 1862.

This wound might have proved fatal had it not been for an ambrotype of his sweetheart, which he always carried in the left pocket of his jacket. The enemy bullet was directed at his heart, but struck the ambrotype, glanced off, and penetrated the lung, inflicting a serious but not fatal wound. His gallant conduct in this battle earned for him the promotion to color sergeant.

Sergeant Boulware was slightly wounded at the battle of Malvern Hill, and was severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga in September, 1863, losing his left arm at the shoulder as a result of this last injury.

After this Sergeant Boulware was retired from active field service, but was retained in the secret service of the Confederate army, in which activity he served as faithfully and well as he had fought on the battle fields.

He followed General Lee through the entire conflict, and after Appomattox returned, broken in body but strong in spirit to the village where he had been born, there to gather up the broken threads and begin life anew; there to try and help restore by peaceful means what war had so ruthlessly destroyed—the prosperity and happiness of his people and State.

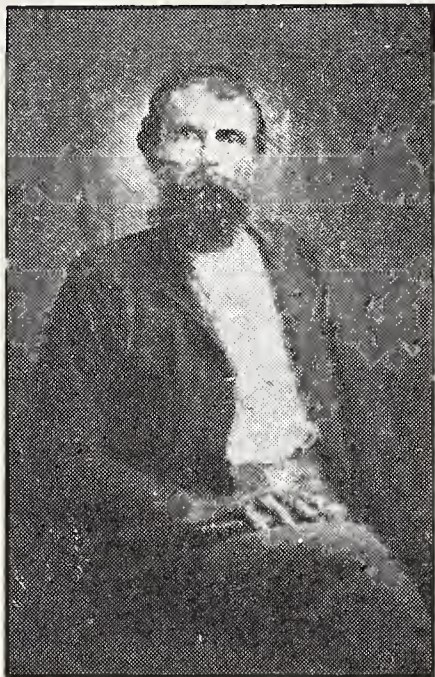
Sergeant Boulware was married to Miss Margaret Strange (whose ambrotype had likely saved his life at the battle of Fredericksburg) on March 24, 1865, and they lived happily together until his death, more than fifty-six years later.

Sergeant Boulware was a member of the Masonic fraternity, having been initiated, passed, and raised to the high estate of Master Mason by the Dean Lodge in 1865.

He was a member of the Baptist Church, having united therewith at Brooklyn, Ala., in 1873.

A Confederate veteran of the highest type, he remained until the end a firm believer in the true Southern chivalry that characterized the days of his youth.

A successful planter, though handicapped by the loss of his left arm at Chickamauga; he also took a lively interest in all matters, political and others, that pertained to the welfare of his town, county, and State, being several times honored by election to civil office.



SERG. G. K. BOULWARE.

A gentleman of the old school, with firm conviction and the courage thereof, being successively honored therefor, Sergeant Boulware has gone to his reward with the full knowledge of a life well spent. And in his passing Conecuh County lost one of its oldest and best citizens.

Interment was in the family burying lot at Brooklyn, Ala.
Requiescat in pace.

(M. A. Bodenhamer.)

ALLEN CHRISTIAN REDWOOD.

Allen Christian Redwood, artist and writer, of Port Conway, Va., died at the home of his brother, Henry Redwood, at Asheville, N. C., on December 24, 1922, and was buried there. He was the son of William Holman Redwood and Catherine Carter Chowning, born June 19, 1844, on the plantation of his grandfather, James Chowning, in Lancaster County, Va. He was educated at excellent academies in Baltimore and at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., where his father lived in 1861 until approaching hostilities called him to his Virginia people. At Urbanna, Va., a few days after his seventeenth birthday, Allen Redwood enlisted in Company C, 55th Virginia Infantry, Field's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, and saw hard service as an excellent soldier. In January, 1864, he exchanged into Company C, 1st Maryland Cavalry, in which command he participated in many fights, having his horse shot under him at Pollard's Farm, May, 1864. His first wound, a slight one, was received at Mechanicsville, June, 1862; at Chancellorsville he was stunned by a shell explosion at almost the exact time his illustrious captain, Stonewall Jackson, was wounded. At Gettysburg he was shot through the right arm in the great charge on the 3rd, when near the enemy's line of battle, while in the act of firing. Twice he was captured—at Second Manassas, and again near Somerton, Va., April, 1865. In July, 1865, he was the last man to take the oath and leave the military prison.

After the war, Allen Redwood became an artist, painting in oil and water colors and illustrating his own articles and those of other writers in *The Century*, *Harper's* and other magazines. At his funeral, conducted by the Rev. Francis M. Osborne, himself the son of a distinguished Confederate colonel, the Episcopal burial service was read impressively. To an honorary escort of prominent Asheville citizens was added one from Zeb Vance Camp U. C. V., in uniforms, with the flag followed by him and then draped over the coffin. Of the active pallbearers were three Redwood nephews and another nephew, Maj. John C. Fairfax, U. S. A. Allen Redwood was unmarried.

ROBERT A. HICKMAN.

Robert A. Hickman, former sheriff of Benton County, Ark., died at his home in Bentonville in April, 1922, at the age of eighty-three. He was the son of James Hickman, who went from East Tennessee to Pea Ridge, Ark., in 1857, and his family was identified with the early history of that section.

Robert Hickman served the Confederacy as a member of Company F, 15th Arkansas Infantry, known as the "North-west Fifteenth," and was in the battles of Pea Ridge, Corinth, Iuka, Port Hudson, Champion Hill, and Marks's Mill. At the Black River fight he was captured, but after five days he escaped and rejoined his regiment. He was wounded in the leg at the battle of Corinth. After the war he followed farming on the Pea Ridge until 1882, when he removed to Bentonville, where he was in the hardware business for several years. He is survived by a daughter and several grandchildren, also a sister and one brother, James Hickman, of Bentonville.

JOHN SYME FLEMING.

John Syme Fleming died at his home near Jetersville, Va., October 12, 1922, in his eighty-first year.

He was born in Goochland County, Va., February 18, 1842, at Soldiers' Lodge, the home of his parents, John S. and Indiana Bowden Fleming. He received his education at Edge Hill and Hanover Academy, Hanover County.

John S. Fleming and his oldest brother, William B. Fleming, joined the home county artillery company, commanded by Capt. W. D. Leake, in April, 1861, and this battery was sent to South Carolina, after being mobilized in Goochland County, and probably Camp Lee, the then noted mobilization camp near Richmond. They saw pretty hard service in South Carolina and in Tennessee, including the battle of Shiloh. After finishing their southern campaign, they were ordered to Virginia again, and the company, reduced to nineteen men, was disbanded. The young Fleming brothers joined the 2nd Company Richmond Howitzers. This battery was commanded by Capt. David Watson, of Louisa County, and became attached to the 1st Regiment Virginia Artillery, commanded by Col. J. Thompson Brown, and John S. Fleming served there until the end of the war. He belonged to R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, Confederate Veterans.

He loved truth, honor, and justice.

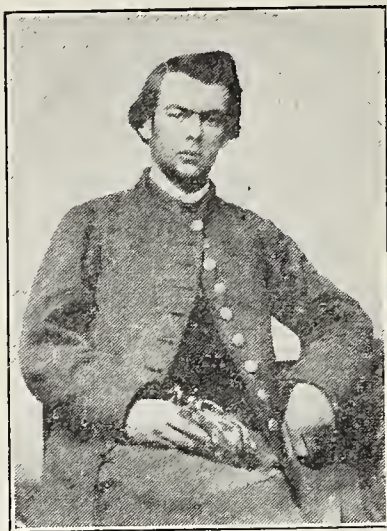
JAMES HARRY VERNON.

Comrade James Harry Vernon died at his home in Keyser, W. Va., from the infirmities of age, December 27, 1922, near the end of the seventy-eighth year of his life. He was so distant from the scenes of his early fellowship, and of a disposition so reserved and retiring as to make it difficult to look back into the fading twilight of memory for authentic tracings of his service through the arduous struggle of the four years of war, but after his death, a few simple lines by his own hand were found, saying: "I was born February 4, 1844, in Pittsylvania County, Va.; was twice married, with no issue from the first union, but two sons and a daughter by the second marriage, the daughter and one son surviving with their mother.

"In April, 1861, I entered the Confederate army in the Danville Grays, but soon joined the infantry of Garnett's Brigade, and continued there with Pickett's Division to the end of my service. I was with that command July, 1861, at the battle of Manassas, and with it in July, 1863, in its famous charge at Gettysburg."

Comrade Vernon was a member of the Keyser Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and, on the day of his funeral in that church, the large outpouring of people was an impressive attestation of how highly he was regarded and how widely his death was deplored. Before the still form of this soldier of a four years' war and a citizen of laudable achievements, a multitude of heads bowed in silent deference as a heartfelt invocation of garlands to his memory and peace to his ashes.

(C. M. Miller.)



JOHN S. FLEMING.

COL. LEROY MOLAIR.

Col. Leroy Molair died at the home of his son, C. F. Molair, in Barnwell, S. C., on December 26, 1922, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was a native of Virginia, born in Prince William County, November 8, 1843, of French descent, his grandfather being a native of Normandy who came to this country with General Lafayette, later settling in that part of Virginia which is now Kentucky. When war came on between the States, although not eighteen years of age, he at once enlisted, joining Company K, 3rd Virginia Regiment, and fought gallantly until 1864, when he was discharged from Crenshaw's Battery.

After the war he became a printer and was connected with newspapers in Richmond and Washington, the *Charleston Post*, *Augusta Chronicle*, and other leading journals, later settling at Barnwell S. C., where he was connected with the *Barnwell People*, edited by the late Major John W. Holmes. He was married in 1870 to Miss Louisa Pechmann, daughter of Charles Pechmann, prominent throughout the State, and some time later conducted a hotel and merchandise business, in which he was quite successful, his hotel enjoying a reputation unsurpassed for its hospitality. He is survived by a son and daughter, his wife having died some years ago.

Colonel Molair was a type of the old Southern gentleman and made and held many friends in his journey through life.

The *Savannah Press* refers to him as one of its force in years gone by known for their skill in handling the type, and mentions him especially as one of the best printers in the South connected with the *Augusta Chronicle* in 1876.

CHARLES M. BUCHANAN.

Charles M. Buchanan died at his home in Fayetteville, Tenn., on December 19, 1922, at the age of eighty-three years. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the beginning of the War between the States as a member of the 8th Tennessee Infantry, and served with it until wounded. After that he was transferred to Forrest's Cavalry, where he served with distinction and courage as one of Forrest's scouts until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865. He was one of Forrest's most trusted and efficient scouts, spending much time within the enemy's lines.

Soon after the war, Comrade Buchanan was made deputy sheriff of Lincoln County, and later was chief of police in Fayetteville, and still later was deputy United States marshal, all of which positions he filled with courage and satisfaction. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was treasurer of the Shackelton-Fulton Bivouac and the 8th Tennessee Consolidated Association U. C. V.—honest, faithful, and true. His wife, a son, and grandchildren survive him.

(T. C. Little.)

W. H. CHERRY.

Comrade W. H. Cherry was born in Portsmouth, Va., March 22, 1843, and died in Hampton, Va., early in January, 1923, in his eightieth year. He was a member of Grimes's Battery, Field Artillery, made up in Norfolk and Portsmouth. He was a faithful soldier, and was severely wounded in the battle of Gettysburg. He is survived by one sister, Miss Ellen Cherry, two nephews, J. R. Ross, of Chicago, and Henry Ross, of Hampton, and one niece, Miss Ella M. Ross, of this city. The funeral was held at the residence, Rev. William P. Stuart, pastor of the Hampton Baptist Church, officiating.

(Joseph R. Haw.)

WILLIAM CHARLES KELLY.

William C. Kelly, a native of Alabama, born in Russell County, October 17, 1843, died at the home of his daughter in Houston, Tex., on November 22, 1922, after a short illness. His father was John William Kelly, of a Scotch-Irish family which came to this country in 1800 and settled in Pennsylvania; he came South and married Miss Sarah Carolina Martin, of Georgia, in 1840.

William C. Kelly was a soldier of the Confederacy, serving with Company C, Tuskegee Light Infantry, which command was in the Army of Northern Virginia, and took part in the battle of Seven Pines and in the seven days' fighting around Richmond. In November, 1862, Comrade Kelly was transferred to the cavalry under Forrest, with whom he served until the close of the war, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala.

After the war he was married to Miss Addie Moore, of Tuskegee, Ala., and settled in Chambers County, removing in 1868 to Texas and locating in San Saba County. In Texas he had a long and notable career as a railroad agent, closing his service of thirty-five years in the claim department at Austin, retiring with the respect and friendship of all with whom he had been associated and the public which he had served. After the death of his wife, in 1905, he made his home with his children in different parts of the country. Eight children survive him—four sons and four daughters—twenty-seven grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

He was a devoted father, a loyal friend, and an earnest Christian; simple in his habits, conscientious and painstaking in his work. He counted his friends from the general public to the highest railway officials.

Comrade Kelly was buried at Ledbetter by the side of his wife, many friends from Houston and other places attending the funeral.

GEORGE S. HULING.

The following is taken from the resolutions prepared by the Memorial Committee appointed by Schuyler Sutton Camp, No. 1663, U. C. V., in tribute to a comrade, George S. Huling a member in good standing:

"George S. Huling was born in Augusta, Ga., February 20, 1844, and died in San Angelo, Tex., November 28, 1922. While he was very young, his parents removed to West Point, Harris County, Ga., from which place he enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of sixteen years. He was a member of Company E, 20th Georgia Infantry. He served full time, was wounded twice, and was discharged at date of surrender. He returned home and married Miss Clara Tidwell, of Harris County, in 1866. Of this union four children were born, two of whom survive him—Mrs J. A. Haynes, of Altus, Okla., and J. M. Huling, of Blair, Okla. His wife died in 1877. He afterwards met and married Miss Mary Marble, of Dallas, Tex., in 1879, of which union was born one child, which died in childhood. He was elected from Collin County to serve in the twentieth legislature of Texas.

"He soon afterwards came West to Greer County, Okla., then called Greer County, Tex., and was the second county judge of Greer County. Six years ago he moved from Blair, Okla., to San Angelo, Tex., where he lived till his death. He was a kind husband and an indulgent father; was devoted to his friends and quick to forgive an injury. He leaves a wife, two children, two sisters, and two brothers to mourn his loss.

"Comrade Huling was a true soldier and always loyal to the South and Southern ideals. He was a man of the highest honor and integrity, and in him our Camp has lost an earnest member."

(Z. I. Williams, H. C. Liles, G. D. Felton, Committee.)

IN MEMORIAM.

The following tribute and resolutions were prepared by Mrs. Comer, of the U. D. C. Chapter at Huntington, W. Va., and unanimously adopted in memory of Mrs. Fannie Wilson Keenan, one of the members who died recently:

"An abler pen and a brighter intellect than mine should have been selected to help prepare a memorial paper that would do justice to the memory of so noble a character as our beloved friend, Mrs. Keenan.

"I did not know her in early life, but I know she did her part, and suffered privations and hardships during the dark days of our struggle for our rights and independence.

"I met her first on a September evening more than twenty-six years ago, when a little band of loyal Southern women, aided by two brave old Confederate veterans, Dr. John Myers and Mr. Hampton, met in the First Johnson Memorial Church and organized the Huntington Chapter (150) of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Nothing but illness ever kept her away from a meeting of her Chapter. There was never a winter day too cold, snowy, or stormy, or a summer day too hot or sultry to prevent Mrs. Keenan from going all over the city to sell tickets or get up entertainments to help every effort made by her Chapter for the benefit of the old veterans or their dependent families. She always did the lion's share.

"The last Chapter meeting she attended in June, when she made an earnest appeal to help some old veteran's cause which was dear to her heart.

"To the day of her death she was a devoted wife, mother, and sister, and her last days were spent caring for and nursing her invalid brother.

"I know she was as true to her Church duties as she was to her Chapter. I only knew and loved her as one of the truest and most sincere Daughters of the Confederacy.

"She was laid to her last rest with the Confederate flag that she loved so well draped around her.

"O, we will all miss her, for truly it could be said of her, 'None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise.' Her influence will always be felt especially by the old charter members until we, too, join her and pass over the river, and be at rest in our Father's home, eternal in the heavens.

"One by one we miss the voices,
That we loved so well to hear,
One by one their kindly faces
In the darkness disappear.
No one knows the door that opens,
Through which they pass beyond recall;
Soft as loosened leaves of roses,
One by one our loved ones fall."

"Whereas, our Heavenly Father, in his wisdom, has removed from our midst our friend and sister member, Mrs. Fannie Wilson Keenan; and, whereas, by her beautiful life of cheerfulness, loyalty, and devotion to duty, she has endeared herself to the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and proved an inspiration to all who associated with her; therefore be it

"Resolved, 1. That in her death the society loses one of its valuable charter members, one who was ready to prove in practical ways her unswerving loyalty to 'the Conquered Banner.'

"2. That we tender to her family our most sincere sympathy.

"Committee: Mrs. W. S. Richardson, Chairman; Mrs. Wayne Ferguson, Mrs. C. D. Farrar, Mrs. Comer, Mrs. Robinson."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*

520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
 MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, Riverside, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Third Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *Recording Secretary General*
 MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
 MRS. ST. JOHN ALLISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
 MISS IDA POWELL, Chicago, Ill. *Registrar General*
 MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
 MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: For the last ten years this organization has been concentrating upon its educational work, realizing the great importance this means to the future of this nation. During this period a great medium for training the young has been invented and developed. I refer to the moving picture, which has been influencing the minds of millions of children in this country, irrespective of nationality or language, for it has been able to present to them in an alluring way life in all its forms. We have been unconscious of the necessity to watch this force in education, for it presented itself in the form of amusement, but it is now a force which we must realize and utilize for good, or be destroyed by its power for evil. That it has been possible for the authorities to state that they would release the films of Arbuckle and permit his return to the stage should be a warning that we can no longer ignore. I call upon every Daughter in the entire organization to coöperate with me in an effort to see that no such tragedy can happen to the American youth. The following is a letter which I wrote to Mr. Hays:

"December 22, 1922.

"Mr. William Hays, Chairman Motion Picture Industry.

"*My Dear Mr. Hays:* I read in the *New York Times* of December 21 an article under the heading, 'Hays Sanctions Arbuckle's Return.'

"As President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I am writing to enter a protest against such an action on the part of the moving picture industry. Representing eighty thousand women organized in Chapters from Seattle, Wash., to Boston, Mass., and throughout the South, whose very foundation stone is education; and realizing that the moving picture, which speaks an universal language through the eye, is the greatest medium for training the youth of this nation, I shall make an appeal to my organization to enter a protest against this insult to the American public.

"As in the South ninety-five per cent of the citizens are Americans, it will be my object to see that we preserve, not only to the youth of the South, but to the youth of the nation, the principles for which Washington and the men of the Confederacy fought.

"It is with the hope that you will see your way to rescinding an action which must meet opposition from all true womanhood, that I beg to remain,

"Yours truly,

"LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER."

If these films are not withdrawn, I shall ask you to take active measures, but, until we learn definitely, I am simply drawing your attention to this situation in order that you may be able to immediately respond.

Lee Memorial Chapel.—In my last letter I had the pleasure of telling you that the Leonora St. George Rogers Schuyler Prize, offered by Mrs. G. Tracy Rogers for the best essay on General Lee at Lexington, had been won by Miss Pope, who has in turn donated the prize to the Lee Memorial Chapel Fund. This is the first large donation, to my knowledge, to be received this year. Active plans are now in process for the reconstruction of this chapel, and I hope to be able in my next letter to give you some very interesting news.

Jefferson Davis.—Not long ago I received a very interesting review published in the Raleigh, N. C., paper of the book, "Jefferson Davis; His Life and Personality," by Gen. Morris Schaff. My interest being aroused, I asked Dr. Schuyler to secure me a copy of this book. In the mail of the following morning I received this letter, accompanied by a volume of the history:

"212 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

"Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler.

"*Dear Madam:* At the request of General Schaff, we are sending to you and to the State Presidents of the Daughters of the Confederacy resident in the Southern States copies of his recent book, 'The Life and Personality of Jefferson Davis,' with the compliments and best wishes of the author.

"The book itself discloses the spirit and purpose of the author, which we, as publishers, heartily approve.

"As we have had occasion to say in announcing its publication, a people offers itself to the world's judgment very largely on the character of the leader it chooses or tolerates. The office of Chief Magistrate in a democracy seems to draw upon itself, as one of its inherent accompaniments, bitter criticism and hate. Mr. Davis did not escape that experience common to all Presidents, but to it was added the misrepresentation and villification common to enemy war-time propaganda. As the leader of a lost cause, that tradition has persisted, unfair to him and unfair to the men and women making up the great body politic that he represented.

"We trust that our book will, at least, do something toward righting a wrong done a fine American gentleman, and, as the years go by, tend to widen and intensify the sense of pride we all as Americans should feel in the great men and magnificent exploits of those days.

"Yours very truly,

JOHN W. LUCE."

December 29, 1922.

For the many Christmas cards and kind remembrances which came to me from all over the country, I wish to express my deep appreciation and gratitude. It would give me joy to answer each one personally, but in order to do this I would be obliged to neglect the duties of the organization, which at this particular time are very heavy; and I feel assured that not one woman in the organization would have me do this, and, therefore, I depend upon your loyalty to the work to excuse my seeming negligence.

Editor of the U. D. C. Department in the Veteran.—Owing to an absence of several months in Europe, Mrs. Alexander B. White, who has served as Editor of the Department for several years so faithfully and efficiently, felt obliged to relinquish this work, so her resignation has been regretfully accepted, and Mrs. R. D. Wright, of Newberry, S. C., has been appointed. As the ex-Recording Secretary General, she is known to every member, and her work in the past has made us confident that she will make a splendid Editor. In the future, Division Editors are asked to send all communications to her.

In Memoriam.—The United Daughters of the Confederacy must realize what a loss the death of Mrs. Rosa Marion Bowden, Honorary President and State Historian of the Colorado Division, will be to those women situated as they are in that far Western State, for it has been through her efforts and remarkable work that year after year she has carried off victoriously the award of the Mildred Rutherford Prize for the best Historical Work done by a Division numbering less than ten Chapters. In a most touching letter from the President of the Division, Mrs. W. I. Duncan, she says (referring to an article inclosed): "This will convey to you the great loss our Division has sustained. Indeed, at this time, I do not know who can take her place. I know we will never win another medal. I do wish so much that we might keep the medal which she won so often as a memorial to her." Her gentle spirit passed into life eternal on New Year's Eve, beginning the new year in paradise.

Our sympathy goes to her daughter, Mrs. William S. Gustin, and to the Colorado Division.

Faithfully yours,

LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

My Dear Publicity Chairmen: The space so generously accorded to the United Daughters of the Confederacy by the management of the VETERAN should be highly prized, and should be made a clearing house for information and suggestions among Divisions, and Chapters where no Division exists, in the interim between general conventions. As the retiring editor tried repeatedly to impress upon us, the column can be made worth while only through notes sent in by each Publicity Chairman from her own Division or Chapter. I beg of each of you to let me have this information *by the first of each month*. I shall appreciate greatly the address of each of you as soon as possible.

Faithfully yours,

(Mrs. R. D.) ELOISE WELCH WRIGHT.

Newberry, S. C.

DIVISION NOTES.

Alabama.—Editor, Mrs. B. T. Roberts, Clayton. Some notable features made the recent general convention, U. D. C., held in Birmingham, November 14-18, quite distinctive. Among the six hundred delegates in attendance were Division Presidents from every State in the organization; five ex-Presidents General; all the ex-Presidents of the Alabama Division; and many other noted and brilliant women. The President General, Mrs. Leonora St. George Rogers Schuyler, formerly of Ocala, Fla., is the only woman living north of the Mason and Dixon line who has ever held that office. She is one of the best parliamentarians in the whole organization, and presided over the convention with rare tact, wisdom, and justice. Miss Allie Gardner, of Ozark, Ala., Corresponding Secretary General, is the first "grandaughter" of the Confederacy to hold

office in the general organization. Two other Alabama Daughters are members of the official family, Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, of Montgomery, as Custodian of Flags and Pennants, and Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, as General Chairman of World War Records and for Insignia for World War Veterans. And Alabama won the honor of organizing more U. D. C. and C. of C. Chapters than any State last year.

During this convention it was related that the Confederate Stars and Bars was carried for the first time down Fifth Avenue, New York City, at the beginning of Armistice Week; and Mrs. George Draper, President New York Division, reported that the U. D. C. had been invited a short time ago to come as officials of the body at a great gathering of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. Thus national, unprejudiced recognition of the order is slowly being accomplished.

It was also reported that the Confederate monument at Shiloh is considered by critics to be the greatest battle field monument ever erected; that the Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter at Beauvoir, Miss., holds the unique record of being the only Chapter in the thirty-four States now represented in the United Daughters of Confederacy, as well as a Chapter in France, in which "mothers" only are registered; that an elevator has been installed in the American hospital at Neuilly, France, as a memorial to men of Confederate descent in the A. E. F. who fell in France; that the U. D. C. are continuously carrying on loan scholarships and maintaining three to four hundred young men and women in school; that work will be actively carried on for the completion of the Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky., and for the Jefferson Davis Highway, extending to the Golden Gate of California, as well as for other memorial and educational work.

At the close of the convention about fifty Daughters, including the President General, visited Montgomery, the "Cradle of the Confederacy," and were guests at the "First White House of the Confederacy," later being entertained at tea in the Governor's mansion.

The wonderful success of this convention was due in large measure to Alabama's gifted U. D. C. President, Mrs. E. L. Huey, and her corps of workers in Birmingham.

Alabama Daughters in each county are urged to secure an accurate and complete record of Confederate veterans, living and dead, in their different localities, and to send these records to Mrs. Joseph E. Aderhold, Division Historian, Anniston, Ala.

Maryland.—Editor, Mrs. Preston Power, Baltimore. Officers of the Division for 1923, elected at the convention in Hagerstown, in November, are as follows:

Honorary Presidents: Mrs. Charles E. Parr, Miss Georgia Bright.

President, Mrs. Jed Gittings.

Vice Presidents, Mrs. Edward H. Bash, Miss Mae Rogers, Mrs. James Hoyle, Mrs. Winfield Peters.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. F. Farney Young.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Franklin P. Canby.

Treasurer, Mrs. Jackson Brandt.

Division Editor, Mrs. Preston Power.

Registrar, Mrs. Charles W. Boulden.

Historian, Miss Mary Ott.

Recorder of Crosses, Miss Sally Washington Maupin.

Parliamentarian, Mrs. S. Peter Gough.

Chaplain, Mrs. John Jones.

Division Directors, Mrs. J. D. Iglehart, Mrs. Joseph Branham, Miss Mary Jones.

Director of Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. Ernest Darby.

The outgoing President and her board voted \$208 to the Matthew F. Maury monument and \$81 to the Cunningham Memorial Scholarship Fund.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, for the first time, were invited by the Maryland Tuberculosis Association to participate in the Christmas Seal Sale. Mrs. Preston Power was appointed chairman, and was assisted by fourteen helpers, known as "booth leaders," who took charge of the U. D. C. stand each day.

Missouri.—Editor, Miss Virginia Wilkinson, Kansas City. The opening session of the twenty-fifth annual convention of Missouri Division was held in the Elks' Hall in Moberly on the evening of October 18. Owing to the illness of Mrs. Robert Kingshing, President of the hostess Chapter, the meeting was presided over by Mrs. John Butterly, First Vice President. Addresses of welcome were made by the Mayor, Mrs. Elizabeth McKinney on behalf of the Moberly Chapter, the Exalted Ruler of Elks, the President of the D. A. R. Chapter of Moberly, and by the President of the Council of Women's Clubs. The response to these cordial welcomes was given by Mrs. Hugh Miller, of Kansas City. After the program, all adjourned to the parlors of the Elks' Club, where a beautiful reception was held.

On the morning of October 19, at nine o'clock, in the Fourth Street Methodist Church, Mrs. Sanford C. Hunt, Division President, declared the convention open for business. The excellent reports of Division officers and chairmen of committees proved that Missouri had closed another successful year.

Mrs. J. R. Bozarth, of Hannibal, retiring Division Historian, presided over the enjoyable Historical Evening, and the program under her direction was most interesting. The prize for the best essay was awarded to Mrs. W. D. O'Bannon, of Sedalia, the subject being "Missouri, Dixies' Affinity."

Memorial Hour was presided over by Mrs. L. W. Ray, of St. Louis.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. Sanford C. Hunt, Columbia; First Vice President, Mrs. B. Liebstadter, Kansas City; Second Vice President, Mrs. John Butterly, Moberly; Third Vice President, Mrs. T. W. Doherty, Poplar Bluff; Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Meyer, St. Louis; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, Columbia; Treasurer, Mrs. H. F. Campbell, Higginsville; Historian, Mrs. Ezra Williams, Oak Grove; Registrar, Mrs. Fred Hoffman, Sedalia; Director of Children of Confederacy, Mrs. B. C. Bascum, St. Louis; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. John Hurck, St. Louis; CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press, Miss Virginia Wilkinson, Kansas City; Chaplain, Mrs. H. S. O'Bannon, St. Louis.

On motion of an ex-President of Missouri Division, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, who has so faithfully and excellently served the Missouri Division, was given a rising indorsement for a general office.

South Carolina.—Publicity Chairman, Mrs. J. F. Walker, Union. The twenty-sixth annual convention of the South Carolina Division met at Greenwood, December 7-9, headquarters at the Oregon Hotel, this Division holding independent conventions. The two Chapters of Greenwood, assisted by Lander College, the D. A. R. Chapters, A. L. A., the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, and the people generally, well-nigh prevented the significance of the word "independent." More than one hundred delegates were in attendance, and reports of officers, chairmen, and Chapters showed another year of splendid accomplishment, exceeding in every endeavor

any preceeding year. The Division now has 6,222 registered-in-full members. Seven new Chapters were chartered, with three whose papers had been sent to the Registrar General. Five new C. of C. Chapters, with 126 charter members, making forty-four C. of C. Chapters in the State. More than \$4,000 was spent for education. Perhaps the greatest advancement has been made along historical lines, under the untiring, fearless, and eminently capable leadership of Mrs. J. H. West, the retiring Historian. In addition to providing for all pledges made at Birmingham, the principal new work inaugurated is the building of a monument at the Crater in Petersburg, where two hundred and fifty South Carolinians lost their lives.

It was a matter of sincere regret that the President General, Mrs. Schuyler, was forced to go home before the convention, and the delegates from Rock Hill were heartily envied in having all to themselves the honor and the pleasure of a visit from the President General. It was a loving welcome that South Carolina's very own, Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton, received as Historian General. The convention would not have been complete without Miss Mary B. Poppenheim. Miss Armida Moses, the efficient Past Chairman of the General U. D. C. Education Committee, represented her Chapter, as did Mrs. R. D. Wright, Past Recording Secretary General. The Division will hold its next convention in Newberry.

Officers for South Carolina Division, 1922-1923: President, Mrs. C. J. Milling, Darlington; First Vice President, Mrs. J. H. West, Newberry; Second Vice President, Mrs. Alonzo Kellar, Greenwood; Director Edisto District, Mrs. W. R. Darlington, Jr., Allendale; Director Peedee District, Mrs. Mumford Scott, Florence; Director Piedmont District, Mrs. R. C. Sarratt, Gaffney; Director Ridge District, Mrs. Annie Marshall, York; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Janie B. Flowers, Bishopville; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Meta Rivers, James Island; Registrar, Mrs. O. D. Black, Johnston; Treasurer, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, Pickens; Historian, Mrs. J. F. Walker, Union; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Agatha Woodson, Edgefield; Director Children of Confederacy, Mrs. T. B. Ligaré, Beaufort.

The Mrs. John C. Brown Memorial Prize for best essay on "Peace" was won by Miss Katherine Perkinson, Asheville, N. C.

DIXIE'S BONNIE FLAG.

[Inscription on the Confederate monument at Abbeville, S. C., sent to the VETERAN by Hamilton Yancey, Rome, Ga.]

We have furled it, slowly, sadly;
Once we loved it, proudly, gladly,
And we fought beneath it madly,
Fought in bloody, deathly fray,
For we swore to those who gave it
That in triumph we would wave it,
Or life's crimson tide should lave it,
E'er to blue should yield the gray.

Yes, 'tis taken down, all faded,
And, like those who bore it, jaded,
For through lakes of blood they waded,
Nor did weary footsteps lag,
O, 'twas hard to fold and yield it,
While a man was left to shield it,
For 'twas Dixie's "Bonnie Flag."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED STUDY FOR U. D. C. MARCH, 1923.
1861.

PLAN OF FEDERAL ARMY.

1. Invasion of Virginia and capture of Richmond.
2. Armies to advance through Kentucky and Tennessee and unite with gunboats descending and ascending the Mississippi River.
3. Maintaining the blockade on the coast.

CAMPAIGN IN THE WEST.

- Fort Henry on the Tennessee River.
- Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River.
- General Grant; Commodore Foote.
- Battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862.
- Albert Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Grant, and Buell.

U. D. C. PRIZE CONTESTS FOR 1923.

1. *The Mildred Rutherford Medal*.—For the best historical work done by small Divisions numbering less than ten Chapters.
2. *The Raines Banner*.—To the Division making the largest collection of papers and historical records.
3. *Rose Loving Cup*.—For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "Behind the Lines: The Achievements and Privations of the Women of the South."
4. *Anna Robinson Andrews Medal*.—For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce."
5. *A Soldier's Prize, \$20*.—For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on "Robert Lee Bullard, Man and Soldier."
6. *Roberts Medal*.—For the second best essay submitted in any contest.
7. *Yoree Prize, \$100*.—Awarded by War Records Committee to Division Directors on per cent and per capita basis.
8. *Hyde Medal*.—For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject, "Gen. J. E. B. Stuart."
9. *Orren Randolph Smith Medal*.—For the best essay written by a Daughter of the Confederacy on the subject "Jefferson Davis, Officer in the United States Army, 1828-1835, and in War with Mexico, 1846."
10. *William Alexander Leonidas Cox Medal*.—Given by Mrs. Eleanor Cox Griffith, of Washington, in memory of her father for best essay on "Three Private Soldiers, C. S. A.: Julian S. Carr, North Carolina; John Allen, Mississippi; William Alexander Leonidas Cox, North Carolina."

RULES GOVERNING CONTESTS.

- (a) Essays must not contain over 2,000 words. Number of words must be stated in top left-hand corner of first page.
- (b) Essays must be typewritten, with fictitious signature. Real name, Chapter, and address must be in sealed envelope, on outside of which is fictitious name only.
- (c) Essays must be sent to State Historian, who will forward to Historian General by September 1, 1923.
- (d) Essays on all subjects given may be submitted, but

only two on each subject can be forwarded by State Historians.

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS WILL BE FOUND USEFUL.

- "The Library of Southern Literature." Martin & Hoyt, Atlanta.
- "The Women of the South in War Times." W. S. Publication Committee, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore.
- "The Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis." William Jones, D.D.
- "Speeches and Orations by John Warwick Daniel." J. P. Bell Company, Publishers.
- "A Heritage of Freedom," "The Birth of America," "American History and Government," all by Matthew Page Andrews.

A SPECIAL PRIZE.

The History Committee for 1923 offers a prize for the best answers by school children to eight questions on the early history of America. These prizes of fifty dollars for the best, fifteen dollars for the second best, and for the third best, ten dollars, will be known hereafter as the *Hyde-Campbell Prizes*, in honor of Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Chattanooga, Tenn., and Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Wytheville Va. This is in recognition of the excellent literary and historical work done by these two cultured women while serving the United Daughters of the Confederacy as Historian General.

PRIZES FOR CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, 1923.

1. The Ricks Banner to the Chapter sending in the best report this year.
2. Bettie Marriot Whitehead Prize to the State Director registering the greatest number of children this year.
3. The Florence Goalder Faris Historical Medal for the best essay in the subject, "Terry's Texas Rangers."
4. The Eliza Jane Guinn Historical Medal for best essay on the subject, "Robert E. Lee."
5. A cash prize of \$50 will be given the school child under eighteen years of age who writes the best answers to a questionnaire on, "Things We Should Know." A second prize of \$15 will be given for the next best paper, and a third prize of \$10 will be given for the third best paper submitted. This contest is open to all school children, but where a tie occurs, preference will be given to members of the Children of the Confederacy.

No award will be made unless creditable papers are submitted, and there must be at least two papers sent in on each subject before an award is made in any of these contests.

For particulars apply to the Third Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. Massey, Hot Springs, Ark.

Books of the Third Vice President will close on October 1, and all papers must be in her hands by that time.

RULES FOR ESSAYS.

Papers must be neatly written or typed on one side of the paper.

Length of essays not over 1,500 words.

Papers must be signed with fictitious name accompanied by sealed envelope on the outside of which is the fictitious name and on the inside of which is the name and Chapter of the writer.

Papers must be mailed to the State Director, who in turn sends them to the Third Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. Massey, not later than October 1, 1923.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

THE CONVENTION IN NEW ORLEANS.

My Dear Comrades: Now that the date of the reunion has been fixed for April 10-13, when this communication reaches you, you will have little more than two months to work up your delegations. Let us hope that every Association will have its full quota of delegates, and I will urge that you elect them at once. The Gruenwald Hotel has been chosen as headquarters, and all of the C. S. M. A. meetings will be held in the Gold Room of that hotel. Make your reservations as soon as possible, as the crowd will be greater than usual and all space quickly taken.

That Captain James Dinkins has consented to accept the general chairmanship for the reunion is a matter for congratulation to us all—to the Veterans, and especially are we C. S. M. A.'s happy in his election, as with him will be associated Mrs. Dinkins, State President for Louisiana, and Miss Daisy Hodgson, our Recording Secretary General, who is President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of New Orleans. Three more typically Southern gentlefolk could not have been found. Captain Dinkins is of the old school, chivalric, gentle, kindly disposed, and with the charming wife, gracious; and with sweet, quiet dignity, they both possess all the social graces necessary to give the brilliant social side to the convention. And we all know the heart interest of our Miss Daisy, who for so many years made herself invaluable, yet always so shy that one has to know her to appreciate the great worth she has been not only to our work, but in so many civic uplifting organizations. Is it any wonder that with such leaders at the head to plan for our comfort and pleasure that the New Orleans convention is anticipated with eager delight?

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.
President General C. S. M. A.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE.

I wonder if you Memorial women realize that your organization is the most wonderful in America? Where else in all the world is there a group of women so faithful to a trust, so devoted to a work, as those of the C. S. M. A.? For remember that most of the Memorial women are of a younger generation than the original Memorial women. From mother to daughter has descended the trust, and as faithful as the mothers have the daughters carried on the work.

We have entered into another new year. Much splendid work was accomplished during the past year, and there is much to do in the next year. You have extended your organ-

izations into new fields. You have enlarged your memberships, and you have brought much happiness into the lives of a number of Confederate mothers. Now let us begin to do a larger work. Let us see to it that every Ladies' Memorial Association has a Junior Memorial Association, for it is through this younger generation that the C. S. M. A. will live on through the ages.

The work of Mrs. Oswell Eve, of Augusta, Ga., in providing Southern books for the Allan Seeger Library, at Paris, France, has been successful. Make it more so by sending her books by Southern authors. Look up more Confederate mothers for the gold Bar of Honor! Direct all possible energy toward the completion of the Jefferson Davis Monument. The Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association has contributed \$500, and at the next convention hopes to turn in a second \$500 for the Jefferson Davis Monument. The Atlanta Junior Association has nearly completed its \$100 contribution and will be ready to turn it over at the convention. This is a very thrifty and energetic young organization, and has the following efficient officers: Miss Willie Fort Williams, Directress; Miss Dorothy Moses, President; Miss Annie Davis, Vice President; Miss Martha Anderson, Secretary; and Miss Auverne Harper, Treasurer. There are nearly a hundred members. They assisted with the Christmas Red Cross Roll Call and raised nearly \$150. A Christmas play netted the Association \$40 for its Jefferson Davis Monument pledge.

The Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association is busily at work putting the Confederate Plot in Oakland Cemetery in order—planting shrubs and flowers and having a suitable marker placed there to commemorate the women who built the beautiful shaft of marble and granite on the plot.

Mrs. William A. Wright, President of the Association, has been ill at Clemson, S. C., where she went for the holidays.

Your President General has received a copy of "The Causes which Led to the War between the States," by J. O. McGee, of the 53rd Virginia Regiment. This book Mrs. Wilson indorses, and suggests that it be generally read, as it contains interesting and valuable material.

"The Representative Women of the South," written and compiled by Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier, of College Park, Ga., will be given to the literary world the first of March. This volume, the second in a series planned by the author, will include many of the most representative women of the Order of the Crown, Colonial Dames, Daughters of American Colonists, Descendants of Founders and Patriots, and other high-class patriotic organizations. The book will add another valuable contribution to history.

KNEW BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH REDWOOD GOODE, ACWORTH, GA.

As I knew Dame Barbara Frietchie personally, I will add a little to the article in the January VETERAN. To make things clear, and in justice to myself, I will say that at the beginning of the War between the States my sister and I were at school in Maryland. Not wishing to interrupt our education, our parents had decided to let us remain at school, thinking, like many others, that the war would soon terminate. But, alas! like many other Southern pupils, we were caught north of the Mason and Dixon line, with my mother in Washington to be near, and there we remained until exchanged as "prisoners of war" at City Point, Va., July 5, 1863.

Lying before me, yellowed with its nearly sixty years of age, is the catalogue of the Academy of the Visitation B. V. M., of Frederick City, Md., for the academic year of 1858-59, printed in Baltimore by John Murphy & Co., 1859. In this catalogue appear the names of Fannie Ebert and Emma Bittinger, Maryland; Elizabeth Redwood, Mary Redwood, Alabama. With these facts in hand, it is needless to say that I knew "Aunt Barbara" (as many of the children called her), as Fannie Ebert, her niece, and Emma Bittinger, her great niece, were our schoolmates. The last time I saw Dame Frietchie was in the early summer of 1862, not long before the Academy closed for vacation. She was then an invalid, hardly able to get around, and certainly not up steps to wave a flag. I have a letter from her great niece in response to my inquiry about the waving of the flag as General Jackson passed through the city, in which she says: "I have corrected and contradicted this story so long it seems like ancient history," and adds: "Jackson did not go out West Patrick Street." She knew that was sufficient for me. If Jackson did not go out West Patrick, then he did not pass the home of Dame Barbara, and in the condition I last saw her, just two months previous, then she was not able to go anywhere else in September to "wave a flag," and the statement by Valerius Ebert should be sufficient to correct and prove that Whittier's poem is pure fiction. I knew both Charlie and Valerius.

But what are we to do when we have the experience I once had with a principal of our public school? My grandchildren have been told that the poem is pure fiction, not a word of truth in it. One of them said to me: "Grandma, we had Barbara Frietchie on our program to-day." The next day I went to see the principal and asked if I might go before that grade and correct it. He replied: "Most historians consider it fiction." "Why, then," I said, "do you want to teach fiction and false patriotism in our Southern schools to our boys and girls, especially when the man who wrote 'The Star Spangled Banner' lies buried in the cemetery in the home town of Barbara Frietchie, where a monument to each is erected, and where one monument teaches the soul-inspiring patriotism of a true American and the other teaches falsehood?" The bell rang just then and he excused himself.

When I started to school in Frederick the place had a population of about four thousand; it was then called Frederick City. Then came Whittier with

"Over the mountains winding down
Horse and foot into Fredericktown."

Now the place is known as Frederick, Md. In reading a short sketch of Admiral Schley, by himself, many years ago, I was amused by his touching lightly on Barbara Frietchie. He said he knew her and had many times eaten her cakes; nothing more, but you could read his thoughts. He lived there; it was his home. Nettie and Laura Schley were also

my schoolmates, and it was there I first knew the Admiral. Were it possible for Dame Barbara to "turn backward, O Time, in your flight," she would hardly recognize herself. Let us eliminate fiction and teach our children's children something worth while.

THE REBEL SPIRIT STILL LIVES.

BY MISS ANNIE GRACE DRAKE, ROCKDALE, TEX.

From Texas comes a story of patriotism and devotion to Southern ideals and firm adherence to principle in face of severest opposition that proves the old-time Rebel spirit still lives in the hearts of at least one of the descendants of a Confederate sire.

Gordon Greenwood, a lad of fourteen, living in Austin, the capital of the great State of Texas, has immortalized his name in the hearts of the veterans in the Confederate Home at Austin by helping to install in the blind ward of that institution a complete radio set, costing \$260,

It seems that Gordon passed the Home day by day on his way to school, and, noticing the aged inmates whiling away their time in the effort to keep from being lonely, he conceived the idea that a radio set would bring pleasure to these old veterans who were "only waiting until the shadows were a little longer grown." The more he thought about it, the more the determination grew in his heart to find some way to accomplish his plan, especially desirous that the blind soldiers might be the beneficiaries of this method of amusement.

So, mindful of the old adage that "Where there's a will there's a way," he began to walk to and fro from his school, thus saving his car fare for a nucleus for the fund, which he termed the "Veterans' Radio Fund." Meanwhile, a "little bird" had carried the news of his plan to the ever-watchful heart and ever-willing hands of Mrs. J. F. Self, First Vice President of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and she lost no time in presenting the cause to the Dallas Chapter, meeting with generous response.

She also wrote to the various Chapters of the Texas Division, and told them of her plan to help the boy make his "dream come true," with the result that \$210 was received about a week before Christmas, and then, guaranteeing the remaining \$50 herself, she purchased the radio set and had it installed in the blind ward of the Home.

The first program was given Sunday morning, December 24, and the happiness and appreciation of the inmates of the Home was almost overwhelming when they were told that the set was their very own, to provide entertainment each day.

But back of this noble thought of the patriotic boy lies a bit of untold history that adds interest to the story. Gordon is the boy who refused to belong to his class club when the teacher (a Yankee miss) named the club for Abraham Lincoln. He arose in his righteous wrath and demanded that it be named for Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Jackson, or some other Southern hero. He was severely reprimanded by his teacher, and sent home for insubordination; but he stood his ground firmly and, in the end, the teacher had to yield to the ultimatum of the school superintendent, who decided that the boy could not be forced to remain in the club and suggested a compromise of the name to Woodrow Wilson, which was adopted.

Do you wonder that Gordon Greenwood is the hero of the hour with his schoolmates, and especially with the veterans of the Home, and further with the Daughters of the Texas Division, who are planning—again with Mrs. Self's coöperation—to present to this Southern boy hero a gold medal at the next convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy?

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief. W. McDonald Lee, Richmond, Va.
Adjutant in Chief. Carl Hinton, Denver, Colo.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings. Lynchburg, Va.
[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

NEWS AND NOTES.

It behooves each of us to think of getting into shape for the New Orleans reunion. While I am writing this in early January, it will be read in February, and only two months will then intervene between the reading and the time for departure for the scene of activities. Much of interest impends, not only to the Sons, but to the veterans, whose reunion it is, and to Daughters, who are so vital to all these Confederate meetings.

Therefore, take heed in time and make your arrangements, and, in the meantime, write Adjutant in Chief Hinton, who will be on the spot there in New Orleans by the time this appears, and he will help you if you wish help in making your arrangements.

There was published this winter a volume entitled "Poems on American Patriotism," selected by Brander Matthews. One of the selections is "Barbara Frietchie." This wretched and rather maudlin old fabrication has been so often proven a lie that it is a marvel it should still be exploited, yet it is only one of many. The poem is illustrated by Wyeth, and he pictures this mythical hag defiantly waving a flag from a dormer window, whose glass panes are shattered and from which projects a broken flag pole, the whole depicting a scene where violence had been present. Even the fable itself does not make *this* charge. It is a wonder they do not sicken of it themselves, these bearers of false witness!

Commander of the Virginia Division, Walter L. Hopkins, always most obliging and alert to help, sends us the following report for this department of the VETERAN:

OFFICERS VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Commander, W. L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va
Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Lee O. Miller, Richmond.
Inspector, George M. Peed, Norfolk.
Judge Advocate, Homer Richey, Charlottesville.
Quartermaster, Wilson B. Cole, Petersburg.
Commissary, H. F. Crismond, Fredericksburg.
Surgeon, Dr. Lawrence T. Price, Richmond.
Historian, R. A. O'Brien, Appomattox.
Color Sergeant, J. W. Atwell, Leesburg.
Chaplain, Rev. William Byrd Lee, Blacksburg.
Assistant Adjutant, E. H. Birchfield, Roanoke.
Assistant Judge Advocate, W. L. Robertson, Bristol.
Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Edwin H. Mann, Kenbridge.
Assistant Commissary, Bedford Robertson, Rocky Mountain.
Assistant Chaplain, Rev. W. L. Bain, Crewe.
Assistant Quartermaster, Robert E. Barton, Winchester.
Assistant Historian, E. E. Goodwin, Emporia.
Assistant Color Sergeant, J. A. Armistead, Farmville.
Assistant Inspectors.—E. P. Francis, Marion; M. T. Harri-

son, Bedford City; E. C. Martz, Harrisonburg; N. J. Perkins, Palmyra; T. E. Powers, Charlottesville; C. C. Fleming, Staunton; George King, Portsmouth; R. C. Blackford, Lynchburg; W. H. Pritchard, Norfolk; Dr. E. Ackley Moore, Upperville; T. C. Coleman, Farmville; R. C. Beazley, South Boston; F. G. Newbill, Irvington; W. A. Eonhart, Radford; W. A. Wright, Rappahannock.

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, C. W. Morris, Richmond.
Second Brigade, Dr. E. J. Nixon, Petersburg.
Third Brigade, W. R. Phelps, Bedford City.
Fourth Brigade, J. H. Leslie, Leesburg.
Fifth Brigade, W. H. Lewis, Clifton Forge.

Camps Recently Organized.

Dr. Thomas Lee Settle Camp, Upperville, Va.
D. H. Lee Martz Camp, Harrisonburg, Va.
C. G. Snead Camp, Palmyra, Va.
Watts-Graves Camp, Bedford City, Va.
Also a camp, not named, at Bristol, Va.

It is interesting to note in Commander Hopkins's report that the two camps in Richmond, Va., have a total membership of over 1,400 members. That sounds good.

It is the great desire of this Department to publish the State reports as rapidly as possible, and I urge the Division Commanders who read this to forward me their reports at once. This most excellent statement of Commander Hopkins should be an incentive to each State Commander to report the condition of his command at once.

A distinguished U. D. C. woman sends the following extracts, which she says "pass along." They are good. Here they are:

"We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor."—*Gen. Robert E. Lee.*

"Man is so constituted—the immutable law of our being is such—that to stifle the sentiment and extinguish the hallowed memories of a people is to destroy their manhood."—*Gen. John B. Gordon.*

In the published "Diary of John D. Long," recently Secretary of the Navy, which he began when a lad nine years old, there appears a line; "The United States are at war." This is a significant "are," indicating that even to the boy mind, in the year of our history 1848, the "original consolidation" theory of Webster had no standing. And, along this line, it might be remarked that our friend, Dr. A. W. Littlefield, of Middleboro, Mass., whose sympathetic understanding of our history is not even second to that of Charles Francis Adams, sends us some literature of a New England society called "Sentinels of the Republic," and the main point of the platform upon which this society proposes to build its membership is a conservation of the rights of the States against the encroachments of the Federal government. Verily, the whirligig of time is a remarkable thing!

General Julian S. Carr, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, sends a word of cheer to this Department. He promises us a word or two as time allows him op-

portunity. It might be remarked that General Carr's paper upon the conference at Hampton Roads, which was published in the *VETERAN* some time ago, is a convincing treatise supporting the contention that at that conference there never was any offer from Lincoln of letting peace be made upon the basis of "Union" on the Northern side "and write your own terms under that" on the Southern. As a matter of fact, it proves convincingly that Lincoln held closely to the rigid terms of unconditional surrender.

The work of the History Department, S. C. V., in trying to secure a fair representation of the South in those Yale University Press moving pictures of American history is being pressed with all vigor, and is being assisted by the History Department of the Daughters and by Mrs. Schuyler, President General, and by officials of our organizations, and this work of assistance will be reinforced by valuable aids from other sources soon. These moving pictures will be of a more ambitious nature by far than the "Birth of a Nation," and will not only be shown to the public at large, but will be used in the schoolrooms. It is of utmost importance that this should be a fair presentation of our history in all its periods; and to the S. C. V., of course our duty lies especially with trying to secure a fair deal on the War between the States period. To offset the New England effort to make the Pilgrim and Puritan settlements the real foundation of this great country, ignoring largely the Virginia colony, which was a well-established settlement long before the Mayflower even set sail from England, should be the duty of the Southern Chapters of the Colonial Dames. As to our part in the War between the States period, the difficulty lies in the fact that the South is opposed to be represented before this Yale board of editors, who dictate the atmosphere and outline of these historical pictures, by a distinguished historical teacher and writer who is not a Southern man, having been born in Ohio, and whose historical writings have been disapproved by the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. This gentleman is Dr. Nathaniel W. Stephenson; and while his correspondence with the Historian in Chief S. C. V. indicates a desire to set forth a fair picture, it is also evident that his whole line of thought will unconsciously lead him to recommend, or to commend, pictures that would be unfair to us of the South. There is too much of an indication of "they-fought-for-what-they-thought-was-right" attitude, and while the shaping of the pictures is in a nebulous state as yet, it behooves us to work to get these matters as nearly right and just to the South as possible. In the January *VETERAN* made a call for Yale men of the S. C. V. to communicate with his Department or with the Historian in Chief. They can be of great service to the truth of history if they will respond now.

A CANADIAN CONFEDERATE.

R. W. Macpherson, "an unreconstructed old Rebel" of Toronto, Canada, writes of the death of another good friend up there, Thomas Hunter, who gave four years of his life to the Southern Confederacy. Comrade Macpherson says: "Poor Tom cashed in in February (1922). He joined Forrest's Cavalry from Glasgow, Ky.; was for many years a prominent citizen and alderman here, and an ardent Confederate. There was a sprinkling here of irreconcilable 'Confeds'—Dr. Oliphant, of New Orleans; Ovenden, of Hood's Texans; and a number of others, all fallen out by command except myself and first Sergeant Sutherland, of Forrest's Cavalry, groggy, but still in the ring at eighty-eight, and able to tackle a Yankee of his age. Colonel Mosby visited me in 1914, just before the trouble in Europe began. He lectured at the Military Institute here to several hundred Canadian officers, most of whom were later wiped off at Ypres and other places. Toronto, with a population of over 600,000, sent to the big war 60,000 men.

"I would like to get an account of the decisive bayonet charge of the 14th South Carolina at Second Manassas, which demolished Sykes's Regulars; also the official report of that charge by our noble quartet, the glorious brigade, division, corps, and chief commanders, Generals Maxcy Gregg, A. P. Hill, Stonewall Jackson, and R. E. Lee. This appeared in a number of the Southern Historical Society papers many years ago, my copy of which was stolen.

"The genial Jim Morgan, 'late' of the Confederate States navy and the Egyptian army, in his lively book, 'Recollections of a Rebel Reefer,' gives the following, which should be appreciated by our comrades:

"Here is a coronach for Confederate soldiers, evidently written by an unreconstructed Rebel. It appears on a headstone in the Methodist Cemetery, St. Louis:

"Here lies a stranger braive,
Who died while fighting the Southern Confederacy to save.
Piece to his dust.
Braive Suthern frind,
From iland 10,
You reached a Glory us end.
We plase these flowers above the stranger's hed,
In honor of the shiverlus ded.
Sweet spirit, rest in Heven,
Ther'l be no Yankis there."

COMPANY RCSTERS.

In writing of the annual meeting of survivors of Company E, 12th Louisiana Regiment, which met at the home of C. M. Fuller, at Bernice, La., on October 12, R. J. Tabor commends the suggestion that Confederate survivors try to get up a roster of the companies with which they served. He says: "After forty years, I conceived the idea of getting up the name of every member of Company E, with which I served as first sergeant, second lieutenant, and captain, and with a little help from other members I succeeded in making up the list, and can now tell what became of nearly every member. Out of one hundred and sixty who had belonged to the company from first to last there were only four that could not be accounted for. I am now nearly eighty-one years of age, and can't get about much. The next meeting of survivors will be at the home of Comrade T. J. Autrey, at Dubach, La., in October, 1923."

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amidst these yellowing bowers,
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the moldering flowers.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
O'er its grave in the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger lily."

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

In regard to "The Women of the South in War Times," the Managing Editor begs to report through Mrs. R. P. Holt, Chairman of the Committee on Publicity, and Mrs. R. D. Wright, Recording Secretary at the Birmingham convention, the following installment of the subscriptions made by the delegates at Birmingham subsequent to the reading of the roll of States. These are taken directly from the minutes.

Alabama.—Assumes responsibility of placing book in colleges and libraries; Mrs. S. D. White, two copies for Uniontown high school; Mrs. Minter, copy to Boys' Industrial School, in Birmingham, in memory of her father; Mrs. Sharp, copy to Girls' Industrial School in Birmingham; Miss Wheeler will place book in every school in Lawrence County in memory of her father; Mrs. Crenshaw, copy to Presbyterian University, at Hang Chow, one to high school in Montgomery; one to Girls' School in Montgomery and \$25 to the fund though Saplice Bible Chapter. Miss Garner, two copies, one at Ozark, in memory of Grandfather Garner, and one at Newton, in memory of grandfather on mother's side; Mrs. Dowell, copy to Downing Girls' Industrial School, at Brewton; Mrs. W. A. Gayle, copy to Congressional Library; Bridgeport Chapter, two copies, one for public library, one for Tennessee River Institute Library; Mrs. May Perry, one copy to be sent to Madame Hanscourt, of Holland; Mrs. Floyd, two copies, one for Camilla, Ga., public school, and one to Carnegie Library at Pelham, Ga.; Mrs. Murray, five copies in memory of Mrs. F. J. Pilzer; Mrs. Belsher, two copies, one for Howard College, and one to Barrett School in memory of her daughter, Anne Mae Ward; Mrs. Grimsley, copy for high school in Fayette in memory of her association with that school; Mrs. Murray, copy to Woman's College, Montgomery, in memory of her mother, Mrs. J. M. Beignimus; Mrs. W. S. Smith, copy for Confederate Home in memory of her father, W. D. Kimbrough; Mrs. Mary Hill Sedberry, copy for S. S. A. S. at Wetumpka, in honor of her father, George F. Sedberry, and her uncle, Lieut. Col. Louis H. Hill; Stonewall Chapter, Ensley, copy for high school; Miss Garner, copy for Library at Aliceville; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Opelika, copy for library in memory of Gen. George P. Harrison; Bessemer Chapter, one copy to University of Alabama, one to Birmingham Southern College, one copy to high school, and one to Public Library; Wytheville Chapter, five copies; Mrs. Crew, one copy to Goodwater High School, one to county high school at Rockford in the name of Forrest Sansom Chapter; Cradle of Confederacy Chapter, two copies, one to Sisters of Loretta Academy, and one to Syndey Lanier High School in compliment to Mrs. Chappell Cory; Father Ryan Chapter to Greenville High School in memory of Hilary Herbert; Mrs. Joffe, one copy to Boys' Industrial School, in memory of Mrs. L. S. Handley, Chaplain Alabama Division; Mrs. James, ten copies.

Arkansas.—Assumes responsibility: Mrs. Roberts, one copy for Y. W. C. A. at Hot Springs; Mrs. Stillwell, one copy for Confederate Home; Mrs. Massey, one copy for Northern Union; Mrs. Beal, \$10.

California.—Assumes responsibility: Mrs. Ritchie, two copies, one for library at St. Clement's Episcopal Church, El Paso, Tex., in memory of her mother Martha Hampton Crews, and one for public library, Hillsboro, N. Mex., where her father, Gen. C. C. Crews, of Georgia, is buried. Mrs. Ross, \$10 in memory of her father.

District of Columbia.—\$10 toward fund. Miss Little, copy for George Washington University, in memory of her grandfather, Judge Frank Lightfoot Little, of Sparta, Ga.; Mrs. Morrison, copy in memory of her mother; Mrs. Tuck, copy

for Georgetown University, in memory of her father, Mr. Callaghan; Miss Morgan, copy for Central High School in honor of grandmother, Mr. Georgia Lawton Morgan; Mrs. Huttan, copy for Georgetown University.

Florida.—Assumes responsibility: Anna Perdue Sebring Chapter, copy for Boys' School, in memory of Mrs. Sebring Mrs. Batts, two copies.

Georgia.—Assumes responsibility: Mrs. Aiken, C. C. Horn Chapter, copy in honor of Mrs. Lillie Martin; Mrs. Lamar, copy for Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts; Mrs. Philips, copy for Vanderbilt University, in honor of her sister, Annie Goode Paschal; Mrs. Perdue, copy for Confederate Home, Atlanta; Mrs. Scott, two copies for Washington Seminary in memory of mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Elmer; Mrs. Stevens, two copies to Cornell University, Ithica; Mrs. Wright, copy for Wesleyan Female College in memory of mother, Eliza Divins; Mrs. Floyd, two copies; Mrs. King, copy to Wesleyan College.

Illinois.—Ten dollars from Division; Mrs. T. F. Bottomly, \$10 in memory of her mother, Mrs. Mary Cordelia Glenn.

If there be errors in the above extract from the minutes, these may be corrected by writing to Mrs. R. P. Holt, Rocky Mount, N. C. The remainder of these personal and memorial pledges will be published in a future issue of the VETERAN.

SURVIVORS OF THE "IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED."

Capt. D. C. Grayson, President of the Immortal Six Hundred Veteran Association, whose address is 411 G Street, Washington, D. C., sends the following list of the known survivors of that band of heroes, and asks that anyone knowing of others will please report to him, prior to the New Orleans reunion, such names and addresses:

D. C. Grayson, Washington, D. C., captain Company K, 10th Virginia Infantry.

Joseph H. Hastings, Shelbyville, Tenn., lieutenant 17th Tennessee Infantry.

William Epps, Kingstree, S. C., lieutenant 4th South Carolina Cavalry.

T. S. Armistead, Bartow, Fla., lieutenant 8th Florida Infantry.

T. Boyd, Decatur, Tex., captain 1st Mississippi Infantry.

J. H. Matthews, Alvon, W. Va., captain 25th Virginia Infantry.

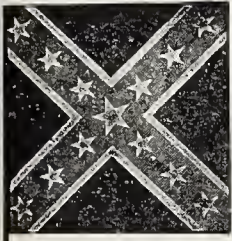
Z. H. Lowdermilk, Joplin, Mo., lieutenant 3rd North Carolina Infantry.

B. S. Goulding, Chattanooga, Tenn., rank not known.

E. D. Camden, West Virginia, captain 25th Virginia Infantry.

OLD BOOK OF SONGS.—Referring to the "old songbook" mentioned in the VETERAN for November, sent by Mrs. M. W. Wilson, of Philippi, W. Va., with the name of "Edward Waterman, Macon, Ga.," written on the fly leaf, I recall living in Macon (where I was born and reared) before the war. I knew Ed Waterman; he was a few years older than me. Whether or not he was killed in the war I am not sure, but my impression is that he was killed. He had a brother John, who was in Macon after the war in the employ of J. W. Burke & Co., a large book and printing establishment on Second Street. He left Macon before 1870, going, I believe, to Americus, Ga. I do not know that any of this family is now living. Judge Bridges Smith, of Macon, might be able to give some information of them. I am sure that the old songbook would be prized by the descendants of that family. Anything associated with the "days of long ago" is sacred.—*Frank Stovall Roberts, Washington, D. C.*

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SOME DEFINITIONS.

"Two or three" always means at least three, or three and upward. "One or two" seldom if ever means one. "In a minute" means anywhere from five to fifty minutes. "That reminds me of a story" means, "Now you keep quiet while I tell my joke." "I hold no brief for" means: "I am now going to defend—" "While I do not wish to appear critical" means, "But I am going to have my say anyhow." "Of course it's no business of mine" means, "I am simply devoured with curiosity." "My conduct calls for no apology and needs no explanation" is the usual introduction for an apology or an explanation. "No one could possibly have mistaken my meaning" is what we say when some one has mistaken it.—*The Independent* (New York).

FASTEST TRIPS AROUND THE WORLD.

In 1889, by Nellie Bly, 72 days, 6 hours, 11 minutes; 1903, by Henry Frederiek, 54 days, 7 hours, 20 minutes; 1911, by Andre Jaeger-Schmidt, 39 days, 42 minutes, 38 seconds; 1913, by John H. Mears, 35 days, 21 hours, 36 minutes.

Mrs. Matilda B. Hall, of Cheriton, Va., is very anxious to secure a copy of an old song, "The Prisoner's Lament," written by her father, Dr. Otho Beeker Surgrove, in Jeter's South Carolina Battery, while a prisoner at Johnson's Island. A stanza of this runs thus:

"My home is on a desert isle,
Far, far away from thee,
Where thy dear smile I never see,
Your voice I never hear.
I rest beneath a Northern sky.
A sky to me so dreary,
I think of thee, dear one, and sigh,
Alone upon Lake Erie,
Alone upon Lake Erie."

"COMMONPLACE."

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh,

But why should we sigh as we say?

The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky

Makes up the commonplace day;

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,

And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings;

And dark were the world and sad our lot,

If the flowers should fail, and the sun shine not;

And God, who studies each separate soul,

Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

—Susan Coolidge.

OVER 10,000 INDIANS IN THE WORLD WAR.

Over 10,000 Indians served in the World War. In the past eight years the Indians have spent \$18,000,000 for homes, barns, and modern farm implements; 37,000 Indian farmers cultivate 1,000,000 acres; 47,000 are raising live stock worth \$38,000,000, says a census summary in "The World Almanac." The 2,100 Osage Indians (in Northeast Oklahoma) received over \$7,000 apiece income in 1920 from oil and gas lands they had leased. There are 419 Protestant and 208 Catholic missionaries among the Indians, and 657 Churches. Church-going Indians number 106,176, of whom 58,838 are Catholic. Of the Redskins, 133,193 speak English; 91,331 read and write English; 196,841 wear citizens' clothing; 83,402 are United States citizens; 29,738 are voters; 26,949 are engaged in industries other than farming and stock-raising (fishing and native textiles); 6,504 families keep milch cows; 44,195 families live in permanent houses, and 10,946 families in tents; the birth rate is 31.67 per 1,000 population, and the death rate is 22.33 per 1,000 population; 3,049 able-bodied and 8,033 disabled Indians receive Government rations without laboring or paying therefor; 61,800 children go to schools, which cost the government over \$4,700,000 a year. The Indians own 156,966 horses and mules, 211,938 cows, 1,361,315 sheep and goats.

DOUBTFUL.—An old negro woman stood by the grave of her husband, and said mournfully: "Po' Rastus! I hope he's gone where I 'spec he ain't."

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.

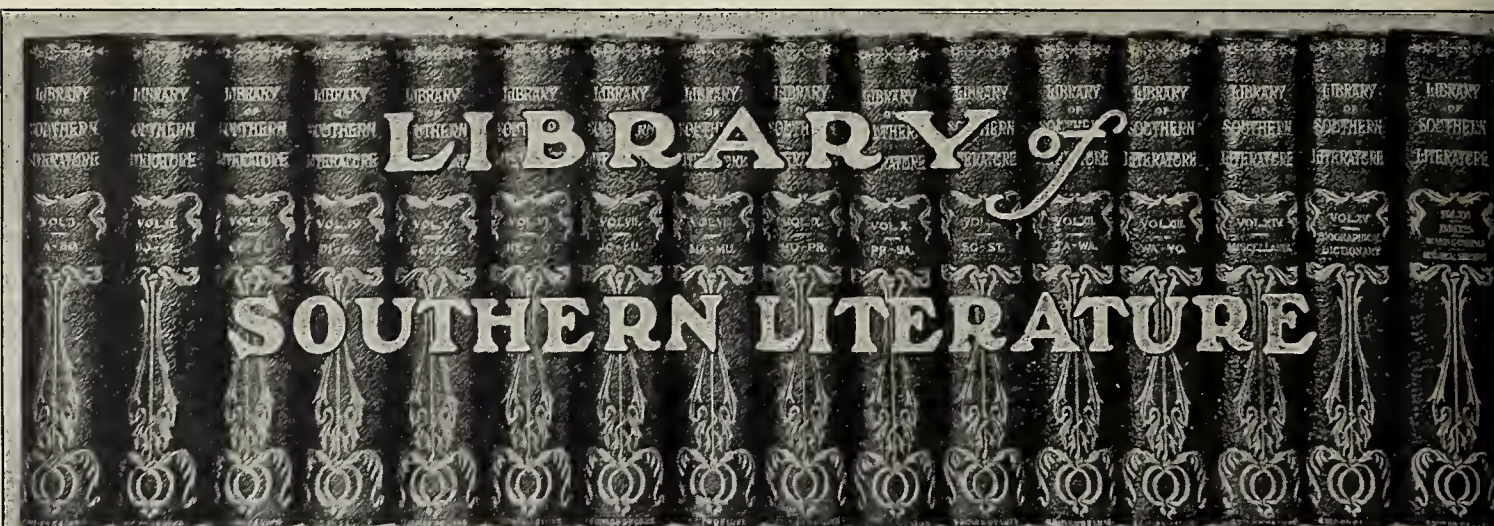
Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position 724 Inter-Southern Bldg. Louisville, Ky.



DEATH HARVEST.—The report of the Commissioner of Pensions for the month of December shows that death is doing his fell work with untiring, not to say increasing, energy. He made every one of the thirty-one days of December dark with funerals and grief from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There were 2,015 deaths of veterans and 1,737 of widows during the thirty-one days, making a total of 3,752, a fair strength for a division in the army when the war ended. The number of Civil War veterans on the roll December 31, 1922, was 182,989, showing a net loss over the gains for the month of 1,843. The number of widows was increased by 1,047, leaving the number 272,767.—*National Tribune*.

Thomas D. Osborne, long a patron of the VETERAN and formerly a resident of Louisville, Ky., writes from Cincinnati: "Inclosed find renewal for the blessed VETERAN. When my ship comes in you will share it."

D. K. Dickinson, of Saratoga, Ark., wants to know just where the escort of President Davis surrendered. Any survivors of that body of troops will kindly respond, or others who can give the information.

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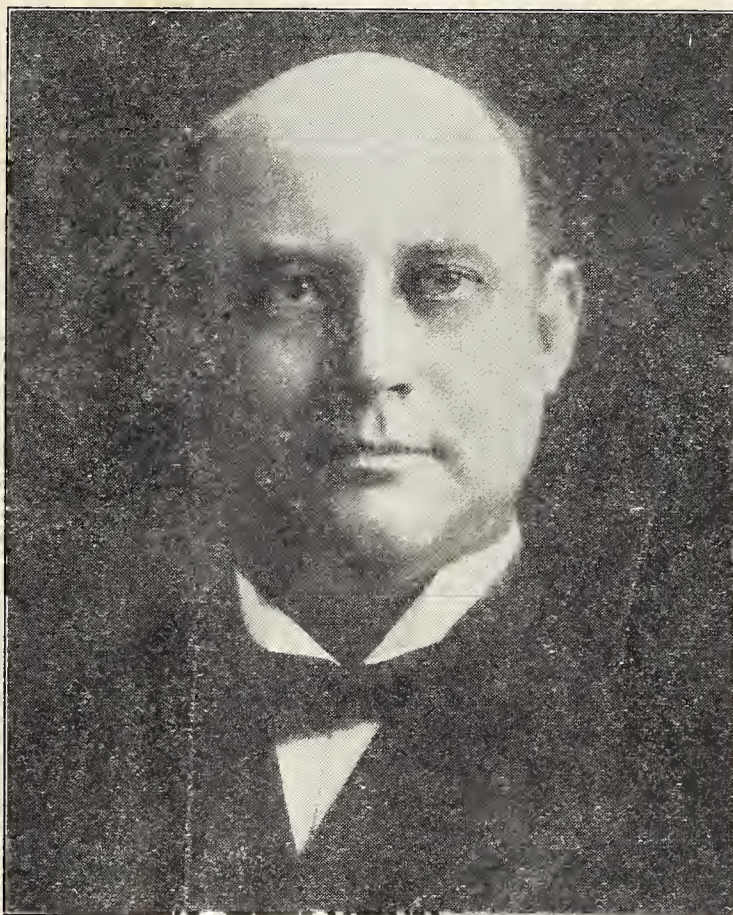
Confederate Veteran.

Aug 23
C L Willoughby
607 N Iowa Av

VOL. XXXI.

MARCH, 1923

NO. 3



COL. J. BRYAN GRIMES, OF NORTH CAROLINA
(See page 84)

973.905
Q 748

BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE ARMY REGULATIONS.

Regulations for the armies of the Confederacy were issued in book form at different times during the war, and these old books are now very scarce and valuable. The VETERAN has the following to offer:

- Authorized Edition, 1861, New Orleans—Articles of War.....\$4 00
(This book bears the name of Joseph Lovell, Natchez, Miss.)
- Authorized Edition, 1862, Richmond, Va.—Regulations for the Army..... 4 00
(This book has the name "Brig. Gen. Martin, January, 1863," written on inside cover.)
- Authorized Edition, 1862, Richmond, Va.—Regulations for the Army..... 4 00
(This is inscribed: "Capt. F. Dolhonde, with Brig. Gen. John H. Forney commanding Alabama and West Florida Department.")
- Authorized Edition, 1861, Richmond, Va.—Army Regulations..... 3 00
(This has the signature of "G— Richardson, Lucus's Battalion Artillery, C. S. A., February 13, 1861.")
- Authorized Edition, 1861, Richmond, Va., Quartermaster's Department.... 2 00
- Revised System of Cavalry Tactics, by Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler..... 5 00
(This little book is autographed thus: "Presented to Gen. William T. Martin, by his friend, Gen'l Wheeler, August 28, 1863." Valuable.)
- Rifle and Infantry Tactics, Revised and Improved, by Lt. Gen. William J. Hardee, 1863. A quaint little book, illustrated..... 4 00

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. Mathew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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THE SOUTH TO THE FORE.—Baltimore forges ahead to a third place among our seaports, being surpassed only by New York and New Orleans. New Orleans has about one-third as much business as New York, and Baltimore about one-

fourth. Boston, which was at one time second, did only half as much as Baltimore, and San Francisco less than half as much. Seattle and Los Angeles were away behind San Francisco.—*National Tribune*.

CONFEDERATE MONEY.

I want to buy Confederate and State Bank money. Write me kind and amount, and price. M. F. LEONARD, Leonard Apartment, Huntington, W. Va.

J. M. Shaw, of Alachua, Fla., would like to correspond with any survivors of the 60th Georgia Regiment, Company C, he thinks; but anyone who knew J. G. Shaw, or was with him when he was killed or mortally wounded in July, 1864, he will be especially glad to hear from.

FOR SALE—A compilation of the currency of the Confederate States of America, its issue, types, and series, with descriptive letterpress, by Raphael Thain, Chief Clerk in Adjutant General's Office. Nicely bound. Also many other Confederate histories and books.

WILLIAM E. MICKLE,
P. O. Box 153, New Orleans, La.

C. S. Williams, of Gainesville, Ala., would like to hear from a prison comrade of Camp Douglas, Tom Taylor, he thinks was his name, and that his home was at Memphis, Tenn. Both were captured at the battle of Nashville. After being exchanged, they started home together, but separated at Baldwin, Miss., and have never met since. Comrade Williams was from near Paris, Tenn.

E. B. Bowie, 811 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., has a Confederate-made bayonet stamped "Sunflower Guards." Will some one write him as to what regiment this company belonged? He also suggests that contributions on Confederate States armories, where located, and type of weapons manufactured would be interesting and valuable matter. The VETERAN would be glad to have such contributions.

C. M. Bagwell, of Poteau, Okla., writes in behalf of an old veteran who wishes to apply for a pension, and needs to have testimony of some comrade as to his service for the Confederacy. His name is Frank J. Waadle, and he enlisted in Texas County, Mo., and served under Captain Freeman, also under a Captain McBride. He remembers some comrades—Ike Ritter, Riley Ritter, Dave Medlock—and he also had two brothers in the service, Joe and Jack Waadle (Joe was killed). Anyone remembering him will kindly write to Mr. Bagwell in his behalf.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. }

VOL. XXXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1923.

No. 3.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

THE REUNION IN NEW ORLEANS.

The State of Louisiana, the city of New Orleans, and its Association of Commerce extend a cordial invitation to the Thirty-Third Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in that city April 10-13, and at the same time will be held the Twenty-Fourth Annual Convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and the Twenty-Seventh Convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. These kindred associations represent a large membership throughout the whole South, and to entertain them and their families calls forth the highest endeavor on the part of the reunion city. But past experience has taught New Orleans to excel in the art of entertaining, and though she has not entertained our veterans now for nearly twenty years, it will be her fourth experience of the kind, and there will be the same large-hearted hospitality with which she welcomed them in April, 1906. There will be missing many who acted as hosts on that occasion, just as there are many missing from the ranks of those who will gather within the walls of the Crescent City; but there are many left to partake of that hospitality in 1923, and it behooves the Housing Committee to make ample provision for these veterans and their families. New Orleans is more accessible for the Trans-Mississippi Department, which represents the largest membership in the association, and there is much about the old city to attract visitors from everywhere.

The Housing Committee, of which E. L. Gladney is Chairman, with headquarters at No. 730 Gravier Street, is sending out blanks asking for a report as to the number which will come from each Camp, etc., but, of course, there will be many who fail to report. The hotel rates are given as running from \$1.50 to \$10 per day for rooms, while the private boarding and lodging places quote fifty cents to \$1 per day for lodging only. Those who plan to attend the reunion should make reservation in advance, and Mr. Gladney will cheerfully respond to inquiries of the kind. Tell him what you want, how many will be with you, and he can make reservation accordingly. This committee will also make every effort to place members of each Camp and Division as near together as possible. All railroads will grant a reduced rate to New Orleans for this reunion, and certificates will be placed for issuing to the members of the different Confederate organizations as heretofore.

TO U. C. V. COMRADES AT LARGE.

The following amendment to our Constitution is proposed by the Louisiana Division:

"Amend Section 6, of Article VI, by adding the following: 'Except that the General elect shall succeed to the command on the first day of January following his election, so as to give time for his Adjutant General to prepare and have printed all minutes,' " etc.

Such an innovation as the foregoing will cause all to wonder, and to ask, *Qui bono?* To withhold from a Commander in Chief elect for nine months the normal functioning of the office and the full enjoyment of the honor the Association has conferred on him would be a grievous injustice. Even the President of the United States has to wait but four months, and this will be shortened in the near future.

So radical a departure from our constitutional practice of thirty-three years is indefensible from any viewpoint, and the only argument advanced to support this being the convenience of the Adjutant General the proposition becomes highly ridiculous. A competent Adjutant General should have his record complete up to the date of any reunion; and, after that, to put the minutes of the convention in proper shape should not require more than one week.

After that the preparation of the minutes and accounts for printing and distribution becomes the duty of his successor. It does not concern the outgoing officer. Take the published minutes of the thirty-second reunion, for illustration, a booklet of fifty-seven pages, which includes two blanks and one for the picture of a retiring Commander in Chief. Sixteen of the fifty-seven numbered pages are covered by the "Financial Statement of 1920-1921." To compile, prepare copy, correct proof, etc., of such a book *one calender month* should be ample time.

Another point is the reasonable danger that the Commander elect may never enjoy the honor, for nearly all of our leading men have reached or passed the "eighty-year mark" and, therefore, have but a "two to one" expectancy of living nine months from any given date.

I submit these observations for your consideration.

Cordially yours,

W. A. RAWLES,
Adjutant General Florida Division, U. C. V.

COL. J. BRYAN GRIMES.

Inheriting a name illustrious in the Confederate history of the South and of the Old North State, and having made for himself a record that reflected credit upon the name, the life of John Bryan Grimes, of North Carolina, stands as an example of rare accomplishment. He who never knew old age served for more than twenty-two years as Secretary of State for North Carolina and helped to develop her resources along all lines through one of the most difficult, though successful, periods of her statehood. When death closed his career on January 11, 1923, after a brief illness, his State paid him tribute as an exalted official. His body lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol, with the flag at half mast, and every State office was closed in his honor. Over his casket was draped the flag of North Carolina and the banner of the Confederacy.

The war had been over for more than three years when John Bryan Grimes was born on June 3, 1868, at Raleigh. His father was Maj. Gen. Bryan Grimes, one of those gallant officers of the Army of Northern Virginia during the War between the States; his mother, Charlotte Emily Bryan, was daughter of John Herritage Bryan, of Newbern, N. C., a prominent lawyer and representative in the State legislature and national Congress. Young Grimes spent his childhood and early manhood at Grimesland, the ancestral home in Pitt County, N. C., where he was taught by private tutors, afterwards attending the Raleigh Male Academy and other noted schools of the State, graduating from the University of North Carolina in the class of 1886.

From his earliest years he was interested in historical matters, and in an address he delivered at the unveiling of a Confederate monument at Bethel, Va., he told how he learned to revere the sacred cause of the Confederacy at his mother's knee and from the soldier father who loved the South with religious devotion. As the years passed and his influence increased, he ever sought to exalt the fame of the Confederate soldier, to honor his heroic service, and to aid him in his declining years. Fitting indeed that he should be Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans of North Carolina. His military title came from the position he held on the staff of Gov. Elias Carr.

Among the many tributes called forth by his untimely death, one writer lists him with "the five most useful and patriotic men of North Carolina;" another was deeply impressed that in a long and successful political career, his only "machine" was a record of efficient public service; while another says of him:

"Colonel Grimes was of delightful personality. Into whatever company he was cast, he was of charming companionship, in politics he was a statesman, in society he was a brilliant element. He was a man of polished education, and properly served as chairman of the State Historical Commission from 1907 to the past year. He was actively associated with the State Literary and Historical Society, was President of the North Carolina Sons of the American Revolution, and was also prominently identified with the interests of the University of North Carolina.

"It was as a State executive that Colonel Grimes excelled. In official circles he was accorded the distinction of having the reputation as the most efficient Secretary of State of his time. His management of the office was so far faultless that whatever of contemplated candidacy in the direction of his succession developed was but tentative. No one offered for Grimes's office with any real hope of securing it so long as he was a candidate for reelection. The people had come to regard him as their Secretary of State for life. He was an elegant man

an official without blame, a citizen of loyal impulses, a character so intimately entwined around the heart of the State that it mourns because of his passing."

"WITH THE THIRD MISSOURI."

In the interest of recording only the facts of history through the *VETERAN*, Frank Stovall Roberts, of Washington, D. C., calls attention to some errors in the reminiscences of the late Charles B. Cleveland on his service with the Third Missouri Regiment, saying:

"On page 19 of the January *VETERAN*, the writer says that General Polk was killed while making an observation on Flat Top Mountain. I never heard of such a mountain in Georgia, and I was in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta and in the severe fighting at Pine Mountain, where General Polk was killed on June 14, 1864. He also says we had a fearful battle at Marietta, but I never heard of any battle there. We had hard fighting at Kenesaw Mountain from June 19 until June 27, when Sherman attacked our left and was badly punished for doing so. Neither do I recall any engagements at the Chattahoochee River. He says: 'After quite a stay in Atlanta, we took up our line of march to Lovejoy Station, where we had a big battle with the Yankees; and then a fight at Jonesboro that did not amount to much.' I was in the big battle at Jonesboro on September 1, 1864, and we fell back to Lovejoy's that night, but I do not recall any sort of battle at Lovejoy Station. Again he says: 'We were in a fierce battle at Allatoona, where we fought the Yankees hand-to-hand and captured their breastworks and many prisoners.' Desperate fighting was done there, but all accounts I have ever seen said we failed to capture the works. He also says: 'In November, 1864, the twenty-first day, we were in Tennessee at Franklin.' General Hood's army left Florence, Ala., on the morning of November 21, and we did not reach Franklin until after midday, about two to three o'clock, on November 30, 1864."

While these are minor errors in reminiscences of interesting service, what appears in the *VETERAN* goes down as history, hence the importance of correcting them in the same publication. Comrade Cleveland was engaged in writing his reminiscences at the time of his death, and left them incomplete. Doubtless it was his intention to revise them, when such inaccuracies would have been discovered. It is important that all correspondents verify all statements and dates.

EXPLANATION DUE.—Some confusion has been occasioned by the statement in connection with the article on "Missouri, Dixie's Affinity," by Mrs. Virginia Creel (published in the *VETERAN* for February, page 53), that it was given first place in the Missouri Historical Contest last fall, while announcement was made in the U. D. C. Department that Mrs. W. D. O'Bannon won first prize in that contest. Explanation is, therefore, made that as Mrs. Creel was a successful contestant for that prize the year before, she was debarred by the rules of the Division, but her paper was given first place, while the prize went to Mrs. O'Bannon for a paper which followed close in excellence.

ERROR.—In the article by H. J. Lea., page 14 of the January *VETERAN*, a printer's error gave the battle of Atlanta as the last of the Georgia campaign, when it was written the battle of Allatoona, Ga., fought by French's Division.

MEMORIES OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY MISS NANNIE D. SMITH, ST. FRANCISVILLE, LA.

"Of making many books there is no end." Not a few have chosen for their theme the President of the Confederacy, but the following incidents have never, to my knowledge, appeared in print. As a favorite grand niece of President Davis, I enjoyed during his declining years more intimate association with my adored uncle than any member of the family excepting his own daughters, an endearing term by which he always addressed me.

Few persons are aware that a serious accident necessitated Mr. Davis's first trip abroad, and the particulars of that accident I learned from himself. When released from "durance vile," he joined his family in Canada. Winnie was then a bright, merry little tot, and soon became his inseparable companion. Carrying her down a steep flight of steps one morning, his foot slipped and, unable to recover himself, his first thought was for Winnie, and there was just one chance to save the child. He took that chance, flinging her upon a narrow platform where the stairs turned, then darkness closed around him. Startled by the noise, Mrs. Davis rushed out, to see her husband being hurled down, down, his defenseless head striking each step, till at the foot of the stairs he fell insensible.

Surgical aid was summoned; consciousness returned, the broken ribs mended, but he remained wholly indifferent to surroundings. His condition growing more and more alarming, his physicians, fearing concussion of the brain, finally advised a sea voyage as their only hope of preserving what meant far more than life itself—his splendid intellect. At sea a marvellous change ensued; threatening symptoms disappeared, and so rapidly did the patient improve that recovery was assured when the good ship entered port.

A busy life spent in his country's service had left the soldier-statesman little time that he could call his own. Now, with enforced idleness, the old world beckoned. Always an ardent lover of Sir Walter Scott, his retentive mind recalled scenes vividly portrayed by the "Wizard of the North," which he found had been faithfully preserved in every detail. The very spot where James FitzJames first met Ellen Douglas he said needed only the "Lady of the Lake" to complete the picture. Later, making a pilgrimage to Burns's shrine unannounced, on the threshold Mr. David was welcomed by two old ladies as an expected guest. Thinking this a case of mistaken identity, he intimated as much; but no, it was explained that they had seen his arrival mentioned, and felt sure Jefferson Davis would not leave Scotland without visiting the home of Burns. Beside the poet's portrait hung one of Mr. Davis, placed there by these ladies, Robert Burns's nieces.

On visiting Cornwall, he was accompanied by an Englishman who suggested an excursion into the mines, saying that though perilous for most men, Mr. Davis might venture safely among these rough miners, as every mother's son of them would claim relationship!

Returning from another trip through Wales, behold, at an inn where he had previously stopped, a crowd was waiting to greet him as a lineal descendant of Llewelyn—no less! If the so-called "descendant" felt secretly amused, we may be very sure that he neither rejected nor investigated a title bestowed by loyal Welshmen who, after their own fashion, sought to do him honor.

One more incident I shall relate as illustrating Jefferson Davis's devotion to truth. Uncertain whether it occurred before or since our "late unpleasantness," I'll begin as the

story books do, "Once upon a time," though, believe me, this is no fairy tale. An American gentleman returning after touring Europe, bore a message to my uncle from an elderly Welsh woman, Davis by name, who, while comfortably provided for, was without kith or kin. According to her story, she had, when a little child, seen three brothers ride away to seek their fortune in America, whence no tidings ever returned. Believing the "three brothers who came from Wales" were her own long-lost ones, she wished to adopt Jefferson Davis and bequeath him her fortune. The question of relationship might be easily settled, he said, if Miss Davis remembered her brother's names. These she did remember, and they failed to coincide. "But why undeceive the old lady?" urged her advocate; "she has no earthly tie, and will be bitterly disappointed." "I suppose the truth is what she desires," replied he whose unswerving rectitude was never doubted.

UNDER THE SHADE OF THE TREES.

What are the thoughts that are stirring the breast?

What is the mystical vision he sees?

"Let us pass over the river and rest

Under the shade of the trees."

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?

Sighs the worn spirit for respite at ease?

Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks

Under the shade of the trees?

Is it the gurgle of waters whose flow

Ofttimes has come to him, borne on the breeze,

Memory listens to, lapsing so low,

Under the shade of the trees?

Nay, though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,

Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,

Saw the soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore

Under the shade of the trees;

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight—

Heard the harps harping, like sounding of seas—

Watched earth's assoiled ones walking in white

Under the shade of the trees.

O, was it strange he should pine for release,

Touched to the soul with such transports as these,

He who so needed the balsam of peace,

Under the shade of the trees?

Yea, it was noblest for him—it was best

(Questioning naught of our Father's decrees),

There to pass over the river and rest

Under the shade of the trees!

Margaret Junkin Preston, one of the sweet singers of the South, was born in the city of Philadelphia in the early twenties. Her father, Dr. George Junkin, was an eminent divine, the founder and first President of Lafayette College, Moderator of the Assembly of 1844, and President of Washington and Lee University for thirteen years. Margaret married Professor J. T. L. Preston, of the Virginia Military Institute, and lived in Lexington, with the exception of a few years, until her death in 1897.

As a mere girl she began literary work. First and last, Mrs. Preston gave the world five volumes of verse, the most

Pretentious of which, "Beechenbrook," a poem of the War between the States, enjoyed wide popularity for many years. She was a vigorous and emotional writer, and her poems are usually touched with intense devotion.

When Stonewall Jackson lay dying at Guinea Station, Caroline County, Va., he wandered in delirium to the familiar fields of battle and bloodshed. He thought, perhaps, that he was marching again in the Valley of the Shenandoah under the shadow of towering mountains. His last words were both retrospective and prophetic. Sinking rapidly into the dark waters of death, he turned restlessly and attempted to speak. With great effort, he said: "Let us pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." With these words he breathed his last.

Mrs. Preston caught the sentiment from the lips of the dying soldier and wove into them this sweet and beautiful poem, which is not so well known, even in the South, as its merits.—*Selected.*

TWIN PATRIOTS.—WASHINGTON AND LEE.

BY MRS. WILLIAM CABELL FLOURNOY, OF VIRGINIA.

[This essay won the prize of ten dollars in gold offered by the Virginia Division, U. D. C. for the best essay on the above subject; awarded at the Virginia State Convention, Fredericksburg, Va., October, 1922.]

"Both patriots, both Virginians true;
Both rebels, both sublime!"

Seldom has it been given to a State to give birth to two sons with such claims to immortality as Washington and Lee, and their resemblance in graces of character and gifts of genius is a shining illustration of the fact that "true greatness has but one sure foundation, and bears but one core in every age."

Men seem to have agreed that in these two leaders was greatness which no one could question and character which no one could fail to respect. Even Englishmen, who are the most unsparing censors of everything American, have paid homage to both.

When, years after death, the world thus agrees to call men great, the verdict must be accepted, and it is interesting to trace the points of resemblance between Virginia's two noble sons. Common to both was the influence of distinguished ancestry, both of Norman stock, knights and gentlemen in the full sense of the word. The Washingtons of Virginia are descended from the owners of the Manor of Sulgrave in Northamptonshire, and thence back through the Norman knight, Sir William de Hertburn, of the little village of Washington, which lies in the north of England, in the region conquered first by Saxons and then by Danes. They were a strong race of prudent, bold men, always important in their several stations, ready to fight and ready to work, and, as a rule, successful in that which they set themselves to do, coming in time to Westmoreland County, Va., where their most illustrious descendant was born.

To this same county came the Lees from one of the oldest families in England, its members from an early date being distinguished for eminent services to sovereign and country. We see them now only by glimpses through the mists of time as Lancelot Lee, fighting by the side of William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings, and Lionel Lee, following Richard Cœur de Lion in the third Crusade to Palestine, "displaying great bravery at the siege of Acre." It has been clearly established that the earliest representatives in America claimed descent from the noble family of Morton Regis, in Shropshire, and to their descendants, though many have shed luster upon

the name, the greatest of these is he who was born at "Stratford" in the County of Westmoreland, Va.

Seventy-five years intervened between the birth of these two men, and it is worthy of note that each was left early in life to his mother's influence and care. If they were early trained in the way they should go, their mothers trained them. If their principles were sound and their lives a success, to their mothers, more than to any other, should the praise be given. They were taught the great lesson of self-control in those early years, and few have had greater need for self-control in after life than they.

Young George Washington was learning this lesson when he renounced his ambition to go to sea and listened to the calmer reasoning and counsel of his mother, whose discipline was acknowledged by her son to have been the foundation of his fortune and fame. There is indication of thoughtfulness not usual in a boy of fifteen who wrote in his notebook: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." Nor is it a matter of wonder that a mother who had so trained her son should retain to the last a profound hold upon his reverential devotion.

Young Robert E. Lee learned lessons of self-control which formed the solid foundation of his character in those early years when his invalid mother was left to his special care, and the conscientious discharge of this responsibility gave him the constant companionship of a strong and beautiful character, which was reflected in his own life and enabled him, when misfortunes gathered thick and fast around him, to drink strength from the cup of calamity itself. It was amid these scenes of ruin that he wrote to his daughter, who had been visiting at Stratford: "How my heart goes back to those early days!"

Thus were these young Virginians marked in boyhood by those traits that produce nobility of character in manhood, and they were found strong and effective beyond the measure of ordinary men when the hour of peril came.

Each was the product of the civilization in which he was reared, a civilization prolific of statesmen and soldiers, of whom these two were the highest exponents. In referring to the social life of Virginia as it then existed, Henry Cabot Lodge says, "We must go back to Athens to find another instance of a society so small in numbers and yet capable of such an outburst of ability and force;" while Charles Francis Adams expresses doubt as to whether patriotism and devotion to State ever anywhere attained a higher development than in the community which dwelt in the region watered by the Potomac and the James. Such influences were powerful in guiding these men when the crisis came.

As Washington looked to the figures of the past for inspiration, his young kinsman, Robert E. Lee, had ever before him the simple dignity and majesty of Washington himself, for in both of his ancestral homes the boy found an atmosphere permeated with the memory of the preserver of his country.

The very mold in which nature cast them marked these men for greatness. Their poise, dignity, and reserve seemed inborn, and a modesty that has ever been the mark of true greatness. There was something in both which seemed to hold men at a distance. Gamaliel Bradford says: "Lee had one intimate friend—God." The veil of Washington's silence is seldom lifted; in many volumes of letters and messages he is profoundly silent as to himself.

Their graceful bearing was notable. Viscount de Noailles, in commenting upon the grace with which Washington wore a sword, said it was because "the man was made for the sword, and not the sword for the man;" while one who knew

Lee intimately testifies that he never saw him take an ungraceful attitude.

They had many traits in common. Their firm grasp of details in everything undertaken, great or small; their keen sense of appropriateness, which stood them in good stead in grave as well as in trivial matters, and which led them to be always well dressed; their love of good horses, and the peculiar grace and endurance which marked them in the saddle. In his age, Washington mounted a horse with ease, and during the five years General Lee spent at Lexington, his one diversion was to take long rides on Traveller.

Their attitude toward slavery was the same. Washington left directions in his will that his slaves should be set free on the death of his wife; and it is well known that Lee had freed his before the sixties, and all the slaves belonging to his wife's estate were liberated at a certain time designated in Mr. Custis's will.

It is not surprising that such men bore off prizes in matrimony and, by their happy choice, widened and strengthened social connections already powerful, acquired fortunes, and won life companions worthy to walk beside them in the fierce, white light which was destined to beat upon their paths.

The Mexican War and the Seven Years' War preceding the Revolution proved to be training schools of great soldiers, and from these trials Washington and Lee came forth tested and prepared for sterner tasks yet to come. When Braddock's men were falling around him, and confusion reigned, our young major of Virginia militia came to the rescue and asserted, in that crisis, the place that belonged to him, and which he afterwards filled so well. Even the sagacious Indian chief, who saw Washington on that fatal field, said: "The Great Spirit protected him that he might become the chief of nations."

In the campaign from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, Captain Lee discharged every duty assigned him with a fidelity and distinction which were the earnest of larger fame, and we are not surprised at the prescience of his command in chief, who at that time declared that Lee was the greatest living soldier in America. The story is told that during one of the intervals in this campaign, at a brilliant assembly of the officers, some one proposed the health of the young engineer to whose unerring eye much of the success was due. Then for the first time Lee's absence was observed, and an officer dispatched for him. He was found in a remote apartment, deeply absorbed in drawing a map. "Make some one else do this drudgery," said the officer; to whom Lee replied: "No, I am but doing my duty." Thus the banquet proceeded without him.

When the struggle for independence came, every eye turned to Washington as the commander of our forces, and the clever pen of Mrs. John Adams has left a description of him on his first appearance at Cambridge. "Dignity, ease, and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line of his face." We can but think, as we read these lines, how aptly they describe his noble kinsman who, eighty years later, rode at the head of the Army of Northern Virginia. Thought what pain and renunciation Lee had passed to this command is an oft-told story, for while Washington was of the essence of Virginia, Lee was of the very quintessence of Virginia. In his case the roots and fibers struck down and spread wide in the soil, making him of it a part. Love for his native State flowed through his veins, and had been handed on to him from his gallant father, "Light Horse Harry," who exclaimed, in debate with Mr. Madison: "Virginia is my country; her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me." In this decision Lee was but following Washington's example, for he who had

served the king under Braddock did not hesitate, when the great principles of Anglo-Saxon liberty were assailed, to take his stand against the king.

Both were given command of untrained men, but order came out of chaos and invincible armies grew under their guidance and the steady pressure of an unbending will. With these armies they waged humane and civilized warfare and, though each was a very thunderbolt in war and self-contained in victory, the supreme test came to Lee in defeat, which brought out in him such lofty nobility as is seldom seen in actual life. Their dedication to impersonal ends and their chivalry render these two Christian soldiers worthy to sit beside Sir Percival at the table round of King Arthur.

Washington was wholly free from the vulgar ambition of the usurper. To have refused supreme rule, and then to have effected in the spirit and under the forms of free government all and more than the most brilliant of military chiefs could have achieved by absolute power is a glory which belongs to Washington alone.

To have declined the most exalted honors and emoluments from foreign countries, as well as from the South, that he might share the fate of his stricken people, and to build up by precept and a great example the shattered community of which he was the most observed representative is a glory which belongs to Lee alone.

Blessed among nations is that State to which, not once, but twice, such models have been given.

PLANT FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

Plant flowers! yea, flowers! What care or cost
Shall the generous hand deny.
These sinless symbols of all we've lost,
And all we seek on high.
Flowers to carry the breath of spring
To windows and walks and eaves;
Flowers! what sorrow in heart or wing
But shelters among their leaves!

Plant fruit, yea, fruit! in no niggard hole
To rival the slug worm's toil;
But wide as the Patriot's unbought soul,
And deep in the cream of soil!
Fruit! to temper the Winter's ruth,
To soften the Summer's rage;
Fruit! to brighten the morn of Youth,
And mellow the eve of age.

Plant fruit and flowers; yea, flowers and fruit!
The boughs may be bare and cold,
But a subtle alchemist at the root
Is turning thy toil to gold,
Who follows thy footprints silently,
Nor sleeps when thy labors close,
Until the wilderness "glad for thee,"
Is "blossoming like the rose!"

—F. O. Ticknor.

February, 1858.

HISTORY SAYS HE DID.—I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles—the character of an "honest man."
—Washington.

THE MYTH OF SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY D. C. GALLAHER, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

The rôle of an iconoclast is not an enviable one, but the War between the States was fruitful of many false traditions and stories, and among them the long-since thoroughly exploded and discredited poetic fiction and falsehood of "Barbara Frietchie," by Whittier, waving the Union flag in the face of Stonewall Jackson's soldiers in 1862 as they marched through the city of Frederick, Md., to Antietam. But the Northern people have been "fed up" with another equally false poem, and that is Sheridan's ride of "Twenty Miles Away."

Here are the cold, hard facts which any truthful soldier of either army who, like the writer, was there will confirm and corroborate. General Sheridan's forces, October 19, 1864, an army about twice or three times as large as General Early's, was in camp on the fortified heights and adjoining plain overlooking Cedar Creek, some sixteen or seventeen miles south of Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley. Some miles away, with cavalry pickets in his immediate front, lay Early's army. For miles it was practically "No Man's Land" between the two armies, with occasional cavalry forays or skirmishes. Each army seemed held in leash awaiting an attack or an advance. Early planned a surprise and night attack, and, moving down the Valley quietly at night on the 18th near the enemy's pickets, he waited until after midnight, when, with Kershaw in the center and Wharton on the left flank, he sent Gordon's Division, on the right flank, over the creek and up the wooded heights, having soon captured the pickets at the base of the hill. His men had been cautioned to observe great quiet as to their talking and the noise and rattle of their canteens, etc. About daybreak, our men rushed into and captured the entire camp, including some of the 8th and 6th Corps, and the rest, panic stricken, fled in a general rout, abandoning everything, including artillery; and even small arms, etc., of many of them. Soon Sheridan's whole army, nestled so securely as they thought, was in full flight toward Winchester, about sixteen miles distant, except the large body of cavalry on his right flank, which at the first routed from their camps, maintained their lines somewhat. Their left flank had been wholly turned in confusion and the general stampede quickly began in a panic. So great and so thorough were the rout and demoralization that, as it turned out unwisely, Early pursued the flying army but a short distance. It was charged that his men, half starved and with so much plunder and loot and food at their disposal, did not obey efforts to rally and pursue in disciplined columns. It was a humiliating and discreditable close to a brilliant strategy and a wonderful victory of a few hours previous.

Now for the *facts* of that wonderful (?) ride. Sheridan was on a Baltimore and Ohio train returning from a short visit to Washington, where he had gone feeling that his army was entirely safe from attack in its advantageous position. He hurried to Winchester upon learning of the rout of his army and, arriving there between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, mounted his horse and galloped to meet his fleeing army near Middletown, about seven or eight, *and not twenty*, miles from Winchester. There he met the fugitives, who, as Early was pursuing them but slowly, if at all, were already being halted and reformed. Learning of the demoralized condition of Early's army, and that it was not pursuing, Sheridan rallied his men and turned upon him and, to his credit be it said, snatched a great victory from the jaws of defeat, capturing many prisoners, nearly all of Early's artillery, and driving our men back to Fisher's Hill as night came on, about four miles south, and there Early's depleted and defeated forces en-

camped and spent the night. In the mad rush after Sheridan's counter attack, Early's artillery, wagons, etc., became congested and jammed together upon the narrow bridge over the creek and nearly all were captured. Rarely was seen during that war such a morning of glorious victory turned into the night of defeat and disaster. I can only think of the parallel of the great battle of Pittsburgh Landing in the West, when the sun rose upon a Confederate victory and set upon a Confederate defeat.

So much for this silly, poetic falsehood! The *hard facts* of that war were not to the credit of the Yankees, and they now find consolation in poetic myths. I have recently read of Sheridan's horse (on that wonderful (?) ride) being stuffed and on exhibition in a museum. If that steed could speak, he would truthfully, referring to that ride and poem, say: "I am not the *only* one stuffed!"

[The following is taken from a newspaper letter by Joseph D. Shewalter, of Missouri, and is further corroboration of the foregoing:]

"I was a courier in the Confederate army in Virginia and attached to the Valley the last two years of the war, up to within about a month of the close. Sheridan did not ride twenty miles, but at most not over ten. It is only thirteen miles from Cedar Creek to Winchester. The ground is there now and can be measured. Again, General Early, with the handful of his starving men he could control, drove the Federals three miles, and would have driven them into the Potomac, Sheridan or no Sheridan, but for the circumstances stated hereafter. Early marched all night around the mountains and took the Federals completely by surprise about daylight. All in all, it was one of the gallant victories won by the South. The Yankees broke in panic and without scarcely firing a gun. Early's men were virtually starving, and fell to hunting something to eat. Early and his officers could not control them. With the few that he could control, he followed the fleeing enemy about three miles; and, seeing the danger of pursuit with an insignificant force, he stopped.

"It has been said—how true I do not know—that Sheridan was, in fact, three miles south of Winchester when he received the news. If so, he rode seven miles. Of course, the small force that Early had with him was routed. Among the captured goods was a lot of whisky, three barrels, I think, of which General Early did not know; otherwise he would have put a guard over it. When his remnant got back the soldiers who had remained were all drunk. But, notwithstanding these facts, and Sheridan's great feat, Early brought off all the captured artillery, practically all the plunder, and all his men. These are the facts and are due both the dead and history.

"I would like to say a word in justice to General Early. I knew him well and, at the close, I started with him and others to join Johnston. He surrendering, we went on to join Kirby Smith, and we parted at Tuscaloosa, Ala. I never saw him in my life under the influence of liquor. He was badly crippled with rheumatism and, from this and the wound he had received at Williamsburg, was unable to get on his horse without assistance. I assisted him repeatedly in mounting. It is owing to this fact, and perhaps malice, that it is believed he was constantly drunk. He was one of the most skillful leaders of the South. He fought against great odds, and, near the close, when Sheridan made his last celebrated raid, I lay in the upper room of a house and counted his entire army as it passed. And I know that Sheridan had, at very least, six men, fully equipped, to every one with Early."

GOVAN'S BRIGADE AT NEW HOPE CHURCH.

BY EDWARD BOURNE, MEMPHIS, TENN.

I was a private in Company B, Third Confederate Regiment, Infantry, which was a part of Govan's Brigade. The regiment had become so decimated from its long and efficient service that it was consolidated into two companies, A and B, and owing to its efficiency and experience in the skirmish drill, it was made skirmishers for Govan's Brigade during the campaign from Dalton to Jonesboro, Ga. The regiment, or, rather, the battalion, as it numbered at that time only about two hundred men, rank and file, was commanded by Maj. J. Munford Dixon, Company A being commanded by my brother, Capt. William Freeland Bourne, and Company B by First Lieutenant James.

On the morning of the battle of New Hope Church, May 27, 1864, Govan's Brigade halted on its march to the extreme right of our army, the next troops to our right being Wheeler's Cavalry, and faced to the front. Our regiment, the Third Confederate Infantry, was immediately ordered out in front of the brigade, deployed as skirmishers, and directed to move forward until our right got in touch with Wheeler's Cavalry: which we did. I was on the extreme left of our regiment and can recall vividly the feeling of surprise and loneliness I felt when our skirmish line continued its advance beyond the skirmish line of our troops on the left for quite a distance. When we halted, we were in position in thick woods upon the crest of a small hill, and the enemy's skirmishers were occupying the low ground about fifty or seventy-five yards in our front. After skirmishing with them awhile, word came down the line for us to fall back, that the cavalry had given way on our right; and this we did about one hundred yards. Then word came down the line that it was a mistake, they had not fallen back, and for us to retake our former position, which we did at a run, and again began skirmishing with the enemy. Again, after some time, orders came down the line to press the enemy, ascertain the kind of troops in our front, numbers, etc. We then rushed the enemy, drove their skirmishers into their breastworks, and were favored with a volley by their line of battle. We retired to the crest of the hill to await further developments.

We did not have to wait long, for very soon after we reached this position, the enemy's line of battle came over their breastworks to attack in force, evidently intending and hoping to turn the right flank of our army. As they came over the breastworks we gave them a parting volley, and it was reported by some of the prisoners afterwards captured that by that volley we killed several officers of high rank.

We fell back rapidly to our line of battle and, to our surprise found that while we were away our brigade had built breastworks, which we crossed and reformed in the rear of those works. As soon as we were formed, I noticed that the breastworks ended at the right of Govan's Brigade, and that just to the right of the works there was a large depression in the ground, somewhat circular in form, about fifty yards wide, filled with thick undergrowth, and that Granbury's Brigade, of our division, was continuing our line of battle to the right out into the open. We also heard that the 8th Arkansas Regiment, of Govan's Brigade was on their right, without protection. Our regiment was ordered into line to fill the gap between the end of the breastworks and Granbury's Brigade. The thick undergrowth in the hollow hid the enemy from us; therefore, as we were in the line of fire, we were ordered to lie down and guard the depression against a possible attack. Our position and inactivity gave us a close and advantageous oppor-

tunity to watch the enemy's attack upon Granbury's front, also the progress of the fight.

About fifty yards out in Granbury's front there was quite a step off in the land, some three or four feet deep, and all the land in the front was covered with a dense woods, with a great deal of undergrowth. When the enemy came to the "step off," they halted, took off their knapsacks, piled them up on the ground in front, using them as head protectors, and opened fire upon the unprotected line in their front. Later, finding they were not accomplishing their object by that course, they, without replacing their knapsacks, climbed over the "step off" and renewed the charge. As they did so, came the ringing order from General Granbury to his brigade: "Cease firing." This order being promptly obeyed, another followed, "Fix bayonets!" which was promptly followed by the ringing of cold steel and the third order, "Commence firing!" opened the ball again. The enemy gallantly came up to within about thirty feet of where our boys stood awaiting them, but not being able to stem the tide of lead, grape, and shrapnel, for a battery of our brigade, located at or near the right of our brigade's breastworks, poured an enfilading fire of grape, canister, and shrapnel down their line, which in addition to the deadly fire of our infantry, was too much for them, so those that could retreated pell-mell, and the victory was won.

It was a bloody fight, and one could walk upon dead Yankees for a long distance down our front. Behind one large tree in front of Granbury's Brigade, I counted a number of dead—thirty-two, as I recall it. The knapsacks mentioned were all captured by our boys, and I got as much of the contents of one as I wanted.

While reading the article on this battle by Comrade Posey Hamilton, of Pleasant Hill, Ala., page 477, December VETERAN, in which, in addition to giving his recollections of the battle, he quotes quite lengthily from the author of "Wheeler's campaigns," giving the latter's account of it, I felt it was my duty, in order to keep history straight, to give my version of the battle and of the participants therein. After carefully reading his quotations from "Wheeler's Campaigns," who says that "Govan's and Granbury's brigades of infantry were sent to Wheeler's support, and with both infantry and cavalry nearly destroyed the division of Gen. T. J. Wood and dispersed the Federal brigade under General Hazen. Lowrey's and Quarles' Brigade were also sent to the support of Wheeler, but not until the victory was nearly complete. The loss of the enemy was estimated as between four and five thousand in killed, wounded, and captured. I think that the author of the above statement and the author of "Wheeler's Campaigns" agree more closely with my recollections of the battle, etc., than any other version on the subject that I have read. As to the Federal division and brigade he mentions, I am not posted; but it was my understanding that it was Hooker's Corps, the 20th, that composed the Federal troops engaged in that battle; and the troops he mentions may have been of that corps. Lowrey's Brigade was a part of Cleburne's Division, and probably participated in that battle. Also Quarles's and the other brigades that so claim may have also participated, but so far as my understanding at the time was only Govan's and Granbury's Brigades and Wheeler's Cavalry fought the fight. It is true they may have been our support and suffered more or less from it. "There is glory enough for all."

THAT "OTHER" BRIGADE AT NEW HOPE CHURCH.—J. W. Dickey, of Camp Roxton U. C. V., Roxton, Tex.: "I belonged to Granbury's Brigade and took part in the battle at New Hope Church. After the fight was over, we buried three thousand dead. I remember very distinctly of seeing some

had standing behind a small hickory tree, and have wondered times without number what on earth that fellow was doing just standing there behind that tree. The other brigade that took part in the battle was Govan's Brigade (Arkansas). I enjoyed reading your article very much. There are not many of the old boys left in this part. We are growing fewer. I am eighty-two years of age, pretty old, but I am still reasonably active. Expect to attend the New Orleans reunion, and hope to see you on that occasion."

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR.

BY JUDGE CHARLES B. HOWRY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A series of resolutions were adopted at our last reunion in Richmond, Va., declaring that "the Confederate war was deliberately conceived and its inauguration made by President Lincoln," and that he was personally responsible for forcing the war.

With nothing to gain and something to lose, I voiced my dissent as appropriately as I could, for want of delegated power to vote. The veterans had voted upon a conclusion only, based upon the report of a reunion committee, without the production of the evidence upon which the committee had acted. The proof to sustain the charge was contained in a booklet presented to the committee, supplemented by a pamphlet of other printed matter, these two documents consisting largely of opinions, criticisms, and extracts from sources mainly hostile to the person charged with conceiving the greatest war in history up to that time, and included what was said to be official evidence of a newly discovered character. It cannot be said that a resolution of such import was duly considered, but rather that it was the notion of the moment and so suddenly adopted as to be not unlike the enactment of many laws passed in the closing hours of legislative sessions.

There is conflict of opinion and contradictory suggestion in the printed matter upon which the resolution was founded. Nor is there substantially or materially anything new suggested. In fact, much of the printed matter relates to Mr. Lincoln's personal character and conduct after the beginning of hostilities. Also, the printed booklet and pamphlet contradict the assertion of exclusive responsibility in the statement set forth in the headlines, and sustained by references, that the North was responsible for the war.

There would have been no war had not two Presidents of the United States in succession, responding to the demands of the war party behind each, claimed that it was the duty of the Federal government (a *de jure* government) to deny the contention of the Confederate government (a *de facto* government) that the forts, arsenals, dry docks, customhouses, and public property in the confines of the new government belonged to the States. Had this *de facto* government yielded there would have been nothing to fight for. The issue might have come in another form at some other time, but certainly not then.

There was no grant of power in the Constitution of our national government to coerce a State. There was nothing said as to the ultimate supremacy of the central authority outside its particular sphere under the limited grants. Yet, to save the union of the States coercion followed at the expense of the Constitution. The South was willing to let the union go rather than submit to inequality, oppression, and wrong. Who was to decide, unless factions each decided for itself?

President Harding recently said that there was an ambiguity in our Constitution. But where? Assuredly a State could not rebel; and if not, could a State be lawfully coerced? The South

had no war to make on the other States. It sought a peaceable separation. Each seceding State maintained its autonomy as a sovereign power, and there was nothing in the Constitution to justify or authorize the Federal Congress to declare war against any State as such; with knowledge that Congress had no such power, Northern statesman forced war. As no State was in rebellion, the Federal authorities were forced to prosecute the war (for want of a better reason) on the theory that we, the people and citizens of the seceding States, were domestic foes. How times do change! Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island in 1814 substantially adopted the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, which declared the Constitution was a compact, not a submission of the States to the general government.

Parenthetically it may be asked why seek to exempt from responsibility the fanatics, the abolitionists, and the politicians who went with the crowd; good people and people not so good and, finally, people who had affiliated politically with the South and joined those who from the beginning said they wanted peace on their own terms, but made ready for war. Why exempt from responsibility the Congress which rejected our every effort to obtain a peaceable separation?

The charge of personal responsibility overlooks official phases of the matter. Mr. Woodrow Wilson, in his "History of the American People," in alluding to Mr. Lincoln, says that men unschooled in affairs did not know the mastery of the man; that when the issue was made up, all knew what it meant, not compromise, but war; that the Southern leaders thought to bring on a constitutional crisis.

The issue began with the seizure and possession of the forts, arsenals, and customhouses. President Buchanan claimed all public property for the United States and, by an order issued from the War Department, it was declared that any attempt on the part of South Carolina to take possession would be regarded as an act of hostility to the United States. Meantime the government secretly repossessed some of the abandoned forts in the harbor at Charleston, and on December 25, 1860, the Federal commander secretly dismantled Moultrie in the nighttime, burned his gun carriages, and abandoned that fort, electrifying the country by moving his entire command to Fort Sumter, where he could make a better defense. This act strengthened the Federal authorities in the effort to thwart State seizure and permanent possession. It was a distinctly hostile act of war and in violation of any armistice that existed and meant resistance to the right of secession.

Mr. Buchanan was subservient to public opinion North. He had to be. He admitted the danger of assassination before he quit office, so intense was the feeling on his part of the country against peaceable withdrawal. He had declined to make any formal pledge of noninterference, but had issued from the War Department, December 11, 1860, the order to the effect that any attempt on the part of South Carolina to take possession of the forts would be regarded as *an act of hostility to the United States*.

The embarrassing question was that relating to the collection of the revenues; and instructions were given not to allow any vessels to pass except under clearance from the United States collector at Charleston. Mr. Davis agreed that if a vessel under these circumstances should be fired upon by local State authorities, *it would be accepted as the beginning of hostilities*. Mr. Buchanan, meantime, positively objected to withdrawing the garrison in Sumter, with the abiding hope of averting a collision or postponing a fight to a period beyond the close of his official term.

There is no reflection here upon President Buchanan's patri-

otism and earnest desire to have matters adjusted without war, but he pleased neither North nor South by his vacillation.

On January 10, 1861, Mr. Davis delivered his farewell speech in the Senate and charged that the government was then furiously sending troops to occupy favorable positions. The government was also then seizing all the forts in the vicinity of Washington, and with marines sent secretly from the navy yard at Washington the forts were being garrisoned. Southern States were seizing every fort and all Federal property in their respective vicinities. Mr. Davis alleged that Sumter was gained by the perfidious breach of an *implied* understanding. With whom? Not Lincoln.

While Mr. Buchanan said he did not favor coercion, he claimed that the right of a State to secede was not a constitutional right. And his course enabled his successor to antagonize the States that had attempted to withdraw. The ship *Star* of the West was permitted to sail for Charleston with two hundred recruits concealed beneath the decks, and undertook not only to provision Sumter, but to reinforce the fort with the marines. The ship was driven off by a shell fired, not across the bow of the vessel, but at the ship itself. Thus, on January 19, 1861, the two acts, taken together, were as much the beginning of hostilities as the subsequent effort of another ship to enter the harbor with provisions and supplies. The possession of Sumter necessarily meant a collision, no matter who held it. The Confederacy, as Horace Greeley admitted, "had no alternative but its own dissolution unless the shots were fired." Both shots came from the power hostile to the States, and many military critics say that the war practically began with the first shot. There never was a formal proclamation until the call for troops after the surrender of the fort.

Mr. Lincoln was not a party to any of these events until after his inauguration, so far as was ever charged. He had to resign or execute his conception of his duty.

If Mr. Davis was right in his declaration that the acts of the United States to hold the Federal forts and arsenals and customhouses within the seceding States was "unmeaning apart from a claim of coercive control over the withdrawing States," then the measures taken by the two Presidents to maintain authority and control were the same.

Northern sentiment had crystallized before the storm burst when Major Anderson was asked to surrender Sumter. His troops in the fort were living on pork and damaged rice, and Mr. Lincoln claimed when he came in that he was only provisioning the men in the fort to enable them to stay there in assertion of the authority of the United States.

In approving the plan to merely provision the fort we Southern people thought then and think now, that Mr. Davis was right when he stated that with the change of administration timid conduct was succeeded by unscrupulous cunning and futile efforts, without hostile collision, to impose a claim of authority over people who repudiated it, or by substituting measures which could be sustained only by force. ("Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.") This, notwithstanding the Lincoln claim that the reduction of Sumter was not a matter of self-defense on the part of the assailants, as the garrison in the fort could not possibly commit aggression upon them; and that the assailants were notified that the giving of bread to the men in the garrison would on that occasion be attempted. Mr. Davis rightly contended that the words relating to "that occasion" included the reservation on the part of the United States to have war rather than submit to peaceful secession. At this day and time nothing seems clearer than that. In his inaugural address Mr. Lincoln had said that the power confided to him would be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government,

and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond that which might be necessary he said, "there will be no invasion, no use of force among the people anywhere."

MATTER OF THE ARMISTICE.

An armistice is a suspension of military operation by agreement between belligerents. Its duration can be fixed; but where its determination is not provided for, belligerents can resume hostile operations any time, provided always the enemy is warned in accordance with the terms of the armistice. Mr. Woodrow Wilson states in his history that early in April, 1861, word was sent from Washington to the Governor of South Carolina that Sumter would be reinforced and provisioned against seizure. That was on April 8. Southern people were just as much in earnest in obtaining possession of Sumter as Northern people were holding it. The people back of each government were responsible for this state of affairs. The contest was between the sections and not between any two men representing the sections. The larger question had passed beyond mere individuals. Had the people back of the authorities on the Federal side not insisted upon the preservation of the union of the States, their representatives would undoubtedly have been willing to get back to more peaceful ways of settling the trouble. We could not in the South have tolerated anything short of resistance by any course which our representatives could take when the people formed a government with the powers confided to the Confederate government.

The present Secretary of War, whom I asked about a paper purporting to be an armistice made December 6, 1860, and a similar paper purporting to be an armistice January 29, 1861, by which the United States on the one hand agreed not to attempt to reinforce Fort Pickens or Fort Sumter, and South Carolina and Florida, on the other hand, agreed to make no attack on either so long as the agreement was observed in the matter of reinforcements. states that no such document had been found, but that in the printed Official Records of the two armies (Series I, Vol. I page 116, 117, and 122) the correspondence between President Buchanan and commissioners acting for South Carolina contain certain passages which seem both to imply and to deny some sort of a pledge existing in December, 1860, which may have been the understanding, or alleged understanding, of that date. That President Lincoln is of record as referring to "some rumored quasi-armistice of the late administration," of which the succeeding administration he said, had no adequate evidence. (Series III, Vol. I.)

The same inquiries were made by me of the Secretary of the Navy, with the reply that with an exhibit of the letter of the retiring South Carolina representatives in Congress, December 9, 1860, there was an arrangement made that if South Carolina did not attack or molest the forts in the Charleston Harbor previous to the action of the convention that passed the ordinance of secession there would be peace.

In the booklet given to the reunion committee, reference is made to Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln," quoting a telegram sent January 29, 1861, by the Secretaries of War and Navy at the direction of President Buchanan relating to Fort Pickens. But Fort Pickens is now eliminated from the discussion, because Mr. Davis apparently yielded to the declaration of Mr. Douglas in the Senate that Fort Pickens was needed *for the general defense of the whole country* and not within the controversy about Fort Sumter. ("Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol I, page 290.) Fort Pickens was a coastal point on an isolated island at the entrance of the Pensacola Harbor, garrisoned by about one hundred men, and of small military value. An arrangement

between Mallory and Chase played no part in the matter of bringing on the war. Volunteer troops from Florida and Alabama were in occupancy of the navy yard and a fort on the Confederate side almost adjoining Fort Pickens on the Federal side.

The importance of Sumter was very great because it enabled the government to retain the adherence of the border States as well as States like Arkansas, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee in the bonds of the union. The Northern position was that the government must assert authority everywhere, and that if Sumter was abandoned it would be taken to mean peaceful separation. As a political measure Mr. Lincoln decided "to send the bread to Anderson." At that time Mr. Seward was the power behind Mr. Lincoln. He seemed to have played a double part. It has been authenticated that he was endeavoring to supplant Mr. Lincoln in the prerogatives of the President. And yet, when the Confederate Commissioners went to Washington, Mr. Seward stated that the abandonment of Fort Sumter could not be considered, because the North would not stand for it. When Justice Nelson of the Supreme Court had interviewed Seward, Chase, and Bates (members of the Lincoln cabinet) to dissuade them from undertaking any policy of coercion, and negotiations were continued on the subject so vital to all, Mr. Seward was letting it be known to Judge Campbell (who had resigned from the Supreme Court and was acting with the Commissioners) that "faith will be kept" on his (Seward's) promise that the fort would be abandoned.

There is no evidence that Mr. Lincoln ever abandoned his inaugural announcement that there would be no use of force anywhere if he could collect the revenue and imposts. That declaration was backed by both political parties in the North. The hopes of a great many people in the Southern States were raised to the belief that there would be no war. The three border States of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri had within their confines a largely preponderating number of people who were averse to the secession movement then going on. The people of Virginia were much divided; North Carolina would not act; Arkansas held back; while Tennessee refused to secede for some two months after the two governments had resorted to hostilities.

In his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Mr. Davis proves that

1. The peace talk succeeding the secession of South Carolina which led Horace Greeley to say, "Let the erring sister depart in peace," suddenly ceased and the ominous silence following the assembling of Congress in December, 1860, completed the disruption of the party in the North which had opposed coercion.

2. That the Crittenden Compromise Resolutions in the Senate had signally failed of their purpose to bring about an adjustment. Mr. Seward was a member of that committee and three years before had announced the "irrepressible conflict," which meant war.

3. The Northern Republicans opposed everything in that committee looking to peace, and Douglas charged that they were trying to precipitate secession.

4. That the Powell Resolutions in the House of Representatives were a failure.

5. That two Democrats in the Buchanan cabinet resigned—to wit, Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, who went to his home in Michigan, while General Floyd, Secretary of War, went to Virginia.

6. That the Peace Conference suggested by Virginia to agree upon some suitable arrangement was treated by the majority of representatives from the twenty-one States as-

sembled with contemptuous indifference. That was the conference for "the little blood letting" remark of Zack Chandler; and, as Mr. Davis says, "the party in power was *so thoroughly committed to the prosecution of sectional aggression* and perpetuation the last hopes of reconciliation of the Union expired." (See pages 69, 248, 250.) That preceded Lincoln's inauguration.

Lincoln himself afterwards upbraided Northwestern cities, and especially Chicago, for carrying the same degree of sectional animosity to the South that had characterized New England people in their relations to their Southern brethren.

Mr. Davis expressly summarized his views by stating that the Northern States were responsible for the war.

In the "Prison Life" of Jefferson Davis, by Dr. Craven, his physician, Mr. Davis appears to have stated to him that he personally decried the Southern abuse of Mr. Lincoln. And in speaking of his adversary, Mr. Davis said that "his antagonist desired to be faithful to his duties according to such light as was given him; that Mr. Lincoln possessed official purity, was free from avarice, and kind of heart; that the blow that struck him down prevented the generous treatment that might have been expected from him."

Howell Cobb, of Georgia, said that the greatest blow ever struck upon the prostrate South was the death of Abraham Lincoln. Thousands of others said the same thing. That was my sentiment at the time.

This is not a defense of Mr. Lincoln. Nor is it offered as a defense for unconstitutional acts in the exercise of the war power by him and the Congress. Mr. Lincoln was the instrument of what we Southern people regarded as the misguided thought of that large body of our countrymen who believed that coercion was the alternative of secession. We believed that doctrine to be outside of the Constitution. Could the Constitution have been adopted by any surrender of the sovereignty of any State? Inferior in population, without the sinews of war, without suitable equipment, and lacking in man power by comparison with greatly superior resources, arms, equipment, and population, the men of the South long since accepted results as patriotic Americans, as we would now accept any other accomplished fact. We cannot yield our belief, however, that we were right on the principle.

Saving our honor with pledges of support to the United States (which support we have redeemed,) we abide by our belief in the righteousness of the principle involved in our view of the war. President Harding made a gracious and kindly speech to Confederate veterans of Camp No 171, in Washington, in stating that he was speaking as the son of a Union veteran and from his point of view, he added that "we thought we were right." This was a few weeks before our Richmond reunion, where in the presence of 2,500 people, I made the statement that I felt impelled to quote that much of his patriotic speech, and to add that "we certainly did." The South probably always will.

Emerging from the conflict after three years of service perilous enough to leave wounds upon my body, accurate statement of Southern history interests me as much as it does any man. Though the war undermined our Constitution, if there be anything lasting that will take the place of what we lost in constitutional government, it is our duty, as I see it, to unite with our countrymen everywhere to sustain the cause of local State government with the limitations on the Federal power ordained by our ancestors as a guide to follow for all time. As the Southern man has proved his patriotic course in war, so he had in peace proved his patriotism. More effectually can we continue to do this when the voice of obloquy shall be hushed forever.

A GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

BY JOHN LAFAYETTE MARTIN, BLYTHEVILLE, ARK.

On our way from Missouri to join General Price at Tupelo, Miss., in April, 1862, at Memphis, Tenn., the Secretary of the Confederate States navy ordered our command to go on a gunboat fleet, which had been built at Memphis by iron-cladding six fine side-wheel steamboats and equipping them as rams. The names of these boats were as follows: The Bragg, Beauregard, Price, Thompson, Van Dorn, and Sumter, and the Paul Jones as flagship with Little Rebel as dispatch boat. My company was on the Sumter. Capt. Sam Harris, of Cape Girardeau, Mo., and Capt. Bob McDonald's companies were on the Bragg. We engaged the Federal fleet, which was lying at Plum Point, May 10, 1862. We sank one of their boats and smashed another so badly that she had to go aground to keep from sinking. On account of our experience in that engagement, we were ordered to Yazoo City on the Ram Arkansas, as she had no crew, only officers, Captain Brown, Lieutenant Stevens, and three or four midshipmen. My company and Captain Harris's and McDonald's companies manned the guns on the Arkansas through the entire engagement.

The Confederate government built a dam across the Yazoo River to prevent the Federal gunboats from going up and destroying the Ram Arkansas before she was finished. When the boat was completed, she took aboard our three companies and dropped down and cut the raft below the city and went through. There were two Federal gunboats on picket duty watching for us to come out.

We opened fire on the nearest, which was the Tyler, damaging her so badly she had to go ashore. The other, the Carondelet, made her escape, but the firing on the two notified the entire Federal fleet that we were coming, and they lined up to receive us on either side of the river, thirty or forty in number, and as we came in contact with them they all opened fire on us at once. We returned the fire right and left, front and rear, scattering death and destruction of vessels among their fleet. We had thirteen men killed in going through the fleet, nine of them killed with one shell, four killed on the port where the shell came in, and five killed across the deck at the opposite gun from the same shell. There were two men killed by balls coming into the port. One man stuck his head out of the porthole to look at the Federal fleet, and his head was shot off. The shell went into the pilot house, killing the pilot and wounding Captain Brown and one of our Missouri soldiers. Dick Brady, an old steamboat pilot, took the wheel and steered the ram safely to Vicksburg. In the midst of the battle the firemen became exhausted from heat, and a volunteer crew took their place and fired the remainder of the journey. Hail never fell thicker than the balls of every character which fell upon our vessel, and it is one of the most remarkable things in history that one vessel could engage thirty or forty in battle and get away without being destroyed. The number of vessels that we sank or damaged and the number of men killed in the Federal fleet must have been enormous. History does not furnish a parallel to this battle. Of all of the great naval battles in history, there was never a single vessel to attack and successfully get away without damage after inflicting so great a damage upon the enemy.

Captain Brown deserves as great a monument as any of our heroes or generals, and we ought to have pride enough left in the State of Arkansas to build a monument to him at the State capital, and also a concrete ship to commemorate that great battle.

There are only two men living that were in that battle on the Ram Arkansas, L. Dennis, who lives at Walcott, Greene

County, and myself. I believe that I was in as many battles as any other soldier in either army, having fought against breastworks for two days at Corinth, been in ten battles in Mississippi, besides the siege and surrender at Vicksburg of forty-seven days and nights, and having been with Gen. Joe Wheeler's command after the surrender at Vicksburg, from Chattanooga to Atlanta under Gen. Joe Johnston's command, and with General Hood at Franklin and Nashville, and on the retreat with Hood back to the surrender in North Carolina.

I think my experience as a soldier, having fought on land and water, in cavalry and artillery, is equal to any soldier. When I think of my comrades who fell in battle the last sound to greet their mortal ears was the roar of musketry, the roar of artillery, and high above it all the old rebel yell, and my mind has followed the flag of their spirit to the judgment bar, where I think I have heard the Saviour say: "Well done, good and faithful soldier; thou hast fought a good fight; enter into the joys of thy Lord."

CONFEDERATE TORPEDO BOATS.

[The following comes from James H. Tomb, Chief Engineer, C. S. N., now of Jacksonville, Fla., who was one of those brave spirits ready to take a chance in the experiments with Confederate torpedo boats. An interesting article on the subject from him was published in the VETERAN for April, 1914, and these comments are made after a perusal of "Scharf's History of the Confederate Navy," the most comprehensive work so far on that subject, but still not all that could be written of the wonderful accomplishments of the Confederate seamen.]

I see from Scharf's account of the attack on the frigate Ironsides, October 5, 1863, at Charleston, S. C., by the Confederate States torpedo boat David, under the command of Lieut. W. T. Glassell, C. S. N., that the depth of the torpedo under water was three feet. As I attached the spar to the David, it was six and a half feet. We got a boiler tube from Waggoner & Co., but found a flaw in it and had to cut it out; otherwise the depth would have been eight and a half feet and results to the Ironsides more serious and Lieutenant Glassell more successful. As it was, the Ironsides never fired another shot on Charleston.

The attack on the United States steamship Memphis at North Edisto, S. C., March 6, 1864, by the David, under my command, was not a success on account of a defective tube on the torpedo. As we approached the Memphis, we got well under her stern before they saw us, and then they gave us a very hot fire from small arms, as they could not use the heavy guns. The steel cover on the David prevented the shots doing us any harm, as they all passed off. The next moment we struck the Memphis on the port quarter a good blow, some eight and a half feet below the surface, and the torpedo held ninety-five pounds of rifle powder. As the torpedo failed to explode, we turned to port and came at her from that side, but as her engines were working and the ship passing out, the blow was a glancing one and it failed to explode again; and as the David passed under the counter of the Memphis, it took off part of our funnel. We then headed up and were under a very heavy fire from the heavy guns, but were not struck. At Church Flats we made an examination and found the first blow was a good one, as the tube was mashed flat and the glass tube containing acid was broken. The second blow was a glancing one and the tube was slightly bent, but glass tube not broken.

After the attack on the Ironsides by Lieutenant Glassell, I was placed in command of the David and instructed by Flag Officer John R. Tucker, C. S. N., to make any changes in the

David that I thought best. I put one-sixteenth of an inch of steel over the hull above water, put a cap to the top of the funnel, and so arranged the torpedo spar that it could be lowered or hoisted from inside of the David to any depth or held out of the water, and it was in this condition when we struck the Memphis.

THE FIRST NAVAL ENGAGEMENT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Lieutenant Phelps, U. S. N., in command of the United States steamship *Conestoga*, reported that he had engaged the Yankee at Lucas Bend, just above Columbus, etc. The Yankee was the C. S. S. *Jackson*, commanded by Captain Gwathny, Executive Officer Everett, Midshipmen Holt, Dougherty, and Telfair, and Dr. Ward. The *Jackson* mounted two 8-inch smooth-bore guns, one forward and the other aft, on pivot. I was attached to the *Jackson* at the time as engineer. She was a large, side-wheel steamer, and was used as a tugboat for the lower river as the Yankee. The battery of boilers was on the open deck with no protection from gun fire. At the time the *Jackson* arrived at Columbus, General Pillow's troops had not arrived there, outside of a few infantry. There was a small tug called the *Grampus*, mounting a 12-pound howitzer, and she would scout up near Cairo. She reported that there were two steamers coming down the river from Cairo. Captain Gwathny steamed up the river to the bend above Columbus and made the *Jackson* fast to the bank, banked the fires, and let the steam go down, then used the *Jackson* as a battery, feeling that it was the best way to use her guns, thus avoiding danger from the boiler under a full head of steam out in the river. The *Grampus* went down the river, and we waited for the *Conestoga* and *Lexington* to come near enough to reach them, and we then opened on the leading steamer from the bow gun. While it did not hit her, it caused both steamers to turn up stream, and we exchanged a number of shots. Captain Gwathny thought if we could disable the engines, they would drift down abreast of us, and we could sink them. They evidently thought the same thing, as they made for Cairo under full steam, and then the *Jackson* got up steam and dropped below the bluff at Columbus, and while the *Jackson* was there they never came down again. This was the first naval engagement on the Mississippi River.

HAMPTON'S CATTLE RAID.

[From "History of the Laurel Brigade," by the late Capt. W. N. McDonald.]

The Laurel Brigade continued in camp resting and recuperating after the fight at Reams's Station until September 14. That morning, with five days' rations in haversacks, the brigade, under Rosser, started with Hampton on his celebrated cattle raid. The rest of the column consisted of Maj. Gen. W. H. F. Lee's Division, Dearing's Brigade, and one hundred men from Young's and Dunnavant's brigades under Colonel Miller of the 6th South Carolina Regiment, and the horse artillery under Colonel R. P. Chew.

The object of the expedition was to capture and secure for the use of Lee's army a large herd of cattle belonging to the Federals, grazing in security on the James River near Coggins Point, in the rear of Grant's army. The location of the cattle being well within the enemy's lines, it became necessary to force the lines at the most practicable point. Hampton had been well informed as to the exact location of the cattle, and the position and approximate number of the force guarding them, by intelligent scouts under Shadburne, of the Jeff Davis Legion, John B. McClure of Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, being one of them. Upon their information, Hampton

selected Sycamore Church, in Prince George County, as the point at which to make the attack. The first night the whole force bivouacked near Wilkinson's Bridge, over Rowanty Creek. Early next morning the march was continued. The region through which the expedition passed was flat and marshy. The road wound along through occasional pine forests that helped to conceal the strength and design of Hampton's force. Few houses were seen, and almost unperceived they stole along toward Grant's rear. Early in the evening the Blackwater was reached at a point where Cook's Bridge, recently destroyed, had stood. Hampton purposely took this route because the absence of a bridge averted suspicion of any approach that way. Here he halted and fed, while the engineer corps built a new bridge, finishing it before nightfall. At midnight the column crossed over and each subordinate command proceeded to perform the part that had been assigned it. Lee was ordered to move up the Stage Road, drive in the pickets, force back the Federals, and occupy the roads leading from the direction of Grant's army to Sycamore Church, when he was to charge across and attack the picket on the Minger's Ferry Road. To Rosser was assigned the duty of carrying the outpost position of the enemy at Sycamore Church, and then push on and capture the cattle, which were corralled about two miles from the church and guarded by another considerable force of cavalry.

When within a mile and a half of the church, Rosser halted and waited until morning.

At the first streak of dawn, while darkness yet lingered, the column moved forward and the enemy was soon discovered in a strong position. This was the outpost of the force protecting the cattle, the approaches to it being protected by felled trees and abattis. This position was occupied by about four hundred men of the District of Columbia Cavalry, armed with sixteen-shooter Henry rifles. The narrow way leading through the abattis into camp, which the scouts had reported to be open, was now found to be well barricaded, which fact indicated that the Federals had become suspicious of Hampton's approach, and had prepared in a measure, to receive him, but were perhaps somewhat deceived as to his numbers. A squadron of the 11th Regiment was ordered to charge, which it did promptly, the men riding up against the barricade, where heavy volleys were poured into them, it being too dark to see the enemy except by the flash of the discharges. A number of casualties occurred as the result of this gallant charge. The horse of Adjutant Funston was killed, falling across the narrow roadway. A portion of the 7th Regiment was dismounted and attacked and removed a portion of the barricade in the roadway. The 12th Regiment was now ordered to charge mounted, the First Squadron, Companies B and I, in front. The opening in the barricade was carried, a number of men and horses being killed there. The enemy, covered by darkness and from behind trees, kept up a rapid fusillade with repeating rifles upon the front and flanks of the charging column, the streaks of flame from their guns now and then revealing their forms to the aim of the assailants. Quite a number of them were killed and wounded and about three hundred captured, besides a number of horses and ten wagons. They had, however, inflicted a heavy loss on the brigade. The 7th, under Colonel Dulaney, had three men killed and fifteen wounded; among them Lieut. G. P. Smith, of Company A, who fell leading a charge. Among the killed and wounded of the 12th were Lieutenant Lucas, of Company D, and Private Richard Timberlake, a gallant soldier of Company B. The horse or Orderly Sergeant Seth Timberlake, known as the "Fighting Sergeant" of Company B, was shot dead, and, falling upon him, it required several comrades to

remove the animal and release the rider. The 11th also had some losses, as well as White's Battalion, which, however, was mostly in reserve and not engaged until later.

Daylight had now appeared, and the brigade, pushing on without much organization for a mile farther, came suddenly upon a line of cavalry composed of a few squadrons mounted, and in the rear of them the coveted prize—the cattle—in close corral. General Rosser, riding at the head of the brigade directed a soldier to ride in advance and demand the surrender of the opposing force. Private Cary Seldon, of Company B, 12th Regiment, with a white handkerchief hanging on the point of his saber, riding a little in advance, called to the Federals: "General Rosser demands your surrender." The officer in command replied, "Go to h—!" which defiance was instantly followed by a volley from his men. With a yell the brigade fell upon them, White's Battalion taking the front. The Federals fled in disorder through their encampment, firing into the cattle as they passed and yelling in order to stampede them. A few of the beeves at the farther end of the corral stampeded, but were overtaken and rounded up, not one escaping. The net result of the capture was 2,486 large, fat young steers, 304 prisoners, a considerable number of horses, arms, and equipment, including several hundred of the Henry sixteen-shooter rifles. The camps of the enemy were burned, the stores being first secured and brought off in several captured wagons. The cattle, having been captured, had to be taken care of, and moments now were precious, for the overwhelming cavalry force of Grant's army was in striking distance and could intercept Hampton by several roads unless the captures and escort could be hurried past the roads intersecting the line of retreat and these approaches successfully defended. The situation was a dangerous one for cavalry without encumbrance, but to escape successfully with an additional column composed of the cattle, wagons, and prisoners made it more than doubly difficult and taxed to the fullest both the genius of Hampton and the steadiness and courage his command. Hampton, however, was equal to the occasion, and before making the attack had made his arrangements and prepared for almost any emergency.

W. H. F. Lee and Dearing had attacked the enemy at the opportune time with success, and had established themselves at the points they were ordered to secure on the roads leading to Grant's army. By 8 A.M., Hampton had secured everything, destroying the enemy's camps and immovables with his forces and started upon return. It is not to be supposed that all the hubbub created so near the main body of the Federal army in its very rear, only five miles from its base of supply at City Point and in sight of the gunboats at Cabin Point and the capture of so much valuable property, had not caused a stir at Grant's headquarters and that vigorous efforts were not instantly put forth to make a recapture and punish the Confederate raiders for their insolence and audacity. In this connection, some of the Federal reports and dispatches are of interest. On the 16th General Kautz reports to General Grant: "General Hampton has captured all the cattle and taken them away on the road leading south from this point. I shall pursue and endeavor to annoy them as much as possible. About 150 of the First District of Columbia Cavalry have been captured."

Gen. B. F. Butler to Grant, September 17: "Yesterday three brigades of Hampton's Cavalry turned our left and struck the cattle corral about seven miles below City Point, and captured about 2,000 cattle and our telegraph construction party." Grant to General Davies, commanding cavalry: "September 16, I send you dispatch just received from City Point. The commanding general wishes you to strike the

enemy on their return, if they are now in return (Signed). A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Staff."

Other dispatches show that Kautz, besides his division of cavalry, had been reinforced by a brigade or more of infantry.

Meade attributed the success of the raid to Hampton's superior force, which he estimated to be 6,000. Kautz had it from a reliable citizen that the Confederates numbered 14,000, of whom a large part was infantry. While the Confederate raiding column largely outnumbered the force guarding the cattle, the forces of Gregg and Kautz sent out to intercept Hampton outnumbered his available forces two to one. Besides Hampton's losses in killed and wounded near Sycamore Church, a considerable number of his troopers were sent with the captured prisoners and cattle, greatly reducing his force opposing Kautz and Gregg. The pursuit had been expected and prepared for by Hampton, who had ordered Rosser, with the artillery under Chew, to hold the Plank Road east of the Weldon Railroad some distance below Petersburg. W. H. F. Lee's Division was assigned to protect his rear, Dearing's Brigade and Miller being ordered to support Rosser. Rosser sent White ahead with his battalion to look out for the enemy on the Plank Road. White had hardly gotten into position before the Federals appeared in heavy force—a whole division. White, with characteristic audacity, blockaded the way with an attitude of defiance which suggested that he had strong backing. It was a play of bluff.

The Federals moved slowly and cautiously forward. White, now fighting and falling back, but moving his men from point to point, deceived the enemy as to his numbers. Soon Rosser came up with the rest of the brigade, and the Federals were attacked and driven back. Ordered by Hampton to make a firm stand at Ebenezer Church, Rosser promptly took position there. Behind him about three miles, the captured herd was crossing the Plank Road. Everything now depended on his keeping the enemy back. On pressed the Federals in a heavy column with flanking parties. It was Kautz reinforced by Gregg. Their artillery, numerous and well handled, swept the road and the adjacent fields with shot and shell, and under this fire their whole line advanced. Rosser, with dismounted squadrons in the road, never yielded an inch, but hurled his regiments against them, shattering the head of the blue column and driving it back some distance. The Federals, realizing that this was the only opportunity to recapture the valuable prize in Hampton's possession, made an effort to break through his lines at this point. But Rosser held his ground steadily until reinforced by Dearing and Miller, Lee also having been ordered to form on the right. Colonel Chew had already taken position with his guns, and the Federal artillerists were soon forced to give him their attention. After a heavy cannonade of an hour, he completely silenced the guns of the enemy. Being repulsed repeatedly, the Federals withdrew after dark. Hampton, fearing a movement toward his left, also retired, and the whole command bivouacked for the night near Wilkinson's Bridge.

Next day the subdivisions of the raiding column returned to their respective camps, the mighty, bellowing drove of fat beeves that preceded them having already conveyed to the army the news of their brilliant success. The expedition had been absent three days, during which time it had marched upward of a hundred miles, defeating the enemy in two fights, and bringing from behind his lines in safety 2,486 cattle, a large amount of captured property, together with 304 prisoners. The Confederate loss was ten killed, forty-seven wounded, and four missing.

Hampton, after giving due credit to Generals Lee and Dearing and to Colonel Miller for their hard fighting in keeping

the way open and protected against the vastly superior forces of Kautz and Gregg, says in his report: "The enemy had a strong position, and, the approaches to it being barricaded, he had time to rally in the woods around his camp, where for some time he fought as stubbornly as I have ever seen him do. But the determination and gallantry of Rosser's men proved too much for him, and he was completely routed, leaving his dead and wounded on the field."

THE SIEGE AND FALL OF SELMA, ALA.

BY MRS. C. E. LANDIS, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

The beautiful little city of Selma, Ala., situated on the banks of the Alabama River and surrounded by fertile plantations, was selected by the Confederate government, because of its convenient shipping facilities both by river and railroad, as a safe and convenient place for the location of machine shops and ordnance foundries for the manufacture of arms and other equipment for the armies. Here was located one of the principal arsenals for the manufacture of guns, ammunition, etc.; also the Shirley & Delaven Shipyard, where several gunboats and war vessels were built and equipped for service; large railroad shops, where transportation facilities were kept in repair; a wayside hospital for the care of sick and wounded soldiers, and many other buildings for storage of commissary and quartermaster supplies.

The year 1865 dawned upon this busy little city with all its inhabitants—men, women, and even children—doing something to advance the cause we all loved so well and to make our boys at the front as comfortable as possible. Occupied with these efforts, we felt safe and secure in our quiet homes, for as yet we had not heard the crash of arms nor come in contact with the enemy. But this condition of affairs was not to last, for on Saturday, April 1, the news was heralded throughout the city that a large force of Federal cavalry, 20,000 strong, was fast approaching, confronted only by a small portion of Forrest's gallant men, who had engaged them in a running fight of more than seventy-five miles.

I had been a resident of Selma only a short time, having come there to be with a wounded brother who, after convalescing, was put on detached service. On this particular Saturday morning, I had just returned from Marion, where I had been visiting my father for two weeks, consequently I knew nothing of the state of affairs. I was met at the train by one of my girl friends who could give me very little information in regard to the trouble that was fast approaching. Our way home lay through the business portion of the city, and I noticed a great deal of confusion and bustle among the people, but attributed it to its being Saturday, the day so often used by people from the country to do their shopping. As we walked along our attention was drawn to some beautiful rose-colored calico piled high in front of one of the dry goods stores. Now, after having worn homespun most of the winter, that calico looked cool and refreshing to our eyes. We asked the price of the calico. Fifty dollars per yard. Of course, that was in Confederate money. We were not surprised, for we knew calico was hard to get. We decided to buy it, and thought we could get a dress out of nine yards, which would make it cost \$450. We hastened home, intending to come back later and get the rose-colored calico, but when we reached home, calico, dress, and all were forgotten in the all absorbing topic under discussion. Then I learned that for over a week everything which could be gotten out of the city had been shipped to other points, and every one who could possibly get away had left the city. The wharf was piled high with bales of cotton waiting to be shipped to places of safety.

As the evening approached we heard the first battle cry that disturbed our peaceful homes. Whistles blew, bells rang, cannon boomed, and the cry "to arms" sent the blood tingling through our veins. Every able-bodied man and boy was expected at the front.

I shall never be able to forget the feeling of awe with which we witnessed the small detachment of our half-equipped men and boys gathered to march against that foe. But with proud hearts and courageous step they obeyed the command, "Forward, march." O, but we were proud of our boys, and how our hearts went out to them as they marched off without the inspiring notes of martial music, not even a battle flag or glittering equipment of any kind, only the fervent prayers and cheerful "God be with you" of the proud mothers and daughters of that splendid city to cheer their brave hearts for the coming fray. Thus passed the day and night of April 1.

Sunday morning, April 2, dawned warm and sultry, with our streets full of commotion and excitement. Horsemen galloping to and fro, wagons loaded with army stores hurrying to places of safety, women and children hurrying in every direction in an aimless way.

About noon, to the northward could be seen the dust and smoke of the advancing army, confronted only by the gallant Forrest, with perhaps a thousand of his brave men to hold that splendidly equipped army in check. This he did for four long hours in a way that only the "Wizard of the Saddle" knew how to do, but the contest was so unequal that our boys must fall back within the inclosure.

I spent most of that morning standing out in front of our home weeping and wringing my hands in my utter helplessness to render aid where I felt it was so sorely needed. Wounded soldiers had been passing our home at intervals for many hours, and even now as I write this the tears fall thick and fast as that living picture passes as a panorama before my eyes. Men and boys who, no doubt, had been as tenderly reared as any of our loved ones were without shoes on their feet or hats on their heads; trousers and shirts their only covering, and they were the color of the dust of the ground. What attracted my attention most was the position of these soldiers. None of them were able to hold up their heads, but they were lying on their horses with feet dangling, their arms entwined around their necks, and heads resting in their horses' manes. These horses moved as if conscious of the precious burden they bore. These soldiers were a part of Forrest's men, and, being unfit for service from the long and fierce running fight, were allowed to pass on to some point of safety. I have often wondered what became of them; how many ever reached a place of safety, how many fell by the roadside.

Four o'clock in the afternoon and the battle is on. The rattle of musketry, the boom of cannon tell, alas, too plainly that men are wounded, dying, perhaps some of our own loved ones. O, the suspense of those two hours of carnage! It was now dark; the sun has hidden his face from the unequal contest, and our boys are driven back into the streets of the city, some to fall in sight of their homes. But the battle still rages. We see a few of our own boys retreating before a superior force of the enemy, with swords flashing around them, but, like men of dauntless courage they refuse to give up. Then another and another pressing squadron comes in sight, until it is hard to distinguish friend from foe. Then there is a hush; our boys have all disappeared; none are left but the wounded and dying. Then, O horrors, the city is on fire! Block after block of our business houses are being consumed by the flame, and the streets are full of pillagers. Houses are being robbed, and our servants, encouraged by the foe, join in the pillaging.

But I will not attempt to describe that horrible night, only what came under my own observation. Only the superior bravery of our courageous women saved our homes from worse than carnage. My home seemed to be headquarters for all in the neighborhood. Many had been driven in through fear as the surging mass of humanity galloped by our house. It was but a short time until we discovered that we couldn't remain in the house on account of the drunken soldiers who came and went at their will, so we all huddled together out in front. Every once in a while we would see some of our own men pass, but under a heavy guard. A drunken cavalryman came charging down the pavement, scattering women and children in all directions, and at the same time a Federal officer came riding up. One of the ladies asked him if he wouldn't please send some one to guard our homes. It was then we learned that there was no discipline enforced. He replied: "Madam, if you find one man among these soldiers who is honorable enough to guard your home for the night, you are welcome, but I have no more control over these men than you have." They had been told if they took the city before daylight in the morning they could have it to do with as they pleased. It was dusk when they entered the city, so they had the whole night to drink, carouse, pillage, and burn. Can you imagine anything more horrifying? Hundreds of women and helpless children at the mercy of a band of drunken marauders, without one of our own men near to defend us.

Long before midnight the carnival seemed to have reached its height. The streets were as light as day for blocks around. We younger women had secreted ourselves in every available place for safety, away back in closets, up in garrets, under houses, and even down in dark cellars, which ordinarily we would fear to enter in the daytime, we were glad to crouch like hunted beasts, expecting to be ferreted out at any moment. From my hiding place I overheard some soldiers say they would search every hole and corner but that they would find every damn Reb in hiding (only they swore most profoundly).

But the longest night has an ending. After spending hours in the cellar, we decided to venture out. As we drew near the entrance it grew lighter, and we rejoiced to see daylight once more. Everything seemed much quieter, but the air was filled with smoke and the odor of burning débris.

Upon entering the house we saw soldiers in every room; some were just arousing and looked a little confused. We passed out to the front, feeling safer outside than in the house with drunken men. As soon as it was good light, they all left; no doubt, they went to answer roll call after their night of burning, pillaging, and terrifying women and children. We were all so thankful to be alive and together once more more that we used every effort to banish from our minds the night with its horrible experiences. We found that the women in the house had passed through an even more trying ordeal than we who were hidden away. They first tried to keep the doors locked and bolted, but every crowd of drunken soldiers that passed would bang on the doors with their guns and demand admittance, searching for "Johnnie Rebs" was their excuse. Finally, after repeated attacks, they left the doors open. Sometimes the house was full of drunken soldiers ransacking through everything and taking what they wanted. Nothing seemed sacred to them. All that could be done was to let them take what they wanted and go. The greatest fear was that they would make a more thorough search and find us.

I have no recollection of eating anything that day, besides I had eaten nothing since my breakfast Saturday morning, and do not suppose anyone had, except the soldiers.

To see Selma on Monday morning, April 3, one would never

recognize it as the beautiful city of April 1, and even then there was no comparison to what it was on April 10, when the Federal troops hastily left the city. On Monday morning a cryer went through the streets ordering women and children to places of safety, as they were going to shell the town. Then there was running in every direction to escape the shot and shell that was hurled through the air. We managed to reach a place of safety about a quarter of a mile from our home, where we remained until the Federal troops left the city.

I cannot begin to enumerate the many acts of lawlessness these soldiers committed during the nine days they were in Selma. Bale after bale of cotton was burned, and what they could not burn they rolled into the river. They stole every fowl of every kind that they could get their hands upon. About the last thing they did just before leaving was to drive every horse they could not take with them into a large vacant lot with a very high fence around it and shoot them till the blood ran through the gutters like water. And there were many more of these terrible depredations.

As soon as the Federal troops left the city, we returned to our home, which had been occupied by some of the soldiers; and by the looks of the backyard they might have used it for a slaughter pen. It was a problem as to how the city could be cleaned up to avoid an epidemic that summer, there being no horses left to do the hauling.

I was married two weeks later. My husband walked to Cahaba and back, a distance of sixteen miles, to get the license. He started off on a crippled mule, but soon discovered that instead of being carried himself, he almost had to carry the mule, so he discarded it. Our wedding would hardly compare with one of the present day. My husband wore his Confederate uniform, and I managed to find enough for my modest trousseau that was appropriate for the times. Our light was one tallow candle. And of the wedding breakfast, two articles I remember distinctly, beefsteak and coffee. Twenty dollars was the price paid for the steak; the coffee, a brand unknown to-day—the sweet potato brand. We used it for more than a year, and it was quite good with plenty of rich cream, but, unfortunately, we had no cream for our wedding breakfast, for the cows had all been slaughtered or confiscated by our friends(?).

The notice of our marriage was printed on a piece of coarse brown paper about the size of a handbill. I had always planned to go to Europe on my bridal tour, little dreaming that I would be married in this way, and to a poor Confederate officer with but one suit of clothes to his name (the others having been lost in the fire), and some gold hidden in the soles of his shoes. But such is life. There were Federal troops stationed at Selma all summer. We never sat on the front porch, for the soldiers were passing all during the day. Some of them were very much interested in the colored population and seemed to take great pleasure in their society. They soon found entrance to the servants' quarters, and almost any day you could see two or three of them sitting out in the yard, with their chairs tilted back, in earnest conversation with the negroes. One day, hearing quite a little confusion in the back yard, I tiptoed to the closed window blinds and peeped through just in time to see a soldier make his hurried exit through the back gate. When I inquired into the cause of the disturbance, my servant replied: "O, 't ain't nuffin', Missy. I jes frowed a skillet at dat white man; reckon he'll stay out of dis yard now."

Many years have come and gone, bringing many changes into my life, but through it all these events are as fresh in memory as if they had happened but yesterday—and yet—they tell us to forget!

THE CRIMSON BATTLE FLAG.

BY MRS. SAMUEL POSEY.

(Awarded the Texas Division Medal for romance of the old South. This was taken from the life of Gen. Adam R. Johnson, who was presented a beautiful flag by Miss Tennie Moore upon his capture of Clarksville.)

The dawn flung its flaming curtain fold on fold across the clear azure of the sky. The birds dreaming in the tree tops awakened to twittering song as the sun swung its golden lamp from behind the eastern hill, flooding the world with its wide shower of gold. Far away a cock crew his salutation to the young day, and his clarion call had scarce died away when the ring of hoofs upon the hard macadam of the Tennessee turnpike broke the quiet of the early hour.

A detachment of Confederate cavalry galloped along the road for some distance, finally halting upon the crest of the hill while their leader anxiously scanned the country through a pair of powerful field glasses.

"Look at the buckeyes, boys!" Captain Fisher cried. "They bring good luck. We will soon mix it with the Yankees, and we will need all the luck we can get, so let's carry a buckeye along to help us out."

Each man laughingly put one of the small black nuts in his pocket, and as their colonel finished his reconnoissance, Fisher offered him one.

"I am not the least bit superstitious, Sam, so I don't believe I want one. I'll trust to Joe Smith and my rifle, 'Old Kaintuck,' for protection from the Federal bullets," Colonel Saville smiled in reply.

"It won't hurt a thing to carry one, Carey, even if you don't believe in it. Put this in your pocket just for fun," Fisher insisted.

"No, I have no faith in it, and unless you have faith in a thing it never works. What I am most interested in is getting the arms, ammunition, and supplies that the Federals have down there in Clarksville. Col. Tom Woodward, with about one hundred men, is somewhere in this vicinity. By combining forces, we can capture the town." Colonel Saville spoke in a quick, decisive way, his gray eyes smoldering with suppressed excitement, for a fight was like wine to his soul.

"You bet your sweet life we can give those bluecoats a run for their money if Woodward joins us. That bunch of Yankees owes me a horse. It was one of them that got Old Beauregard that night at Geiger's Lake. Before the day is over I will have me another horse or know the reason why." All the dare-devil spirit of Sam Fisher's make-up shone in his face as he talked, and woe to the Union man who came within reach of the sure aim of his gun.

"Find Woodward immediately, Sam. Meet me at Lone Oak within the hour. Delay will be dangerous. We must have those supplies."

"I'll be with you by seven," Captain Fisher declared, as he saluted and galloped away.

Col. Carey Saville, at the head of his men, rode at a leisurely pace toward Lone Oak, for he wished to give Woodward plenty of time to join him at the hour and place appointed. As he rode through the sweetness of the early morning, with the golden sunshine about him and the air freighted with the fragrance of wild plum and mountain laurel, his thoughts for the moment strayed to scenes where war had no part.

In his mind's eye he was back at Wheatland. He could smell the honeysuckle that twined the great colonial pillars, and he could hear the mocking birds singing in the lilac hedge that bound the emerald beauty of the spacious lawn. And beyond the portals of the huge front doors he could see his

sweetheart upon the great walnut stair; see her as he had seen her upon the day he had come to say good-by. The flowerlike face, pale with suffering, the brown eyes with the pain of heartbreak in them, were etched upon his brain indelibly. For one long moment he had held her close against his breast, his lips upon the soft rose leaf of her mouth, and then the imperative call of the bugle had called him from her side, and he had ridden away to rise or fall with that crimson battle flag that fluttered and tossed upon the breeze at the head of that long line of gray-clad boys from the land of Dixie.

He had not seen her since, and now upon the eve of battle his thoughts hovered about her with great anxiety. Wheatland, the palatial home of Judge Speed, stood just on the outskirts of Clarksville, which, at the time, was the headquarters of Colonel Mason of the United States army.

He wondered if the Federals had depredated upon this fine old estate, and he breathed a prayer that they had left it unmolested, for it would be almost a sacrilege to mar a thing so beautiful.

The wild beat of racing hoofs upon the road ahead broke in upon Colonel Saville's reverie, and as he drew Joe Smith to a walk, a black horse charged around the curve of the road, bearing upon his bare back a young woman, with long hair streaming in the wind and garments fluttering madly.

"The Yankees are going to burn Clarksville!" she cried, stopping her horse so suddenly that he reared upon his haunches. "Can't you save us? O can't you save us?"

"Thanet!" exclaimed Saville, as the girl brushed her flying locks back from her face. "What are you doing here, and how did you get through the Federal lines?"

"O, la, la! I have wined and dined them so much at Wheatland they think I am Union. Poor fools; they did not know that these attentions were but to get news for the Confederates." She laughed saucily.

"Are you quite sure your motives were altogether patriotic when you were flirting with those handsome bluecoats? I fear you are a sad coquette, Thanet," Carey said, with jealous displeasure.

"Call me a coquette if you like. I am a soldier of the South as well as you. I rode sixteen miles though the dark last week to warn General Forrest of a Federal attack. If I flirt with the Yankee boys, it is but to protect those I love," Thanet declared, her lips trembling, her brown eyes quickly filling with tears.

"There, there, Sweetheart, I am nothing but a jealous brute. Forgive me. I just can't bear to think of those fellows enjoying your smiles when I am denied that pleasure by the fortunes of war." Carey's voice was like a caress, and, as he patted her hand, Thanet smiled through her tears.

"Now tell me all you can of this proposed burning of Clarksville, so that I may make my plans accordingly," suggested Carey.

"Well, Uncle Zeb went into town this morning for supplies and heard Colonel Mason's men talking on the street. They said they had heard that Forrest was soon to attack Clarksville, and rather than let him have their equipment and food-stuffs, they would burn the town. It seems they fear Forrest more than anything, for they know they could not hold out against one of his onslaughts. At first I thought Zeb was just scared like most of the old darkeys are of the Federals, so I went to town myself. I believe they mean to fire the town in a few hours. I rode out, hoping to find Forrest's pickets. I found you instead, and I believe if you attack at once, you can save the day."

Thanet made a beautiful picture as she sat her black

charger there in the sunshine, the glory of her brown hair about her and a wild rose flush in her cheeks.

The high clear call of the whippoorwill prevented Carey's replying, for it came from Captain Fisher in the road ahead, waving him frantically to advance.

"You must return at once to Wheatland, Thanet," Carey said, as they rode forward. "I will provide an escort, and if you take the old State road, you can reach home without trouble."

"I will do nothing of the sort," Thanet declared, with a defiant light in her eyes. "Let me remind you again that I am a soldier of the South too. Whatever battle you have, I am going to ride into it right by your side."

Nothing Carey could say could dissuade her, and she offered many good suggestions when they had reached Lone Oak and were joined by Colonel Woodward.

It was decided that Colonel Woodward should advance upon the college where Mason had his military headquarters and Colonel Saville should go to the Union officers' private quarters, where he hoped to capture Colonel Mason himself.

As they neared the town a party of Federals rode from the woods into the road ahead, and, as quick as thought, Captain Fisher was off at a wild gallop after them. They saw him ride right into the midst of the Yankees, swing his gun like a club, saw a Federal soldier crumple up and fall from his saddle, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, saw Fisher racing back leading a riderless horse, while a veritable hail of lead fell about him. It seemed that the reckless fellow bore a charmed life, for he rode through that leaden shower unscathed and reached his own forces, laughing defiance at the enemy. His hat had been shot so full of holes that it looked like a sieve, and one bullet had torn the heel from his shoe.

"Don't say buckeyes don't bring luck any more, Carey," he shouted with the familiarity of lifelong friendship. "I am not hurt, here is that Yankee's hat and pistol, and this is Old Beauregard. I told you that I'd get me a horse before dark, and when I saw that damned Yank on my old cayuse, I just plum natcherly had to go after him." Fisher gaily donned the dead Federal's hat as they reached the outskirts of Clarks-ville and buckled on his pistol.

Colonel Woodward and his men rode toward the college, and Colonel Saville and Captain Fisher and his men took their way toward the heart of the city, where the Union officers' private quarters were. Thanet kept close by the side of Carey and guided him toward the lair of the enemy. At this early hour there were few upon the streets, and the Federals were so sure that their information about Forrest not arriving before night was correct that they rested secure in their belief. Their pickets were soon dispatched by the Confederates, for they, too, had been feeling over secure because they had considered their news authentic.

Colonel Saville advanced without incident, but as he drew up in front of Colonel Mason's quarters, firing began toward the college. Two horsemen dashed up in the rear of the house and dismounted, ran through the yard, and preceded Saville by a few moments into the presence of his august highness, Colonel Mason, U. S. A. When Carey Saville reached the head of the stairs, he saw the Union commander standing in the middle of his room in his night clothes, seemingly much perturbed over the news his two captains had brought.

"Suppose Forrest's whole army is out there," he heard one of the Federal captains say. "We are not men if we don't fight until we are whipped. To submit like a lot of tabby cats is not the part of soldiers."

Why this man was not downstairs commanding his wavering men is still a matter of speculation.

"Surrender in the name of the Confederacy!" Saville said coolly, advancing into the room with levelled pistols.

"Who are you to demand our surrender?" asked Colonel Mason wrathfully.

"I am Colonel Carey Saville, General Forrest's Cavalry, Confederate army. I demand the unconditional surrender of this city." Carey's voice was a quick and decisive as pistol shots.

"But suppose I refuse?" asked Mason.

"Force will be necessary. You can hear the firing of my men in the street below, as well as near the college. We have more where they came from."

Carey crossed the room to the open window and signalled Captain Fisher to him. When Fisher had reached the room Saville said: "Captain Fisher, I wish you to guard these men until we finish this fight. If during the engagement Colonel Mason decides upon surrender, you can send a messenger. I will leave a sufficient force in the yard to aid you in carrying out my orders."

Saville dashed down the steps two at a time as the shots in the street became more frequent. Springing upon his horse he entered the thick of it, and always Thanet rode at his stirrup. Things happened fast and furious for the next thirty minutes. The Confederates slowly drove the Federals back toward the college, pressing every advantage, the Federals resisting with all their might. Saville led his men on when they seemed in the least disposed to retreat, urging them with his voice and by his own example of bravery.

When Woodward's men opened fire upon the rear of the stubbornly retreating Federals, they broke and ran for the college, where the bulk of Mason's men had taken refuge. A constant rain of shot continued until a flag of truce appeared coming from Colonel Mason's private quarters. He merely wished to make it known that he had decided upon unconditional surrender.

Colonel Saville had been shot clean through the shoulder early in the engagement, but had fought gamely on until, now that things were going as he wished, the loss of blood made him so faint he would have fallen from his horse had not Thanet caught his arm in time, and, with the aid of one of his men, gently lifted him to the ground.

They bore him as quickly as possible to Wheatland, and soon he lay quiet between the linen sheets in the great four-poster bed in the guest chamber. While the army surgeon probed and dressed his wound, Colonel Woodward effected the surrender of the city and paroled the Federals.

FINALE.

Weeks later Col. Carey Saville sat upon the veranda at Wheatland, almost recovered from his wound, but still weak and white from his illness. As he sat there feasting his eyes upon the beauty of the scene about him, the lilac hedge gay with lavender plumes of fragrance, the starry blossoms of the jessamine and the honeysuckle, and the vivid riotous blooms in the old-fashioned flower garden, he thanked God that all this had been saved from the ravages of war. The magnificent Southern mansion crowning the hill above all this floral splendor, handed down from 1812 to the present generation, was too perfect in its architectural beauty to be destroyed by the wanton hand of struggling armies.

As he sat there in the evening sunlight, he saw his little band of cavalry approaching up the broad driveway, and smiled at the spick and span appearance they made. They looked as if they were upon parade. He saw them turn to the

right of the house and heard Uncle Zeb saying at his elbow: "Marse Colonel, you'se wanted in the formal garden."

"All right, Uncle, lend me your arm, and we'll go."

It was a lovely sight that greeted him there in the old flower garden, where the westering sun fell in mellow tints upon the rainbow colored gowns of Clarksville's prettiest ladies and the more somber garb of her representative gentlemen. His own men in their worn uniforms, drawn up at attention, lent a pleasing blot of soft coloring to the perfect picture.

"I am a firmer believer in the buckeye than ever, Carey," Captain Fisher laughed as he passed him. "The same bullet that wounded you tore the horn of my saddle, but I did not get a scratch. I'm strong for buckeyes."

Carey laughed as he gave his friend an affectionate hand-clasp, but had no chance to reply, for he saw that this surprise party was for him, and he was to play the stellar role.

"Colonel Saville," Thanet said, as he reached his appointed place in the center of the garden, "this beautiful flag was made for a band of heroes, but we did not dream that those heroes were also to be our rescuers from Yankee authority. When we heard of their gallant deeds upon the battle fields of Fort Donelson, Gierger's Lake, and Newberg, we wished to make them a real flag, stitched with courage and starred with the kiss of love, and bearing the Saint Andrew's Cross of devotion and loyalty to the Southern cause. We made the flag, and scarcely was it done until the Federals, hearing of it, sought for it daily so they might destroy it. But for Mammy Linda they would have done so. She hid it in her cabin and guarded it faithfully." As she spoke, Thanet took the gorgeous banner from the toil-worn hands of the old black mammy and placed the staff in the hands of Saville. "To-day is the appointed time for this crimson battle flag to be given to 'Marse Colonel' and the gallant 10th Kentucky."

Before Thanet could move away, Carey reached out and drew her closely to his side, and, with fine face expressive of both love for his sweetheart and patriotism for his country, he said:

"This beautiful symbol of the Southern cause, representing as it does every high ideal of this land of Dixie, stirs my innermost being to pledge anew every effort of which I am capable to be worthy of your trust. Coming to me as it has from the hands of the girl I love and hope to marry when the war clouds have rolled away, makes this crimson battle flag all the more dear. I assure you that its silken folds shall never trail in the dust of defeat if human skill can prevent it. I thank you."

As he spoke the breeze unfurled the handsome Confederate flag, blew it this way and that, and gradually it draped its brilliant length around the young colonel and his sweetheart, wrapping them about in a symbolic forecast of a future when they should be as one both in marital love and love of country.

"In Dixieland I'll take my stand
And live and die for Dixie."

A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE.

BY SERGT. B. F. BROWN, AUGUSTA, GA., COMPANY L, FIRST REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS, M'GOWAN'S BRIGADE.

It was just after the fight near Jericho Ford on the North Anna in Virginia, the latter part of May, 1864. I was in charge of the cooking detail. It had been raining, and the night was very dark. We had to go a long distance to the rear before finding water with which to do the cooking, and it was about one o'clock in the morning when we finished.

The Confederate lines here were not far from Noel's Sta-

tion, on what was then known as the Virginia Central Railroad, and were protected by breastworks. In the rear of the lines, some two hundred yard or more, were extended the provost guard. The breastworks crossed a wagon road, but there was a wide gap or opening in the works, so that the road was not obstructed. When the detail was ready to return to the lines with the cooked food for the men, I cut a stick about three feet long and, sharpening one end, shoved it through the middle of several ponies of the bread and put the stick over my right shoulder, as the easiest way to carry the load. I started off in advance of the detail, following the wagon road just mentioned. The road was narrow and bushes on both sides of it. I passed the provost guard without seeing one of them. Continuing on, I passed through the opening in the breastworks without knowing that I did at the time. I was probably asleep, or in a daze from fatigue. Had I been wide awake, I would have seen the opening and the breastworks on either side and not gone on. There were troops in the works right at the gap, but they must have been asleep, or some one would have spoken to me.

In eighteen days my company had fought in the battles of the Wilderness, the Bloody Angle (Spotsylvania), and the North Anna, which broke the rest of a good many of us.

Continuing my walk along the road, I saw two or three men lying around on the ground near the road in a little clearing, but nothing was said to me, and I paid no attention to them. The fact is, I believed I was in the rear of the lines and that these men were of the provost guard, but in reality it was the picket line; I was lost, but not conscious of it. Pickets are not so alert when videttes are in front of them, and these must have been asleep, which may account for my passing unchallenged through our picket line. I continued along the dark, narrow road for two hundred yards perhaps, when, from the bushes on my right, a voice said: "Halt!" I stopped, but not seeing anyone, I walked on. Again the voice said: "Halt!" I answered: "What do you mean by halting me?" and I went through the bushes to where the man was standing, a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the road. He was not the least disconcerted, and if he had not been cool headed he might have shot me. I do not remember having my rifle with me, but the stick of bread on my shoulder, gun fashion, must have given me the appearance of being armed. He felt my clothes and the buttons on my jacket and scrutinized me as well as he could in the darkness, to ascertain, I suppose, whether I was a Confederate or a Union soldier. He asked me no questions, but to convince him, I pulled the stick of bread from my shoulder and said: "Can't you see that I belong to the cooking detail?" "Come with me," was his answer, and back we went, not on the road, but through the woods, until we came to a thin line of troops. He called for the lieutenant in command and told him all the particulars. The officer was a level-headed man and saw that I was lost. He asked me what command I belonged to, and I replied very explicitly: "Company L, First South Carolina Volunteers, McGowan's Brigade, Wilcox's Division, Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia." "Where is your command?" he said. I pointed in the direction of the Union lines and answered: "Right over there." The lieutenant said: "I see what is the matter with you," and conducted me to the road. Instantly I realized where I was, and I exclaimed: "Lieutenant, is it possible that I am in front on the picket line?" "Yes," he answered, "and the man who halted you out yonder and brought you to me is a vidette." I thanked the lieutenant and was soon with my company. I never for one moment suspected danger. If I had I would not have committed such a foolhardy act as going up to the man through the bushes in the dark. It was a godsend to me

that I was stopped, for if I had passed the Confederate vidette, it is probable the Union vidette would have captured me, or, passing him, I would have walked straight into the Union lines.

And to-day, instead of being the possessor of the Appomattox parole and the Southern Cross of Honor, it might be said of me: "He was a deserter."

THE LONE STAR GUARDS.

BY B. L. AYCOCK, KOUNTZE, TEX.

Returning to Virginia, our march was kept up to rejoin General Lee, and on May 6, 1864, we were again to meet the much-defeated army, first under McClellan at Gaines's Mill, then Burnside and Hooker, and now Grant. On May 6, after General Lee had fought all the day before we arrived on the scene, about 8 o'clock.

This was the terrible battle of the Wilderness, which was, in fact, a veritable wilds. Longstreet had arrived in the acute stage of the hard-fought battle and, after staging a double-quick march for some miles that morning, found our army exhausted from the previous day's combat and actually retreating before Grant's early attack. A charge was in order to turn back Grant's heavy columns. After we had passed through them at right angles, General Lee came to the Texas brigade, then under command of General Gregg. And with him, as it happened, just in the rear of our Company E, General Gregg made a talk to us, saying: "The eyes of General Lee are upon you. He has observed your conduct in many places when it took men indeed to sway the fortunes of war." We were standing awhile here all quiet, no enemy in sight, a small field intervening, then a dense thicket in our front, with one of our cannon at the edge of this field. We saw General Lee on his favorite horse, Traveller, up near to this cannon and our skirmishers, and in plain view. Before the order to forward was given, a stalwart Texan took General Lee's horse by the bridle, with the words, "Lee to the rear," and he obeyed for once a command of a private of the Texas brigade, which doubtless saved our great commander.

Soon after this the order to go forward was given, and the enemy was in the thick woods in our front. The charge went on to where they had piled up some logs as a breastworks. Our line got so close to them that something had to happen. Fortunately, the bluecoats ran from their improvised breastworks, and the day was ours. I was a little in advance of the other boys, going first to a tree very near the Yankee line. The tree was forked near the ground. I fired a shot from the tree and looked around. There were five boys behind me at the tree, one was our lieutenant, Ed. Tilley; another was Lieutenant Boyd of Company C, another was a private of Company C, Cosgrove; the others I don't remember. Tilley was killed, another of his company was killed, and all the five were either killed or wounded, I being the only one escaping unhurt.

This crisis passed, we stayed all that day on the ground we had won. All the next day we loitered with no orders except to bury the dead, till late that night we received orders to march. O the darkest night! This was to meet Grant at Spotsylvania Courthouse. Mixed up with wagons, artillery, and teams, every now and then a stop, and down a fellow would drop to sleep in his tracks, so to speak. I never can forget that Ben Merriman, of Company C, was sleepless, and he was busy waking us up when a move of a few steps could be made.

All this weary night we suffered. The next day before noon

we were aligned with the rest of the army in Grant's race to beat Lee to the Courthouse. We were ordered to entrench, and here we kept vigil and awaited the onslaught of Grant. Only one assault was made against our particular part of the defensive. It was a weak attack, easily thrown back, but there were some dead Yanks close to our works. Dave Decherd, of our company, had a sorrowful fate. All being very quiet with us, Dave said: "I'll go over there and see what I can find." He returned to where I was with a pair of boots, and sat down to try them, was in the act of trying them on, when I heard something strike; and Dave was opening his bosom, and I saw the blood. A ball had entered between his ribs, and in less than a minute a brave boy was dead.

To the right of our position, say half a mile, on May 12, 1864, was fought by troops other than our brigade the conflict known as the "Bloody Angle." Grant, with superior numbers, broke through our line. This was at the road above referred to. The angle was taken and retaken several times. But after perhaps a third time the enemy gained a foothold. Gen. John B. Gordon victoriously drove the Yanks back, and the assault was not renewed. Beaten here, Grant continued his paralleling tactics on toward Richmond, and the two hosts met a third time at Cold Harbor, General Lee maintaining his defensive lines so as to keep between him and Grant's coveted goal, Richmond.

Cold Harbor was the Union name for the battle of Gaines's Mill. Here the two armies met, but the positions were reversed. This was where Grant made his last attempt to carry Lee's lines by assault. His experience here was discomfiting, in that his losses were about twenty thousand to Lee's five thousand. After this last defeat, he passed right on, going farther from Richmond to cross the James River, about where McClellan, in 1862, had taken shelter from his defeat. Going south to Petersburg, where the siege of Richmond was begun, he attempted to seize the rail communications from Richmond to its supplies from the south.

Here he was thwarted by the timely arrival at Petersburg of the Texas Brigade and some cavalry, the brigade being the first to meet and foil the movement. Here, again, the siege of Petersburg (Richmond) began. This was about June 20, 1864, after the continuous marching and fighting from May 6. I had been a humble part of all, and without receiving another wound.

In July the brigade was ordered back to the north side of the James to hold the thin gray line on that part of the line, which was threatened, as well as around Petersburg.

When Hood's Brigade made this change to the north side, Grant was tunnelling under the Confederate breastworks at Petersburg, and what was known as the Crater was near the place we vacated. When the explosion occurred on July 30, 1864, cannonading of the fight was heard by us twenty miles away. From this time on till October 10 our front was comparatively quiet. However, one foggy morning in September, our pickets ran in, reporting advances by the enemy. We were promptly in line fifteen feet apart to receive the expected charge. But instead of soldiers to meet, a riderless bay horse, caparisoned as an officer's steed, came running up toward our line. Our boys cried, "Don't shoot him," but when he wheeled to go back, a volley of musketry brought him low. Thus the expected battle that foggy morning was turned into this fantastic performance. "Nothing doin'."

On October 9 orders came to move about ten at night. The brigade was maneuvered to a point on Darbytown road where it was strangely ordered to charge the Federal fortified works. Our Company E had not an officer, either commis-

sioned or noncommissioned, and the colonel put me in command of the company, only about ten men. My name, Aycock, first on the roster, was the occasion of this unsolicited honor. We were here in a depression and not in sight of the Yankee works. The enemy had piled big logs high and fitted the place for two lines of men to stand and deliver their fire. Think of our weak line charging such a place! General Gregg ordered the "Forward." When we had reached within a few yards of the enemy our line seemed to be dissolved and scattered. General Gregg was killed, and our color bearer was shot through the back of his neck, but still held on to his colors. I looked about and saw only one man with me. This was a hundred feet or more from the enemy's line. They were armed as we afterwards found out with eight-shot rifles. My man, Ed Willis, suggested that we must surrender.

We had got then into the *chevaux de frise*: "We can't get back under fire," he said. "Then hoist a white flag," I said. Whereupon he tied his handkerchief to a ramrod and the Yanks seeing the signal began to call to us "come in." Keeping my eye on the Yanks in front, I didn't notice Willis, and when the prisoners were counted (about thirty), it dawned on me that Willis had stayed back, taking advantage of my going in. I never saw him afterwards, but in a list of the boys surrendering at Appomattox, Willis was one.

A prisoner of war! This was the last thing expected by me. And to be treated not humanely, as the rules of war required the world over, but all thirty Texans were marched under guard of negro troops to where the Federal General Butler ordered us to be put under fire of our own guns (mortars), as Butler claimed he had the right to do to stop our guns from interrupting the work of digging a gap through a narrow wedge to let their gunboats through a nearer way to Richmond, and to evade some batteries the Confederates had planted at the apex of the horseshoe in the James River. Here we were kept under fire of our guns for ten days, till, seeing General Lee wouldn't be ruled that way, we were taken to a regular prison camp at Point Lookout, Md.

Here we got a taste of prison life—the winter of 1864 and 1865—another move of retaliation by the War Department to starve and to freeze us to death because of alleged cruelties to their prisoners at Andersonville, Ga. Our rations were a quart cup of bean soup and a quarter loaf of baker's bread per day, with three small sticks of wood to warm the tents we had for housing. We thus suffered as no one can imagine all the winter through.

On June 8, 1865, we stepped from the shore of "Maryland, My Maryland," boarding a transport for our dear Southland, free. But President Davis, a prisoner, not of war but of hatred, suffered in mind and body for his beloved cause far more than any other prisoner—manacled with chains, insulted, and in every way tortured. Why should any true soldier of his cause complain? He was indicted for treason in the Federal court at Richmond, but was never tried, because he had violated no law. See what a grand country we have after sixty years?

It looks to me as though our cause was *vindicated*.

ONE OF TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

BY R. L. DUNMAN, COLEMAN, TEX.

I had just celebrated my nineteenth birthday in February, 1862, when I enlisted at Houston, Tex., to serve the Southland, and was assigned to Company K, 8th Texas Cavalry, better known as "Terry's Texas Rangers." The following month I left with my brother, A. M. (Dick) Dunman, to join

our regiment, which was already east of the Mississippi River. We reached our destination just after the battle of Shiloh on April 6, 1862. I served throughout the duration of the war, being twice wounded, each time being shot "clear through." The first wound was received on August 20, 1864, at East Point, Ga., when I was shot through the thigh. The incidents leading up to this event were as follows:

I was on a scouting party with three comrades. The four of us were riding along together when we were suddenly startled by the appearance of a thousand foemen within twenty feet of us, who had risen up from behind rocks, trees, and logs. They called to us "four horsemen" to halt! For reply we stuck spurs to our mounts and began shooting with our six-shooters, putting as much distance between the enemy and ourselves as it was possible to do, without thought of dignity or decorum. We headed for a lane which we hoped would carry us to safety. Somehow I got cut off from the lane, while the rest of the party escaped. I found myself by the side of a rail fence with the enemy in hot pursuit. I jumped off my horse, turned him loose, and struck him with my whip as he started in the direction my companions had gone. I ran down a gully or dry wash, where I remained until my pursuers were well out of sight. It was not until that time that I discovered I had been wounded—shot clear through the thigh. I pulled off my boot and found it full of blood. A little later I saw my companions coming back to look for me. I could see that they approached cautiously, fearing another surprise. In fun I called to them to "halt." They quickly recognized me, however, and came up to me leading my horse, which I found had also been wounded by the same bullet that struck me. The bullet, after passing through my thigh, had penetrated the saddle and gone into the back of the animal. Wounded as I was, I succeeded in getting over the rail fence and climbed up behind Al Walker, of Gonzales, Tex., a nephew of Al Walker, Sr., who was in the commission business in St. Louis for many years after the war.

My wound proved to be a very serious affair, and I was laid up for about six months. The assistant surgeon who treated me was Dr. Hill, from Austin, Tex. When I was able to be around a bit on crutches, the doctor sent me to his sister, a Mrs. Williamson, who lived at Griffin, Ga., and sent his negro man, Crockett, along with me. Mrs. Williamson was a widow with two young daughters, one about grown named Susan, the younger one about fifteen years old. I had not been long in the Williamson household when we learned that the enemy was in battle at Jonesboro, not far from Griffin. Mrs. Williamson became alarmed and decided to go to her parents, who lived at Oglethorpe, so I was taken along with the family furniture.

Her father, who was a veteran of the battle of New Orleans, was named Oglethorpe, and the town of Oglethorpe, Ga., was named for him. I was treated with great kindness in this Southern home, and recall many pleasurable as well as funny incidents which occurred during my stay there. One Sunday, in company with the two young ladies, I attended a Methodist camp meeting. The preacher had stirred his congregation to a fervid heat, and some of the more emotional ones commenced to shout and fall about over the seats. I was on crutches and so was unable to get out to a place of safety. I backed into a corner and used one of my crutches as a means of defense to protect my wounded leg from the onslaughts of the frenzied shouters.

After six months I was about recovered from my wound and began making preparations to return to my company. Before I left the Oglethorpe home, however, my host had his

negroes spin thread out of which they wove the cloth to make me a uniform. Miss Susan Williamson took the cloth to a tailor in Oglethorpe and had a brand new, perfect fitting uniform made for me. I then joined my company at Rome, Ga.

The second wound I received was on February 4, 1865, while in a skirmish at Barker's Crossroad, S. C., at which time I was shot in the shoulder, the bullet coming out just above the shoulder blade. This also caused me to be laid up for some time for "repairs."

I was destined to become one of the original members of Shannon's Scouts, and it may be of interest to relate here an incident which led up to the origin of this organization.

That memorable day in 1864 when Sherman's army, on its famous march to the sea had shelled Atlanta, General Hood requested the colonel of our regiment (Col. Tom Harrison, 8th Texas) to select an officer and picked men for a special detail. This detail consisted of penetrating Sherman's lines for the purpose of examining the battery which had been used to shell Atlanta that day. Colonel Harrison selected Capt. A. M. Shannon, of Galveston, with the request that he pick his own men for this detail. He accordingly chose Lew Compton, of Company C, Bill Kyle, of Company I, and myself, of Company K. We each donned Yankee breeches as our only disguise, and under the friendly cover of darkness we went through Sherman's lines. After completing to our satisfaction the examination of the battery, we went up and down the lines, taking a horse apiece from among those we found tethered there—and you may be sure we each made good selections! We made our way out through a cornfield. The corn was in the roasting-ear stage, sufficiently tall for us to keep pretty well hidden by it from the sight of the enemy. As we walked through the corn, each man kept well concealed behind his horse, letting him browse past the sentries until we were safely out of sight. Then we mounted our newly acquired steeds and rode them back to headquarters. This detail of Captain Shannon and his three picked men was the origin of "Shannon's Scouts."

On another occasion Shannon's Scouts (there were eighteen of us in this party), ran into a brigade of Yanks. We were quite as much surprised as they were, but rather than let them discover our weakness in number, we began yelling and shooting as we came, making enough noise and bedlam for several times our number. We had approached from the rear, and they evidently thought the entire Confederate army was after them, for they started to run and kept on going through three miles of thick underbrush before they stopped! That was one time when "bluff" probably saved our hides!

It was a cavalryman's business to keep mounted, and we had to be a pretty resourceful bunch of young fellows to do this. If our horses were shot from under us, we usually "managed" to get another one! As a cavalryman I was never compelled to walk but *one* day during the entire war! While fighting around Knoxville, my horse was killed, and I had to walk from Knoxville to Kingston, Tenn., a distance of about twenty-five or thirty miles. I reached Kingston with feet badly blistered. Blistered feet, however, were a negligible quantity compared to the many greater hardships the Southern army suffered. I recall that in February, 1863, a brigade, composed of the 8th and 11th Texas, 3rd Arkansas, and 4th Tennessee, was sent to capture Fort Donelson. We were in the Cumberland Mountains in Tennessee and the snow was three feet deep. Six of our men froze to death on this trip. We were just about to take Fort Donelson when enemy gunboats came up the Tennessee River and opened fire, cutting from the trees along the banks limbs as large as a man's body. We were forced to retire, but before we did so, we captured six pieces of artill-

ery. These were rifled pieces known as "Parrott" guns. With these captured guns as a nucleus, there was then organized from our regiment an artillery company with Lieutenant Pugh as captain of battery. These "Parrott" guns, however, were too heavy to carry along with a company of cavalry, so we "swapped" them to the Confederate government for four little howitzers. Each of these howitzers was drawn by four horses hitched to it.

After we retired from this engagement at Fort Donelson, we went into winter camp on the Duck River at Shelbyville, Tenn. Here I was stricken with pneumonia and lay in a tent (in February weather) for four or five weeks without any medical attention whatever. My diet consisted mostly of whisky and eggs. The commissary furnished the whisky, and my brother, Dick Dunman, who was my nurse, "rustled" the eggs. And I'll say, too, that I never lacked for eggs! All of which goes to prove that the Southern soldier was "resourceful" in more ways than one—from supplying himself with a mount, to securing fresh eggs for breakfast! We remained in camp at Shelbyville until Sherman's army came down in the spring of 1864. That same night Shannon's Scouts started from Nashville. We had supplied ourselves with horses and rode to the enemy's line. There we saw about five hundred head of cattle in a pen, sufficient to furnish enemy rations for many days to come. As we could not take the cattle along with us, we did the next best thing we could think of, and that was to open the gate and let them all out!

There were six brothers of us and one cousin (Joe Dunman), who was reared in our family, who entered the Southern army about the same time. My brother Henry went with Terry's Rangers when they first left Texas. He got sick and was sent home. Later he joined Green's Brigade and was killed at the battle of Mansfield, La., in April, 1864. A younger brother Sol, and my cousin Joe, were killed the next day at Pleasant Hill, La., fighting General Banks's army. Another brother, Daniel, died in 1865, after returning home from the war. Out of the seven of us who went away, only three were left.

In 1866 I was married to Miss Lu E. Winfree, of Liberty County, Tex., and last October we celebrated our fifty-sixth anniversary. We have four children living, two girls and two boys, three of whom reside near us, and one daughter lives in California. Our oldest daughter passed away in South America nearly two years ago.

If any of my old comrades should chance to read this, I shall be very glad to hear from them.

(In sending this article to the VETERAN, Comrade Dunman's daughter writes that just a few days ago he celebrated his eightieth birthday. She adds: "He is unusually young looking, active, and his head is covered with a heavy thatch of hair, as brown to-day as it was in the sixties. He takes a daily ride on his pony, cantering as briskly as he did forty years ago. My father had been a thirty-second degree Mason for more than forty years. He is a pioneer resident of Coleman, Tex., moving there in 1879 from South Texas. He amassed a fortune in cattle and lands, but business reverses swept it away, and with the courage of the true Southern soldier he demonstrated his ability to 'come back,' and to-day lives in peace and comfort, enjoying the fruits of a full life among friends and family.")

The wild-eyed March has come again,
With frightened face and flying feet,
And hands just loosed from winter's chain
Outstretched, reluctant spring to greet.

—John Dickson Burns.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Good night! Good night! Taps now resound,
May guardian angels keep
A faithful watch by every couch
Where comrades fall asleep."

COMRADES AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Since the last annual meeting, January 19, 1922, of Camp Lomax, No. 151 U. C. V., death has gathered twelve of our comrades, good men and true. These were:

Rev. George E. Brewer, captain Company A, 46th Alabama Regiment; born September 12, 1832; died January 23, 1922; age 89 years.

C. H. Beale, Company D, 27th North Carolina Regiment; born December 6, 1846; died February 22, 1922; age, 75 years.

Benjamin M. Washburn, Montgomery True Blues, Alabama; born August 20, 1839; died March 7, 1922; age, 82 years.

James W. Powell, captain Company E, 46th Alabama Regiment; born January 10, 1830; died March 7, 1922; age 92 years.

Samuel Revel, Company C, 1st Alabama Cavalry Regiment; born April, 1836; died June 16, 1922; age, 86 years.

James M. Simpson, captain Company F, 13th Alabama Regiment; born November 11, 1838; died June 22, 1922; age, 83 years.

James H. Judkins, major, Assistant Adjutant General Clanton's Brigade; born February 2, 1839; died July 1, 1922; age, 83 years.

A. P. Tyson, Company F, 7th Alabama Cavalry Regiment; born December 18, 1844; died July 20, 1922; age, 77 years.

Lambert Alexander Chambliss, Company K, 24th Alabama Regiment; born January 12, 1840; died August 22, 1922; age, 82 years.

Wade A. McBride, captain Company F, 3rd Alabama Regiment; born May 6, 1840; died October 5, 1922; age, 82 years.

Charles P. Rogers, captain Company F, 37th Alabama Regiment; born August 8, 1832; died October 20, 1922; age, 90 years.

R. E. Jones, Company A, 8th Louisiana Cavalry Regiment; born December 5, 1843; died November 1, 1922; age, 78 years.

These comrades, had reached the evening of life, when the "golden clouds rest sweetly and invitingly upon the golden mountains, and the light of heaven streams down through the gathering mists of death." In heaven there are no wearisome days, no sorrowful nights; no hunger or thirst; no anxiety or fears; no envies, no jealousies, no breaches of friendship, no sad separations, no distrusts, no forebodings, no self-reproaches, no enmities, no bitter regrets, no tears, no heart-aches; "and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall be any more pain; for the former things have passed away."

{John Purifoy, Hal T. Walker, W. B. Crumpton, H. M. Houghton, Committee.}

BERRY GREENWOOD BENSON.

After a brief illness, Sergt. Berry Benson died at his home in North Augusta, Ga., on January 1, in his eightieth year. He was a man widely beloved for his magnetic personality, and other attractive traits of character endeared him to young and old. He was laid to rest attended by comrades of Camp No. 435 U. C. V., of which he was a member.

Berry Greenwood Benson was born February 9, 1843, at Hamburg, S. C., the son of Abraham Madison and Nancy Harmon Benson. He joined the Confederate ranks at eighteen years of age, enlisting with the 1st South Carolina Infantry, attached to Jackson's Corps, and later was a sharpshooter and did valuable scout duty. He was captured at Point Lookout, Md., and placed in prison, but escaped; he was recaptured and imprisoned in Washington, and from there sent to Elmira, N. Y., and from this prison he escaped by tunneling under the walls. His record of bravery and loyalty as a soldier was upheld throughout the remaining years of his life by service and sacrifice, ready at all times with his sympathy and help to those in distress or need. He was married in 1868 to Miss Jeanne Oliver, and is survived by two sons and three daughters, also by a brother.

In many respects Comrade Benson was a remarkable man. He was self-educated, yet a man of broad information and ability. He wrote well, and his contributions of verse and prose often appeared in the press of the country. An especially well-written article of his appeared in the VETERAN for January, 1919, under title of "How I Lifted the Colonel's Mare," the story of an adventure within the enemy's lines, and other contributions from him are found in previous issues. He was known as an expert accountant of rare ability, and was the author of the zero system for detecting errors, which is now largely in use by accountants.

A good man and true has passed to his reward. All honor to his memory!

J. S. TURNER.

J. S. Turner, seventy-eight years of age, died on December 13, 1922, at his home in Louisville, Ky. Surviving him are his wife, two daughters, and two sons.

He served in the 4th Kentucky Cavalry under Col. H. S. Giltner, in the War between the States, and was ever loyal to the cause for which he fought. He served until the end of the war and surrendered to Colonel Hobson on April 15, 1865.

Although a very delicate man, he built up a wonderful business.

As native of Henry County, Ky., Mr. Turner went to Louisville twenty-five years ago and became one of the firm of Rice & Turner, the leading tobacconists of the State, the firm being known to the tobacco trade throughout the country. When this firm went out of business, Mr. Turner organized the Turner Tobacco Warehouse, which he operated with his two sons for a period of twelve years before retiring from active business.

Mr. Turner had the heritage of good birth, his parents both being of fine old families of Maryland and Virginia.

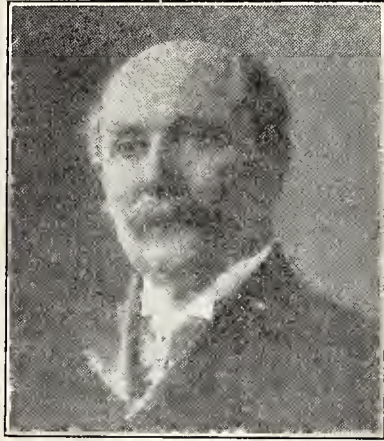
He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church as was his father, Joseph Burch Turner, and at this old Church, Sulphur Fork, Campbellsburg, Henry County, Ky., the Turner family reunion is held each year, at which he will be greatly missed. On those occasions he made very interesting talks. The church where his father and many of his kinsmen and friends worshiped was very dear to him.

As a man he was sincere, just, and conscientious, his manner gentle, but in principle firm as a rock.

He was laid to rest in Cave Hill Cemetery at Louisville.

COL. JAMES A. BRYAN.

One of the most progressive and public-spirited citizens of North Carolina was lost in the passing of Col. James A. Bryan, on January 30, at his home in Newbern, after a short illness, in his eighty-fourth year. He was a native of Newbern, born September 13, 1839, the son of James Bryan, a prominent lawyer, who later removed to Baltimore and there achieved an enviable reputation in his profession. Through his mother, Colonel Bryan was related to George Washington.



COL. JAMES A. BRYAN

James A. Bryan completed his education with four years at Princeton, graduating in 1860. When the war came on he enlisted in the Confederate army, receiving a commission as major, and served gallantly through the war on the staff of Gen. L. O'B. Branch. After the war he returned to Newbern, and there engaged in farming and lumber manufacturing. In 1880 he was made President of the National Bank of Newbern, with which he was actively connected to the end.

During the reconstruction era Colonel Bryan was a prominent participant in the political life of his section, and, as chairman of the board of county commissioners, was a strong factor in bringing the county government out of the chaos of negro rule. In 1899 he went to the legislature as State senator, and later was President of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad.

Colonel Bryan was married three times, his first wife being Miss Mary Shepard, of Newbern. The second marriage was to Miss Julia Rush Olmstead, of Princeton, N. J., and the third to Mrs. Alice Biddle, who survives him, also a son, Col. Charles S. Bryan, U. S. A., and a brother, Washington Bryan, of New York City.

"He was a man of unimpeachable character," a friend said of Colonel Bryan, "loyal to his friends, and a fighter wherever justice and right were at stake; and a man of indomitable will."

He was known as one of the builders of Newbern, for he ever had the interest of the community and people at heart. He was a benefactor to mankind, and especially to the people of his home city and native State.

In his religious life he was affiliated with the Episcopal Church, and a loyal member.

MOSES BENNETT.

Moses Bennett died at his home in Huttonsville, W. Va., on February 1, in his eightieth year. He was born June 27, 1843. He was a brave soldier of the Confederacy, having served with Company F, of the 31st Virginia Regiment, which regiment did some heroic fighting.

In December, 1869, he was married to Miss Barbara Lamb, and to this happy union ten children were born, of whom five sons and two daughters survive him.

At the age of eighteen years Moses Bennett was converted and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to which he remained a faithful and loyal adherent through life.

JOHN S. GAINES.

John S. Gaines, one of the leading citizens of Georgetown, Ky., died at his home, where he lived for a half century, on January 19, at the age of seventy-eight years.

He was born March 28, 1844, at Old Union, Fayette County. His college course at Georgetown College was interrupted by the war coming on, when he enlisted in Morgan's command, under Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, Company A, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, at the early age of sixteen. He was captured at Murfreesboro and imprisoned in Louisville and paroled following a severe attack of typhoid fever. After the war he settled in Georgetown and married Miss Fannie Keene Offutt, daughter of Dr. Z. C. Offutt, in June, 1871. His active life was spent in the mercantile business, during which time he served as a member of the city council for several terms, was a member of the board of education for twelve years, as President most of that time. During his service many improvements were made in the public and high schools, and he was interested in all civic matters for the welfare of the town.

After retiring from business, he devoted his time to his duties as President of the Georgetown Cemetery Company and Vice President of the Farmers Bank and Trust Company, which positions he filled to the time of his death.

He is survived by his wife, two daughters and one son, and five grandchildren. Comrade Gaines united with the Christian Church at an early age.

REV. ROY TEMPLE.

On May 12, 1922, Rev. Roy Temple died at his home near Free Union, Albemarle County, Va. He was born in King William County, August 22, 1839, and when the war came on in the sixties he was in Richmond College, studying for the ministry. From there he enlisted as a volunteer in the King William County Artillery under Colonel Carter, and took part in the leading battles, as a brave soldier at his gun, besides acting as chaplain, attending to the spiritual needs of the wounded and dying men. After the war he entered the ministry, going to Albemarle County in 1866, his first charge consisting of the Mountain Plain and Free Union Baptist Churches. From that time on he preached at various Churches until old age forced him to lay aside his active work.

In 1869, he married Miss Nellie Casby, and to them were born two sons and three daughters. He was survived by his wife, a son, and two daughters.

At his death, there passed away a member of one of the prominent families of the Old Dominion, descended from a long line of English nobility, depicted in history as valiant fighters for their kings, and as true soldiers of the cross. Before him in this long line went a goodly number of ministers in the wake of whose godlike deeds he followed, advocating that a good name is better than great riches, and that a life of service to others is the best way of seeking to be like the Great Teacher whose example he prized so highly.

He was chaplain in the White Hall Chapter of Masons, wherein, for a number of years, he led an active and interested part.

Many were his days and faithful his purpose.

"The longer on this earth we live,
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty.

Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days."

JUDGE WILLIAM N. EVANS.

Judge William Nelson Evans, born September 11, 1849, in Owsley County, Ky., passed away November 11, 1922, in West Plains, Mo., in his seventy-fourth year.

As a mere boy he enlisted in Company K, 13th Kentucky Cavalry, and he served from August, 1864, to the end, taking part in the battles of Cedar Gap, Crossroads, Bull Gap, Strawberry Plains, Morristown, Tenn., Wytheville, Va. and from the latter place was sent on a forced march to join Gen. Robert E. Lee, but while at Salem, Va., General Lee surrendered.

After the war he located at Tazewell, in East Tennessee, and worked on a farm for a short time. In 1869 he came to Missouri and located in Webster County until 1871. He taught school for several years in Arkansas, Indian Territory, and Texas, and then returned to Missouri, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. In 1878 he moved to Oregon County, Mo., and located at Alton, then came to West Plains in 1885; in 1888 he was made chairman of the Democratic County Central Committee of Howell County; was presidential elector from the fourteenth District and voted for Grover Cleveland. He was appointed Circuit Judge by Gov. David R. Francis to fill the unexpired term of Judge Hale, and was afterwards elected judge and served on the bench twenty-six years.

Judge Evans was regarded as one of the ablest jurists in the State. His decisions were sound and impartial. For a number of years he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was actively associated with the enterprises of the Church.

He was a member of the Gen. Jo Shelby Camp of Confederate Veterans at West Plains, and was Adjutant General of the Missouri Eastern Division, U. C. V., and attended all of the Confederate reunions when possible.

With the passing of Judge Evans, the Mattie E. Catron Chapter U. D. C., of West Plains, has sustained an irreparable loss. He was always ready to advise and assist in every way.

There remain to mourn his loss his beloved wife, three sons, two daughters, and a host of loving friends.

[Harriet Woodside Pitts, Attie Old Clarke, *Committee.*]

W. H. SCOTT.

A familiar figure is missed from the streets of Newport News, Va., in the passing of W. H. Scott, whose long life was an example of the type of manhood which has added luster to the history of Virginia. He was a native of Amelia County, a son of Dr. George Chaffin Scott, and nearly all his life was lived at the ancestral home, Scotland, near Jetersville. He was a boy at school when the war came on in the sixties, and at the earliest opportunity he entered the service to fight for his country, and to that service gave three years of his young life. He enlisted in 1862 as a member of Company D, 25th Virginia Regiment, and fought under General Ewell. He was captured at Sailor's Creek, and taken to Point Lookout, Md., from which prison he was paroled two months after the surrender.

Young Scott returned to his home in Amelia County to lead the life of a country gentleman, in which was exemplified those virtues which enabled him to adjust himself to changed conditions and to fight as a true soldier against the hardships of reconstruction. In the wide expanses of this old home his character was developed, and in its peace and repose the innately fine qualities were intensified.

Removing to Newport News a few years ago, it was there that death came to him on September 14, 1922, and comrades in gray from Magruder Camp attended him to his place

of rest in Greenlawn Cemetery. Surviving him are his wife, who was Miss Meda Gregg, four sons, and two daughters. He was the last of his father's family.

FELIX L. SMITH, SR.

[The Forrest-Sansom Chapter, U. D. C., of Goodwater, Ala., sends this loving tribute to the memory of Felix Leslie Smith, Sr., Confederate veteran and ardent patriot, who died in his seventy-sixth year at Rockford, Ala., December 8, 1922.]



FELIX SMITH

When he was seventy-five years old, a special article in the *Birmingham News*, after speaking of the record of Felix L. Smith, Sr., as attorney and his potent political influence in his State, said: "Being a grandson of Jones Persons, a Revolutionary captain of note, Colonel Smith extended the family record of bravery and loyalty further as a soldier in the Confederate army."

He was born at Dadeville, Ala., and from there, at the age of sixteen in February, 1863, he went to Port Hudson, La., and joined the 12th Louisiana Infantry, of the Confederate army, to which two of his brothers already belonged. As private with Scott's Regiment, courier on the staff of General Loring, and later as aid de camp, he saw much active service.

After the war he reentered school and later studied law, under Oliver and Vaughn at Dadeville, being admitted to the bar in 1871. In 1878 he was married to Miss Ida Thomas,

of Nixburg, Ala., and for more than forty years their home at Rockford has been a social center in the community, the gayest and youngest, the wisest and the best, being alike welcomed to its royal hospitality.

Bright of intellect, distinguished in appearance, courteous, kindly, loyal, he looked and was a splendid type of Southern gentleman.

He loved his old comrades with unfailing devotion and never missed a reunion while he remained strong enough to attend. Doubtless many will remember him as a member of General Harrison's staff, his snowy hair, handsome face, and military bearing rendering him a notable figure even in that group of splendid men.

At his request, he sleeps clothed in Confederate gray, the Stars and Bars above his folded hands.

(Mrs. E. Louis Crew, President; Miss Kelly McLeod.)

JOHN S. JACKSON.

John S. Jackson, a member of Camp Creigh U. C. V., of Lewisburg, W. Va., died on March 13, 1922, after a lingering illness, aged seventy-nine years. He was never married. After the death of his father, Ben F. Jackson, who lived to be ninety-two years old, he made his home with his sister, Mrs. W. H. Cackley, at Ronceverte, and there died. He served with Company F, 19th Virginia Cavalry, W. L. Jackson's

Brigade, of Lomax's Division. He was under Capt. William L. McNeel, and most of the members of that company were Pocahontas County boys.

(W. H. Cackley.)

COL. MARYUS JONES.

Col. Maryus Jones, pioneer citizen and prominent lawyer of Newport News, Va., died in that city during January, 1923, widely mourned by friends and comrades. He was taken back to Gloucester County and laid to rest in old Abingdon Churchyard, near his birthplace. Honorary pallbearers were members of Magruder Camp U. C. V., to which he belonged.

He was a son of Col. Catesby and Mary Pollard Jones, born at Marblefield, Gloucester County, the family home place, on July 8, 1844. He was educated at private schools and at Randolph-Macon College, where he was a student when the War between the States came on. Leaving school, he enlisted in Company D, 24th Virginia Cavalry, early in 1862, and served in that command until captured at Darbytown Heights. He was held prisoner at Elmira, N. Y., until exchanged before the close of the war, and he was on his way to join his command when the surrender took place.

After the war Colonel Jones returned to school, and completed his literary education at the University of Virginia. He then taught and studied law, being admitted to the bar in 1871, and practiced in his home county until 1899, when he removed to Newport News. During the time he had served four terms as commonwealth's attorney, sixteen years. At Newport News he was elected to the board of aldermen, and later was made mayor of the city.

In 1873 Colonel Jones married Miss Mary Armstead Catlett, of Gloucester, and three of their four children survive him. He was a member of the Baptist Church from boyhood, faithful and devoted to the end, and had taken a prominent part in its work. He had been commander of the Virginia Division U. V. C., and a member of the Camps at Gloucester and Newport News. He was noted as a Greek scholar, and was a natural teacher in addition to his other attainments.

JOHN KEMPSTALL.

John Kempshall, a veteran of the Southern Confederacy and one of the best known citizens of Maroa, Ill., died at his home there after a long illness. He was a native of England, born in Wescott, Surrey County, October 16, 1844, and with his parents came to America in 1854, the family locating in Connecticut for several years, then removing to Knoxville, Tenn. Comrade Kempshall was there engaged in making shoes for the Confederate army when he decided to enlist, which he did in January, 1862. He figured in several important battles, but at Cumberland Gap, on September 9, 1863, he was taken prisoner and sent to Camp Douglas, where he was held until March 2, 1865, when he was released.

In 1866 he removed to Maroa, Ill., which has since been his home with the exception of two brief periods, and there conducted a prosperous business for many years. He made many friends among those he had opposed in war, and was noted for his loyalty and devotion to the flag of the Union, which he proudly carried in Decoration Day parades at the head of the marching veterans, and at his death the large flag floating over Main Street was lowered to half mast. The local paper said of him: "The memory of his patriotism, his stanch friendship, and his fighting spirit will remain in the minds and hearts of those who knew him and called him friend, and they are many."

Surviving him are his wife, who was Miss Reuberta Ball, and to whom he was married in 1870, three daughters, and a son.

FRANK J. WEATHERSBEE.

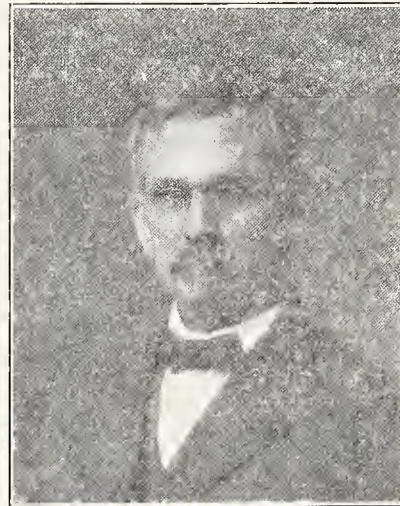
In the early morning of November 22, 1922, at Rocky Mount, N. C., the spirit of our comrade, Frank J. Weathersbee, passed into that land where now rest Lee and Jackson.

In 1862 he enlisted in the army of the Southern Confederacy, was assigned to the 36th North Carolina Regiment, and stationed at Fort Fisher, N. C., where he served in the Signal Corps until the capture of the fort early in 1865. He was wounded in the battle of Bentonville, receiving a Minie ball in his thigh. In the absence of surgical attention, the ball was not removed, and he carried it for sixteen years, when it became so troublesome that he had an operation to remove it. The wound was a stubborn one and never healed entirely. He was seventy-seven years of age when death called him. Thus went the life of a gallant son of the Confederacy and a faithful member of Newbern Camp U. C. V. May his rest be sweet!

(W. N. Pugh, Commander.)

JOHN A. BRADFIELD.

The following is taken from the memorial resolutions on the death of J. A. Bradfield, prepared by the committee appointed by Camp Sterling Price, No. 31 U. C. V., of Dallas, Tex.:



J. A. BRADFIELD

John A. Bradfield was born in Troupe County, Ga., in 1845, and came to Texas in 1852. At the age of sixteen he joined Company E, 4th Texas Regiment, at New Orleans. His first baptism of fire was at Eltham's Landing on the retreat from Yorktown, where Hood's Texas Brigade drove back and held McClellan's flanking columns until the Confederate army passed through the gap to Richmond and to safety.

Again at Gaines's Mill, during the seven days' fighting around Richmond, after

all others had failed, Hood's Texas Brigade went over the top, tore McClellan's right wing to pieces, and drove the Federal army from the field.

In the winter of 1862 Comrade Bradfield's health failed, and he was discharged and sent home, but early in 1863, having regained his health, he enlisted in the 7th Texas Infantry, at Raymond, Miss. At the battle of Raymond he was severely wounded and disabled for active service. When he had recovered sufficiently to attend to business, he was detailed by Gen. E. Kirby Smith as postmaster at Marshall, Tex., which was then the most important postoffice in the State. The records show that he was among those who were surrendered by Gen. E. Kirby Smith to Gen. E. R. S. Canby on May 26, 1865, and was paroled at Shreveport, La., on June 13, 1865.

He was known throughout his life as a Christian gentleman, and died as he had lived—white. No greater honor can follow his name than to say that he was a gallant and true Confederate soldier and stayed on to the finish.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, and two daughters. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The Camp has lost a true friend and a member who will be sorely missed.

(J. O. Bradfield, W. M. Swann, Committee.)

SAM J. HOUSE.

On the morning of January 16, 1923, Sam J. House died at his home in Sentobia, Miss.

He was born near Huntsville, Ala., April 7, 1841, and moved to Mississippi in the fall of 1859. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, in the first company that was formed in his county, and which was part of the 9th Mississippi Infantry, commanded by Col. James R. Chalmers. This regiment served twelve months at Pensacola, Fla., and, after being mustered out, reënlisted in different commands, Mr. House going into the cavalry and served through the war as orderly sergeant of General Armstrong's escort company. He was wounded at Thompson's Station, Tenn., while serving under General Van Dorn, and again wounded in the battle around Jonesboro, Ga., while serving under General Forrest. He never lost a day from the beginning to the end of the war, except when wounded, and surrendered with Forrest's Cavalry at Gainesville, Ala., 1865. A more patriotic soldier never donned the gray. He served as a deputy sheriff for several years after the war, then was elected Chancery Clerk for four consecutive terms of four years each. No official ever kept the records better or was paid more compliments by the judge than he, and no man had more friends. He was not a member of any Church, though he was a believer of the doctrine as taught by the Primitive Baptist Church. His funeral was conducted by the Baptist and Presbyterian ministers of the town, and he was buried with Masonic honors.

Comrade House had been a subscriber of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since its beginning and looked forward every month to the day when it would arrive. He was the best posted man in the county on Confederate records.

(M. P. Moore.)

ENOCH V. KAUFMAN.

Enoch V. (Mac) Kaufman was born in Page County, Va., November 6, 1840. In the spring of 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army and served throughout the war with Company K, 10th Virginia Infantry, under Generals Jackson, Ewell, and Early. He was captured at Chancellorsville, but was exchanged and back in the ranks again in ten days. He was again made a prisoner while at home in October, 1864, by a squad of Hunter's raiders who, the same day, burned his mother's barn and his grandfather's mill. He was then held a prisoner at Point Lookout, Md., until June, 1865. He was never wounded during the war, though he took part in twenty-seven engagements.

Soon after the close of the war Enoch Kaufman went West, and in 1868 he was married to Mrs. Sarah L. Slusher, of Hancock Creek, Ill. A few years later they moved to Kansas, and for many years he was proprietor of the Sycamore Mineral Springs, in Brown County. He passed away on January 13, 1923, at the home of his son, William L. Kaufman, in Seneca, Kans., survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter; also two brothers, P. M. and J. W. Kaufman, of Luray, Va.

The following is taken from a tribute by his captain, D. C. Grayson, of Washington, D. C., January 22, 1923: "Being the sergeant of the company, Enoch Kaufman marched side by side with me on many long and fatiguing tramps during the war. He was as true as the needle to the magnet in his loyalty to principle and devotion to his friends and comrades, and when a clash of arms was imminent, he went forward with unfaltering step to meet whatever fate might befall him. He never wavered in his fidelity to the cause, and was always proud of the distinction of having been a Confederate soldier."

A. V. UNDERWOOD.

On January 24, 1923, at his home in Huntsville, Ala., the spirit of A. V. Underwood passed peacefully to the other shore where comrades in arms and loved ones awaited his coming.

He was born on February 14, 1844, and enlisted in the Confederate army, in 1862, at the age of seventeen years. He served with Company A, 10th Alabama, Colonel Patterson's regiment, under General Roddy, and was in the battle at Harrisburg, Miss., in the battles between Guntown and Iuka, Miss., near Moulton, Ala., between Randolph and Selma, Ala.; was captured at Selma and kept in the stockade for a week, then was marched seven days and nights. He was captured by Wilson's command, and was paroled from Montgomery, Ala., on April 10, 1865.

Comrade Underwood was first married to Miss Elizabeth McLean, and to them six children were born, one dying in early infancy. Several years after the death of his wife he married Miss Laura E. Hewlett, of Huntsville, who died in 1917.

The life of Comrade Underwood was that of an exemplary, Christian gentleman. His word was his bond, and he never knowingly did his fellow man an injustice. His life is a heritage of which his children can be justly proud. He was a member of the First Baptist Church, of Huntsville, and, like the tired laborer, he has completed his work here and entered into rest. He is survived by three daughters and three grandchildren.

(C. L. Nolen, Adjutant.)

THE BRYAN BOYS.

The two brothers, William L. and Reese Bryan, were born in Campbell County, Va., more than eighty years ago, and came to Buffalo, Putnam County, W. Va., in 1857. They joined a military company, the Buffalo Guards, Capt. W. E. Lipe commanding, and William was afterwards elected orderly sergeant. When the War between the States came on, they both espoused the Confederate cause and enlisted with Company A, 36th Virginia Regiment, Col. John A. McCausland in command.

After the surrender at Fort Donelson, William was detailed as ordnance sergeant and continued as such to the close of the war, when he returned with his brother to Buffalo and engaged in the milling business till, enfeebled by advancing age, he was forced to retire, and passed away on November 25, 1922, in his ninety-second year. Neither of the brothers ever married, and were not members of any Church. They were good and faithful soldiers throughout, and in civil life had the confidence and respect of all their neighbors for their integrity and their willingness to help others.

Reese Bryan survives his brother, though somewhat infirm, now in his eighty-eighth year—upheld by his old comrades and friends as a good and worthy man.

(John K. Hitner.)

FREDERICK L. BAUMGARDNER.

Frederick L. Baumgardner was born at Pea Ridge, near Barboursville, Cabell County, W. Va., in 1849, and when only fifteen years of age he enlisted with the Border Rangers, 8th Virginia Cavalry, in 1863, and served throughout the war as a good soldier, passing through many battles unharmed in his service under Gen. W. E. Jones and other commanders. At the close of the war he returned to the old homestead in Cabell County and engaged in farming until he died in May, 1922, leaving a wife, a daughter, and a son to mourn his passing. He was a member of Camp Garnett at Huntington, and his presence is missed among the ranks of his comrades.

(John K. Hitner.)

SURVIVOR OF A JOHN BROWN RAID.

BY MRS. M. T. ARMSTRONG, PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

There died in Chattanooga in the closing days of 1922 a man closely related to the beginning of the War between the States. As a boy he witnessed the foul murders of his father and brothers by John Brown and was almost himself a victim.

Modest, retiring, and anxious to avoid publicity, he gave me these facts, but only on condition that they should not be published until his death.

John Doyle was a brave Confederate soldier. He was a member of N. B. Forrest Camp U. C. V., of Chattanooga, and his funeral was attended by members of the Camp in a body. He lies now in the Confederate Cemetery, Chattanooga.

He died Friday December 29, and is survived by his wife and only daughter, Mrs. J. W. Saunders, and a son, Mark Doyle, of Chattanooga.

I attach the simple, heartrending statement as he gave it to me. The story is but an episode in the life of John Brown, whose crimes were many and dreadful, but it proves beyond a doubt that, without provocation, John Brown attacked and murdered an innocent family.

This is what John Doyle told me, without bitterness:

"I, John C. Doyle, was born in Knox County, Tenn., December 19, 1838. My father, Pleasant Doyle, moved to Walker County, Ga., in 1845; moved to Chattanooga in 1849, and lived in and around Chattanooga until October 11, 1855, at which time we moved to Kansas; travelled through the country in wagons, via Nashville, Hopkinsville, Ky, St. Louis, Mo., Kansas City, Mo., then fifty miles southwest to Franklin County Kans., arriving there November 18, 1855. Settled on a claim of one hundred and sixty acres, built a house, and spent the winter there. In the spring of 1856 we planted a crop. Everything was quiet and peaceful until the night of May 24, when John Brown, with about twenty-five men, came to the house and demanded admittance. When refused admittance, they set fire to the house with torches made of prairie grass. It seemed each man had a bundle of prairie hay. To keep us all from being burned to death, my father opened the door. They came in the house and handcuffed my father and my two older brothers, and started to take me, but my mother begged them to leave me, as I would be all the protection she would have. Brown told mother they were going to take father and to the boys to the army, and left the house with them. They took them about three hundred yards from the house and murdered them. My father was shot in the head, my brothers cut to pieces. They left them all dead in a heap. They then went over two miles farther to Potawatma River and killed two more men by the names of Wilkerson and Sherman. After they had killed my father and brothers, some of Brown's men came back to our house to get our horses, but failed to find them, as we had them staked out on the prairie to graze, as that was the way we had to feed them.

"After daylight I went to some neighbor's house and got them to come and help bury father and my brothers. After burying them, I loaded up a few things in a wagon and brought my mother and the rest of the children to Cass County, Mo. We remained there until September of the same year, then came back to Chattanooga to live.

"In November, 1859, when John Brown was hanged at Charlestown, W. Va., I had permission from Governor Wise to hang him, but failed to get there on account of a landslide between Morristown and Bristol.

"I went into the Confederate army in June, 1861; was paroled at Charlotte, N. C., May, 1865.

"My mother lived in Chattanooga until the town was being shelled in 1863, then moved out a few miles in the country, near Chickamauga. As Rosecrans retreated from Chickamauga they destroyed everything they had; did not leave them a change of clothes or a bite to eat.

"Our family consisted of six boys and one girl. My father's object in going to Kansas was to get a home for us. Brown said he murdered them on account of being slaveholders, but my father had never owned a negro and never expected to. Brown and his men simply murdered them because they were from the South."

"LEST WE FORGET."

[This tribute appeared in a local paper during 1922, and was sent to the VETERAN by J. N. Bradshaw, of Williamsville, Va., who served with Company F, 11th Virginia Cavalry, a brother and friend of these gallant soldiers.]

Sixty years ago this June two of Highland's best boys, just out of their minority, paid the full measure to their country—their lives. Capt. Robert Hooke Bradshaw and Sergt. John William Shaver, the first volunteers from this county in 1861, in the Clover Creek Guards, Company B, 31st Virginia Infantry.

They were at the battle of Port Republic and the Triple Forks of the Shenandoah. This battle was fought by General Jackson and General Shields in sight of Massanutten Mountain, said by Gen. Dick Taylor to be the most beautiful mountain in the world, whose top heard the guns of every war in the United States.

Both these men were in the battles of Grafton, Philippi, Laurel Hill, Carrack's Ford, Greenbrier River, Top Alleghany, Monterey, McDowell, Front Royal, Winchester, Bunker Hill, Martinsburg, Strasburg, Cross Keys, and Port Republic.

Captain Bradshaw was educated at the high school at Mossy Creek, Va., under Prof. Jed Hotchkiss, Stonewall Jackson's engineer and staff officer. Captain Bradshaw was the bravest of the brave, and would not lie down when ordered, and was shot standing. [He covered himself with glory in all these battles.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
All that beauty, all wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Captain Bradshaw was brought to the Bullpasture and laid by his father.

Sergeant Shaver is given the credit of shooting General Kelly at Philippi and spilling the first Yankee blood on Virginia soil.

He was laid to rest in a good widow's beautiful garden on the Blue Ridge Mountain, near where Governor Spottswood first saw the Valley of Virginia.

"Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll
Adown thy rocky glen;
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men."

At roll call the morning of the battle these boys answered "Here." It is the prayer of their comrades that when the Long Roll is called in heaven, they will answer: "Here."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*

520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
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 MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: January marked the celebration of the birth of three of the South's greatest sons, that of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, January 14; Gen. Robert E. Lee, January 19; and Gen. Stonewall Jackson, January 21.

Invitations were received from Philadelphia, Boston, New Jersey, and New York to celebrate these great events, and I was able to be present with three of the States—Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New York—with many regrets that the conflict in the dates made it impossible for me to accept the invitation from the Philadelphia Chapter.

This was my first visit to the Boston Chapter, and I feel that you will all be interested to know what a splendid representation you have in this far Northern city. I spent three days there, and every moment of the time was full of something delightful arranged by the Chapter or the Chapter members. Indeed, my visit there might be described as a carnival, but especially do I wish to mention the Chapter luncheon, at which were present as guests of honor Mrs. Ellis, a National Officer of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Miss Mosely, the President of one of the Chapters of the Daughters of the Union; Gen. Morris Schaff, the author of the interesting life of Jefferson Davis; Mr. Edgar J. Rich, a distinguished Bostonian; and Rev. Dr. Alexander Mann, now Bishop of Pittsburgh (a cousin of my husband). The spirit of harmony and good will that pervaded the atmosphere and the kind words of greeting from our guests may be indicated by the following toast offered by Mr. Rich:

"Madame President, Madame President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the North to the South: Though our snows are deep and our winds are cold, we trust that you, Mrs. Schuyler, will find that our hearts are warm, warm to you as a gifted daughter of the South, warm to you as the honored head of an imperishable organization. I say imperishable, for the things which are immortal are honor, truth, chivalry, and self-sacrifice, and it is the memory of these qualities so impressively shown on the battle fields and in the homes of the South that the United Daughters of the Confederacy will always keep alive. And so I propose this toast: 'Yielding as you will to none in your loyalty to our united country, may you never allow the torch of these memories to grow dim; may you permit us of the North to share with you of the South in reverent memory the achievements and glories in war and the splendors of the soul in war and peace of Lee and Jackson. And here's to your health, Mrs. Schuyler!'"

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of East Orange, N. J., held a most enthusiastic and delightful meeting in celebration of these events; since its organization this Chapter has doubled its membership, and bids fair to be a real power in the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy before many years have elapsed.

The Camp Fire held by the Confederate veterans and the New York Division of the U. D. C. at the Hotel Astor was one of the most brilliant celebrations of the season, and the special guests of honor were the Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans, Gen. Julian S. Carr, and the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Schuyler.

It was my privilege on January 30 to be the guest of honor at the luncheon given by the Daughters of the Union during their national convention held in New York City where I received an ovation, and I was impressed with the fact that one of the orators of the occasion was a Virginian who is the rector of a New York Church.

Lee Memorial Chapel.—On January 25, a meeting of the committee for the Lee Memorial Chapel was held at the Hotel Bristol, and, in consultation with the representative of Washington and Lee University, it was the sense of the committee that Flournoy & Flournoy, with Cram & Ferguson as associates, be the architects of the building, with Fiske Kimball, of the University of Virginia, as a professional adviser. With these eminent architects, whose deep interest in the memorial to General Lee assures us of the fact that whatever is done will be the best that can be rendered, we should bend every energy to do our part in raising the funds to fulfill our pledge to the Board of Trustees, from whom I have received the following resolution:

"Resolved, That this Board reaffirms its resolution adopted at its June meeting, 1907, and its resolutions adopted at its January meeting, 1920, to enlarge and make fireproof the University chapel. And the Board desires to enter of record its grateful appreciation of the action of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at its recent Birmingham meeting in undertaking to raise the funds required for said improvement; and the rector of the University is requested to communicate to the proper official of the United Daughters of the Confederacy the Board's grateful appreciation of their action

"The Board assures the public that in making these changes it is actuated by its love for General Lee and its desire to honor his memory and extend his influence.

"Its purpose is to preserve the mausoleum, the statue, and General Lee's office, and to continue the use of the enlarged building as a University chapel, the purpose for which it was originally constructed by General Lee.

"This resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote of the Board, all members present voting."

Registration.—As the constitutional limit for registration was reached at our last convention, the Division Presidents have returned to their respective States with the determination of carrying into effect this law made at Tampa; hence many inquiries are coming from Chapters which I feel a quotation from a letter written in response to one of these will answer: "I have just received your letter, and in reply will say that when we were incorporated our by-laws were

changed, and three application blanks were required, not only for the newly registered members, but for those who had been previously registered with the Chapters and Divisions. A period of two years was allowed in which to complete this registration, as it was recognized it would be a most difficult task, the full labor of which was not grasped at the time.

"I thoroughly appreciate what you say in regard to the work that it entails. The time limit, however, expired at our last convention, and those Division Presidents who were not fully registered found that their voting strength was greatly reduced, and grasped the necessity of conforming to the law, which had been made by the representatives of their respective Divisions at the convention in Tampa. I felt sorry for the different Divisions which came with large representations and found that their registration had not been completed; but I must congratulate the women for their wonderful response to the enforcement of this law; they are now fully aware of the necessity of having in the possession of our Registrar General an application blank for every member who has been registered with a Chapter and Division. If our records are to be of any value in the future, there must be a central place from which to secure information.

"The former Registrar General ruled that she would accept one copy, provided the member was registered with the Chapter and Division. I have no doubt that the new Registrar General, Miss Powell, will accept this ruling."

A distinct contribution to the South's history has been made by the "Life and Letters of Jefferson Davis," compiled by Dr. Dunbar Rowland, of Mississippi. It is to be hoped that the U. D. C. may be influential in placing this work in the universities and libraries of their respective States, as they could do nothing better to promote true history.

Faithfully and fraternally,

LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER.

DIVISION NOTES.

Newspaper reports during January brought tidings from far and near of continued love and reverence for Confederate heroes wherever beats a Southern heart—Lee, Jackson, Maury, the three great Southerners whose birthdays cluster in the month. In many places it was made the occasion for calling especial attention to the work now occupying, in a great measure, the thoughts of the United Daughters of the Confederacy—that is, the enlargement and fireproofing of the chapel at Washington and Lee University that it may be a memorial worthy the name and character of the great Southerner.

The day called forth no more beautiful tribute than that given by Commander Owsley of the American Legion, a tribute deeply appreciated by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

South Carolina, Miss Edythe Loryea, St. Matthews.—The Sue M. Abney prize of a \$5 gold piece, offered by Mrs. A. A. Woodson through the Edgefield Chapter for the best poem on Robert E. Lee, was won by Miss Katherine Simons, of the C. Irvine Walker Chapter, Summerville, S. C., and it was read on Historical Evening during the convention of the South Carolina Division.

General Lee's birthday was generally observed by Chapters throughout the State, and in a number of instances the prize poem on General Lee, by Miss Simons, was read. Besides the literary and musical features of the celebration, medals and pictures were presented to several schools and colleges. At the Confederate Home in Columbia the veterans of the sixties had a happy day through the kindness of Capt. W. H. Stewart, Superintendent of the Home. At the sumptuous din-

ner, prepared and served by a committee from the three local Chapters and the "Girls of the Sixties," there were, besides the veterans in the Home, the members of Camp Hampton, U. C. V., Gov. and Mrs. T. G. McLeod, and several members of the legislature with their wives. A splendid address was made by Governor McLeod on the Confederate soldier and "the heritage that has come to the present generation from him." Short talks were made by others present. During the afternoon an enjoyable program was carried out, the exercises being presided over by Mrs. W. B. Burney, President of the Wade Hampton Chapter.

Louisiana, Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, New Orleans.—One of the most beautiful affairs of U. D. C. circles in recent years was the Robert E. Lee luncheon given at the Grunewald Hotel, New Orleans, on January 19, under the auspices of the Louisiana Division, with Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, President of the Division and State Director of the Lee Memorial Chapter Committee, presiding. This entertainment was not only in honor of the day, but to bring before the public the work assumed by the Daughters of the Confederacy in the enlargement and fireproofing of the Lee Memorial Chapel at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. Chapters throughout the State were represented, and representatives from the Washington and Lee alumni of Louisiana, the American Legion Auxiliary of the State, and other patriotic organizations were in attendance, all coöperating with the Daughters. The following program was presented by Mrs. Florence Tompkins, Chairman of Education, Louisiana Division:

"Lee, the Man," by Dr. William McF. Alexander, President of the Washington and Lee Alumni Association of Louisiana.

"The Washington and Lee University and Lee's Chapel," by Hon. L. P. Bryant, Jr., an alumnus, and Assistant United States District Attorney.

"The After Life of Lee," by Mrs. P. J. Friedrich, Past State President and President New Orleans Federation of Clubs.

"The Example of Lee to the Young Manhood of America," by Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, Honorary President General U. D. C.

B. B. Shively, also an alumnus of Washington and Lee, but coming direct from the University, brought a message concerning the necessary improvements to the chapel.

"Lee as an American Citizen," by Mrs. S. E. Smith, representing the American Legion, was given as a message from a younger organization to the older.

Gen. A. B. Booth, Confederate veteran, touched on General Lee as he knew him and as commander of the Southern army.

Mrs. H. R. Macleod (formerly Mollie Blanchard, the "Dixie Girl"), sang many beautiful Southern airs between the talks.

A telegram from the Board of Trustees of Washington and Lee University, Dr. H. L. Smith, President, and Judge William A. Bell, congratulating the Louisiana Division on its splendid efforts in behalf of the Lee Memorial, was read; also greetings from the Director General, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, were extended by the Division Director.

The Grunewald Cave, where the luncheon was given, was decorated with flowers and flags, making a setting of wondrous beauty.

The one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee was especially observed by the veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Confederate Veterans at Memorial Hall in New Orleans on the evening of January 19. The New Orleans Chapter No. 72, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, and Fitzhugh Lee Chapter were joint hostesses in the bestowal of Crosses of Honor on J. C. Dockery

and G. W. Wardlow, of the Confederate Home; Henry Languier, of New Orleans; and Mrs. S. Smith, as a descendant of E. N. Springer. The present day was linked with the days of General Lee by incidents related by John Esten Cooke, who was a student at Washington and Lee when General Lee was President, and who was introduced to him by a letter from Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner. The principal address was made by Col. Alison Owen, whose father was a major in the Washington Artillery and knew General Lee during the war. Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith read an address by the late Rev. B. M. Palmer, who received the first Cross of Honor bestowed by the Louisiana Division, in 1900. Commander Frank Richardson, of Camp Beauregard S. C. V., made an address, and Carl Hinton, of Denver, Colo., the present Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., was welcomed and made a short address, in which he emphasized that the Sons of Veterans do not recognize the expressions, "Lost Cause" and "Civil War." Mrs. Florence Tompkins dedicated a reading desk to the memory of Mrs. R. M. Bankston, and gave an address in keeping with the day. The musical program was especially enjoyed.

A memorial service was held on Monday, January 15, in Memorial Hall by the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, in tribute to Mrs. Marie Louise Bankston, a member, who died in October, and a reading desk was presented to the Hall in memory of her. She had been prominently connected with the work of the Louisiana Division since its organization, and was one of the organizers of New Orleans Chapter No. 72.

Utah.—The R. E. Lee Chapter, of Salt Lake City, entertained at the home of the President, Mrs. G. W. Barrows, in honor of the birthday of General Lee. Rev. Stanley E. Curtis, of the First Methodist Church, spoke on the life of General Lee. A very excellent program was rendered and refreshments were served. Winnie Davis roses were used effectively in the dining-room.

District of Columbia.—The Lee anniversary was observed by a memorial service under the auspices of the Confederate Veterans' Association, Camp No. 171 U. C. V., Washington D. C., at the Confederate Memorial Home, where addresses were made by Judge Goolrick, of Fredericksburg, Va., and Capt. Fred Beall, Commander of the Camp. The work of the various Confederate relief organizations was praised, and the program included singing and instrumental music. At the exercises by the Children of the Confederacy in the afternoon, a wreath was placed on the statue of General Lee in Statuary Hall of the Capitol. Representative R. Walton Moore, of Virginia, eulogized General Lee as "the most perfect product of our race during the long period of modern civilization," concluding by saying that "his life, like unfaded flowers, will be fragrant throughout the world in all the days to come." Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, Directress of the Children of the Confederacy, was in charge of the exercises.

Georgia, Mrs. D. B. Small, Valdosta.—General Lee's birthday was generally observed throughout the Georgia Division. In Augusta the exercises were held in a theater with an audience of thirteen hundred. In Atlanta the local Chapter U. D. C. and Camp No. 159 U. C. V. joined in tender tribute and reverent honor to the memories of Generals Lee and Jackson, conducting their exercises in the hall of the House of Representatives at the State Capitol. The principal address was delivered by Rev. B. R. Lacy, Jr., pastor of Central Presbyterian Church. Six Crosses of Honor were bestowed by the Presidents of the two Chapters. The Valdosta Chapter held interesting exercises in its high school auditorium at nine o'clock, and at midday served an elaborate luncheon to the veterans of the county and their wives. Montezuma and

Griffin held exercises in their school buildings, both attended by large audiences of children and patriotic citizens.

North Carolina, Mrs. W. C. Rodman, Washington.—Senator Howard F. Jones will introduce a bill at the present session of the North Carolina Legislature entitled, "An act to construct and maintain a highway making accessible the grave of (Miss) Annie Carter Lee, beloved daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee." The highway will be approximately 3,000 feet, and will connect the cemetery with the public road.

Lee-Jackson Day exercises were held in the hall of the House of Representatives at the Capitol in Raleigh, under the auspices of the Johnston-Pettigrew Chapter U. D. C., with W. Hunt Parker, representative from Halifax County, as orator of the occasion.

Joint memorial services for Gens. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury, whose anniversaries come close together, were held on Sunday afternoon, January 21, at the First Baptist Church of Rocky Mount, under the auspices of the Bethel Heroes Chapter U. D. C. The services were marked by a musical program and a series of addresses on the three great Confederates. An offering was taken for the fund now being raised to renovate the Lee Memorial Chapel at Washington and Lee University.

In the Lee-Jackson Day celebration by the Battle of Bentonville Chapter, No. 818, of Mooresville, a sketch of General Lee was given and the "appreciation of General Jackson" from Irving Cobb's interview with Lord Roberts, also a poetic tribute, "The Shade of the Trees."

The Chapters at Monroe, Fayetteville, Newbern, Mt. Olive, and many other Chapters in the State also celebrated January 19.

At a recent meeting of the Winnie Davis Chapter, of Pittsboro, Mrs. Henry A. London, President, was presented with a silver vase in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of her presidency of this Chapter. The veterans of Chatham County also presented Mrs. London with a handsome watch to show their appreciation of her splendid work in their behalf. Mrs. London is ex-President of the North Carolina Division and Chairman of the Committee which secured an increase of pensions for Confederate veterans.

Tennessee, Mrs. W. J. Morrison, Nashville.—At a meeting of the Rosalie Brown Chapter, of Erwin, held in December, the President, Mrs. R. W. Brown, gave a splendid report of the general convention held in Birmingham, which she attended as delegate from the Chapter. This is a young Chapter, organized last April, but already it is showing good work. A number of markers have been placed at the graves of Confederate soldiers in the community, and records of others have been secured that will be marked later. Its membership is steadily increasing, twenty-three now being enrolled, and the invitation to join the Chapter has been extended to all eligible for membership.

Maryland, Mrs. Preston Power.—Baltimore Chapter celebrated the anniversaries of Generals Lee and Jackson on January 19 by an interesting program at the Arundell Club, the hall being crowded with an enthusiastic audience. A splendid address was given by Joseph L. Packard, and there was excellent music by Peabody graduates. The exercises were presided over by Mrs. Randolph Barton, President of the Chapter, and Crosses of Honor were presented by Miss Sallie Maupin, State Custodian. Confederate flags decorated the walls and stage, and with the first notes of "Dixie" the audience rose in wild enthusiasm.

Daughters of the Confederacy of Baltimore assisted the Maryland Tuberculosis Association in the sale of the Christ-

mas seals, with Mrs. Preston Power as Committee Chairman, and turned over \$101.58 to the Association by their efforts.

A plea has been made for a contribution of one dollar from each member of the Chapter for the Charity Fund, which helps needy Confederates.

New York City, Mrs. J. A. Webb.—On January 13, at the Hotel Astor, in New York City, the South in all its beauty and chivalry was represented at the reception given by Mrs. James Henry Parker, President New York Chapter, in honor of Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General. The Rose Parlor of the hotel was transformed into a vision of the Sunny South, with trailing vines and fragrant spring blossoms perfuming the magnificent drawing room where the four hundred guests greeted the queenly hostess and the gracious honoree. Officers of the New York Confederate organizations assisting in receiving were: Mrs. George E. Draper, President New York Division; Mrs. H. W. Tupman, President James Henry Parker Chapter; Mrs. A. W. Cochrane, Honorary President New York Chapter; Maj. Clarence Hatton, Commander New York Camp of Confederate Veterans; Commander Don Farnsworth, New York Camp Sons of Confederate Veterans; Miss Eleanor Draper, President Children's Chapter U. D. C.

Mingling in delightful greetings were representatives of all States of the old South, from historic Virginia to Louisiana and the great Texas, and over all were wafted the orchestral melodies of "Dixie," "Maryland, My Maryland," and other thrilling airs of the Southland. Delicious refreshments were served in old-fashioned Southern hospitality.

The occasion was one of social splendor unsurpassed in this

city of magnificent receptions, and the guests departed with praise on their lips, fervently imbued with the joy of it and refreshed in their beloved memories of the land of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."
KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General.*

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR U. D. C., APRIL, 1923.

OPERATIONS ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Commodore Farragut from Gulf.
New Orleans captured May 1, 1862.
Butler in command of New Orleans.
Fall of Memphis, June 6, 1862.
In the East—Hampton Roads.
The Virginia, March 8, 1862.
Last of the Wooden Navy.
Merrimac and Monitor, March 9, 1862.

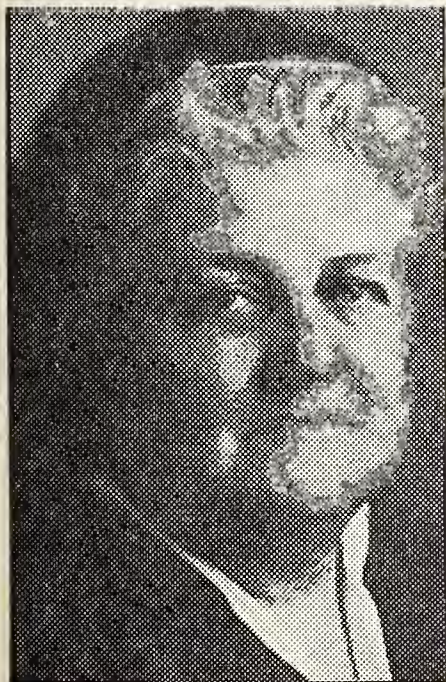
CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY APRIL, 1923.

Jefferson Davis: Member of United States Congress, 1845.

HONORARY LIFE PRESIDENTS, U. D. C.

The Tennessee Division has four Honorary Life Presidents: Mrs. Sarah Fort Milton, of Chattanooga; Mrs. C. B. Bryan, of Memphis; Mrs. William Hume, of Nashville; and Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va. And in thus honoring these real Daughters of the Confederacy, the State Division is but honoring itself. They were belles of the sixties, typical of all that went to make the ideal girlhood and later the splendid womanhood of the South. In the days on the old plantations before there was any thought of strife, they blessed the homes of the Southland with their presence; later, when the sound of war brought terror to the heart of womanhood,

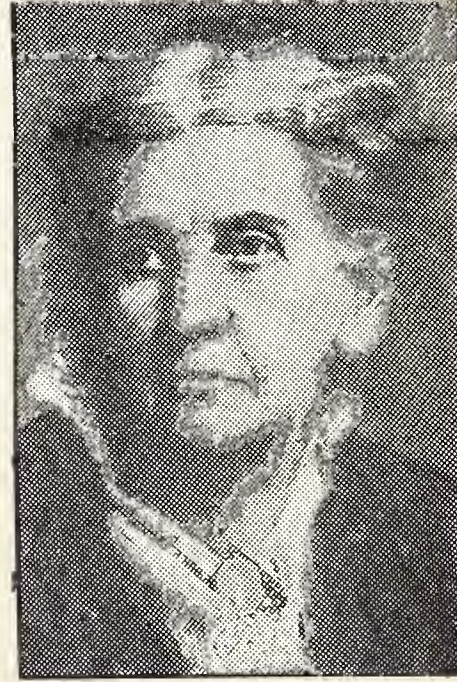
they girded swords upon their loved ones and sent them forth to fight for home and native land, and they made supreme sacrifices at home during those days of anguish; and when all was over with the sad drama at Appomattox, they met the returning brave with a smile of cheer that could not be dimmed even by the dark days of reconstruction. In these later years they have been among the most earnest workers of that great organization which has erected memorials to the Confederate dead and made more comfortable the last days of the veterans of that incomparable army, while ever guarding the history made during those four years of valor and sacrifice. All honor to these immortal characters of the old days and the new!



MRS. N. V. RANDOLPH, RICHMOND, VA.



MRS. WILLIAM HUME, NASHVILLE, TENN.



MRS. S. F. MILTON, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
436 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

CONVENTION NOTES.

My Dear Coworkers.—Errata!—Important!—The date as announced in the last issue of the VETERAN for the reunion and our C. S. M. A. convention should have been April 10 to 13. Please note error and plan to be in New Orleans on April 10.

Our Welcome Meeting is to be held in the Gold Room of the Grunewald Hotel at four o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 10, and delegates are urged to plan to reach New Orleans on Tuesday so as to be present at this our initial meeting, when all veterans and sons of veterans are invited to unite with us.

To many of you who have known Mrs. Lollie Belle Wylie, Editor of our C. S. M. A. page, the news of her death on February 16, after a trying illness, will bring a real sorrow. Mrs. Wylie had been ill for more than four months, but by force of sheer will power had kept up her work until this present edition goes to press. A gifted writer of both prose and poetry, Mrs. Wylie was a pioneer in woman's work and journalism, having edited the first Woman's Department in an Atlanta newspaper. She loved the South and the tales of chivalry of her sons, the winsome charm, the sweetness, and dignity of her daughters, and was at her best when telling the stories of the old South. We shall miss the facile charm of her pen and her faithfulness in the performances of her responsibilities.

Last year it was suggested that each Association have a banner, and you are requested to bring your banner to be used in the parade. Elect your delegates early, and be sure to make your reservations at the Grunewald Hotel at once, if you desire to be at the headquarters, as every room will be engaged weeks before the reunion. New Orleans has many splendid hotels, so there will be accommodation for every one.

Don't fail to bring your reports typewritten, and to leave them with Miss Hodgson after they are read.

Important.—All dues are now due and Associations are urged to send in at once to Mrs. E. L. Merry, Treasurer General, 4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla., as the Treasurer's books must be closed by April 1. Do not wait to bring your dues to convention, as by so doing the Treasurer will be unable to make a full report.

THE CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

Another movement is being launched to erect a monument to the black mammy of the old South, and truly the faithful devotion of those loyal souls is deserving of the highest recognition and commendation. But there is an ever-present question in the hearts of thousands of the younger generation of the Southern womanhood that will not down and a longing

desire to see the long-delayed appreciation expressed in a substantial memorial to the grandest body of women who ever stood by the men at the front, toiling nights as well as days in keeping supplies ever on the onward march to the knightliest soldiers who ever drew the sword. They kept the home fires burning while rearing their children, bearing the burdens of providing supplies for the myriads of slaves, who in their dependence and ignorance were more than children. All this and far more our peerless women of the Confederacy did. Keeping vigil during the long hours of the night at the bedside of the sick, or in protection of the little ones, and toiling during the weary days with no thought of self, only to give *all*, even life itself if need be, if the cause for which they combined their united efforts might compel success. Then when homes were devastated and the cause lost to overwhelming numbers, she was the first to gather her scant stores and prepare a shelter for the weary, worn, heart-sick hero on his return, and to smile as bravely through her tears as did ever a Spartan mother in her hours of trial. Not until the South has written high on the pages of history, and coming years shall crown her with tribute in marble and stone, added to peans of song and story of her wonderful heroism, shall the people who she so devotedly served pay deserved tribute to the Confederate mother.

That "truth crushed to earth shall rise again" has been more than exemplified in the vindication coming to our beloved Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, and her countless friends are rejoicing with her in the turn in the tide of public opinion in regard to her statements concerning Lincoln. Following the avalanche of Northern missives, filled with every form of venomous attack, has come from her own people highest commendation to this peerless daughter of the South, to whom more than any living soul the South owes an everlasting debt of gratitude, in that, ever alert, ever watchful, she has rescued from unthought-of musty and moldy historical matter, data invaluable to the South which alone could place the dear old Southland upon the pinnacle American greatness to which she is entitled and rightfully deserves. Long may we have the masterful, faithful, and loyal Historian General!

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General.*

Lightly, sweetly, soft and low,
Come the songs of long ago;
Songs our mothers loved and sung
In the days when we were young.
Songs we never can forget—
Songs our hearts are singing yet.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief. W. McDonald Lee, Richmond, Va.
Adjutant in Chief. Carl Hinton, Denver, Colo.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings. Lynchburg, Va.
[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

NEWS AND NOTES.

UNWEPT, UNSUNG.—How many know the story of the little Hundley boat and its successive crews—self-ordained to sure death! This feat in Charleston harbor was a transcendent one, an epic achievement. A little boat, the first crude submarine, its only hope to sink its sting into its enemy, the Housatonic (which it finally did), and sink to destruction with it. So crude indeed was this little boat that five crews in succession entered it, met death by drowning, were drawn from the frail hull, and living men instantly took their places. It was the sublimation of self-sacrifice! Our history glitters with shining deeds of valor. Men showed the God that was in them and rose to unthinkable heights time and again. Sam Davis, of Tennessee, died so splendidly that Fame took up his name and “shook it among the stars;” Pickett’s Virginian’s made their charge at Gettysburg and wrote their deed forever by the side of Thermopylae and the Alamo. Yet of those Charleston men who took their dead comrades from this floating coffin to take their places and meet their certain fate the names of many are not known. If New England had this deed to her credit shafts would now be piercing the skies in commemoration of it. It is due to mankind that the fame of it should not perish.

ANYWAY, WE HAVE LIVED TO SEE THIS.—In a widely read magazine, in the latest issues, appears a remarkable advertisement, a full page, by a nationally known corporation with Northern headquarters. This advertisement has a large and rather good picture of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and in large letters at top of the page over the picture are the words, “American Ideals.” Below there is this quotation from his sayings: “I have no other ambition than to serve in any capacity to which the authorities assign me.” The advertisement comments on this utterance and on Lee in the following significant statement: “Because of that spirit of self-effacing service, Robert E. Lee will always be to Americans a great ideal.”

REUNION POINTERS.—Adjutant in Chief Carl Hinton writes that he is now in New Orleans and has taken quarters at the St. Charles Hotel. He says: “I shall remain here until after the reunion. I shall be glad to render any service in my power not only to members of our organization, but to any Confederate veteran, or anyone interested in reunion or Confederate matters. I would appreciate especially your calling attention to the fact that those interested in organizing Camps or securing new members for Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans should get in touch with me immediately.”

ST. LOUIS CAMP, S. C. V.—Comrade R. B. Haughton, of St. Louis, writes that his Camp took an active part in the celebration of Lee’s birthday, and the Commandant of the Camp, Comrade C. A. Moreno, was chairman of the general meeting, which was largely attended and a very great success. The Editor wishes there were more comrades like Comrade Haughton who voluntarily will drop a line or two of some

matter of interest for publication here. Unfortunately, we have some members of our organizations who will not write even after being appealed to more than once.

SYDNEY LANIER.—In this materialistic age, where the effort seems to be to prove that man *can* live by bread alone, it is a cheering thing to hear an utterance such as was delivered from a Virginia pulpit on a recent Sunday. In the course of remarks tending to show the value of the things of the spirit, this minister said: “Sydney Lanier was considered a financial failure. Indeed, commercialism was so distasteful to him that we hear him saying, in the ode written for the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia,

“‘O Trade, O Trade, would thou wert dead!
The world wants heart, it’s tired of head.’

But he did catch vagrant and eternal harmonies for the verses that set our hearts to dreaming, and I make bold to say that this poet, fighting disease, amassing little money, but singing many sweet songs, did more for the South than any captain of industry.”

A BIT OF HISTORY.—Don’t jump when you read this. Virginia was the first country in the world to set the seal of her reprobation and disapproval upon the slave trade. The preamble to her Constitution of 1776 attests this statement.

THAT BARBARA AGAIN.—I mentioned a Barbara Frietchie matter in the last issue. Since then there have appeared copyrighted articles concerning this fictitious story and the monument erected in Frederick, Md., to “commemorate” it. An “eyewitness” rises, in these articles, to describe scenes which never happened, and others rise to refute with telling strokes the Whittier fabrication. Perhaps Frederick thinks it better to have a monument to a fictitious thing than to have none at all. There are even monuments to John Brown—and there are societies which worship the devil. It takes all sorts of people to make up this strange world. As to Barbara Frietchie, this story was shattered twenty-five years ago when Jackson’s staff officers and Dr. Hunter McGuire, his chief surgeon, and others at Richmond went into the matter seriously and conclusively showed how the Confederate troops did not go along any street upon which such a person lived, and that, as for Jackson, he passed through Frederick not only not on this street, but not with his troops. Truth crushed to earth may and frequently does stay prone, but a lie seems eternal.

WASHINGTON CAMP, S. C. V.—Commander Frank F. Conway writes regarding the annual “Mardi Gras” ball of this Camp, which he says “has to be done so that we can have money enough to work on. We have so much per capita tax that we could not live if it were not for giving this dance.” Among the list of patronesses published we note, to mention only a few, the following well known U. D. C. women: Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, President General U. D. C., and Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone and Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, former Presidents General U. D. C.; Mrs. Marion Butler, Mrs. Georgia Lawton Morgan, Mrs. Frank F. Conway, Mrs. Gustave Werber, Mrs. Paul Joachim, Mrs. Elgin E. Blalock, Mrs. George D. Horning. Mrs. Jesse Anthony, Mrs. Albion Tuck, Miss Hereford and Miss Owens were mentioned as hostesses. This wide-awake organization also gave a reception and dance on the evening of January 9 in honor of the sponsor and official ladies. This was held at the

Confederate Memorial Home, and the committee in charge was as follows: Comrades George T. Rawlings, Clarence J. Owens, Jr., and Stephen F. Little.

A FAIR ANSWER.—A Son recently told of being at a dinner in Chicago where the talk turned upon the War between the States. He mentioned that his father was a Confederate soldier and had fought all through the struggle. A lady seated near said: "You speak as though you were proud of it." "Yes," replied the Son, "very proud indeed." "What!" continued the lady, "proud of your father being a rebel?" "Yes, indeed," was the answer, "proud of his being a rebel, if you call it that. You people here make a great deal out of Old Glory and the Stars and Stripes. You must remember that if George Washington and others like him had not been rebels, you would not have any such flag to glory in." This incident is double-barrelled, and I hope you catch it both ways.

HERE IS ANOTHER BARREL.—Another Son came into my office asking for information regarding joining the Camp of S. C. V., and said: "Until I was in the army (he was a captain in the U. S. A.), I never thought of joining the Sons of Confederate Veterans, or any of our patriotic societies, but I note that at all the Posts where I have been stationed officers of Northern birth who are eligible belong to all sorts of such organizations and societies of their section, and proudly wear their buttons and badges on all dress occasions where it is permitted, while I am bare of all, though eligible to membership in practically all American patriotic associations. I have simply just paid no attention to the matter." If *this* barrel does not get you, you are hopeless!

REMEMBER NEW ORLEANS.—Just as this goes to press we hear from Adjutant in Chief Carl Hinton, St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, again urging that all persons of our Confederate organizations interested in reunion matters, and especially all persons desiring to organize Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans, communicate with him at once.

STONEWALL JACKSON PARK.

(From the *Gazette*, Charleston, W. Va.)

Perpetuation of the memory of the past has eventually come to West Virginia in a big way. Three miles north of Weston there is almost evolved a beautiful park of great dimensions upon which stand numerous buildings and markers, sites for noncommercialized amusements, and provisions for the quartering of large bodies of humanity.

All this is a monument to one of the greatest leaders of warring troops of the War between the States, Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, known as Stonewall Jackson. During the summer just gone the thing came into being, and it was almost finished. The finishing touches will be applied next spring. The County of Lewis, which donated the park, desires to make it one of the greatest gathering places in West Virginia.

It is called Stonewall Jackson Park, and it is located on the boyhood home farm of the great general, lying on the west fork of the Monongahela River. The homestead of the Jacksons was destroyed by fire several years ago, but the old mill, known as Jackson's Mill, still stands.

The athletic department of the University of West Virginia has made extensive improvements and now uses the park as a training camp for its football squads. Lewis County will pave a road between the traction station and the main section

of the park. The Monongahela Power and Railway Company will install and equip a lighting system throughout.

An assembly building is now under construction, and Lewis County is erecting a cottage for her 4-H Club.

From June to September, the extension department of the University of West Virginia will bring the 4-H Clubs to the park for their summer training. The 4-H's stand for head, heart, hand, and health. These clubs provide for the development of boys and girls physically, mentally, spiritually, and socially. Each county has the privilege of erecting a cottage at this park, where competitive contests will be held during each summer by those clubs which have attained the highest grades in their respective county contests. The cottage erected by each county will take care of its own delegates. The State will provide an athletic field and open swimming pool.

West Virginia is the first State in the Union to undertake the centralizing and promoting of work of the boys and girls' 4-H Club.

It is expected within a few years Jackson Park will be one of the State's show places. Plans are being considered for the construction of a convention hall.

The Western Chamber of Commerce is asking the West Virginia highway commission to name the north and south highway from the Pennsylvania State line to Charleston the Stonewall Jackson Trail. This highway will pass through Clarksburg, the birthplace of Jackson, and near the spot where the general spent his boyhood days.

More than twenty-five biographies have been written about Jackson and numerous monuments have been erected to commemorate his name.

THE GALLANT PELHAM.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS.

In the dark and somber valley,
'Neath the grim and silent hills,
Once again, in Fancy's tally,
Calls the bugle, sweet it thrills!

And, in answer to the challenge,
Growling, deep, the echo runs,
Till the mountain ramparts tremble
To the roar of Pelham's guns!

Swift the storm of Nature's fury,
Rumbling, grumbling, cross the skies;
Far-flung echoes of the tempest
When Death claimed his fairest prize.

Soft the rain, just faintest tear drops,
Gone the storm, the rainbow gleams,
And the soul of "gallant Pelham"
Guards Virginia; proud her dreams!

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY.—Quartermaster General Lawton, C. S. Army, said in February, that corn for Longstreet, which was accumulated in Macon, Ga., had to make almost a circuit of the Confederacy, and, after traveling about 1,200 miles, return to Longstreet's headquarters, which were in a straight line about 200 miles from the initial point (Macon). Sherman had him cut off south of Knoxville, and the corn had to travel to Virginia and then down the East Tennessee Railway to the point where supplies were received.

THE REARGUARD OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. L. R. GOODE, ACWORTH, GA.

During the War between the States, when our boys in gray—our fathers, brothers, husbands, and lovers—were at the front battling for their rights and homes, there was another army, true and loyal to the cause—the mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts—who formed a “rearguard” and stood their ground like a “stonewall,” suffering untold agony in the suspense, anxiety, heartaches, but ever ready with willing hearts and hands to assist wherever needed—in the hospitals, making clothes, knitting socks, scraping lint, and also working in the different departments of the Confederate government—the Treasury, Post Office, War Department, etc., the latter positions being taken in order for the men and boys who had held these places to form a Home Guard for the protection of Richmond. The heroism and patriotism of that rearguard of noble women were unbounded. They were not conscripts nor drafted, but were willing volunteers to a cause that was so just in upholding every principle of the Constitution.

As I was a member of this rearguard, it may seem out of place for me to write of what is so near to my heart in that connection, but I have waited all these years for some of the Confederate organizations to take the lead, and I have decided that now is the time to start the ball rolling. The honor is mine for having served the South when my services were needed, and no honor can equal the pride I feel in having served the Confederacy. There are many of this rearguard still living—and do they not deserve some recognition?

The Daughters of the Confederacy present with love and reverence the Cross of Honor to the veterans; they also present to the retiring President General a pin, and the members each have their organization badge. I have been for nearly twenty-nine years a member of the Dallas, Tex., Chapter No. 6 U. D. C., the mother Chapter of Texas. The Sons of Confederate Veterans have their badge; the Confederate Southern Memorial Association presents to every mother of a Confederate veteran still living a gold bar, and the members have their recognition badge. Now, what have we, the women who worked for the Confederacy? We have the gratification and pride of knowing that we were true and loyal to the boys in gray at a time that tried men's souls (and women's too). The veterans have their Cross of Honor; they wear it with pride, and have it to hand down to their descendants. We, the *real Daughters of the Confederacy*, would cherish with equal pride a miniature Cross of Honor, and this would be appropriate as coming from the veterans or the Sons; from the veterans it would mean a handshake of loyalty between those who served the Confederacy; from the Sons it would be a tribute of gratitude and appreciation for loyalty to their ancestors. If the time ever comes for this bestowal, I herewith put in my application for first badge. I would rather make this suggestion for it than to be without the cherished honor of possessing and wearing it.

What I am writing is from an individual standpoint, as I have no authority to speak for others, but I am sure there are many others who have the same feeling about it. It is with pride that I say I am still in harness and attend the U. C. V. reunions, having missed but one in eight years, and I expect to be with the boys in New Orleans. It is with more than pride that I say I served the cause not only in a private capacity, assisting in hospitals, etc., but also in an official capacity in the War Department as Recorder of Official Correspondence for Gen. A. R. Lawton, Quartermaster General, C. S. A., Richmond. I would be glad to hear from any veterans and Sons if this suggestion meets with their approval.

ATTENTION! MEN WHO RODE WITH FORREST!

In 1917 the Daughters of the Confederacy of the Alabama Division decided to erect a memorial at Gainesville, Ala., to Gen. Nathan B. Forrest and his brave followers, not only to do honor to one of the greatest heroes of the War between the States, but to preserve history. Soon we entered the great World War, and all memorial work was set aside to give our aid to humanitarian work. With busy hands and loving hearts we knitted and sewed and gave of our means to help the boys in khaki, yet never forgetting our old veterans, our first love, nor did we withhold our aid in educating the descendants of our veterans. After peace was declared, we took up our old work of marking historic spots, and now the committee on the Forrest Memorial is exceedingly anxious to complete it while our old veterans are still with us.

You remember, men who rode with Forrest, how, after days of hard fighting with Streight and Wilson, after sleepless nights in the saddle, worn and weary, ragged and tattered, you arrived at the little town of Gainesville, where you crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the beautiful oak trees. How the kind people of Gainesville welcomed you! How you feasted on good things at the American Hotel on the high bluff of the river! How some of the boys slipped out of one door and came in at another, thus getting an extra dinner.

Poor, hungry boys! Who could blame them? Then came the news of the surrender of Lee. Surrender! A new word in the southern vocabulary, a word that struck dismay to your hearts.

Here in the old town of Gainesville, Forrest, the grand warrior, whose very name evoked love and admiration from his followers, fear and consternation to his foes, fought the hardest battle he ever fought, when he sheathed his sword and laid down his arms he had so valiantly used in the defense of his country. He and his dauntless men who had not quailed before the cannon's blast, who without a murmur endured cold, hunger, and hardships, were now to face defeat, for General Canby, of the U. S. army, came to offer them terms of surrender and issue their paroles. These men, some of them mere boys, were as grand in defeat as they were in war. They accepted their paroles in good faith, returned to their desolated homes to face life with a noble courage, fostered and strengthened by four years of service to their country, and took up the task of restoring a ruined country.

Many of these men who rode with Forrest have achieved success in life; many have served their country in the legislative halls and in the senate chamber; some have attained to highest ranks in medicine, law, and literature, and all became good citizens of the United States.

Many years have passed since that day Forrest and his men were paroled at Gainesville. Time has marked more than half a century, many have crossed over the river to rest under the trees of Paradise, but many of Forrest's men are yet to be seen at every Confederate reunion and love to talk over the days of the sixties. To see these veterans at the reunion in Richmond, with the snow of many winters on their heads, but the glow of health in their faces, rejuvenated by war memories and renewed friendship, with agile and graceful step dance the old Virginia Reel, you would not have thought them old and feeble, worn with life's burdens, but men who had fought the good fight with age resting on them like a benediction.

The committee on the Forrest Memorial has within the past few weeks secured the site where General Forrest was paroled. A portion of the lot was given us by Veteran Gray Ellis, whose home occupied the site and was lately burned.

The situation is beautiful, just across the street from the public square, commanding a magnificent view of the river and adjacent to the R. E. Lee Highway.

We want to erect our monument before our next convention in May, and appeal to all the men who rode with Forrest, to the sons and families of these men who would honor their fathers to assist us in doing honor to these Southern heroes.

Contributions may be sent to Mrs. C. W. McMahon, Chairman, at Livingston, Ala. We honor ourselves in honoring our heroes, and surely no greater hero ever wore the gray than General N. B. Forrest.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The Managing Editor presents the second half of the list of those who subscribed to "The Women of the South in War Times" at the Birmingham convention. It would greatly help if those who offered these subscriptions would send them in, either to Mrs. R. P. Holt, Rocky Mount, N. C., or to the Managing Editor, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

At present, South Carolina is leading for the 1923 contest, the results of which will be announced at the convention in Washington next November.

The Managing Editor wishes to announce the receipt of \$5 from Mrs. Broyles, of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Cincinnati, Ohio; and \$1 from the Nathan B. Forrest Chapter, Pueblo, Col.

Kentucky.—Assumes responsibility and also places copy in Boone University in China; Mrs. Woodbury, one copy to be sent to Cairo, Egypt; Mrs. McDonald, one copy for University of Arizona, at Tucson, in honor of mother; Mrs. Hancock, one copy to college in Winchester.

Louisiana.—Mrs. Yoree, five copies to Industrial School; for Industrial School at Lafayette; Mrs. Nelson, one copy for Industrial College at Ruxton.

Maryland.—Assumes responsibility for ten books for Division; Mrs. Brant, six copies; Mrs. Gittings, one copy; Mrs. Bruinn, one copy in memory of grandmother, Mrs. S. R. Bruinn.

Mississippi.—Delegation, \$10; Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, \$10 to place books in colleges in memory of her mother, a loyal Confederate woman; Mrs. Kimbrough, one copy for Chief Justice Taft, one copy to Soldiers' Home; Mrs. Smith, one copy for Mountain School in Rome, Ga.; Mrs. Kimbrough, one copy for Beauvoir Soldiers' Home; Mrs. Enocks, \$10 to Central Committee in memory of her brother. Mrs. Belle Harrison, \$5 to fund in memory of her aunt, Miss Sallie C. Jones.

Missouri.—Confederate Dames Chapter, two copies; Mrs. Crowder, one copy in memory of former President St. Louis Chapter, Mrs. Lyle; Kate K. Solomon Chapter, one copy; Mrs. Sudie Sparks, two copies in honor of her children, one at Soldan High School and one at the Naval Academy, Annapolis; Mrs. Hunt, one copy in honor of first President Missouri Division, Mrs. R. S. Wilson; Mrs. Higgins, \$5 personal pledge; Mrs. Watts, two copies; Mrs. Meyers, one copy for Glendale Seminary, Glendale, Ohio, in memory of Mrs. Hickes; Mrs. John Hurck, one copy for high school in Shanghai, where her protégé is teaching, one copy for House of Detention in St. Louis; Mrs. Hurst, one copy.

New York.—\$10 for Division; Mrs. Bennett, two copies; Mrs. Person, one copy for Oxford and one for Cambridge; Mrs. Draper, one copy for University of Toronto; Mrs. Cooley one copy for library in Bratwood, Fla., and one copy to Girls' Industrial School in Florida; Mrs. Tracy Rogers, one copy for Industrial School at Hindman.

North Carolina.—\$10 for Division; Mrs. Holt, \$25 for distributing books in the West.

Ohio.—Mrs. Shoe, one copy for Highes High School, in honor of daughter Susan Shoe, one copy for Ohio State University at Columbus, one copy for University of Cincinnati; Mrs. Broyles, \$5 to fund in honor of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Cincinnati; Mrs. Estabrook, one copy for Young's Female College, Thomasville, Ga., in honor of her *Alma Mater*.

CONFEDERATE NAVAL RECORDS.

Admiral A. O. Wright, commanding the Association of Confederate Naval Survivors, is traveling through the Southern States in the interest of securing their coöperation in his efforts to rescue from oblivion the records of enlistment, service, and discharge of over four thousand Confederate sailors. The Masons and other organizations and the county school superintendents in each State are coöperating with him, and already the legislatures of Virginia, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, and Tennessee have indorsed his plan.

When Richmond was evacuated the records on file in the Navy Department were destroyed, and the Confederate sailors find it difficult to get pensions or admission into Confederate Homes without these records, but these can be re-established from documents, letters, etc., to be found in homes of their descendents, and which would be placed in the State archives along with those of the Confederate soldiers already there.

Admiral Wright is organizing a system to do this work in each of the former Confederate States, and expects during the year to place the names of those four thousand heroes of the sea on file where their descendants may in future years learn what their ancestors of the Confederate navy did in the war of the sixties.

As there is no fund to pay the expense of this movement, he hopes that every one interested in the wonderful accomplishment of the Confederate navy, for which its sailors have never received recognition, will cheerfully contribute to the advancement of this worthy cause. He asks the coöperation of every Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and trusts to have their assistance in this grand mission within the next few months. For full information write to him in care of the Historic Commission in each State capital, or to his home address, Jacksonville, Fla. He will be at Confederate headquarters during the reunion in New Orleans.

There is not a cause more important, more worthy, or more urgent than that of rescuing from oblivion the records of those brave men.

"LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE."

The publishers of the "Library of Southern Literature" write that one of the most pleasing things encountered in the distribution of this work is the cordiality with which it is being received in the North, particularly by the colleges and libraries. One library in Iowa ordered two sets. Some of the libraries are indexing every author mentioned in this "Library of Southern Literature" in their card index files. No less important is it that this work have a place in every library of the South, and especially in those of schools and colleges, that the young mind may get its impress of what the South has accomplished in the realms of literature. Let us teach our own to appreciate it, and the other sections will follow. Every home should have these books. Fill out the coupon and let the publishers tell how it can be procured on easy terms.

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The most important training—training in democracy.
The greatest need—common sense.
The best gift—forgiveness. — *Dr. Frank Crane.*

Again we are reminded that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Texas has had a freeze that killed many cattle, but it also killed enough boll weevil to pay for the cattle many times over. Unfortunately, the raisers of cattle do not, as a rule, raise cotton. — *National Tribune.*

REFORESTATION.—One of the largest sawmills in the world is said to be that of the Great Southern Lumber Company, at Bogalusa, La. This company is also the pioneer in the South in the reforestation of cut-over lands. It is now lumbering and replanting its extensive timber lands in such a way as to insure continuous operation of its mills.

S. P. Reed (who fails to give his address) writes that he was a member of Company G, 5th Arkansas Regiment, and that his company was made up at old Brownsville, Ark., the county seat of Prairie County, and was under Captain Gant. He is eighty-one years of age, and would like to hear from survivors of the old command. Doubtless this will bring response from him and letters can be forwarded to him.

A LUCKY DAY.—Friday is considered an unlucky day, but it was on Friday that Washington was born, Shakespeare was born, America was discovered, the Mayflower Pilgrims landed, Queen Victoria was married, Napoleon was born, Julius Cæsar was assassinated, the battles of Bunker Hill, Waterloo, and New Orleans were fought, and the Declaration of Independence was signed. So it wasn't such a bad day after all—*Wynne (Ark.) Progress.*

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Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position 829 Inter-Southern Bldg. Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. M. E. Burts, Madison, Fla., would appreciate any information as to the discharge of Wilbur F. Burts, of Hillsborough County, Fla., from Captain Leslie's company. All papers have been lost, and proof is needed in applying for a pension.

A. D. Rape, of Quitman, Tex. (Route 5), who served three years and six months in the Army of Tennessee—drummer of the 46th Alabama, Pettus's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Hood's Corps—wants to hear from any survivors among his old comrades. The brigade was composed of the 20th, 23rd, 30th, 31st, and 46th Alabama Regiments.

MOUNT VERNON ESTATE.—Mount Vernon contained 10,000 acres, about fifteen square miles. It was divided into farms of convenient size, which were under the personal supervision of Washington. In 1787 he had 500 acres in grass; sowed 600 acres of oats, 700 acres of wheat, as much more in corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, etc., and 50 acres in turnips. His stock consisted of 140 horses, 112 cows, 235 working oxen, heifers, and steers, and 500 sheep. In 1786 he slaughtered 150 hogs for the use of his family and provisions for his negroes. — *Exchange.*

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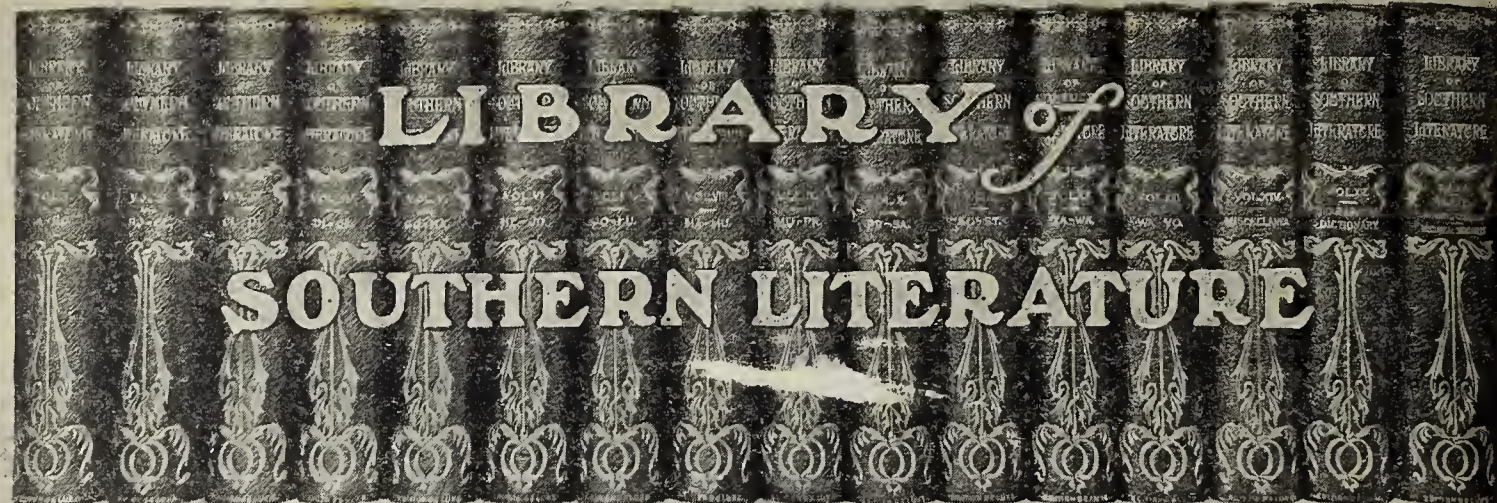
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PUBLISHED BY THE MARTIN & HOYT COMPANY
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I am grateful, as I am sure you gentlemen must be, for the more than two thousand letters of commendation of the "Library" which have already been received. As Editor in Chief of the "Library," I believe I express the sentiments of my colleagues when I say that we appreciate fully the expense you gentlemen have been put to in publishing the "Library of Southern Literature," and I trust that you will find a large sale for the work. It seems to me to have a rightful place in the library of every thoughtful man and every great library, as the revelations of the soul of a wonderful and distinctive section of our republic.

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The political status of a people is doubtless fixed by its orators and statesmen, but to really know a people and to fix their standing in the world, one must know what has been written and read by them. . . . It is a work which should appeal not only to those of literary tastes in the South, but even more so to those of literary tastes in the North, for it will give us to know that it was not only in the forum and on the battle field that the South showed its greatness, but that it has also shown it in seats of learning and in the quiet retreats of the writers of good English.

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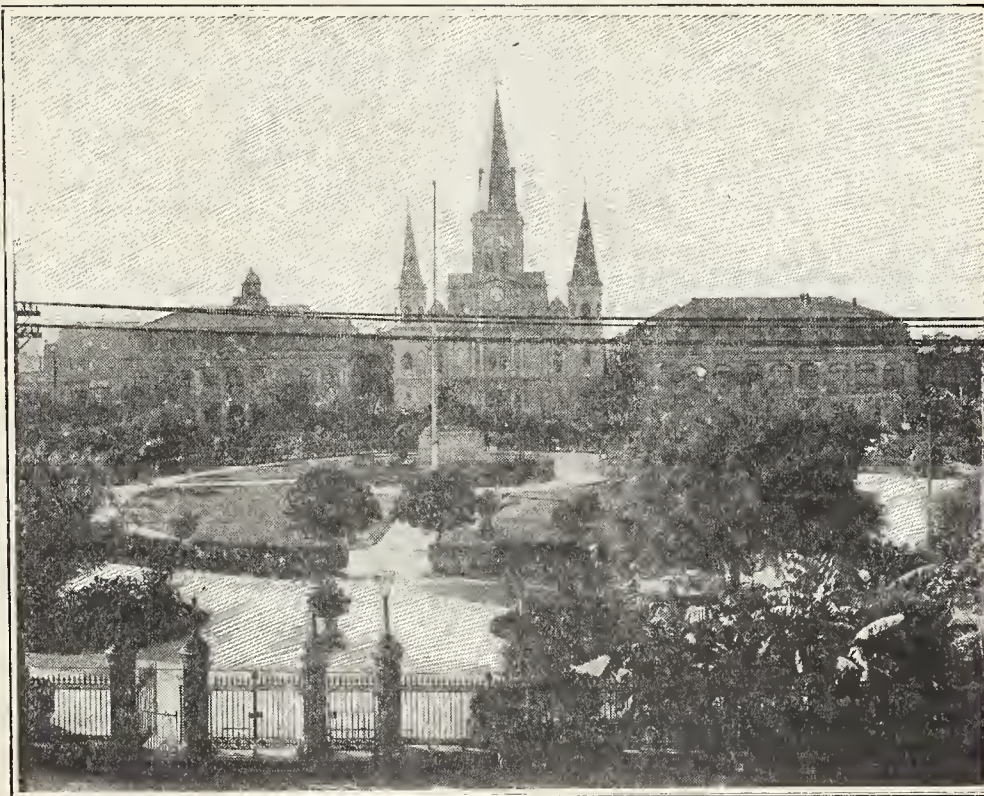
Confederate Veteran.

C L Willoughby
507 N Iowa Av
Aug 23

VOL. XXXI.

APRIL 1923

NO. 4



JACKSON SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS

Jackson Square was the center of New Orleans history for a century and a half. It was laid off at the foundation of the city and was originally called the Place d'Armes. On it face the old St. Louis Cathedral, the Cabildo, and court buildings. In the center of the square is an equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, the hero of the battle of New Orleans, fought January 8, 1815, at Chalmette, now a suburb of the city. New Orleans was taken by the Federals in April, 1862.

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PREMIUM BOOKS.

In order to build up its list of patrons this year, the VETERAN is making a very special offer of the "Life of Forrest," by Dr. John A. Wyeth, as a premium for clubs of new subscriptions. This book is too well known to need any commendation of its splendid interest in delineation of the character of that incomparable cavalry leader and the history of his campaigns. It is a large volume of over six hundred pages, handsomely illustrated, and has always sold at \$4.00, postpaid. The VETERAN offers this book as premium for *Ten New Subscriptions* at the regular rate of \$1.50 each. This is a special offer for the month of April, so send at once for sample copies and try for this premium book.

Another special offer for this month is a copy of "Christ in the Camp" as premium for three new subscriptions.

Those who might be more interested in other books as premiums should write for premium offers on those.

Address the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.

2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.

3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.

4. Mathew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

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A. Kinnaman, of Cisco, Tex. (1005 West Tenth Street), is anxious to hear from any surviving member of Company A, 36th Georgia Regiment.

Dr. Milton Dunn, of Melrose, La., would like to hear from any comrades who knew William Robert Coats, Alabama cavalryman, who was killed at Franklin, Tenn.

Information is desired of the ancestry of Rev. John Pope, of Granville County, N. C., who came to Tennessee early in 1800. Anyone having a family tree of the Popes in America will please respond to the VETERAN.

Mrs. Ronald Gray, Athens, Ala., wants to learn the company and regiment of Rev. Eli Gray, who volunteered at Raleigh, N. C., and fought in the War between the States. He was imprisoned at Johnson's Island for eighteen months and was in several battles. After the war he moved to Taylor County, Tex.

WANTED.—Information as to the present ownership of the family Bible of Dudley Whitaker, of Halifax County, N. C. When last heard of it was in the possession of Thomas Edward Whitaker. A reward is offered for information leading to its recovery. Address Dr. J. S. Ames, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

CONFEDERATE RECORDS.

I have in my possession a large book used by the Confederate Congress, to title, "All of the Acts as passed by the Confederate Congress." I also have about one hundred of the secret and open acts as passed by this Congress, the same having the signatures of Jefferson Davis, Stephens, and others of the Cabinet.

These records were obtained from Jefferson Davis's cabinet near Charlotte, N. C., during his retreat from Richmond, Va.

The above book and acts are the property of a Confederate widow who would sell same. There are no fixed prices. Open for bids.

Communicate with,

D. S. RAMSEUR, M.D.,
Blacksburg, S. C.

Anyone having a set of the works of John Esten Cooke will kindly communicate with the VETERAN, stating condition and price wanted. Or if anyone knows where these works can now be gotten in new form will be glad to hear.

FOR SALE—A compilation of the currency of the Confederate States of America, its issue, types, and series, with descriptive letterpress, by Raphael Thain, Chief Clerk in Adjutant General's Office. Nicely bound. Also many other Confederate histories and books.

WILLIAM E. MICKLE,
P. O. Box 153, Mobile, Ala.

Fifth Arkansas, Attention! A list of battles engaged in and the route traveled by the old 5th Arkansas (also known as the 30th Regiment) during the War between the States is desired by Rhea Kuykendall, 111 West Akard Street Weatherford, Tex. His grandfather John L. Kuykendall, was captain of Company H till May 19, 1862, then captain of Company F from June 28, 1862, until paroled. He raised both companies—H at Gainesville and F at Pinesville. Survivors of the 5th Arkansas, please write.

CONFEDERATE STATES
STAMPS BOUGHT

HIGHEST PRICES PAID. WRITE ME WHAT YOU HAVE. ALSO U. S. USED BEFORE 1870. DO NOT REMOVE THEM FROM THE ENVELOPES, AS PAY MORE FOR THEM ON THE ENVELOPES. WRITE ME TO-DAY JOSEPH F. NEGREEN, 8 EAST 23 ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. }

VOL. XXXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1923.

No. 4.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

THE CONFEDERATE REUNION.

BY ELEANOR KENLY BACON.

O, gallant little band of gray,
Whose ever lessening tread
Still beats its martial symphony
When all our love is said,
No smile, no word can all express
Of our hearts' fervent gratefulness.
In weariness and painfulness,
In fastings and in cold,
In journeyings by night and day,
In perils manifold,
You spent yourselves—a sacrifice
Each year more precious in our eyes.
Eyes blind with sudden rainbow tears—
Tears that we vainly try
To brush away that you may see
Just smiles as you go by,
And we may see with vision clear
The thin gray line we hold so dear.
With banners gayly waving high,
With music and with song,
There gathers now to honor you
A loyal Southern throng.
We toss our hearts, a huge bouquet,
In tribute as you pass to-day!

Newton, Mass.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

HEADQUARTERS NEW ORLEANS, LA.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 4.

Having accepted the invitation by the people of the good city of New Orleans, and of the State of Louisiana, our annual convention and reunion will be held in the city of New Orleans, La., Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, April 11, 12, 13, 1923.

For railroads east of the Mississippi River, rates have been established with conditions as follows:

One cent per mile for veterans and members of family accompanying them. All other organizations, one fare for round trip.

Dates of sale: April 7, 8, and 9, and for trains scheduled to reach New Orleans prior to noon of April 11, from Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Helena, Ark.

April 6, 7, 8, and 9, from Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky, including Cincinnati, Ohio; Washington, D. C.; Evansville, Ind., and Cairo, Ill.

Final limit of all tickets, April 30, prior to midnight, on which return trip must be complete.

Tickets sold only on presentation of identification certificates to ticket agents at time of purchase.

Two separate and distinct forms of identification certificates will be used:

Pink paper for Confederate Veterans and immediate members of their families.

Blue paper for Sons of Confederate Veterans, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sponsors, Matrons, and Maids of Honor.

Form of Ticket.—No signature required. Not transferable. No validation required.

Stop-overs will be allowed, on application to conductors, at all points, within final limit, either going or coming.

Railroads west of the Mississippi River will charge one first-class fare for the round trip for members of the United Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Confederated Southern Memorial Association, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Sponsors, and Maids of Honor. Fares to apply only to members of the organizations named and to their families upon surrender of identification certificates of the proper form.

Convention will be called to order at 10 A.M., Wednesday, April 11, 1923.

The General Commanding is hoping for a great meeting at New Orleans and will be pleased to have every member who is physically able to be there to meet as comrades and mingle in fraternal fellowship.

With thankfulness to Almighty God for the health, strength, and years of life with which we have been blessed, we can best show our appreciation by such exemplary conduct as would

merit the approval of the great generals under whom we served, if they could be here present with us. In their honor, and in the name of Him who served and sacrificed, let us meet with brotherly love, each one for all.

EDGAR D. TAYLOR,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Per A. B. BOOTH,
Assistant Adjutant General.

By command of Julian S. Carr, *Commander.*

SPONSORIAL STAFF FOR NEW ORLEANS REUNION.

Honorary Matron of Honor, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General U. D. C.

General Headquarters and Staff Sponsor, Mrs. Kate Patton Irving, Danville, Va.

Sponsor for the South, Miss Margaret Louise Carr, Durham, N. C.

Matron of Honor, Mrs. C. F. Harvey, Kinston, N. C.

Chaperon, Mrs. Paul H. Saunders, New Orleans, La.

Mascot, Miss Kate Ross Patton, Houston, Tex.

Maids of Honor: Misses Kathryne Wheeler, Texas; Miller Marshall, Mississippi; Eilene White, Margaret Mason Smith, New Orleans; Ruth Doughty, Margaret Kane Barker, Tennessee; Nancy Patton, Virginia; Annie Louise Vaughan, Lida Carr Vaughan, North Carolina; Estelle Anderson, Texas; Martha Boynton, Georgia.

AROUSE THE SONS OF VETERANS.

A fine record has been made by Comrade W. C. Brown, of Gainesville, Tex., in working to arouse interest among the Sons of Veterans for this journal of Southern history. For many years he has been the VETERAN's representative at Gainesville and every year has reported a fine list of renewals and new subscriptions. This year he has made a special effort among the Sons, with gratifying success, and his work is commended to friends in other localities who have the interest of the publication at heart. On the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy will devolve the safeguarding of our history, and there can be no better time than the present to begin arousing them to the value of that heritage.

Comrade Brown is in his eighty-third year, but is still one of the youngest of veterans, active and interested in the happenings of this old world. He has sent to the VETERAN this year one hundred and eighteen subscriptions, renewals and new orders, and the end is not yet. For twelve years Commander of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp U. C. V. at Gainesville, diligent and efficient in office as elsewhere, he ever has at heart the good of his Confederate comrades and the importance of disseminating true Confederate history, which he feels is best done through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. A sketch of Comrade Brown appeared in the VETERAN for May, 1916, and even further back he was an active and zealous representative.

Other good friends deserve mention in this connection, of whom are Capt. P. A. McDavid, of Greenville, S. C., who is a close second in orders to his credit, having sent one hundred and two renewals and new subscriptions this year; C. S. Thomas, of Atlanta, reports regularly ten or twenty orders each month through the year; and A. C. Jones, of Richmond, Va., had one hundred and thirty-one to his credit in 1922. The list is too large to include all here, but all deserve special mention.

FREEDOM'S BANNER STILL UNFURLED.

(Written for the Confederate reunion at New Orleans.)

BY HUGH GAYLORD BARCLAY.

Attention! Dear old Soldiers of the Van!

We greet you with's love's blessing, memory's smile,
The old guard, with it's battle scars and tan,
Proud remnant of Lee's famous rank and file!

We praise you for your courage in the line;

We laud your knightly bearing then and now;
Your sturdy, peerless manhood, fair and fine,
That could to fateful fortune calmly bow.

Brave comrades of fame's matchless Southern Band!

Whose prowess graved its glory on the world,
Though fortune failed to crown your Southern Land,
Immortal Freedom kept its flag unfurled!

Forgotten now, your failure and your wrong,

Your Southland, though uncrowned, is doubly strong!

MECHANICAL GENIUS AND INDUSTRY OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIME.

A good suggestion was recently made by Mr. E. B. Bowie, of Baltimore, in regard to collecting data on the mechanical genius and industry of the South during the War between the States, and, enlarging on that suggestion, he writes further:

"In a great measure this genius and industry were devoted to the fabrication of munitions of war, hence the best results will be obtained from securing data concerning the Confederate States armories, of Confederate, State, and private ownership, for all these were coextant. I suggest that you ask for data embracing ownership, type of weapon fabricated, and date—viz.; C. S. A., Fayetteville, N. C., rifles, caliber 58, 1862-4; Jones, McIlvaine & Co., Holly Springs, Miss., rifles, caliber, — 1861-62; State of Georgia, Milledgeville, Ga., muskets, caliber 69, 1863-65.

"Anything else of interest, such as size of plant, number of employes, and volume of production, could be published from time to time as this data is elicited, and there is sufficient of the unusual and romantic to interest the general reader, as witness the rifles made by the *Quakers* for North Carolina, the sacrifice required of every home of its brass articles for gun mountings, and the ready surrender of church bells, but the 'near riot' when Andrew Jackson's prize cannon were requested. These and many other oddities could be brought into the recounting."

Such records could be best preserved through publication in the VETERAN and all who can furnish any data along this line are urged to do so as soon as possible. The columns of the VETERAN are ever open to contributions which will add to the history of the South during those years of war, and especially should we put on record anything that will show what was accomplished along industrial lines, of which the half has never been told. These records would add immensely to the story of the Southern Confederacy.

Charles Howard, of Jackson, Ala., whose subscription is paid up to 1930, writes that when it expires he will pay up to 1950, "for I do not intend to ever get too old to enjoy the VETERAN," he says, adding: "I am only a son of a veteran, but think I have discovered the secret of eternal youth that so many have sought in vain. The formula is that every time I have a birthday party, I invite only Confederate veterans and children under five years, so by that means I am getting younger every day."

THAT HISTORY REPORT AT RICHMOND.

Gen. C. I. Walker, of Mt. Pleasant, S. C., asks that the following be given place in this number:

"I read with great pleasure and much profit the most valuable article by Judge Howry, in the March VETERAN, on 'The Responsibility for the War.'"

"The Judge is mistaken, however, in thinking that 'a series of resolutions' was submitted or adopted by the United Confederate Veterans at the Richmond reunion committing the veterans to fixing the responsibility upon Lincoln for the war. A series of resolutions shows a definite opinion on the part of the proponent and a desire to have such opinion indorsed by the convention. There was no such action of receiving or adopting such a definite expression of opinion. The Rutherford Committee, which for many years, under direction and authority of the Confederate Veterans, has been at work disseminating the truths of Confederate history, made its annual report. During the then current year, Col. H. W. Johnstone had published a pamphlet, 'The Truth of the War Conspiracy of 1861,' which bore upon the work of the Committee and met its approval. So the Committee commended the publication and referred to the undoubted facts contained therein as proving 'that the Confederate war was deliberately conceived and its inauguration made by Abraham Lincoln, and that he was personally responsible for forcing war upon the South.' The Associated Press sent out garbled and incorrect statements of the whole matter, which evoked much criticism and some very harsh articles derogatory to the South. But for this false report, we are sure many of the influential papers which attacked us would not have done so.

"I am chairman of the Rutherford Committee and wrote the report submitted to the U. C. V., therefore it becomes my duty to defend the assertion made when commending Colonel Johnstone's pamphlet.

"The evidence in that pamphlet, which I fully believe, shows that Lincoln was preparing for the attack on the South before he was inaugurated. It shows that immediately after his inauguration, and before the sound of his peaceful words had died away, he began active preparations for the steps which he knew must lead to war. Congress was in session then, but he neither asked authority from the only body under our Constitution which had the legal power to make war to take his proposed steps, nor did he even acquaint them with his plans. He allowed that Congress to adjourn, when he knew the gravest issues were impending, and before the members had reached their homes the guns at Fort Sumter revealed his secret and personal war plans. He knew he was acting unconstitutionally, for subsequently he endeavored to have Congress legalize his acts, which Congress did not do.

"If Lincoln had been as peacefully inclined toward the South as he asserted, then the failure of Congress to inaugurate the war would have relieved him from all responsibility, and he never would have felt it necessary to send a fleet to relieve Fort Sumter.

"Neither the Committee nor I ever attributed to Lincoln the creation of the causes which led to the war, but, the causes existing, he forced the issue.

"The evidence in the pamphlet clearly authorizes me in making this statement.

"I was most sadly disappointed to see the venom with which so many of the leading papers of the country attacked the South. I had hoped and believed that the angry passions growing out of the war had been allayed and that we were broad enough to consider historic points calmly. For myself, at the great peace celebration at Gettysburg in 1913, I buried,

beyond resurrection, all bitterness and gave my hand and heart in full fellowship to the Union veterans who rushed up to offer their friendship.

"In the course of the Committee's report, covering much other matter, the pamphlet was commended to our comrades, not to the American people, but to the members of the Confederate Veteran's Association. It was proper that we should do so. The Associated Press simply made a mountain out of a molehill."

THE "BATTLE ABBEY."

Judge George L. Christian reports that the following valuable and interesting additions have recently been made to the Lee Camp Gallery of the Confederate Memorial Institute, or "Battle Abbey," by the families of the several subjects:

1. A fine bronze bust of the late Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire, who was Medical Director of the Second (Jackson's) Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. This bust is placed in a niche opposite to the bust of Col. Rawley Martin, who scaled the heights of Gettysburg, and who was as distinguished as a physician as Dr. McGuire was as a surgeon. This bust of Dr. Martin was contributed by the Medical Society of Virginia.

2. A very fine portrait of the late Gen. James Conner, of South Carolina, who was one of the most devoted and gallant soldiers from the Palmetto State, and who lost a leg in battling for the cause of the South.

3. A fine portrait of the late Col. Robert White, of West Virginia, who was the father of Mrs. Chiles M. Ferrell, the President of the Board of Lady Managers of the "Battle Abbey." Colonel White was not only one of the most devoted and dashing cavalry leaders of the Army of Northern Virginia, but for several years Chairman of the Executive Committee of the "Battle Abbey," and a most potent influence in causing it to be placed in its present location.

4. A fine likeness of the late Maj. James C. Hill, of Albemarle County, Va., one of the most devoted and gallant of the splendid men who went from that county in the Army of Northern Virginia, and who lost an arm in defense of the Confederate cause.

Other portraits are in preparation, and the gallery is filling up quite rapidly.

The Board of Lady Managers have fitted up very handsomely a reading room in the vestibule of the "Battle Abbey," which will be an attractive place for the use of visitors who may desire to use the Library of Confederate volumes, a number of which are to be found in the "Battle Abbey."

GEORGIA LEADS.

The Empire State of the South has another claim to distinction in being the home of the very oldest Confederate veteran, so far as known. A recent addition to the veterans at the Confederate Home in Atlanta was Lorenzo Dow Grace, aged 109 years, and still as spry as men half that age. An article about him was sent to the VETERAN by Comrade R. deT. Lawrence, of Marietta, who says: "You will note that the 'Tar Heels' can't get ahead of the 'Goober Grabbers,'" However, but for the death of John Hays, of Surry County, N. C., in February, whose family records showed him to be 111 years old, the Old North State would still be in the lead. John Hays was married four times, and left a wife, sixteen children, eighty grandchildren, seventy-six great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren. His oldest oldest living son is seventy-eight.

FAMOUS BATTLES OF NEW ORLEANS.

There were two battles within the city of New Orleans which are not chronicled in the history of the War between the States, and this omission deprives one noted Federal commander of much glory. But a poet's pen was not lacking to put these battles on record, and this story in verse is graphically given in these poems—and 'tis a pity that the authors are not known.

THE BATTLE OF ST. PAUL'S.

(Fought in New Orleans on Sunday, October 12, 1862.)

Come, boys, and listen while I sing
The greatest fight yet fought,
That time the hated Yankees
A real Tartar caught.
'Twas not the first Manassas,
Won by our Beauregard,
Nor Perryville, nor Belmont,
Though Polk then hit him hard;
Nor was it famous Shiloh,
Where Sidney Johnston fell—
No, these were mighty battles,
But a greater I will tell.
'Twas fought on Sunday morning,
Within the Church's walls,
And shall be known in history
As the battle of St. Paul's.

The Yankee Strong commanded
For Butler, the abhorred,
And the Reverend Mr. Goodrich
Bore the banner of the Lord.
The bell had ceased its tolling,
The service nearly done,
The Psalms and lessons over,
The Lord's Prayer just begun;
When, as the priest and people
Said, "Hallowed by Thy name,"
A voice in tones of thunder,
His order did proclaim:
"As this house has been devoted
To Great Jehovah's praise,
And no prayer for Abraham Lincoln
Within its walls you raise,
Therefore, of rank secession
It is an impious nest,
And I stop all further service,
And the clergyman arrest.
And in name of General Butler,
I order furthermore
That this assembly scatter,
And the sexton close the door."

Up rose the congregation—
We men were all away,—
And our wives and little children
Alone remained to pray.
But when has Southern woman
Before a Yankee quailed?
And these with tongues undaunted
That Lincolnite assailed.
In vain he called his soldiers—
Their darts around him flew,
And the strong man then discovered
What a woman's tongue can do.

Some cried: "We knew that Butler
On babes and women warred,
But we did not think to find him
In the temple of the Lord."

Some pressed around their pastor,
Some on the villian gazed,
Who against the Lord's anointed
His dastard arm had raised.
Some said: "E'en to a Yankee
We would not do such wrong
As to mistake another
For the gallant Major Strong;
So we'll look upon the hero
Till his face we cannot doubt."
While a stout old lady shouted:
"Do some one kick him out."
"Don't touch him," cried another,
"He is worthy of his ruler,
For he fights with women braver
Than he fought at Ponchatoula."

But when the storm raged fiercest,
And hearts were all aflame,
Like oil on troubled waters,
The voice of blessing came;
For though with angry gestures
The Yankee bid him cease,
The priest, with hands uplifted,
Bade his people go in peace;
And called down heavenly blessings
Upon that tossing crowd,
While the men their teeth were clenching
And the women sobbing loud.
And then with mien undaunted
He passed along the aisle,
The gallant Yankee hero
Behind him all the while.
"You'd better bring a gunboat,
For that's your winning card,"
Said a haughty little beauty,
As the Strong man called a guard.
"'Tis only 'neath their shelter
You Yankees ever fight,"
Cried another spunky woman
Who stood upon his right.
But the Major thought a cannon
(If his men could not succeed
In clearing off the sidewalk)
Would be all that he should need.
And I guess his light artillery
'Gainst Christ Church he will range
When his "base of operations"
Next Sunday he shall "change."

'Twas thus the tyrant Butler,
'Mid woman's sobs and tears,
Seized a priest before the altar
He had served for twenty years.
We know in darkest ages
A church was holy ground,
Where from the hand of justice
A refuge might be found;
And from the meanest soldier
To the highest in the land,
None dared to touch the fugitive
Who should within it stand.

'Twas left the beastly Butler
To violate its walls,
And to be known in future
As the victor of St. Paul's.
He has called our wives "She addsers,"
And he shall feel their sting,
For the voice of outraged women
Through every land shall ring.
He shall stand with Austrian Haynau
Upon the rolls of fame,
And bear to latest ages
A base, dishonored name.

—*Tenelia.*

LA BATAILLE DES MOUCHOIRS.

(The "Greatest Victory of the War," fought February 20, 1863)

Of all the battles, modern or old,
By poet sung or historian told;
Of all the routs that ever were seen
From the days of Saladin to Marshal Turenne,
Or all the victories later yet won,
From Waterloo's field to that of Bull Run—
All, all must hide their fading light
In the radiant glow of the handkerchief fight,
And a pæan of joy must thrill the land
When they hear of the deeds of Banks's band.

'Twas on the levee where the tide
Of "Father Mississippi" flows,
Our gallant lads, their country's pride,
Won this great victory o'er her foes.
Four hundred Rebels were to leave
That morning for Secessia's shades,
When down there came—you'd scarce believe—
A troop of children, wives, and maids
To wave farewell, to bid Godspeed,
To shed for them the parting tear,
To waft them kisses as the meed
Of praise to soldiers' hearts most dear.
They came in hundreds; thousands lined
The streets, the roofs, the shipping, too,
Their ribbons dancing in the wind,
Their bright eyes flashing love's adieu.

'Twas then to danger we awoke,
But nobly faced the unarmed throng
And beat them back with hearty stroke
'Till reënforcements came along.
We waited long; our anxious sight
Was strained in eager, earnest gaze.
At last we saw the bayonets bright
Flash in the sunlight's welcome blaze;
The cannon's dull and heavy roll
Fell greeting on our gladdened ear;
Then fired each eye, then glowed each soul,
For well we knew the fight was near.

"Charge!" rang the cry, and on we dashed
Upon our female foes,
As seas in stormy fury lashed
Whene'er the tempest blows.
Like chaff their parasols went down,
As on our gallants rushed,
And many a bonnet, robe, and gown
Was torn to shreds or crushed.

Though well we plied the bayonet,
Still some our efforts braved;
Defiant both of blow and thrust,
Their handkerchiefs still waved.
Thick grew the fight, loud rose the din,
When "Charge!" rang out again;
And then the cannon thundered in
And scoured o'er the plain.
Down 'neath the unpitying iron heel
Of horses children sank,
While through the crowd the cannon wheel
Mowed roads on either flank.
One startled shriek, one hollow groan,
One headlong rush, and then
Huzza! the field was all our own,
For we were Banks's men.

That night, released from all our toils,
Our danger passed and gone,
We gladly gathered up the spoils
Our chivalry had won!
Four hundred kerchiefs we had snatched
From Rebel ladies' hands,
Ten parasols, two shoes, not matched,
Some ribbons, belts, and bands,
And other things that I forget;
But then you'll find them all
As trophies in that hallowed spot,
The cradle—Faneuil Hall.

And long on Massachusetts' shore
And on Green Mountain's side,
Or where Long Island's breakers roar,
And by the Hudson's tide,
In times to come and lamps are lit,
And fires brightly blaze,
While round the knees of heroes sit
The youth of happier days,
Who listen to their storied deeds
To them sublimely grand—
Then Glory shall award its meed
Of praise to Banks's band,
And Fame proclaim that they alone
In triumph's loudest note,
May wear henceforth, for valor shown,
A woman's petticoat!

SURVIVORS OF THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED.

The notice in the February VETERAN brought a number of responses to Capt. D. C. Grayson, Commander of the Immortal Six Hundred, and he asks that the names of these additional survivors be published:

Capt. James H. Polk, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, Fort Worth, Tex.

Capt. Edward Carter, 8th Virginia Infantry, Warrenton, Va.

Lieut. J. D. Gruver, 50th Virginia Infantry, Burke's Garden, Va.

Lieut. F. R. Haynes, 24th Virginia Cavalry, Cobb's Creek, Va.

Lieut. Hopkins Harding, 19th Virginia Infantry, Higginsville, Mo. (Confederate Home).

COMRADES OF WAR AND PEACE.

When King David wrote the tenth verse of the Ninetieth Psalm, it must have been after a bad night's rest. At any rate, he was a poet and not a prophet. He used poetic language and evidently had not dipped far enough into the future to see the youthful figures of Foch, Joffre, and Clemenceau; he had not seen Gladstone near the age of eighty beginning his most important work in England, nor had he glanced across the Atlantic and seen Chauncey Depew, and many other vigorous and active men, none of whom found their strength at fourscore "labor and sorrow," but were still "going strong." He had not looked into the beautiful Hot Springs Valley in Virginia, the great playground of America, where he could have seen not only the subjects of this sketch, but many others who first looked upon the world as early or earlier than 1843, and are still vigorous and active.

On October 27, 1919, two golden weddings were celebrated at Warm Springs, Va.: Mr. J. E. Payne and wife and Mr. William M. McAllister and wife. Pictures of these two couples, taken at that time, accompany this article. These couples are living to-day as they have lived all of their married life, close neighbors and warm friends.

William M. McAllister was born at Chambersburg, in Franklin County, Pa., on March 6, 1843. In 1849 he came with his father, Thompson McAllister, to Covington, Va. When war between the States was inevitable, he came through the lines from Pennsylvania State College to Covington, Va., joining as the youngest member Company A, 27th Virginia Regiment, a company of which his father, Thompson McAllister, was captain, and which he had raised and largely equipped at his own expense.

At the First Battle of Manassas, Capt. Thompson McAllister, as the ranking captain, led the charge on that day—a charge which won for Gen. T. J. Jackson the name of "Stonewall," and from that day his brigade was known as the "Stonewall Brigade." Immediately opposed to this brigade in that charge was the 13th New Jersey Volunteers, led by Robert McAllister, brother of Capt. Thompson McAllister. It was this Robert who afterwards became known as Gen. Robert McAllister.

William M. McAllister served with his company, which later became Carpenter's Battery, from the beginning to the end of the war. Soon after its close he became a student of law at the University of Virginia, graduating with the degree of B.L. in 1869. Since then he has been practicing law at Warm Springs, in Bath County, Va., and served as attorney for Bath County from 1873 to 1883; from 1893 to 1898 he was special attorney for the United States Department of Justice. For forty years he served as a member of the State Democratic Committee, and from 1899 to 1901 he was a member of the Virginia legislature. He also served on the board of directors of the Western State Hospital and on the Board of Visitors of

the Virginia Military Institute. He is a Mason and, through the York Rite, a Shriner. Since 1869 he has been a ruling elder of the Warm Springs Presbyterian Church. On October 27, 1869, he married, at Fort Dinwiddie, Miss Margaret A. Ervin. No children were born to them, but this has given them the opportunity of bringing up in their home several young people, on whose lives they have made a lasting impress for good.

Mr. J. E. Payne was born on November 17, 1843. He was a member of Company F, 11th Virginia Cavalry, raised in Bath County and known as the Laurel Brigade, commanded at different times by Generals Rosser and Jones. This brigade was composed of the 7th, 11th, and 12th Regiments of Cavalry, White's Battalion, and Chew's Battery. Mr. Payne was in thirty-two battles in which the whole 11th Regiment was engaged. Some of these were Chancellorsville, Brandy Station, Upperville, and Gettysburg. In the fight at Parker's Store, near Chancellorsville, in 1863, he was wounded. He took part in the great cavalry battle at Brandy Station, and was wounded a second time at Cedar Creek, near Strasburg, in 1864.

On October 27, 1869, he was married at Darks-ville, now West Virginia, to Miss Emma M. Smith. They have three children, two daughters and a son. For years Mr. Payne has been a Mason and held every office in the Blue Lodge and in the Chapter. As High Priest of the Warm Springs Royal Arch Chapter at this time, he is the oldest High Priest of any Chapter in Virginia.

These two Confederate soldiers have lived within a stone's throw of each other all of the fifty-three years of their married lives, and both are active and vigorous in the business life of their community, and not only their immediate community, but throughout their section of Virginia.

[To this tribute the VETERAN adds an appreciation of the loyal friendship of Comrade McAllister as a patron and representative at Warm Springs through many years. To such friends is due the continued existence of the VETERAN, and their interest and devotion is very gratifying. Comrade Payne is also a loyal patron.]

TRIPLE WEDDING AT BEAUVOIR HOME.

An interesting ceremony occurred on the front portico of the Jefferson Davis mansion, Beauvoir, now a part of the Confederate Home of Mississippi, on February 17, when three of the veterans there were married to three of the Confederate widows of the Home. These happy couples were: John A. Kennedy, aged 79, and Mrs. Martha E. Dearman, 81; Thomas P. Stewart, 84, and Mrs. Malvina Knight, 72; John McDowell, 79, and Mrs. Nancy Yates, 72. The combined ages of these couples total 467 years. May their last years be filled with happiness!



ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

J. E. Payne and wife (left) with W. M. McAllister and wife on their joint wedding anniversary, October 27, 1923.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

For twelve years a primitive log church, called Shiloh, built by the Methodists in Hardin County, Tenn., had enjoyed the privileges of peaceful Sabbaths.

It stood upon a slight rise, two and a half miles back from Pittsburg Landing, on the west bank of the Tennessee River, and the road which ran past it led to Corinth, Miss. And the name of this church and of this town, one so noted in a biblical and the other in a classical way, were destined to become equally well known in American history.

Suddenly one April morning in 1862 the Sabbath stillness was broken by the roar of artillery, as one army fell upon another as "suddenly as a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and coming to the tents smote them till they fell." The material church soon lost its existence; its seats and pulpit were used in the construction of camps by one army, and its flooring made into rude coffins to bury the soldiers of another; but the name of Shiloh endures. How the battle came about and why the forces met there is an interesting story.

With the fall of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson in February, 1862, the center of the outer line of defense of the Confederacy was broken. Kentucky was abandoned, and a new line chosen, that of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which ran almost due east from Memphis to Chattanooga.

The campaigns of the War between the States were largely influenced by the topography of the South. Both armies sought control of the rivers and railroads, and the contest for the control of the Mississippi River was of vital importance. As long as the Confederate army was in possession of both banks and could control that great river, New Orleans could be maintained as an open port, and any sympathetic foreign nation could supply the Confederacy with ammunition and clothing.

The Ohio joins the Mississippi at Paducah, Ky., and, that point gained, boats could go up the Cumberland and Tennessee to the interior of the Confederacy and, reaching some point connecting with railroad transportation, be in touch with its vital organization.

So the village of Corinth, situated in northeast Mississippi at the intersection of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad with that of the Mobile and Ohio, became a strategic point. The Confederacy had strong works at Island No. 10 and at New Madrid, which, if they held, could close the Mississippi River to the Federal fleet. The Mobile and Ohio Railroad connected these points with the Mississippi and the Gulf.

From Memphis to Chattanooga was almost a direct line for the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and when Chattanooga was reached the old East Tennessee line was a high road to Virginia. If the Federal forces could sever the Memphis and Charleston Railroad and control the Tennessee River, their gunboats could protect them from any attack from the West, and both armies saw the importance of Corinth, Miss., as a base. Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck was now in sole command of the Union forces in the West.

After the fall of Fort Donelson, Gen. Don Carlos Buell, in command of the Department of the Ohio, occupied Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, and Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, in command of the Confederate forces in the West, fell back to Murfreesboro.

Gen. U. S. Grant had been temporarily removed from the command of the Army of the Tennessee, but was restored to his former position by General Halleck on March 17, 1862, and told to "destroy the railroad connections at Corinth."

During General Grant's period of inactivity, Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee River, had been selected for the Federal base, and a large part of the Army of the Tennessee encamped there before Grant took command.

About the time the Federal army selected Pittsburg Landing as its base, Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard chose Corinth, Miss., as the Confederate base.

This selection for the Federal encampment, which has been as warmly defended as it has been bitterly criticized, was made upon the recommendation of Gen. W. T. Sherman, who highly approved of the location and wrote to General Grant: "The ground itself admits of easy defense by a small command, and yet affords admirable camping ground for 100,000 men."

The space occupied covered about three miles each way and was in the form of a quadrilateral with natural boundaries. In the rear was the wide and deep Tennessee River, Snake Creek, to the north, emptying into the river below the landing, and Owl Creek, a tributary of Snake, inclosing the west. To the southeast Lick Creek empties into the river above the landing. All of the creeks were swollen by spring rains and would prove obstacles to any invasion.

At a court martial held in Memphis, Tenn., August, 1862, General Sherman said: "I mention for future history that our right flank was well guarded by Owl and Snake Creeks, and our left by Lick Creek, leaving us simply to guard our front."

In an article written about Shiloh, General Grant said: "The water in all the streams was very high at the time and contributed to protect our flanks; the enemy was compelled, therefore, to attack directly in front."

Now the enemy did attack precisely in this front, which, according to General Sherman, was the only place to be guarded, and in such force that "The call to arms blended with the crash of assault," and when the whole forest on the rising ground in the front flashed with the gleam of bayonets, then, General Sherman, as he reports, "became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack."

The historian John Fiske says Sherman stoutly maintained that he was not surprised by the Confederate attack at Shiloh, but, as Fiske adds: "The point is one of which General Sherman was unduly sensitive in his later years."

Then why did they leave unguarded the open road which led from their encampment to the village of Corinth where lay, only twenty miles away, the Confederate army under General Albert Sidney Johnston?

At the dedication of a memorial to the 1st Minnesota Battery at Shiloh, General Andrews said: "It was not General Grant's purpose to have a battle at Shiloh." But it was the purpose of General Johnston, and there the battle was fought.

On April 5, 1862, there were at Pittsburg Landing, present for duty, 39,830 soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee, five divisions in all, and only five miles away was the 3rd Division, under General Lew Wallace, with 7,564 officers and men. General Halleck had ordered General Buell to march from Nashville with his 37,000 men and join General Grant, with the purpose of attacking Corinth, and his first division under General Nelson reached the east bank of the Tennessee River the afternoon of Saturday, April 5, and General Buell came up that night. When General Grant took command at Pittsburg Landing, he made his headquarters at Savannah, a small town on the east side of the river, eight miles lower down.

He visited the camp each day and returned each night to his lodgings in the Cherry mansion on the right bank of the

river. He knew that the Confederate army was at Corinth in force, and, in an official dispatch, he estimated their numbers "at about 80,000," but he anticipated no attack from that quarter.

The Confederate forces in reality numbered about 43,968 men, and while General Grant was setting his camp in order and going down the river to spend the nights in comfortable quarters, leaving his army in an acephalous condition, they were preparing to strike the blow which he anticipated would fall upon them.

After the fall of Fort Donelson, the Southerners had murmured against their great leader, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, to such an extent that President Davis wrote: "If Sidney Johnston is not a general, I have none to give you." A committee was appointed to investigate the recent disasters of the Confederacy, and General Johnston was retained in command of the Confederate Army of the West, and Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard was made second in command.

To reach General Beauregard at Corinth, General Johnston marched south from Murfreesboro over terrible roads and swollen streams, crossing the Tennessee River at Decatur, Ala., near the middle of March, and reached the Confederate base about the same time General Grant took command at Pittsburg Landing. General Beauregard had begun to concentrate his forces, General Bragg joining him with 10,000 men from Mobile and Pensacola; Gen. Leonidas Polk reaching there after the abandonment of Columbus, Ky.; and Gen. Earl Van Dorn was ordered to bring up his troops from Arkansas. On March 29, General Johnston issued a general order consolidating the armies of Kentucky and Mississippi and some independent commands into the "Army of the Mississippi," of which he was in command, General Beauregard, second; Maj. Gen. Braxton Bragg, chief of staff.

Subsequently he organized the army into four corps:

1st Corps, Maj. Gen. Leonidas Polk.

2nd Corps, Maj. Gen. Braxton Bragg.

3rd Corps, Maj. Gen. W. J. Hardee; and a reserve corps, commanded by Brig. Gen. J. C. Breckinridge.

Johnston had been much depressed by the censure of the "arm chair" critics, and, as late as March 18, in a moment of chivalric generosity, offered the chief command to General Beauregard, who had recently won high honors in Virginia. General Beauregard declined the offer, though he apparently considered it as an evidence of self-distrust on the part of General Johnston, but no one who studies that great character can construe it other than an act of unselfishness, not wishing to deprive another of glory, for Johnston was as brave as he was gentle.

General Beauregard was charged with special preparation of the troops for the proposed campaign, which to General Johnston's mind was plain and simple; to march in force and strike and crush General Grant at Pittsburg Landing before General Buell could reach him.

General Van Dorn was delayed in coming over from Arkansas, and learning, through scouts of Col. N. B. Forrest, that Buell was rapidly moving toward the Tennessee River, Johnston decided to attack at once, and on April 3 issued orders for the forward movement, the army to move by several roads from Corinth and concentrate at Mickey's, eight miles from Pittsburg Landing. In the address to be read at the head of each regiment, General Johnston said: "You are expected to show yourselves worthy of your lineage, worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded in any time."

By the delay of the 2nd and 3rd Corps, the army was not ready to march till the afternoon of the 3rd, when it should

have moved at noon, and the plan was to attack at dawn on Saturday morning. But the roads were narrow and bad, the spring rains had begun, and moving artillery was slow work.

In line of march Hardee's Corps came first and was given first line in battle, as his troops were more hardened to marching. In the rear five hundred yards came Bragg's Corps, and eight hundred yards in rear of him came Polk. The reserve, under General Breckinridge, followed. Owing to a heavy rain Friday and a storm that night, and consequent difficulty of bringing up the artillery, a delay of almost twenty-four hours ensued, so the attack planned for Saturday morning was impossible. But in the rain and over rough roads the army pushed forward, and by the middle of Saturday afternoon lay in full battle array within two miles of Shiloh Church.

Now what was transpiring within the Union lines the first few days of April?

General Grant had under his command six divisions in order:

1st, Maj. Gen. John McClernand.

2nd, Brig. Gen. W. H. L. Wallace.

3rd, Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace.

4th, Brig. Gen. S. A. Hurlbut.

5th, Brig. Gen. W. T. Sherman.

6th, Brig. Gen. B. M. Prentiss.

There had been some difference between Generals Sherman and McClernand, so to General Sherman General Grant gave the disposal of troops at Pittsburg Landing, except those of the division of McClernand. The camps of Sherman and Prentiss formed the front line of Union forces about two and a half miles from Pittsburg Landing, and extended in a semi-circle from Owl Creek on the right to Lick Creek on the left. General Sherman's headquarters were at Shiloh Church, and he was nearest that point which he said was the only one to be guarded, the open front toward the enemy. And from Pittsburg Landing, past Shiloh Church, ran the country road to Corinth.

Meanwhile the Union army lay in the field without entrenchment, no outposts, no defensive works, no artificial protection of any character, and no cavalry pickets to give information of the movements of a hostile army twenty miles away, with no river or mountain between them.

On April 3 and 4 there had been some skirmishing between the cavalry of both armies, and on Saturday, the 5th, Generals Prentiss and Sherman each sent out reconnoitering parties to the front, who reported "evidences of cavalry," but failed to find any special reason for alarm; and that very day Sherman wrote to Grant: "I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position."

But some of these "evidences of cavalry" belonged to Col. N. B. Forrest, who was detached to picket along Lick Creek, and on Friday night slept within three miles of where it emptied into the Tennessee River, and lay and listened to the camp music in the Federal lines.

On Saturday morning General Sherman gave an order to cut a road from Owl Creek, in front of Shiloh Church, to an old cotton field three-quarters of a mile east of the camp. A bridge was thrown across Owl Creek and a road made of sufficient width for the march of the Union army toward Corinth. At 2 o'clock that afternoon, when skirmishing with the cavalry began, Union officers watched with a glass a Confederate officer upon his gray horse across the old cotton field, and learned afterwards that it was Nathan Bedford Forrest; and when the attack was made the next day a Confederate gun was unlimbered in the road cut the day before by the Federal fatigue party. The day's work being finished, so to speak, Saturday afternoon, General Grant

went out to the rear, down the Tennessee River, to spend the night and confer with General Nelson, advance guard of Buell's Division, who had just reached Savannah. Then it was, he said to General Nelson: "There will be no fight at Pittsburg Landing; we will have to go to Corinth, where the rebels are fortified."

Had he known it, "Birnam Wood had come to him," and while he spoke the rebels lay outside the unguarded front.

We have testimony of a young artilleryman of Hardee's that he lay all that spring afternoon, scarcely more than a mile away from Shiloh Church, and looked longingly at the white dogwood blossoms and thought of the creeks near by, for when the dogwood blooms, it is time to go fishing. He, too, like Forrest, heard the drums beating in the Federal camp.

For while the Confederate advance had not been made as rapidly as it should have been on account of the rains and vexatious delays in the 2nd and 3rd Corps, still they had come up in order, and the army lay Saturday afternoon two miles from the Federal line, where a council of war was held, which developed dissenting views. General Beauregard had been the first to concur with General Johnston in the plan of attack, but now was in favor of giving it up and retreating to Corinth.

The march had been made with so much difficulty; there had been a careless management of rations by men not yet thoroughly war seasoned; fires had been kindled along the way and fresh soldiers had recklessly discharged their guns to see if they could be used after the excessive rains; so, urged General Beauregard, it almost was impossible now for the Federal army to be unaware of the presence of so large a force.

As to the scarcity of rations, General Johnston said: "Let the men get them from the Union army"; and, after listening to all objections, he said: "Gentlemen, we shall attack at daylight to-morrow."

After the rains the sun set clear on Saturday evening, and the air was soft and full of fragrance of the wild flowers and budding trees. All that night an army of nearly forty thousand men lay in battle line two miles in front of an army it would attack at dawn, and its presence was not detected. This is not fiction, but it is stranger than fiction.

At a quarter past five o'clock the next morning, the first shot was fired that disturbed the calm of that Sabbath day. The advancing army encountered a hostile army with more than one hundred guns and over twenty batteries not in battle line, but in camp, and General Bragg wrote: "Many were surprised and captured in their tents, and others, though on the outside, in costumes better fitted to the bed chamber than to the battle field," and, adds his adjutant general: "The arms and accouterments spread around in the orderless fashion of holiday soldiers."

The opening attack was made upon Gen. Benjamin Prentiss, who, being a brave man, rallied his division and threw it forward, only to be struck by the Confederates in force. They came in three parallel lines, Hardee in the front parallel with 10,000 men; scarcely half a mile behind him Bragg with 10,000, and next in line Polk with 10,000, and Breckinridge's 6,000 reserves to the right.

At seven o'clock the artillery opened fire, and the battle began which raged for thirteen hours. The marvel is that men taken so unawares fought as well as the brave ones among them did without an organized head and with no concerted plan of battle.

General Grant was at Savannah taking his breakfast when he heard the sound of firing at Pittsburg Landing. Taking

boat, he started at once and reached the front possibly by nine o'clock. By this time Prentiss, who had resisted valiantly, had been pushed back half a mile; his division lay in the center and half a mile away from three brigades of Sherman on the right, while to the left of him lay General Stuart with another brigade of Sherman's, which rested upon Lick Creek.

The ground fought over was partly primeval forest, alternating with a few cleared fields, crossed by numerous ravines, whose marshy margins made it difficult to bring the artillery across; the wooded heights with undergrowth forming screens and rallying points for the retreating army.

The battle was a series of separate fights, each division commander taking care of his troops as best he could, but, being constantly outflanked, the general trend was to the rear. The troops rallied whenever possible, but, rallying and ebbing and flowing, were gradually forced back toward the river. By noon Sherman's line had so disintegrated that fragments of his division mingled with McClernand's, which lay to his left and rear, and about two o'clock in the afternoon Sherman and McClernand retired their mutual divisions across Tillman Creek and held a position which was somewhat protected by Hurlbut and William Wallace.

About ten o'clock, Prentiss, with Gen. William Wallace and two brigades of Hurlbut's Division, took up a strong position, which they held for five or six hours against the assaults of five Confederate brigades, which made nine unsuccessful charges against the Union lines between 10:30 A.M. and 5 P.M. This was at the point called by the Confederates "The Hornets' Nest." To reach this rallying point, so strongly defended by batteries, an open field had to be crossed, swept by blinding sheets of fire. On the eastern margin of this field, while personally directing the movements of his reserve, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston was struck by a Minie ball, which, severing an artery in the right leg, caused his death in about ten minutes. He was tenderly carried to a ravine near by, and, had his surgeon been with him, his life might readily have been saved by the simplest contrivance, but the end came so suddenly that members of his staff who stood around him seemed dazed to see "how quick this bright thing came to confusion," and his brother-in-law, Gen. William Preston, sobbed aloud in his grief.

Dr. Yandell, his surgeon, had been sent, by General Johnston's orders, to care for the wounded Federal prisoners as well as his own men.

General Johnston was carried back to Corinth that afternoon, and was buried in New Orleans with high honors. General Beauregard, then in the rear of Shiloh Church, took command of the Confederate army.

General Stuart, who was in an isolated position on the Federal left, maintained his place till 3 P.M., and, after losing more than half his men, managed to get his remnant to the landing; and after Stuart fell back, Hurlbut's position was lost. This left Prentiss exposed, and soon he and Wallace were attacked in front and on both flanks.

About five o'clock Wallace fell mortally wounded, and Prentiss surrendered with 2,200 men, and the center of the Federal army ceased resistance. But every student of history will agree that Gen. Benjamin Prentiss, who fought from five in the morning till five in the afternoon, contributed much to the salvation of the Union army.

After the surrender of Prentiss, a way was opened to attack the last line of the Union army, which was near the landing. Colonel Webster, chief of artillery on Grant's staff, had planted some siege guns on the bluff above the landing, and these were reinforced by those coming back from the front till there were more than twenty guns, and in front of

this position a large ravine filled with water, making a charge upon it almost hopeless. But on came the dauntless soldiers, and just as three Confederate brigades made an attack upon this battery, the two Federal gunboats, the Tyler and Lexington, joined in sending an enfilading fire through the ranks of the advancing soldiers.

By this time the advance brigade of Nelson's division had crossed the river and begun to support the Federal artillery. The Confederates were driven back, and, before they could form for another attack, General Beauregard gave the order to cease firing and retire from the range of the gunboat fire.

It was well for the Union army that Nelson came up when he did, though those to whom he brought aid seemed scarcely to realize how timely his assistance was. He had not been able to find his way on the east side of the river, and Gen. Lew Wallace had lost his way on the west side, so General Grant, after he got upon the field, sent guides to the one and couriers to the other, and also a letter to General Buell, about noon, urging him to bring up his fresh troops, "as it may possibly save the day for us." And he adds: "The rebel forces are estimated at over 100,000 men."

General Buell had not waited for the letter, but came up the river upon the sound of firing of the guns, and, unfortunately, coming in through "the rear," as General Grant expressed it, was unfavorably impressed with the "stragglers" whom he encountered in the river (the mouth of Snake Creek being full of them swimming across) and on the bank at the landing, who resisted all efforts of Buell to rally them, and whose numbers he estimated at from five to fifteen thousand.

From early in the morning till almost nightfall the victorious Confederate army pressed across the bloody field, and when the order came to withdraw, their shots had fallen into the Tennessee River.

By Southern writers Beauregard has been much criticized for the order to withdraw, which was bitterly lamented by Bragg and other officers at the front, who felt that had the attack been pressed with the hour of daylight remaining, the battery would have been silenced. But the battle had raged for thirteen hours, the troops were worn and weary, the losses had been great, and General Beauregard, who was in the rear, where he could not see how small an effort was needed to press the victory, feared to further expose his troops.

The Confederate soldiers retired to the deserted Federal camp and slept that night in their tents, General Beauregard occupying General Sherman's headquarters at Shiloh Church.

The sun went down in a red halo, and a violent rain storm broke later over the battle field where lay "the weary to sleep and the wounded to die."

That night Col. N. B. Forrest, with his cavalry scouts clad in captured Federal overcoats, crept down to the river bank and saw and heard General Buell bringing his reinforcements across, and realized that morning would be too late to attack. Hastening back to his commanding officer, he told what he had seen and was ordered to report to General Beauregard, but in the night and confusion, he failed to find his superior.

When Monday morning dawned, Gen. Lew Wallace found his way and brought up his 5,000 men, and General Buell occupied the bluff above the river with more than 20,000 fresh troops.

Now General Grant had become the aggressor and attacked at daybreak, and 20,000 exhausted Confederate soldiers could not hold the dearly bought Shiloh field against the remnant of Grant's army reinforced by more than 30,000 fresh troops. The shattered forces resisted with valor till afternoon, when

Beauregard began the retreat to Corinth and the Federal forces did not pursue.

The losses were frightful, the Federal forces having a total of 13,047, and the Confederates, 10,699.

General Grant said he saw an open field in possession of the Union forces on the second day, over which the Confederates had charged repeatedly the day before, so covered with dead it would have been possible to walk across it in any direction stepping on dead bodies without a foot touching the ground, and all the small undergrowth had been cut down by bullets.

Varus fell with his Roman legions in the dark Teutoburg Forest, and there was no friendly hand to bury them. Six years afterwards their comrades sought the spot and, finding their bones, interred them with solemn military honors.

For more than half a century the Confederate dead lay in the unmarked trenches at Shiloh, and though we felt that immortal shrouds had been woven for them, we longed for a visible token to commemorate their valor, and rejoice that the day came when "Shiloh Monument" marked the spot where our heroes fell.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE RACE.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

No race of people was ever happier than the negro in slavery, where he had kind masters to look after his interests and provide for his various wants. Not disposed by nature to provide for the future, it suited him to leave all care to "Ole Marster" and "Ole Mistis" and enjoy the present moments as they passed like a child, without a thought. That was always irksome, and he considered it useless anyway, for he knew when necessity arose "de Ole Boss," or some of his family, would come to the rescue and make things all right. As soon as "de white folks'" backs were turned, he fell asleep and remained in that condition until aroused by his physical nature. His characteristics are well illustrated by the words of the old song, familiar to the older people:

"Jim crack corn, I don't care;
Jim crack corn, I don't care;
Jim crack corn, I don't care;
Ole Marster's gone away."

And he did not. If Jim got his head in the crib and ate enough to kill himself, it was all right. When "Ole Marster" came home, he would be told that Jim got his head in the crib and ate too much and died. And then it did not matter anyway, since "Ole Marster's" means were unlimited and he could get another "hoss" just as good or better. His ancestors, created in a land where the natural production of the soil afforded food to satisfy hunger and where warm clothing was not needed, transmitted this lack of care to him by many generations, until some Dutch or Yankee ship, loaded with rum or red handkerchiefs, anchored off the coast of Africa, and he was caught and sold for a few trinkets, brought to America, and sold again for a good sum to a pioneer settler to clear the forest and till the soil.

When his master was kind to him, the negro was, with this exception, true to him and his family to the tenth generation. He would even risk his life for the family, if necessary.

When I first saw the light of day, I was on a big plantation in the South, surrounded by these sons of Africa, inherited by mother and father from their ancestors in colonial times. While they were an asset, they were a liability—a source of great anxiety to my parents to provide them food, clothing, and houses. They were great eaters and consumed large

quantities of bacon and other meat. This required the raising of hogs and cattle. If the supply was not raised on the plantation, hogsheads of side bacon were bought to furnish "rations" until "hog-killing time" came. Besides this, to furnish a hundred or two slaves with clothes, shoes, and blankets to keep them warm in winter was a matter of much concern to the owner of the plantation. There were no sewing machines in those days, and all clothing was made by hand. There were few factories to turn out cloth by the thousands of yards every day, and this was generally woven on old-fashioned looms by women on the farm. There was an abundance of cotton and wool in the raw state, but these had to be carded, spun, and then made into cloth. Shoes had to be made for all, and this required a tanyard and a shoe shop and shoemakers. There was always a good supply of hides, but to tan them properly required some skill and was not always a success. After the cloth was woven, every garment had to be cut out, generally by "Ole Mistis," and the sewing done by negro women and girls. Blankets and other bedding issued to them underwent rough treatment and soon wore out. Oftentimes, through carelessness, they let their houses burn. When this happened, all hands on the place were put to work to build a new cabin. Some men were put to cutting down trees suitable for house logs; others were set to peeling the bark off of the logs, while others hauled up the logs to the place where the house was to be rebuilt. As the logs were dumped from the wagon, other hands notched them up for the rafters, and boards, which were gotten ready by others, were nailed on while the stick-and-mud chimney was going up also; and by sundown, Sambo and his family had a new house to sleep in, and all was well with him; he was happy once more.

When I was a small boy nothing afforded me greater pleasure, than to go on Sunday afternoons to the negro quarters back of the house and witness the sports of the negroes there assembled from other plantations. Their fun making consisted in dancing, singing, jumping, and fencing. Each stalwart young fellow came with a stout hickory stick to try his skill in this favorite exercise with some one from another plantation, and many a wooly head was cracked. Where they got the idea I cannot say, but I suppose it came to them by witnessing gentlemen in earlier days practicing with swords—a sport which was very popular in the early history of our country, and even up to the sixties. However rough the play, there was no fighting, for that was not allowed, and all passed off in good humor.

Having been bought in great numbers and kept on large plantations, where they saw few white people except "de Ole Boss" and his family, they retained many of the customs and ideas, and even words, brought with them from Africa. Some of these, as a child, I knew well. I could count in their language to ten, as far as their knowledge of arithmetic extended, and when my father moved nearer a town to have advantage of a school for his children, my African dialect was so pronounced that the other children laughed me to shame. But this was not all I got from the negroes. Before retiring at night, our nurses often related to me and my little brothers and sisters harrowing stories of ghosts and goblins, so that I was afraid to poke my head out of the door for fear that one of those dreadful monsters would seize me in his claws and carry me away in the darkness. It took me some time to outgrow this foolish superstition.

The negroes owned on these large plantations had great contempt for those who belonged to men of smaller means, and called them "poor buckra nigger," and were proud to say they belonged to Dr. B or Colonel So-and-So.

That there were men cruel to their negroes is well known,

just as there are men to-day of cruel disposition, but these men were not of the best class and were generally abhorred. I recall a little incident in my own life which might have resulted quite seriously for me, for I was only a small boy at the time, while the man I tackled was a character everybody disliked and dreaded. All my father's negroes loved me and my two little brothers. We occupied a room in the lower story of our home, while my father slept up stairs. One night, after midnight, a young and faithful servant tapped on the window and informed me, in great haste, that a certain man had invaded the negro quarters down on the plantation and was whipping a man and his wife unmercifully for a supposed theft of one of his hogs on his farm miles away. Small and young as I was, I jumped up determined to put a stop to this cruelty, which I was sure was unwarranted. I hurried to meet him in the very act and stop him if it cost me my life. But the distance was so great I did not arrive in time. He had ridden away to another plantation. I waited with this servant in the public road until he came riding back to his home, and I accosted him and asked him why he was encroaching on my father's premises and whipping his negroes. At this he flew into a great rage and said, among other things, that if it was not for the great respect he had for my father he would get down from his mule and give me a good beating. I dared him to do it, and told him never to do this thing again. He carried the matter afterwards to my father, but he never invaded our premises again, and, in the course of time, seemed to respect me very much.

My father's cousin was another owner of many slaves. These negroes he took great pains to train and Christianize. Among them was a very trusty man named Harmon; and when the cousin's two sons had volunteered in the Confederate service, he sent Harmon to cook for them and care for them in every way he could. But Joe and Henry could never agree, and fighting was a favorite pastime with them. They had been in camp in East Tennessee some time, and, through Harmon's activities, their mess was well supplied with provisions. But this was not to last. General Kirby Smith had decided to invade Kentucky, and orders came to fall in. Harmon could not carry their extra baggage and a lot of flour, and, in the discussion as to how this should be disposed of, Joe and Henry, as usual, fell to fighting. The colonel of the regiment saw the fight and sent a squad of men to arrest them and bring them before him to answer for their disorderly conduct. Poor Harmon was now frightened at what he feared would be done with his master's boys. Would the colonel have them shot? And if he did, what would become of him, so far from home? And if he ever managed to return, how could he tell the news to "old marster," who had told him when they marched away to take care of his boys? As the guard conducted Joe and Henry to the colonel's tent, Harmon followed behind with tears streaming down his face and wringing his hands in agony. But to his delight the colonel only reprimanded the boys and dismissed them to resume their places in the ranks, and the incident was closed.

Returning to the army in November, 1862, after the battle of Sharpsburg, with a multitude of convalescents, we met many wounded men on their way to Staunton, the nearest railroad point, ninety miles away, and many others, connected with the army. Among them was a negro servant taking to his home the body of his master, who was colonel of a Mississippi regiment. This officer had been killed or died from wounds received in that bloody engagement, and this negro had somehow gotten a coffin and a rough box to put it in, secured an old ramshackle, one-horse wagon and an old horse, and was conveying the body one hundred and twenty miles

from where his master had been killed to Staunton, and to his home in Mississippi, and to "Ole Mistis." The sadness of the negro's expression when asked whose body was in the coffin, and where he was going, made a great impression on my mind at the time, and I thought how true and faithful these servants were to their masters.

Another instance I witnessed: A few days before we evacuated our works in front of Fort Steadman, in March, 1865, General Gordon made an assault on that great fortification and captured it. Our whole brigade rushed forward just before day in a shower of bullets and entered the place. Our men formed for the charge behind our works, and, as they were doing so, a servant of Lieutenant Colonel Crump, commanding the 12th Georgia Battalion, stood up behind the men to follow them and bring out his master if he should be shot. He was ordered to go back to a place of safety, but refused to do so. Again he was ordered to leave, but still refused, and followed on behind, for he was determined to go with his master. But alas! his master escaped without injury while he lost his own life.

But if these army servants were faithful, were not those slaves who remained at home to take care of the soldiers' wives and children and to cultivate the fields to feed the armies equally so? The people of the South owe a debt of gratitude to these old slaves, for I have never heard of an instance in which they injured the family while their masters were absent in the army. The only fault they could be justly charged with was that common one of carelessness. In my childhood they nursed me and were my playmates later on. We fished and hunted together, swam in the rivers and ponds together; and it is but natural that my sympathies run out to these old servants who are now old and fast passing away. "Old Marster" and "Old Mistis" died long ago, and their children are dead, or dispersed; but poor old Sambo is still here with no one to care for his wants in his helpless old age; and he, too, must soon follow his master and give account of his stewardship.

Another instance of the fidelity of these negro servants I may relate in conclusion. When McClellan's army advanced up the Peninsula to the vicinity of Richmond, to lay siege to that place in the spring of 1862, there was a well-to-do old gentleman living in the vicinity of Cold Harbor, where was fought the great battle in which McClellan was so disastrously defeated. This old man owned quite a number of able-bodied negroes, who were very much attached to him. Among them was a servant named Burrell Barret, whose love and attachment for his master was as great as that of a son to a father. The Federal hordes robbed and looted the whole country of all valuables and everything that could be of any use to man. When Burrell saw the Yankees coming up the lane leading to the house, he ran to his master, who was at the moment counting his money to put it away in some safe place, and told him of their approach. The old man's wife hurriedly raked the whole pile into her apron and ran upstairs, where her husband's invalid sister lay on a dying bed, and hid it under the mattress. The Yankees searched the house and ransacked the whole place, but got no money, although they came to the door of the sick woman, who afterwards died from fright. Certain there was money there, for they had been informed by some traitor, they took poor Burrell and tried to make him tell where his master's money was hidden. This he refused to do, although they hanged him by the neck several times until he was apparently dead. They took the old gentleman and put him in prison, and tortured him to make him divulge the hidden place of his deposit; but still he refused to give the information. His

wife went to headquarters and secured his release, but he was again arrested and imprisoned. She went again to McClellan and got him out. This was repeated three times. Burrell remained true to his master through it all, and slept on the floor at the door of his master's room, with his ax in hand to kill anyone who should attack his beloved master and family, or die in his defense. Poor old white-headed Burrell has long since gone to his reward, but to the last he loved the memory of "Old Marster," his children, and grandchildren. May his soul rest in peace!

ARLINGTON.

BY MRS. WILLIAM CABELL FLOURNOY, OF VIRGINIA.

[This essay won the prize of fifteen dollars in gold offered by Mrs. Keyes, wife of Senator Keyes, of New Hampshire, and which was awarded at the State convention Virginia Division U. D. C., at Fredericksburg, Va., October, 1922.]

Arlington, on the Potomac River, was named for the Colonial Custis home in Northampton County, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. On this peninsula, between Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, four in lineal succession named John Custis were born, descendants of John Custis, the pioneer, who came from Holland before 1640.

The second John Custis, a major general in Bacon's Rebellion, receiving a valuable estate from his wife, named it "Arlington," in honor of Henry, Earl of Arlington, to whom, in connection with Lord Culpeper, Charles II made a grant in 1673 of the whole of Virginia. General Custis's son, John, member of the King's Council, left a son, John, fourth of the name. He was educated in England, became a member of the King's Council, and married Frances, the proud daughter of Daniel Park, a native of Virginia, who had served under Marlborough at Blenheim and later as Governor of the Leeward Islands. Their brief and unhappy married life is immortalized in the inscription which queer John Custis had engraved upon his tomb, which is entirely legible to-day in the graveyard at Colonial Arlington.

Their son, Daniel Park Custis's, chief claim to fame lies in his marriage to Martha Dandridge, the future Lady Washington. At his death in 1757, he left a large estate to his wife and two children. Two years later his widow became the wife of George Washington, the hero of Braddock's field. His son, John Park Custis, bought a tract of land in Alexandria County, Va., which originally formed a part of the grant of six thousand acres by Sir William Berkeley to Robert Howsen as a reward for the latter's services in bringing a number of settlers into the colony. He, in turn, disposed of the entire tract to John Alexander for six hogsheads of tobacco. In 1778, it was conveyed to John Park Custis for \$110,000, Virginia currency, and promptly named Arlington, in memory of his ancestral home. This property was owned by him and his heirs until it was confiscated by the Federal government during the War between the States.

John Custis's youngest son, George Washington Park Custis, reared by his grandmother, Mrs. Washington, at Mount Vernon, who inherited this Arlington estate, was the first member of the family to make it his home, and he determined to build himself a mansion upon the crest of the forest-clad hills, commanding an unrivalled view of the capital and country. The mansion, built after plans drawn, for the most part, by himself, and of brick burned on the place under his supervision, was finished about 1803. It has a frontage of one hundred and forty feet, including the main building and wings on either side, the salient feature being the grand por-

tico, modeled after the temple of Theseus, at Athens, uplifted by eight massive Doric columns.

It was to this home that George Washington Park Custis, then twenty-three years old, brought his bride, Mary Lee Fitzhugh, a kinswoman of John Randolph of Roanoke. The house was furnished with treasures from Mount Vernon, heirlooms of the Park and Custis families, besides scores of precious relics of George Washington. Among them, the bed upon which he died, the marquee and sleeping tent occupied by him during the Revolution, his camp chest, Peale's portrait of him as a Virginia colonel, his sideboard, silver tea set, and china presented by the Society of the Cincinnati and the French officers, the imported harpsicord which he gave, as a bridal present, to Nellie Custis, and other articles of great interest. Lafayette was entertained here in 1825.

Mr. Custis left this home and estate to his daughter and only child, Mrs. Robert Edward Lee, during her life, and thereafter in fee to his eldest grandchild, George Washington Custis Lee. He directed his executors to manumit all of his slaves within five years after his death, and this date fell due in 1862, at a time when General Lee was in one of the most arduous campaigns of the war. In spite of the duties pressing upon him, he carried out these instructions to the letter by entering upon the records of the Richmond Hustings Court a paper that assured the immediate liberation of all the slaves attached to "Arlington," "Romance," and the "White House." There is a letter of great interest preserved in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, written by Mrs. Robert E. Lee in 1858 (to "Dear Abbey"), referring to slaves that had already been freed, and the fact of their having to send some one down to the lower plantation to look after them, as it was a severe winter and they had no idea how to take care of themselves.

Even before he entered West Point, young Robert E. Lee was a visitor at Arlington, and was early attached to the daughter of the home, Mary Anne Randolph Custis, to whom he was engaged when he graduated. They were married two years later at Arlington, in the drawing room to the right as you enter, having six young lieutenants in attendance and the usual festivities of a Virginia wedding. This place was Lee's home for thirty years, and while performing with distinction his duties as an army officer in Mexico and elsewhere, his heart turned to Arlington, where his wife and growing family watched with eagerness for his letters. It was while on leave at Arlington, in 1859, that he was ordered to Harper's Ferry to capture John Brown; and while at Arlington again, in 1861, he received news of his promotion as colonel of the First United States Cavalry. But he never joined the First Cavalry, for he was now in the throes of an intense mental struggle, and it was in his library at Arlington, the room at the end of the south wing, on April 20, 1861, that he penned the letter to General Scott announcing his decision.

The man, the place, and the temptation are profoundly significant. In the presence of the heirlooms from Mount Vernon, which brought to him a message from the past, when his noble kinsman dedicated himself to the cause of constitutional liberty, Lee found the inspiration and the strength to lay aside every selfish consideration and follow his example. For never should it be forgotten that it was in his power to resign his commission and retire to Arlington to pass the remainder of his days.

On April 22, Colonel Lee and his family left Arlington, and, as he had foreseen, their stately home soon became a military camp. After the first battle of Bull Run, McDowell's defeated army fell back and intrenched itself upon the heights of Arlington, where President Lincoln came to infuse hope into

the troops. Thenceforward it became an armed camp and hospital base, the mansion given up as officers' quarters. The fine grove was cut down, and tents pitched, and at intervals forts were built. The following year many of the priceless treasures of this home, which so strangely formed a link between the past and present, were, by order of Secretary Stanton, transferred to the Interior Department and placed on exhibition in the Patent Office. Mrs. Lee wrote to President Johnson in 1869 requesting their return. The Secretary of the Interior replied that the President had directed their restoration, but the House of Representatives intervened and directed an inquiry into the legal right of such a step. Some of these heirlooms now form a part of the Washington collection in the National Museum, some are at Mount Vernon, and some were returned to the owners.

Early in 1864 it became necessary to provide a new cemetery, all available space having been used at the Soldiers' Home. A pamphlet, entitled "Historic Arlington," by Decker and McSween, states that the first interment at Arlington took place on May 13, 1864, by order of Gen. M. C. Meigs, who on that day accompanied President Lincoln in a drive to Arlington. They were about to depart when they observed a squad of soldiers carrying, upon stretchers, several dead comrades. As many more awaited burial, General Meigs gave orders that these, and all bodies at Arlington, should be buried on the place. Then, walking a few paces away, he pointed out the slight terrace bordering the garden. "Bury them here," he said, and this order was promptly carried out. From that day interments at Arlington were of daily occurrence.

In 1863, Congress provided for the collecting of all direct taxes due in insurrectionary districts. The tax due on Arlington was \$92.07. No one could pay a tax, except the person against whom it was charged, and, as Mrs. Lee could not appear in person to pay the tax, Arlington was sold—not merely what was necessary to pay this small sum, but the whole estate of eleven hundred acres. By order of the President, in 1863, Arlington was purchased, "for government use," for the sum of \$26,800. Forgotten was that clause in Magna Charta, which had, for more than six hundred years, been regarded as the embodiment of civil liberty, which reads as follows: "Neither we nor our bailiffs shall seize any lands or rents for any debt while chattels of the debtor are sufficient for the payment of the debt."

After the death of Mrs. Lee, her eldest son, George Washington Custis Lee, instituted action to recover the property, in the Circuit Court of the County of Alexandria, against Kaufman and Strong, two government officials who had charge of the estate, as well as a large number of other functionaries. The action was removed to the Circuit Court of the United States and was there dismissed as to all of the defendants except Kaufman and Strong. General Custis Lee introduced evidence establishing title in himself by the will of his grandfather. This, with the long possession under that title, made a *prima facie* right of recovery in the plaintiff. The lower court held the tax certificate of the government officials to be invalid, and judgment was given for G. W. C. Lee. The United States government contended that this action could not be maintained, because it was against the government itself, and that the government was not subject to any such act. This was overruled, and the case went to the Supreme Court of the United States in March, 1882, and an opinion was handed down on December 4, 1882, affirming the judgment of the lower court, thereby establishing the title of Gen. G. W. C. Lee in the Arlington property.

The case was argued for General Lee by Judge William J. Robertson, of Charlottesville, and Mr. S. Ferguson Beach, of

Alexandria. The opinion was delivered by Justice Miller, with the following comment: "Shall it be said that the court cannot give remedy when the citizen has been deprived of his property by force, his estate seized and converted to the use of the government without any lawful authority, without any process of law, and without any compensation, because the President has ordered it and his officers are in possession? If such be the law of this country, it sanctions a tyranny which has no existence in the monarchies of Europe, nor in any other government which has a claim to well-regulated liberty and the protection of personal rights."

As the place was no longer suitable for a home, General Lee sold it to the government for \$150,000, though after paying taxes and fees, he realized only \$100,000 for the estate, which is easily one of the most historic in America.

A RED-HEADED REBEL.

BY EMMA VORIES MEYER, GEORGETOWN, KY.

(A True Story.)

Peter, the sun turning his always-tousled hair to an angry flame, was sitting on the kitchen doorstep, chin in hand, elbow on knee, thinking of John. The other members of the family were making a show of "business as usual." Mother ended breakfast in the usual way: she got up and washed the dishes; father had gone to the field with the black men; another "red-head" had gone on an errand after busying himself making things around the house look nice ("T" was always putting things in order—"making things look nice"); Lewis, affectionately called "Boss," had gone to feed the colt, owned in partnership by him and Peter; Harry, little "Cottontop," was looking wistfully at a picture of Daniel Webster and had started into an extempore speech, which "Queen" brought to a sudden stop; Em was inside the house, busy at—in fact, every one was busy but Peter. Peter had come out here to think of John. John had gone to the war!

Letters from John told little, but, like the one received to-day, they left much to the imagination. This last one had affected the family more than usual, hence the busyness of being casual. John was "in Owen County." All the fellows from near Carrollton were "getting along fine." They had been "a little scarce of food" and were "eating parched corn," but they "hoped," etc.

John was eating parched corn! He was in Owen County! Peter wanted to go fight with John.

Peter said "Yes'm" to something mother said—he had not understood her—and walked into the "family room" where the old gun hung over the large open fireplace. He noticed the details—the "summer bouquet" of cedar, cat-tails, and colored milkweed stalks that "Queen" had placed in the open fireplace. He saw the framed wax wreath Sister Nannie had made. Of these he was conscious as he reached for the old gun. He walked around the house, the old double-barrelled shotgun loaded with buckshot, over his shoulder. Peter was off to the war! What the war was about the sixteen-year old mind had not fully taken in, but John was eating parched corn, and John was not the only Vories who knew how to handle a gun!

Walking across fields, it was necessary to set the gun down against a fence so that Peter could climb over. The fence was of rails and not too steady. In getting over, Peter pressed a worn rail against the trigger of the old shotgun, and, with a startling report, the war almost ended for Peter before it had begun.

Peter was very tired. Gallatin County looked so small

when he studied it at school. It was the next county to Carroll and Owen was just on the other side. It looked so simple, Maybe, after all—

But John was eating parched corn! With renewed vigor, he walked around the bend in the road. He was face to face with some Yanks! "Well, well!" "This is rich." "Who is the soldier?" etc. "Going to fight for his country?" Then more directly, "On which side are you?" Peter was tired; that is why he shook a little. "I am a Confederate, sir." "Well, well." . . . Consultation with others. . . . "Where are you going?" Peter was going to Owen County. "You are in Owen County now, boy;" and, "Where did you come from?" "Carrollton." Consultation. . . . "Now, boy, you tell us what message you are taking to the Confederates, and we will let you go free." Peter wasn't taking a message. Consultation. . . . "Clever boy." . . . Consultation. . . . If he wouldn't tell, he would be taken and "put into jail." Peter slowly turned around, with head down when he thought of being taken back—with head up when he realized that he was not afraid to say he was a Confederate. Anyway, he had reached Owen County.

Peter was placed in the Carrollton courthouse. The jail was full of "Rebels," the main offices of the courthouse were filled with "Rebels," and this little red-headed "Rebel" had to be placed in a very small room. Guards were stationed in the halls and at every door.

It was night. Peter hadn't gone to sleep at all. This was not the way he had planned to go to war. Peter noticed that the guard outside his door was nodding, . . . just pretending perhaps; . . . no, he was asleep and had begun to snore. What happened to guards who went to sleep on duty? They were shot at sunrise, . . . always at sunrise. Peter slipped quietly over to the sleeping guard and shook him. Awakening in sudden fear, the guard said, "What did you do that for?" "They will shoot you at sunrise if they catch you asleep."

The next day Peter was questioned, but maintained that he was not taking a message to anyone. He was released.

Peter went home.

It hadn't taken Peter long to go over the ground he had covered on his first trip to join John, from whom another letter had slipped through to the home. A letter stating that he was still in Owen County, but farther away than when he wrote last. He had not written much. The letter ended: "So long, John." Peter thought of all this as he walked along the road, listening carefully that he might not be again caught and taken back to Carrollton. John hadn't said anything about parched corn, but, just the same, *Peter was going to fight with John*. The same old gun was over his shoulder. Peter was thinking; "I'm glad they let me have the old gun back. Guess they thought I would be too scared to try it again. Well, John— Just then two Yankee soldiers stepped from the side of the road where they had hidden when they heard what Peter thought was a noiseless approach.

When Peter came into sight of the Carrollton courthouse yard, he saw so many Yankees that his heart sank. They were leaning against trees. They were talking and smoking in groups. They were strolling about. All turned to see the approach of a boy between two Yankees. Some recognized the little red-headed rebel. Aha, he had been taking messages through the lines! Some said: "Hang him!" And with "Hang him," "Shoot him!" the crowd closed in around Peter as he was being taken into the courthouse. Beck Wilkins, wife of the jailer, hid the clothes line with which some "rebels," had been hanged.

After some three weeks, Peter was called before some head officers for trial. Peter heard the name of "Jones," whom he believed to be a Yankee officer from Ohio, and the name of "Gullion." Peter was told that he was expected to tell the truth and to answer all questions put to him. Where was he going when he was arrested? "Up in Owen County." What was he going up there for? "To find John." Who in the thunder was "John?" "Why, didn't they understand who John was?) John is my brother." What was he doing up there? "Fighting." What was Peter going to do?? "Help John fight." Was he taking any message to John? Was he going to tell John anything? "Yes, sir." . . . They all crowded closer. . . . "Now, just what was he going to tell John?" "Well, that father is all right and mother is all right, but she cries sometimes; and that Harry was lots bigger than he was, and that 'T' had been caught smoking and had promised to quit." . . . A pause . . . This boy was either telling the truth or he was dangerously clever The head officers talked together, then questioned Peter until they were satisfied that he was telling the truth and that he was—unafraid. Finally, on what side was Peter? "I am a Southern sympathizer" "Hang him!" "Shoot him!" Then, in a rage, the head officer ("Jones"?—"Gullion"?)—turned upon the others, and said, "Turn this boy loose. I glory in his spunk!"

Peter says the only thing he got out of his war experience was a slight case of "itch," when he was in the Carrollton courthouse a prisoner.

WITH THE EIGHTH VIRGINIA, A. N. V.

BY P. B. GOCHNANER, UPPERVILLE, VA.

I was a member of the 8th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, and the first shot I ever fired at a human being was from the Henry House yard at the first battle of Manassas; and, with the exception of Ball's Bluff, it was the most successful encounter I was ever engaged in, the enemy being routed and driven back on Washington.

Our next encounter was at Ball's Bluff, our brigade commander being General Evans. When it became known that General Baker, of Banks's Division, had crossed to the Virginia side of the Potomac River and was threatening Leesburg, the 8th Virginia, then commanded by Col. Eppa Hunton, and only about seven hundred strong, rushed at a double-quick and got between them and their objective. Though outnumbering us four or five to one, we held them in check until the 17th and 18th Mississippi Regiments came in on our right with a dash and pertinacity that would have done credit to the "Six Hundred" at Balaklava. The enemy was completely routed and demoralized.

We now retired and bivouacked at Fort Evans. About midnight we were aroused by Corporal White, who asked Colonel Hunton to allow the regiment to return to the battle field, as there were a considerable number of the enemy still on the Virginia side of the river. The Colonel said the men were worn out and he could not require them to go. Then Corporal White asked the privilege of getting volunteers. Fifty of us volunteered, and under Corporal White's guidance, we captured 325 prisoners, which we considered a pretty good night's work. Corporal White afterwards advanced to rank of colonel and commanded a distinguished cavalry regiment.

It was about this time that General McClellan was appointed to command the Army of the Potomac, and in the following spring of 1862 he shifted his base of operations to Yorktown. In order to meet his advance on Richmond, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston withdrew the Army of Northern Virginia

to the Peninsula, and the next encounter in which the 8th Virginia was engaged was in front of Williamsburg, where we held the enemy in check until the Army of Northern Virginia could be withdrawn to the Chickahominy. We were closely followed by the Army of the Potomac, and McClellan established his army only a few miles south of Richmond, and north of the Chickahominy. At this juncture, General Johnston brought on an engagement at a place known as Seven Pines, and after a desperate battle succeeded in driving the enemy south of the stream. General Johnston had a habit of exposing himself, and here was severely wounded and was unable to remain in command. Gen. R. E. Lee, who up to this time had been in command of the Virginia State forces, now assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Stonewall Jackson was at this time operating with his division in the Valley of Virginia, where his brilliant campaign against overwhelming numbers electrified the world. After having disposed of the enemy in that section, he moved rapidly to Richmond and, under the command of General Lee, he opened at Cold Harbor what is known as the Seven Days' Battles in front of Richmond. We of the 8th Virginia were hotly engaged near Gaines's Mill, in which battle General Pickett was wounded; but we succeeded in driving the enemy from his intrenchments. Our next engagement was at Frazier's Farm, which was hotly contested until night closed in and caused a temporary lull. Under cover of darkness, the enemy withdrew to a strongly fortified position known as Malvern Hill. But I must relate a little incident that occurred at Frazier's Farm.

As we advanced, our color sergeant (Benton Hutchinson) was wounded. A braver man never bore arms. The flag was then seized by a comrade, whose name I am unable to recall; he was also shot, but neither of them fatally. Lieutenant Davis, of Capt. William Berkeley's company, next started forward with the colors and was instantly killed, shot through the heart. It seemed to be such a fatal effort that we hesitated to pick up the flag, but at this juncture, Lieut. Stewart Symington, of Pickett's staff, rode up, deliberately dismounted, picked up the flag and vaulted back in his saddle. I was on his left, and didn't see how a bumblebee could have lived five minutes in his position. Lieut. J. T. Green, of our company, approached him, sword in hand, and demanded to know what he was doing with that flag. Lieutenant Symington replied: "You don't seem to have anyone to carry it." Lieutenant Green then ordered him to hand over the flag or he would cut him off his horse; but at this moment Symington's horse was killed and he very gracefully handed the flag to Lieutenant Green. Both were as brave men as ever drew a sword. Lieutenant Green, afterwards captain, was killed at Gettysburg; Col. Stewart Symington died, I think, not more than a year ago.

At Malvern Hill we were held in reserve. The result of that battle is well known. The Army of the Potomac retired under shelter of their navy, anchored in the James.

Having disposed of McClellan, General Lee now turned the Army of Northern Virginia northward in order to try conclusions with General Pope, who, with a great deal of swagger and boasting of having his "headquarters in the saddle," was devastating Northern Virginia. Jackson met the advance division of General Pope at Cedar Mountain, and it was in the shades of this picturesque mountain that Stonewall Jackson marshalled his forces, and from whose summit swept the charge that never failed of victory. The fate of General Pope is too well known to pursue it any further.

I was discharged on account of disability after the battle of Frazier's Farm and was afterwards in lighter service.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 1, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

(Continued from January number.)

It is not disputed that the battle of July 1, 1863, in the vicinity of Gettysburg, Pa., was accidental and not expected by the commanding general of either the Confederate or Federal armies. General Lee said of it; "It had not been intended to deliver a battle so far from our base unless attacked, but, coming unexpectedly upon the whole Federal army, to withdraw through the mountains would have been difficult and dangerous. At the same time, we were unable to await an attack, as the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies in the presence of the enemy, who could restrain our foraging parties by holding the mountain passes with local and other troops. A battle, therefore, had become, in a measure, unavoidable, and the success already gained gave hope of favorable issue." This is a concise and eminently correct statement of the situation as it existed when the firing ceased on the night of July 1, 1863.

It is reasonably expected that the cavalry will always keep the commanding general informed of the movements and probable designs of his antagonists. On this occasion, however, the first information, received by General Lee that the Federal army had crossed to the Maryland side of the Potomac River was communicated by a scout, who reached the Confederate army, near Chambersburg, Pa., on the night of June 28. He communicated the further information that the Federal army was advancing on the Confederate army.

It is also learned from General Lee's report that the expected aid from his cavalry had failed to reach him; that though he had two small detachments operating with the army, they were not more than the advanced troops needed to efficiently perform the duties assigned to them, and these detachments had performed valuable service, as shown by the general officers with whom they were serving. That, in the absence of the cavalry, he could not ascertain the enemy's intentions; but to deter him from moving farther west, which would permit him to cut the Confederate communications with Virginia, he determined to concentrate the army east of the mountains; in doing so it had precipitated a contest which brought him in the presence of the entire Federal army with its attendant dangers. Besides, the success attained in this preliminary contest gave hope of a favorable issue.

In reality Lee did not know where his cavalry was when the battle occurred on July 1. As soon as Lee learned that the Federal army had crossed into Maryland, he dispatched a messenger to the brigades of Robertson and Jones, which had been left to guard the passes in the Blue Ridge, to rejoin the army without delay. A messenger was also sent to Stuart, whose command General Lee learned was at Carlisle, to move his command to Gettysburg, where a battle had already been fought.

The head of Stuart's column reached the vicinity of Gettysburg late in the afternoon of July 2, and Robertson's force reached Fairfield, some ten or twelve miles southwest of Gettysburg, late in the afternoon of July 3. Both bodies of troops performed valiant service after reaching the vicinity of the battle field, neither body knowing where the army was until informed by messengers sent by General Lee. This peculiar condition had permitted the occurrence of an unintentional battle, the results of which led to defeat. Robertson's and Jones's brigades had been left on guard in Virginia, "with full instructions as to following up the enemy in case of withdrawal and rejoining the main army." The Federal army had

disappeared from Robertson's front on the morning of June 26, and Lee's messenger found the force in the vicinity of Martinsburg about five days after the Federal force had disappeared from his front.

That the battle of July 1 was accidental with General Meade, commanding the Federal army, is shown by his communication to Maj. General Halleck, from Taneytown, July 1, at 12 M.: "I shall not advance any, but prepare to receive an attack in case Lee makes one. A battle field is being selected in the rear on which the army can be rapidly concentrated, on Pipe Creek, between Middleburg and Manchester, covering my depot at Westminster." An hour later Meade added: "The enemy are advancing at Gettysburg, and I expect the battle will begin to-day." It had in reality already begun, and Major General Reynolds had been killed nearly two hours before that dispatch was written.

About 4 P.M. Major General Howard dispatched an aide de camp to Major General Slocum, moving toward Gettysburg with the Twelfth Army Corps, "to inform him of the state of affairs. He met the general on the Baltimore pike, about a mile from Gettysburg, who replied . . . he did not wish to come up in person to the front and take the responsibility of the fight. In justice to General Slocum, I desire to say he afterwards expressed the opinion that it was against the wish of the commanding general to bring on an engagement at that point." Notwithstanding the fact that the commanders of both armies were endeavoring to avoid a general engagement at that time and place, after the battle began, and each was informed of the conditions, both entered industriously upon the work of concentrating their armies to meet the existing conditions.

DOLES'S AND GORDON'S ASSAULT.

From the position held by Reese's battery, of Col. Thomas H. Carter's Battalion, in the open plain and valley north of Gettysburg during the furious fighting in the afternoon of July 1, the formation of Early's troops, east of Rock Creek, preparatory for an assault on the enemy, was concealed from view by Barlow Hill and the open woodland which covered it. A part of Dole's Brigade, back of the line of which the battery was in position, was concealed. The rattle of musketry by the infantry and the roar of Jones's artillery, accompanied with the enthusiastic yells of Confederate troops, were positive evidence that a violent contest was raging. This proved to be the assault made by the brigades of Doles and Gordon on Barlow's troops, and under this resolute and determined assault occurred the first break in the Federal line. As the fleeing troops of Barlow came into view, pursued by the troops of Doles and Gordon, it appeared to be a signal for the remaining troops of the Eleventh Corps, farther to the Confederate right, to join in the flight, and both divisions quickly became a seething mass, rushing pell-mell toward the town of Gettysburg and Cemetery Hill.

The return trip of the Eleventh Corps presented a striking contrast to its formidable showing when on its advance toward Oak Ridge earlier in the day, it marched, in martial array, with banners flapping defiance to its antagonists. It had been but two months previous when Rodes's Division, immediately followed by Carter's Battalion of Artillery, leading the column under the personal direction of that greatest of soldiers, Stonewall Jackson, hit the right flank and rear of Hooker's great aggregation in the dense forest west of Chancellorsville, Va., held by the divisions of Schurz and Steinwehr, of the Eleventh Corps, and, rolling them into a similar condition, produced a near panic in Hooker's army.

GORDON'S REPORT.

Brigadier General Gordon, of Early's Division, reporting, said: "I had no means of ascertaining the number of the enemy wounded by the fire of this brigade, but if these were in the usual proportion of the killed, nearly 300 of whom were buried on the ground where my brigade fought, his loss in killed and wounded must have exceeded the number I carried into action. Neither was it possible for me to take any account of the prisoners sent to the rear, but the division inspector credits this brigade with about 1,800. I carried into action about 1,200, one regiment having been detached." The figures indicate 1,500 casualties by Gordon's Brigade, in addition to the 1,800 prisoners claimed.

The brigades of Hoke, commanded by Colonel Avery, and Hays, of Early's Division, pressed forward to the south of Gordon's formation and line of advance, and assailed Custer's Brigade, of Steinwehr's Division, and Heckman's battery, which had been brought forward from the reserve on Cemetery Hill and placed in position near the northeast edge of the town of Gettysburg, to aid in staying the broken battalions of Barlow and Schemmelfenning, quickly drove the infantry from the field, captured part of Heckman's battery, before it could escape, placed the battery *hors de combat*, and sent it to the rear for the remaining time of that great battle.

Brigadier General Wadsworth, commanding a division in the First Army Corps, said: "About 2.30 P.M. Major General Schurz, who had been advanced on our right, fell back after partially engaging the enemy." Brigadier General Robinson, also commanding a division in the First Corps, said: "The division formed the right of the line of battle of the First Corps, and during the whole time had to fight the enemy in front and protect our right flank (the division of the Eleventh Corps being at no time less than a half mile in the rear). We went into action with less than 2,500 men, and lost considerably more than half our number."

After getting into the engagement, Schurz decided he had a whole corps of the rebel army to contend against. In reporting, he said: "The simultaneous appearance of the enemy's battalions on so long a line, led me to believe that they had been lying in position for some time behind the woods in our front, fully prepared for us, and that it was their intention, while entangling us in a fight where we were, to throw their left wing around our right, and thus cut us off from the town." Evidently his whole corps was imbued with the same idea. This perhaps lent a stimulus to their movements when they left their line. Schurz had instructions from Howard, commanding the forces in the battle, to take possession of the eastern prolongation of Oak Ridge, but when he approached it he unexpectedly received a substantial and dangerous protest from three of Colonel Carter's batteries.

NUMBERS ENGAGED ON JULY 1.

The uniform and repeated statements in the reports of the Federal officers on the battle of July 1 that their troops were invariably flanked by excessive numbers of Confederates engaged in that battle, have caused me to make a careful investigation as to the truth of the statements. Col. Walter H. Taylor, General Lee's assistant adjutant general, and doubtless the best authority on the numbers engaged in the various battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, has prepared a valuable treatise on this subject.

Colonel Taylor informs us that the Confederate force engaged, on July 1, in the vicinity of Gettysburg, averaged about 6,000 men to the division when the campaign began, reduced to 5,500 at the time the battle was fought. Under this esti-

mate the four divisions would number 22,000 during the battle, not more than 24,000. Of the Federal numbers engaged he estimates that they were in excess of the Confederate force engaged to the extent of Buford's cavalry. In the estimate of the number of Federals engaged, he includes Stanard's Vermont Brigade. But Stanard's Brigade did not reach the field in time to participate in the battle of July 1. Yet we may eliminate Stanard's Brigade and then Buford's two brigades of cavalry will place the Federal numbers in excess of the Confederates.

In the same treatise, Colonel Taylor has left it on record that General Lee witnessed the flight of the Federal troops through Gettysburg from Seminary Ridge, which he reached in time. He directed Colonel Taylor to go to General Ewell and say to him that from the position which he occupied, he could see the enemy retreating over those hills, without organization and in great confusion; that it was only necessary to press "those people" in order to secure those heights, and that, if possible, he wished him to do this. In obedience to these instructions, he proceeded immediately to General Ewell and delivered the order of General Lee, and, after receiving from Ewell some message for the commanding general in regard to the prisoners captured, returned to General Lee and reported that the order had been delivered, and General Ewell left the impression on him that the order would be executed.

SOME LOSSES IN THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.

The resolute character of the fighting on the first day at Gettysburg is abundantly shown in the great losses sustained by many organizations of troops in both armies.

Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill reported the losses of his corps, covering the period of that great battle, at 849 killed, 4,289 wounded, and 3,844 missing; total 8,982. By far the greater part of the losses in Heth's and Pender's divisions occurred in the first day's fighting.

After its rough work, in the early part of the day, July 1, Davis's Brigade, of Heth's Division, Hill's Corps, was excused from joining the line in the general assault, but when Rodes's Division, of Ewell's Corps, came up on its left, about 3 P.M., moving in line perpendicular to that of the brigade, it could not resist the impelling influence, but joined with the advance and again moved forward, and, after considerable hard fighting, reached the suburbs of Gettysburg, into which the Federals had been driven. After resting here until about sunset, it retired to the rear, about a mile where it bivouacked. Of nine field officers who went into battle with the brigade, but two escaped unhurt.

Reporting, Brigadier General Davis said: "It is due to the gallantry of a few brave men to state that the 2nd and 42nd Mississippi, under the lead of Lieutenant Roberts, of the 2nd Mississippi, dashed forward and, after a hand-to-hand contest, in which the gallant Roberts was killed, succeeded in capturing the colors of the 46th Pennsylvania Regiment.

Davis's Brigade lost 180 killed and 717 wounded; total, 897. The best available evidence, of the number captured from the brigade is the report of Lieutenant Colonel Dawes, of the 6th Wisconsin Volunteers, which shows seven officers and 225 men were captured. The brigade was in the great charge on July 3, and lost heavily in captured.

Brigadier General Cutler, commanding the Second Brigade of the First Division, First Army Corps, reporting, said the 95th New York lost two officers killed and ten officers wounded; 42 men killed and 153 wounded; total, 207 of 380 officers and men carried into battle within half an hour, which

is within a fraction of 61 per cent. That the 76th New York went in with 27 officers and 348 men; total, 375. Two officers and 27 men were killed, and 16 officers and 124 men were wounded; total, 169 casualties in thirty minutes, a fraction over 45 per cent. That the 55th Pennsylvania Regiment went into action with seventeen officers and 235 men; total, 252. Lost six officers wounded, one mortally, eight men killed, and 64 wounded; total, 78 casualties, a fraction more than 30 per cent in thirty minutes.

These heavy losses, occurring in so brief a space of time, tell in strong language of the accuracy of the fire of Davis's Brigade. The total loss of Cutler's Brigade, consisting of six regiments, numbered 1,002, a fraction more than 57 per cent carried into action. Brigadier Cutler said; "The loss is fearful, and I only hope the country may not again require that these brave men shall go through so severe an ordeal."

Major J. Jones, of the 26th North Carolina Regiment, Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division, reported that in advancing, the enemy stubbornly resisting, until the two lines were pouring volleys into each other at a distance not greater than twenty paces." This regiment lost more than half its men killed and wounded, its colonel was killed, its lieutenant colonel seriously wounded, and "many other most valuable officers."

Brigadier General Pettigrew lost his life before the end of the campaign, hence no report was made by him. Capt. J. J. Young, quartermaster of the 26th North Carolina, writing to Governor Vance, of that State, stated that the regiment went into battle with 800 men. But 216 all told came out unhurt. This indicates a loss of 73 per cent. Continuing, Captain Young said: "Yesterday they were again engaged, and now have only about 80 men for duty." After enumerating 35 officers of the regiment, killed and wounded, he said: "Our whole division numbers but 1,500 or 1,600 effective men." General Heth paid the 26th North Carolina the following high compliment; "When the 26th North Carolina Regiment encountered the second line of the enemy his dead marked his line of battle with the accuracy of a line at dress parade."

Other brigades of Heth's and Pender's divisions, of Hill's Corps, suffered heavily in the first day's battle, but none so heavily as Davis's and Pettigrew's.

Daniel's Brigade, of Rodes's Division, Ewell's Corps, lost 916 killed, wounded, and missing, 800 of which were killed and wounded, leaving 116 missing, many of whom were probably killed. This loss was within a fraction of 39 per cent of the total "present for duty" on June 30. Iverson's Brigade, of the same division, lost 468 killed and wounded, and 308 missing; total, 776, within a fraction of 53 per cent of the "present for duty" on June, 30 and nearly all this loss was suffered in the first day's battle. Rodes's Division lost about 35 per cent of its "present for duty" on June 30, and nearly all this loss was suffered on July 1. Rodes's is the only Confederate division with available "present for duty" figures on June 30, 1863.

FEDERAL LOSSES JULY 1, 1863.

Some remarkable and unusually heavy losses are reported to have occurred in the fighting on the first day at Gettysburg by officials of Federal organizations engaged. If the statement of Major General Doubleday, commanding the First Federal Army Corps on that date, that the effective strength of the corps was but 8,200 is to receive credit, its killed and wounded numbered 3,897, which is more than 47 per cent of the alleged number carried into battle. Add the missing, 2,162, the total loss will number 6,059, more than 73 per cent

of the number alleged to have gone into battle. From the abstract of returns for June 30, the day before the battle, it is seen that the present for duty is approximately 11,000. The per cent of loss, using these figures, is a fraction over 55 per cent. The killed and wounded is a fraction more than 35 per cent.

Brig. Gen. James A. Wadsworth, commanding the First Division of the First Army Corps, reported that "The severity of the contest, during the day, will be indicated by the painful fact that at least half the officers and men who went into the engagement were killed or wounded."

Col. Henry A. Morrow, commanding the 24th Michigan Volunteers, reported that the strength of his regiment on July 1, was three field officers, one staff officer, 24 line officers, and 468 noncommissioned officers and men; total, 496. The losses sustained, three field officers, one staff officer, ten line officers, 41 noncommissioned officers, and 182 private soldiers wounded; 8 line officers, 22 noncommissioned officers, and 49 private soldiers killed; total casualties, 316. This shows a loss of 64 per cent. Add the missing, 86, and the loss is shown to have been more than 81 per cent. The regiment had four color bearers killed, and the regimental flag was carried by no less than nine persons, four having been killed and three wounded. Every man of the color guard was killed or wounded.

Maj. John Mansfield, reporting on the 2nd Wisconsin Infantry, also a part of the First Brigade, First Division, First Army Corps, said the number engaged was 29 officers and 273 men; total, 302. Killed, 2 officers and 25 men, wounded, 11 officers and 142 men; total, 233; left for duty 69. The loss is a fraction over 77 per cent of the number shown to have gone into battle.

This writer has been asked more than once in the last two decades, by people who have grown up since the great war of the sixties, and who have very erroneous ideas as to the inefficiency of the arms used in that war, what might have been the result if the Confederates had had the improved arms of the present day. If the above figures indicate one fact more conspicuous than any other, it is that the Confederates proved themselves very efficient in the use of the arms then in their hands, and that their antagonists proved a good second in the use of their available arms.

THE RAILROAD CUT.

The grade of an unfinished railroad crossing Seminary Ridge and running nearly parallel with and slightly north of the Cashtown and Gettysburg road, had required the digging of a deep cut, which played a conspicuous and important part in the battle of July 1. It was sometimes used as a place of refuge by the troops of both armies when hard pressed near it. Though it served as a shelter from the flying missiles, it also proved to be a trap in some cases. In the preliminary fighting early on the morning of July 1, a part of Davis's Confederate Brigade was caught in it and forced to surrender.

When Daniel's Brigade, of Rodes's Division, made its heroic and successful assault on Stone's Pennsylvania Brigade, in the final Confederate assault late in the afternoon of July 1, it found their antagonists holding a strong position on the opposite side of the cut from the direction of their approach. In this case it proved a considerable obstacle. Though some of Daniel's men fell, or jumped, into the cut repeatedly, they were as often forced out by Stone's men. Though Daniel's men were delayed by this great obstacle, and subjected to a murderous fire of both artillery and musketry during the delay, after several determined and heroic efforts they suc-

ceeded in driving Stone's men out of the cut and off the field in confusion, killing and wounding many and capturing many others, but not without suffering heavy loss.

THE EFFECTIVE FIRE OF CARTER'S BATTERIES.

When W. P. Carter's and Fry's batteries, of Col. Thomas H. Carter's Battalion, opened fire on the right flank of the First Federal Army Corps, confronting and in combat with Hill's Confederate troops, between the Cashtown and Gettysburg road, and the Hagestown and Gettysburg road, about a mile west of the town of Gettysburg, their fire was so accurate, unexpected, and effective that it caused considerable commotion among the Federal troops engaged in that vicinity. Colonel Stone, commanding the Second Brigade of Rowley's Division, reported that it was "a most destructive enfilade of our line, and at the same time all the troops upon my right fell back nearly a half mile to Seminary Ridge." Colonel Stone rearranged his line, placing one regiment in the road and disposing his other regiment on the left of the stone barn (McPherson's) to conceal the men from the enfilading batteries. His "line thus formed a right angle, facing north and west." (This was his formation when Daniel's brigade assailed him). Stone states further: "About 1:30 P.M. the grand advance of the enemy's infantry began. From my position I was able to trace their formation for at least two miles. It appeared to be a nearly continuous line of deployed battalions, with other battalions in mass or reserve."

Colonel Wainright, commanding the artillery of the First Army Corps, reported that while he was placing the batteries of Tidball (Caleb) and Reynolds in position, before they had fairly gotten in position, "the enemy opened a severe fire from a second battery immediately on our right. By this cross fire both batteries were obliged to withdraw." The fire of Carter's and Fry's batteries, in conjunction with Pegram's firing in an opposite direction, drove the two Federal batteries to cover. One hid in the woods and the other hid behind the stone barn.

A RAY OF RESPLENDENT LIGHT IN WAR'S REVELRY IN BLOOD.

"O war! thou Son of Hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valor."

This is the definition given that dreaded place by the great English dramatist and poet, William Shakespeare, more than three hundred years ago. It was transformed into "War is hell" by a late devotee of Mars, and many sufferers allege he proceeded to make it so with all the power at his command.

In all ages, no language has been too strong and no sentiment too exaggerated, to depict the hideous conditions which accompany a state of war. But occasionally its repulsive and ghastly surroundings are illumined by a bright ray of light in the form of an amenity to its horrible conditions. Such an incident brightened the horrors of the saturnalia of death which reigned on July 1, 1863, in the vicinity of Gettysburg.

Courtly and chivalric John B. Gordon has recorded the incident in his "Reminiscences of the Civil War." When his brave Georgians broke the Federal lines, in conjunction with Doles's equally brave Georgians, and he was mingling in their advancing ranks and urging them forward, he "saw in the midst of the wild disorder in his ranks, and through a storm of

bullets," a Federal officer who was seeking to rally his men for a final stand. "He, too, went down, pierced by a Minie ball," fired by one of those brave Georgians. Riding forward, Gordon discovered his brave antagonist lying upon his back, with the July sun pouring its rays into his pale face. He was surrounded by Federal dead, and his own life seemed to be rapidly ebbing out. Quickly dismounting, Gordon lifted his head and gave him water from his canteen. Every soldier who has had experience in battle when casualties occurred knows that the first craving of a soldier, when his life blood begins to flow from a wound, is a drink of water, and Gordon had long before learned of this fact, no doubt by experience, hence his first impulse was to tender a drink of water from his canteen.

Gordon soon learned that his wounded foe was Maj. Gen. Francis C. Barlow, of New York, and of the Eleventh Federal Corps. Neither had the slightest idea that Barlow would survive many hours. Help was summoned, and he was carried to a shade in the rear. Barlow requested Gordon to take a package of letters from his pocket and destroy them. They were from his wife. After receiving touching messages, to be delivered to his wife if Gordon should ever meet her, he left him. Gordon learned that Mrs. Barlow was with the Federal army and near the battle field.

At the close of the day's battle, under a flag of truce, Gordon sent the messages to Mrs. Barlow. The ball which struck Barlow hit no vital point, and he slowly recovered, but Gordon did not know of his recovery. In a battle near Richmond, during the following summer, Gen. J. B. Gordon, of North Carolina, was killed. He was a kinsman of Gen. John B. Gordon, and bore the same initials. General Barlow, who had recovered, saw the announcement of his death, and entertained no doubt that it was the Gordon he had met on the field at Gettysburg. To John B. Gordon, Barlow was dead, and to Barlow, John B. Gordon was dead. Nearly fifteen years passed before either was undeceived.

During Gordon's second term in the United States Senate Hon. Clarkson Potter, of New York, a member of the House of Representatives, invited Gordon to a dinner to meet a General Barlow who had served in the Federal army. The host knew nothing of the Gettysburg incident. Gordon had heard that there was another Barlow in the Federal army, and supposed, of course, it was the Barlow with whom he was to dine. General Barlow had a similar reflection as to the Gordon he was to meet. Seated at Potter's table, Gordon asked Barlow: "General, are you related to the Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg?" He replied: "Why, I am the man, sir. Are you related to the Gordon who killed me?" "I am the man, sir," Gordon responded. No words could convey any conception of the emotions awakened by those startling announcements. Nothing short of an actual resurrection from the dead could have so amazed either of them. Until General Barlow's death in 1896, the friendship between them, born amidst the thunders of Gettysburg, was cherished by both.

SOME LETTERS RECEIVED.

I am in receipt of a letter from Comrade F. L. Hudgins, of Chamblee, Ga., who states he was a member of Gordon's Brigade, in the charge with it, on the Confederate left, on July 1, 1863, and has a piece of shell which was fired from one of Wilkeson's guns, and he was near General Barlow when he fell. He thinks my compliment to Doles's men was not overdrawn, but thinks I might have been more comprehensive in the treatment of Gordon's Brigade.

I am also in receipt of a letter from Comrade John Hurst, of

Clarksville, Tenn., who was a member of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, of Archer's Brigade, Heth's Division, Hill's Corps. He says: "I congratulate you on your article in the January number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN; and thank you for the honorable and true account of my brigade (Archer's). Yours is the only honorable mention and fair detailed statement I have ever seen in print. You must have seen some war records I never heard of."

LETTERS OF JOHN YATES BEALL.

CONTRIBUTED BY ISAAC MARKENS, NEW YORK CITY.

Writing from Dundas, Canada, West, near the close of 1862, to his relatives in England, Beall said, after expressing thanks for their sympathy individually and nationally: "His nature must be cold indeed whose heart is not strengthened and energies braced when engaged in a life-and-death struggle for all that one holds high, sacred, and dear, by the knowledge that his motives are understood and appreciated, and that the heartfelt good wishes and Godspeed of the good and generous of the world are given to his success. We are fighting the cause of liberty, right, and truth. I believe, aye, I hope we will have fought a good fight. Alas, many a heart will be desolate and many a fireside will know its master no more. Yet, it has ever been so. We must not complain. The path of honor, duty, and truth has ever been watered with the tears and blood and strewn with the mangled bodies of the innocent, the good, and generous.

"I am pleased that the photograph sent you pleased you. I was dressed plainly and coarsely to avoid suspicion and recognition. I am old, prematurely old. Exposure, hardship, suffering, the drain of an unhealed wound, anxiety, hope deferred, have done the work of time on the body; they have not quenched my spirit nor impaired the tenacity of my will.

"Let me thank you for your kind invitation. Should I visit England, I will come to see you. I had purposed to go there to embark on a Confederate war vessel fitting out against the Abolition Yankee, but my physician advised me not to cross the sea at present. I received a letter from home, dated October 9. It ran the blockade. My mother had been sick, but was better. Poor mother! 'Twas unrest of spirit and illness of mind, anxiety, and care which brought on sickness of body. My brother William, a lad of eighteen, had been wounded in the battle of Manassas, August 30, and they did not hear from him for a long time. He had at last gotten home and was better. The rest of the family were well, and so were all your relatives. When I last wrote I was in Iowa, whither I went when I eluded the Yankees. I stayed there as 'Mr. Yates,' recuperating and working for my country. At last I was discovered and had to fly for liberty and life. After much trouble I got to this place. I then returned to the United States to get some means I had left, and have again returned to Her Majesty's dominions.

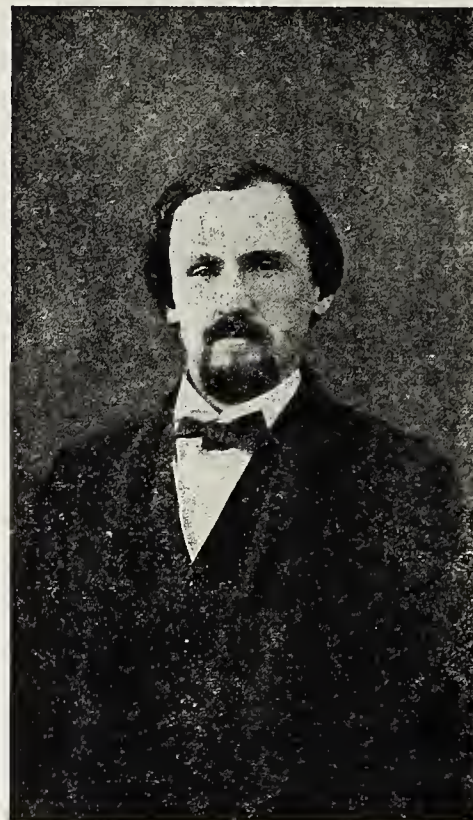
"The recent elections in the North have gone for the democratic, conservative, peace-inclined party, though the next Congress does not meet for one year. I think that the recognition of the nationality of the South by England would assist that party so much as speedily to put an end to this unhappy and unholy strife. Peace would open up the South to the trade of England, and she would get cotton for her operatives and thereby bread; nations must consult their interests, hence an official proclamation of the fact must forward that interest to justify its proclamation.

"In the meantime the struggle goes on. We, the weaker in numbers and resources, are cut off from the world. But

we have withstood our enemies better than the ablest of our generals thought possible. In August last we gained the bloody battles of Cedar Run, Rappahannock, and Manassas in Virginia, Richmond in Kentucky, and Murfreesboro in Tennessee. In September we captured Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, with 12,000 men, and Munsfordville, in Kentucky, with 5,000, and defeated the Yankees at South Mountain and

Antietam, in Maryland, and Shepherdstown in Virginia, but suffered a reverse at Corinth in Mississippi; while we defeated them at Perryville, in Kentucky. Our cavalry went into Pennsylvania and returned after performing many heroic and brilliant feats.

"But enough of America and her unhappy strife. Of course, I could not sympathize with Garibaldi. First, he had no business in Rome; second, he is fond of the Yankees and they of him, especially those who have torn down convents and cathedrals and insulted Sisters of Charity, and held meetings 'to remon-



CAPT. JOHN YATES BEALL.

strate with the Almighty for his blunder in permitting the success of the peace party in recent elections.'

"I must, however, bring my long letter to a close. Assure my other cousins, when you see or write to them, of my good wishes for them and theirs. If you can find time and inclination, I would be glad to hear from you or them. I pray God to bless you and them.

"Your cousin and friend,

J. Y. BEALL."

* * *

Three weeks after writing the above to his English cousin, Beall, from the same place, addressed a letter to Mrs. R. W. Williams, of the Confederate army, then living at Tallahassee, Fla., saying:

"Since we parted in April, Mrs. Williams, very often have I thought of you, and hoped that you might not forget me. Especially after the fall of New Orleans and Memphis and during the siege of Vicksburg, I did think of my Louisiana friends. I met your brother's brigade at the Rapidan, and when his name appeared among those of the unreturning braves who fell on the banks of the Antietam, I assure you that you had my warmest sympathies. Alas, so many now mourn a kinsman's loss. Dr. English lost his brother at Port Republic in June last. My brother fell in October, severely wounded, at Manassas, August 30, 1862. I can imagine the suspense and anxiety of my Tennessee friends after the battle of Perryville. Remember me most kindly to them, and tell them that they owe me several letters, and I do wish a reply may be started via underground railroad,

directing to care of Samuel Overfield, Esq., Dundas, Canada, West.

"I will explain why I am writing from Her Majesty's dominions and not from the Confederate States. I stayed in Richmond till after the battle of Williamsburg, when I went to Gordonsville, where I saw some of my friends, and, I think, Mr. McC., who taught at Mr. Cotton's. Then I went to Madison County, where my aunt lives, not far from Cedar Mountain. After some rest, I started to join my regiment, under Jackson, then after Banks. During this trip I completely broke down and was unable to keep up with the army, and, following on, suddenly found myself in the midst of McDowell's Corps. But appearing careless and unconcerned, I strolled about reconnoitering; and finding it impossible to go on, I took the back track and, during the confusion, rode out of town, passing hundreds of their infantry and cavalry. By dodging, I eluded my pursuers and finally found myself on the banks of the Potomac. I chose to go North voluntarily instead of involuntarily. I gave the Yankees a circumstantial account of Jackson whipping Fremont and McDowell at Strasburg. They thought nothing impossible to Jackson and cursed Banks as a coward and liar. (Some of the Pennsylvania Dutch think old Stonewall is Andrew Jackson and the impersonation of every military virtue.) From Maryland, I went into Pennsylvania, thence to the West, and thence effected a strategic movement to this place.

"I have heretofore been buoyed by the hope of soon being able to rejoin my comrades, but now doubt it. Should I, however, become able, I will join some privateer fitting out from England, where I have relatives.

"I have enjoyed peculiar advantages to observe the phases of public opinion in the West and Canada. The majority of the last democratic vote was in favour of peace, and since then many Republicans have yielded in their views, and to-day the North is divided and they begin to feel it, but not enough yet to found hopes of peace. The majority of Canadians are pro-Southern, and that majority is increasing. The English are more strongly Southern than the Canadians. At first the North possessed this sympathy, but by their folly and stupidity they have changed it into contempt and hatred. Recognition will come only after more success. This province has many deserters from the Yankee army, and to avoid draft they have now a fearful force to hurl against us. I think some 500,000 men, besides the navy. Of these, many are daily deserting and many in camp stealing and oppressing. I feel that our hated foe will hurt us more than ever before, but I pray God, 'who doeth all things well,' to help us, and if we strive on I hope and believe that we will yet win. Remember me kindly to the General and the Misses Robert, to Dr. English and Charley, and any other of my friends that you may see.

"I would be very glad to hear from you and my Tennessee correspondent.

"Believe me to be, now, as ever, your grateful friend,
J. Y. B."

"Mailed December 17, via Lexington, Ky."

A CHANGE OF VIEW.—The New York *Tribune*, referring to the encouraging returns of the Southern crops, says: "In view of these brilliant prospects, the North is destined to be undeceived, and, instead of carpetbaggers, she will send men of a different class, men who will seek by industry to build up homes in the Sunny South; and, finally, the North and the whole world will unite in confessing that, after all, 'Cotton is King.'"—*The Fredericksburg News*, 1868.

HOW WADE HAMPTON GOT A NAMESAKE.

BY ANNE GAILLARD STACKER.

Tired in body and with weary feet;
Cool looked the water, pleasant and sweet.
The Yankee soldier longed for a swim,
No one was in sight who would bother him.

The clear water all its promise did keep,
Refreshing, cool, pleasant, and plenty deep.
Enjoying his swim to the full extent,
The Yank did not heed what the hoof beats meant.

"You're my prisoner." The Yank looked 'round,
Saw a man in gray on a horse of brown.
"Come out of the water." The Yank obeyed.
Reached for the clothes he left in the shade.

His captor spoke: "Now leave those clothes alone;
I need all those things for men of my own."
The Yankee argued; the Reb denied,
"Leave your clothes there," he replied.

"I will give you no clothes, but a parole,"
The spectacle then was certainly droll.
"General," the Yankee said, "my first son
Shall most surely be named Wade Hampton."

The Yankee slipped off to the Union line,
But, going, left all his clothing behind.
Wade Hampton watched him till out of sight,
And then he laughed with all his might.

He had his joke, and enjoyed it too;
But never expected, now it was through,
Ever to hear anything more of the prank;
But he did when he met the son of that Yank.

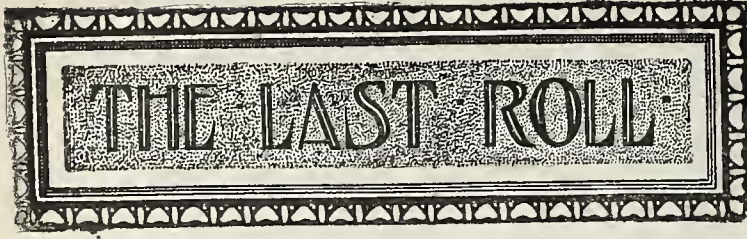
In the book on "Hampton and His Cavalry," by Edward Wells, of Charleston, S. C., the following incident is related:

Once in Virginia General Hampton came upon a Federal taking a bath in a stream of water, his clothes lying on the bank.

General Hampton surprised him by telling him he was his prisoner. He begged and plead to be let off. After amusing himself for a while in hearing his arguments, the General consented to let him go free. The man was most profuse in his thanks and came ashore to put on his clothes. "Ah, no," said the General, "my men are too much in need of clothes. I cannot let you have them." After fruitless entreaties, the man left, his last words being: "Thanks, General I'll call my first son Wade Hampton."

Many years after, when in Washington, as Senator Hampton stepped into an elevator in a hotel one day, a young man asked, "Are you Gen. Wade Hampton?" On replying that he was, the stranger asked if he remembered capturing and releasing a naked Federal prisoner at such a time and place in Virginia. "I recollect it perfectly," said Hampton. "Well, he is my father. My name is Wade Hampton."

ANDREW JACKSON.—Abhorrence of debt, public and private; dislike of banks; and love of hard money; love of justice and love of country were ruling passions with Jackson; and of these he gave constant evidence in all the situations of his life.—*Thomas Hart Benton*.

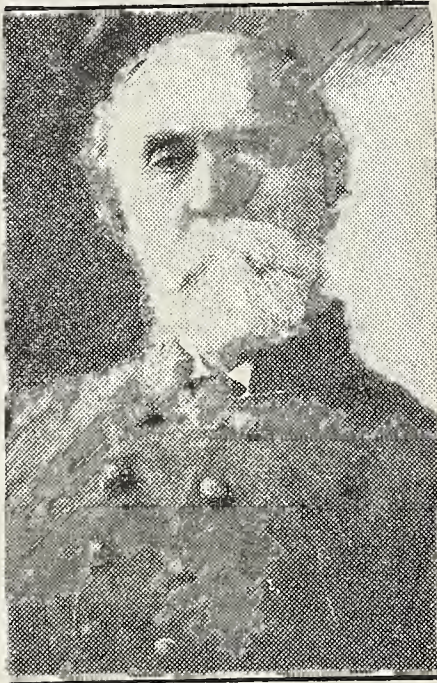


Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime,
Bid me good morning."

GEN. JAMES M. RAY, U. C. V.

James Mitchel Ray, the son of Elisha Ray and Harriet Elizabeth Alexander, was born near Asheville, N. C., November 15, 1838, and died in that city, February 22, 1923, where his remains were interred in Riverside Cemetery among the hills he loved so dearly. At his funeral, as the casket, draped with the Confederate battle flag, the Cross of St. Andrew, entered Central Methodist Church, an honor guard of about twenty veterans preceded it; and about as many Daughters of the Confederacy attended in a body to honor their old friend, the man who had helped them greatly at the organization of their Chapter. He had been equally efficient in forming Zeb Vance Camp U. C. V., previous to this, being a charter member and its first Commander, succeeding himself in that office for many terms and becoming Brigadier General of the 4th North Carolina Brigade, U. C. V.



GEN. JAMES M. RAY, U. C. V.

Just as the storm clouds of 1861 had become dark and lowering, James Ray left his *Alma Mater*, Emory and Henry College, Virginia, and was married to Miss Alice Caldwell, of Paris, Tenn., on June 4, 1861.

From this union there were born four sons: Wayne S., Walter, Clarence, and Carl, and one daughter, Willie, now Mrs. E. C. Dickinson. The General's only grandchildren are the children of his daughter, by name Alice, Lois, and Edgar and to them he was devoted. Surviving him are two sisters: Mrs. G. M. Roberts and Mrs. D. T. Millard, and a half-brother, Dr. F. A. Sondley.

Early in 1861, even before Bethel and Manassas, this earnest youngster of twenty-two years served as lieutenant in an infantry company against the lawless element of East Tennessee and North Carolina near the line. While the strenuous year 1862 was very young, J. M. Ray declined a captaincy in the 6th North Carolina Battalion, asking that he be given instead a lieutenant's place under a more experienced captain. This company presently became a part of the 60th North Carolina Infantry, and Ray was promoted to the command of Company F, and as captain served through the year 1862, and through the battles of Murfreesboro, where his gallant conduct resulted in promotion to the lieutenant colonelcy, and that over seven senior captains. During 1863 he at times commanded the regiment, and also Stovall's Brigade—this boy of twenty-four—until at Kelly's Field, Chickamauga, a severe wound ended the field service of this brave officer, but only his field service. Since, as Commandant at Ashville, N. C., and as staff officer for Gen. J. G. Martin, efficient skill marked the remainder of his contribution to the Confederacy. In passing, we proudly mention that the 60th North Carolina was able to reach the extreme forward point at Chickamauga, as shown by the marker there now.

The war over, like many other brave soldiers, our friend entered business at his home, Asheville, N. C., but was never so closely engaged that he could not do his part to commerate "the days of old." Of height over six feet, and erect until the last few years, with his genuine 1861-65 colonel's coat on important occasions, and his friendly smile nearly always, James Mitchel Ray will long be so remembered by his comrades of Zeb Vance Camp, no small number of whom were 60th North Carolina men. This camp shows the warmest interest and has the greatest numerical strength in our State, and that's no small credit. There are other good ones.

WILLIAM P. CAMPBELL.

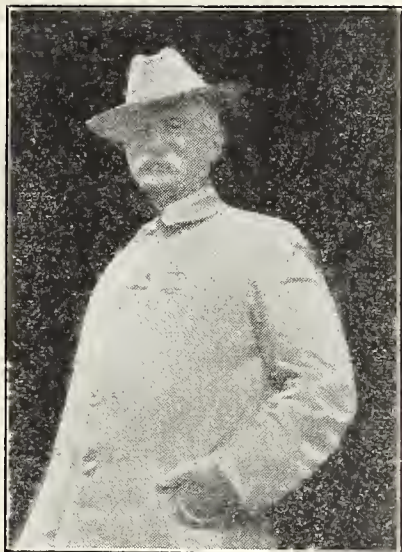
A shadow was cast over the hearts of many friends by the passing of William P. Campbell, of Florence, Ala., on February 2, 1923, at the age of eighty years. He was a fine type of the old Southern gentleman, gentle and thoughtful, firm and true in his friendships. For many years he was the central figure in the financial and business life of Florence, among the leaders in developing that section, and up to a few months ago took an active interest in the affairs of his section and of the world.

William P. Campbell was born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1842, the family coming to this country when he was nine years of age and locating near Franklin, Tenn., where he received his education. He went to Florence when he was eighteen, and from there enlisted with Company F, 4th Alabama Cavalry, of Roddy's command, and participated in many historic engagements. He was captured at Selma in 1865, but escaped and rejoined his command, with which he surrendered at Wheeler Station at the close of the war. He returned to Florence and entered the business life of the place, and in 1880 organized the banking house of W. P. Campbell & Co., also served as treasurer of the Florence Land Company and President of the Florence Compress Company. In 1892 he retired from his banking business and assumed management of a large plantation near Natchez, Miss., but returned to Florence several years ago. He was an active member of the Presbyterian Church, also of the Confederate association of his town, in which he was deeply interested.

In 1871 Comrade Campbell was married to Miss Sarah Andrews, who died in 1877, leaving one daughter. His second wife was Mrs. Mary Coffee O'Neal, a daughter of Capt. A. D. Coffee. She survives him, also the daughter, and two brothers, John F. and Patrick C. Campbell, of Nashville, Tenn.

SAMUEL CECIL GRAHAM.

Judge Samuel Cecil Graham, who died at his winter home at City Point, Fla., on January 11, was for many years one of the leading lawyers of Virginia. He was born January 1, 1846, at Blue-stone, Tazewell County, Va., the estate of his maternal grandfather, William Witten. His father was Robert Craig Graham, and his mother Elizabeth Witten Graham.



SAMUEL CECIL GRAHAM

In November, 1863, at the age of seventeen, he volunteered as a private in Company I, 16th Virginia Cavalry, Capt. William E. Perry. His uncle, William L. Graham, was lieutenant colonel of this regiment, and, on account of the capture of Colonel Ferguson, commanded it during the campaign of 1864 until his own capture at Moorefield, W. Va., in August of that year. He was wounded three times in action. Once in June, 1864, in the right ankle joint, at Hanging Rock, near Salem, Va.; a second time at Monocacy Junction, Md., in July, 1864, in the left leg. This was the battle wherein Gen. Lew Wallace was routed on the march of General Early to near Washington City. A third time, at Moorefield, Hardy County, W. Va., in August, 1864, by a Minie ball, which passed through the upper lobe of the right lung and shoulder blade. This time he fell into the hands of the enemy, desperately wounded, so no attempt was made to take him to prison. When sufficiently recovered from this wound, he again joined his regiment in January, 1865, having been sent from Moorefield by the citizens, although a distance of more than sixty miles within the enemy's lines.

After the war, he entered Emory and Henry College, and then went to Tazewell Courthouse to study law under Col. A. J. May, a noted lawyer in Southwest Virginia, and at the age of twenty-six he was elected county judge of Tazewell. This position he held for six years, and refused reelection to devote himself to his ever-increasing law practice. Soon afterwards he formed a copartnership with R. R. Henry, a young Confederate veteran, the famous law firm of Henry & Graham enduring for thirty-three years, until the death of Major Henry, when the firm name was changed to Graham & Hawthorne. Later it became Graham & Bowen, which partnership continued until his death.

Judge Graham took great interest in the associations connected with the legal profession, and was a member of the Virginia State Bar Association, of which body he served as President in 1903. He was also a member of the American Bar Association. He was devoted to outdoor life, was a great sportsman, and contributed articles to hunting and fishing journals.

Judge Graham always took a keen interest in Confederate matters, often saying that his experience in the Confederate army was the most important of his life, as it taught him the climax of human endurance. He was one of the organizers of Browne-Harman Camp U. C. V. of Tazewell, Va., of which he was Commander at the time of his death.

His permanent home was always in Tazewell, but for thirty-

four years he had spent his winters at City Point, Fla., where he lived in the open and had ample opportunity to hunt and fish.

At the age of twenty-six he married Miss Anne Elizabeth Spotts, of Tazewell, by whom he had five children; after her death, he married Miss Minnie Cox, of Richmond, who also died, leaving one daughter; he then married Miss Claire Guillaume, of Richmond, who survives him, with three daughters and two sons, also three grandsons. There are five children living: Miss Jessie M. Graham, of Tazewell; Mrs. C. M. Kilby, of Lynchburg; Robert S. Graham, of Norton, Va.; Samuel Graham, of Sharples, W. Va.; and Mrs. John White Stuart, of Russell County, Va.; one sister, Mrs. Robert Tarter, of Wittens Mills, Va., and one brother, C. M. Graham, of Graham, Va.

He was laid to rest in the cemetery in Tazewell, Va., clothed in the Confederate uniform he loved so well.

W. T. POOR.

Died, at the residence of his son in Bollinger County, Mo., W. T. Poor, at the age of seventy-eight years. He was a former resident of Henry County, Tenn., and was a private soldier in Company G, 7th Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865.

Mr. Poor came to Missouri about the year 1876, and resided in Madison County until the last two years, when he made his home with his son in an adjoining county. He was a most honorable, upright citizen, and one that numbered his friends by the number of his acquaintances.

[N. B. Watts, Frederickton, Mo.]

ISAAC BECKWORTH.

Isaac Beckworth was born January 28, 1842, in Warren County, Ga., and died January 18, 1923, at Pauline, Henderson County, Tex., having passed into his eighty-second year. He grew to manhood in the county of his birth, and when the War between the States came on he enlisted in Company C, 17th Georgia Regiment, Benning's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, and served through the war. After the war he settled in Talbot County, Ga., where he married Mrs. Julia Littleton (maiden name Ansley) in 1869, and to this union were born eight children, of whom are Prof. H. T. Beckworth, of Linton, Tex., for years a noted teacher of the State; R. E. L. Beckworth, of Dallas, for eighteen years a Baptist minister in the State; J. B. Beckworth, of Hope, Ark., a prominent farmer; R. A. Beckworth, of Henderson County, Tex., a farmer and merchant at Pauline; E. M. Beckworth, of Johnsville, Erath County, Tex., a farmer; Prof. O. J. Beckworth, a noted teacher of Olin City, Upshur County, Tex.; Mrs. Mary Bowden, of Lindale, Tex., and Mrs. Julia Ranspot, of Palo Pinto, Tex.



ISAAC BECKWORTH.

Isaac Beckworth joined the Baptist Church in early years and lived a clean and useful life. He was noted for his honesty as a man and was not afraid to declare his convictions. It was his wish that this inscription should be placed on his tomb: "Here lies a Confederate soldier." He was buried at Mt. Sylvan, in Smith County, by the side of his wife.

WILLIAM BLANKENSHIP.

William Blankenship was born near Keytesville, Mo., June 24, 1836, died at the Chariton House there on February 8, 1923. In 1872 he was married to Miss Sue P. Finnell, on the original homestead. They passed their entire lives in this immediate vicinity with the exception of the period in which he served in the War between the States.

The following, by a wartime comrade, gives his record as a soldier: "William Blankenship enlisted about June 1, 1861, from Keytesville, Mo., and served through the war. In the spring of 1862 he joined Gates's Regiment, 2nd Missouri Cavalry, Missouri Volunteers, which was dismounted and transferred east of the Mississippi River and became one of the regiments of the 1st Missouri Brigade, commanded by General Little, who was killed at the battle of Iuka, Miss., afterwards commanded by Gen. F. M. Cockrell. He took part in many hard-fought battles, such as Pea Ridge, Ark., both battles of Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Champion Hill, Big Black River, Miss. Here he was captured and put in prison, afterwards making his escape and made his way back to Price's army west of the Mississippi, remaining with the army until the close of the war when he was paroled as a good soldier. He was always ready to go when called on for any and all kinds of service, true to the South's cause."

Comrade Blankenship is survived by a son.

CAPT. S. W. ANDERSON.

Capt. Samuel Wilberforce Anderson passed from this to a better world on December 7, 1922, at his home, Warm Springs, Va., leaving a devoted wife, two daughters, a granddaughter, and many other loved ones to mourn his departure.

He was born at the home of his father, Robert Henry Anderson, in Nelson County, Va., on April 5, 1836. His ardent love for his native State, although handicapped by short sightedness, prompted him to raise the first company that went from Nelson County into the Confederate army. At the urgent request of his comrades, the medical inspector passed him as fit for military service, and he was commissioned captain of Company G, 19th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. J. Bowie Strange. This regiment became a part of Gen. Philip St. George Cooke's Brigade, Longstreet's Division, and from the first battle of Manassas to the surrender, won an honorable record. Believing that a member of his company, being a Virginia Military Institute graduate, was a better tactician than himself, he resigned the captaincy and was elected its first lieutenant. He not only believed, but knew, that the cause of the Southern Confederacy was righteous and just, therefore, like the great and good General Lee, he drew his sword to repel the invasion of Virginia by the Northern army. Right nobly and efficiently did he do his duty as a Confederate soldier during the war; and after the surrender he made his home at Warm Springs, Va., where he became a vestryman of the Episcopal Church and was instrumental in keeping the Church open for years, where the blessed gospel was preached; and in his home he delighted to entertain preachers of the gospel. As a soldier of the cross he was faithful to the end, and when the end came, he was ready to obey the summons of his Lord and Master. Then, if he heard the last roll, and his name called, may we not imagine his answer, "*Ad sum*," and the Master's welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

[This tribute is written by his old comrade, Giles B. Cooke, who knew Captain Anderson intimately for sixty-one years. Mathews Courthouse, Va.]

HON. JOHN R. PRICE.

Hon. John R. Price, one of the best-loved citizens of Florence, Ala., died in that city on January 2, 1923.

He was born near Moulton, Ala., in Lawrence County on September 13, 1841. His father and family moved to South Florence in 1842, and there he grew to manhood.

In 1859 he was admitted to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis and was a student there when war came on in 1861. He immediately resigned and returned to Florence, where he enlisted in the first company organized there and went at once to the scene of the fighting in Virginia.

His experience at the Naval Academy particularly qualified him to do work in the navy, and when the Confederate navy came into being he was transferred to that and was commissioned lieutenant and assigned to the C. S. S. Florida. Lieutenant Price was attached to the commission which represented the Confederate States in their efforts to secure the recognition of England and France. With this commission he spent six weeks in London and several months in Paris.

Returning to America with the commission, he resumed his command on the Florida and fought until the last day of the war, and, after being demobilized, he walked home.

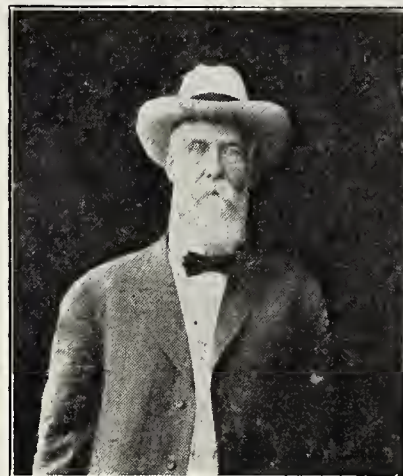
Mr. Price married Miss Susie H. Jones, and a son and daughter were born to them. He is survived by his wife and daughter, also by a brother, Dr. C. S. W. Price, of Meridian, Miss., and two sisters.

For a number of years he was an invalid, following a stroke of paralysis, but his mind was as keen and active as in young manhood, and his interests were wide and varied. His charming personality and unusual mind endeared him to a host of friends who grieve for his passing.

W. R. MCCLELLAN.

On Tuesday night, September 26, 1922, W. R. McClellan passed quietly and peacefully "over the river to rest on the

other side." His wife survives him, their life together having extended over fifty-six years.



W. R. M'CLELLAN.

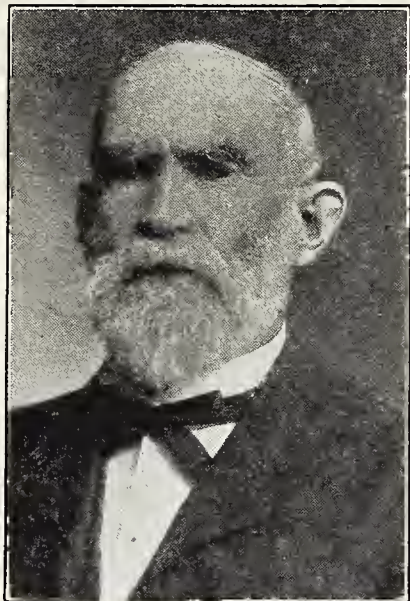
Mr. McClellan was born in Washington County, Tex., on May 5, 1846. He was the youngest child of a family of ten children and was the last one called to the eternal reward. He served in the South during the War between the States, being a volunteer in Company F, 21st Texas Cavalry, Hood's Brigade, and served to the end of the war.

In early life he married Miss Louisa E. Ratliff, of Fannin, Miss., who came to Texas in the fall of 1865. Besides his wife, he is survived by four children, Mrs. H. J. O'Hair, Mrs. Leila M. Johnston, Claud McClellan, and Mrs. W. C. Woodward.

Some men go through life to pile up riches, and for that only, but Mr. McClellan had done more than that, for he leaves behind a name that through more than threescore years and ten was untarnished. He lived to see his children grow up and call him blessed.

CAPT. THOMAS J. BROWN.

On December 31, 1922, at his home in Sherman, Tex., Capt. Thomas J. Brown, aged eighty-four years, bravely answered "Here" to his last roll call and passed over the river to join his comrades under "the shade of the trees." He is survived by his wife, who was Mrs. Eva Wilkinson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., and three sons of the first marriage, his first wife having been Miss Almeda Owings, of Post Oak Springs, who died many years ago. The sons are Dr. Frank Brown, Will, and Thomas Brown, all prominent business men of Sherman, Dallas, and Fort Worth.



CAPT. THOMAS J. BROWN.

Captain Brown had resided for several years in Sherman, moving there from Rockwood, Tenn. Of great business ability, he had amassed a considerable fortune in real estate, farming, and mining interests. For many years a large employer of labor, there was never a strike in his mines. If a miner became ill, he was carried on the pay roll until he recovered; and it was Captain Brown's special care to see that safety and sanitary conditions prevailed in the mines and in the homes.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, he organized a company at Post Oak Springs, his home, and was elected captain. This company became a part of the 16th Tennessee Cavalry Battalion, commanded by his brother-in-law, Col. John R. Neal. The regiment took part in the battle of Chickamauga and other important engagements. He was taken prisoner and sent to Johnson's Island, where he endured many hardships. He was exchanged and returned to his regiment, which, after Lee's surrender, went through to Johnston and, after his surrender, finally laid down arms, but never surrendered. During the war the Brown home at Post Oak Springs was headquarters for Confederate soldiers, who were never charged for their entertainment. One brother, Jack Brown, was killed in the fight at Monticello; and Polk Brown, another brother, fought through the war. He was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson, but was finally exchanged, and was with his regiment when arms were laid down.

Captain Brown is also survived by two sisters—Mrs. Henry T. Patton, of Rockwood, and Mrs. William Wilson, of Rhea Springs—and a brother, Robert F. Brown, of Nashville. He was buried from the Christian Church, of Sherman, of which he had been an active member during his residence there.

Educated at Emory and Henry College in Virginia, Captain Brown, while a practical business man, was literary in his tastes, a man of fine and courtly address, an inspiring, congenial friend among the cultured and best; and to those less fortunate he always extended a helping hand and generous aid and sympathy. A true type of the spirit of the Old South his best heritage was the loftly, manly character that was able, to wrest victory from defeat and to leave the country which his pioneer forefathers had helped to wrest from a wilderness of savage foes a white man's country, standing forth to lead

the world along the paths of progress, peace, and prosperity.

His mother, Mrs. Amanda M. Brown, was a very ardent secessionist, and was widely known throughout the South for her kindness and liberality to the Confederate soldiers. The Federals threatened to send her as a prisoner to Camp Chase. They stripped her large farm entirely of all stock and feed, and persuaded all of her negroes to leave. Only her husband's Masonic monument near the residence saved it from being burned.

DR. G. H. TICHENOR.

Dr. George H. Tichenor, former Commander of the Louisiana Division U. C. V., died at his home in New Orleans on January 14, 1923, at the age of eighty-six years.

Dr. Tichenor was a Kentuckian, born in Ohio County, April 12, 1837, and he was in business at Franklin, Tenn., at the time the war came on in 1861. He enlisted as a private in the Washington County, "Dare Devils," a cavalry troop assigned to McNairy's Battalion. He was made orderly sergeant and served with this command in Tennessee and North Mississippi until his left arm was shattered at Corinth. In the spring of 1863 he was commissioned as enrolling officer at Mill Springs, Tenn., and remained there after the Confederate withdrawal. At that place, with five companions, he captured forty Federal soldiers of the Black Horse Cavalry and delivered them as prisoners at Columbia, Tenn. Later he was appointed as acting assistant surgeon, in which capacity he served during the remainder of the war. He participated in twenty-four engagements and was wounded four times—at Corinth, Miss., Denmark, Medon, and Bolivar, Tenn.

After the war Dr. Tichenor began the practice of medicine at Canton, Miss., and during that practice he evolved the formula of his antiseptic preparation, which built up a successful business. After several years in Canton, he removed to Baton Rouge, La., and then to New Orleans in 1889. He was prominent in the activities of the Confederate veterans of Louisiana, and a citizen of public spirit, always interested in the welfare and growth of his community and State. He was buried in Baton Rouge, attended by comrades of his Camp and Sons of Veterans.

During a furlough granted to him in 1863 on account of wounds, Dr. Tichenor was married to Miss Margaret A. Drane, of Kentucky, who survives him with three sons.

CAPT. JOHN H. LESTER.

Capt. John H. Lester, a native of Alabama, died at the home of his son in Mesa, Ariz., on February 1, 1923, after an illness of two weeks. He was in his eighty-third year, having been born in Lauderdale County, Ala., November 15, 1840.

Captain Lester had been a resident of the Southwest for many years, and was one of the pioneer builders of New Mexico, where he settled, in Luna County, soon after the close of the War between the States. During the war he commanded Company C, 7th and 9th Alabama Cavalry, serving with distinction.

He had contributed to the VETERAN some interesting reminiscences of his service, especially as an escaping prisoner. (See VETERAN for September, 1914). He had been a Mason since 1861.

Five sons and a daughter survive him—Walter V. Lester, of Globe, Ariz.; Frank E. and John H. Lester, Jr., of Mesa, Lee O. Lester, of Baton Rouge, La.; and Miss Alice Lester; of Plancheville, La. He was taken back to Deming, N. Mex., and laid to rest by the side of his wife, the services being in charge of the Masonic Order.

A. P. CLARK, JR.

On September 2, 1922, at his home in McLean, Tex., passed from among us a citizen all should do well to respect and honor; a friend as true as steel; a relative gentle, loving, kind, and considerate.

A. P. Clark, Jr., was born in Calhoun County, Ala., November 30, 1845, and died at the age of seventy-seven years. He grew to young manhood in Calhoun County, and when the War between the States broke out he enlisted, at the age of seventeen years, in Company G, 3rd Alabama Cavalry, and served to the close of the war. After the war was over, he emigrated to Texas and resided in different parts of the State, the greater part of his life being spent at Bartlett, Bell County, Tex. Nearly seventeen years ago he moved to McLean, Gray County, Tex., where he resided until the last roll call. He was a director in the American National Park of McLean for the past fifteen years. He leaves a wife and one brother, and many relatives in Texas and Alabama.

Mr. Clark was a man of sterling worth, a friend to all pure souls. He had climbed the heights and left all superstition far below. He never joined any Church because he could not conscientiously be sectarian. He could not fetter his soul by petty creeds. His ideal was not churchanity, but Christianity. Christ was his guide. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms. He was a worshiper of liberty—a friend of the oppressed.

We who intimately knew him, know how faithfully he discharged all duties, and we also know his feeling toward the premium that has been put on hypocrisy by the worldly people. We know that a noble character has passed off the scene of action. His belief was that good would come to all through faith in a Divine Creator, faithfully obeying his commandments, and awaiting the kingdom of his dear Son.

When the world-wide war was on he tried to cast his influence with his people, being a Southern American. When wheatless, meatless, and almost eatless days were here, he lived very simply. He did not hoard, neither did he want only to spend.

He died as he had lived, a quiet, simple, unworldly life. We know he sleeps the sleep of the just. The largest and noblest faith in all that is and is to be tells us that death even at its worst is only perfect rest.

This neighbor, this citizen, this friend had passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, and was slowly going down the other side. "Becoming weary, he lay down to rest and fell into that dreamless sleep and passed into silence and pathetic dust." Let his friends and comrades to-day write on their hearts: "In Memoriam."

FRANCIS M. COX.

Francis Marion Cox, born near Louisville, Ky., May 2, 1837, died February 1, 1923, at his home in Keytesville, Mo., in his eighty-seventh year. He was buried at Asbury, Mo. He went to Missouri at the age of twenty-one years, and a short time afterwards was married to Mary Jane Cox, of Howard County, and to this union were born ten children, seven of whom survive, five daughters and two sons. He also leaves forty-eight grandchildren, and thirty-five great grandchildren, three great-great grandchildren, and many friends to mourn his departure. His first wife died in December, 1898, and he was again married to Miss Sarah E. Billne, in December, 1901, who survives him. He was a veteran of the War between the States, having served under Gen. Sterling Price.

He lived the life of a consistent Christian from his conversion in 1883.

JOHN C. RUTHERFORD.

Courage, grit, and determination, which dominated the character and being of the Confederate soldier, held fast in the private life of John C. Rutherford, a gallant color bearer of the gray host, who died at his home near Berryville, Va., in February, 1923.



JOHN C. RUTHERFORD.

When John C. Rutherford returned from Elmira Prison in June, 1865, his worldly possessions consisted of one five-cent piece. But with courage unbroken by defeat, his spirit undimmed by the ravages of war in the Valley, he turned his hand to conquer in peace—and he did. He went to work at ten dollars a month, and for that wage worked ten years, out of it saving a thousand dollars, with which he made his start as a farmer.

At his death he owned four fine farms in Clarke County, and was estimated as a wealthy man, all made in farming.

John Rutherford was born at Edinburg, Shenandoah County, Va., in December, 1842, of English ancestry. His grandfather went from Tennessee to Frederick County, Va., where he married Mary Carter. At the time of the War between the States his parents were living in Augusta County. John Rutherford enlisted as a Confederate soldier with Company F, Capt. James Baumgardner's Company of the 52nd Regiment Virginia Volunteers, and was later made color bearer and corporal, and as a soldier he performed his duties faithfully. He was in the thickest of some of the battles of his regiment, and had several narrow escapes. While he was assistant color bearer, he grasped the flag as the color bearer went down and kept it waving as the battle raged. He was slightly wounded twice. At the battle of Cold Harbor he was captured and sent to Elmira Prison until the end of the war. In that prison he had as narrow escapes as on the battle field, on one occasion having to bunk with a comrade sick with smallpox; but he never contracted the disease. While in prison he was compelled to work, and the ration of whisky with which the prisoners were rewarded he traded for bread and meat, as he was strictly temperate.

After twelve months of prison life he was released, and started home, making the trip partly on foot. Encountering a swollen river near Staunton, and not having the money to pay the charge demanded by the boatman to carry him over, he jumped into the river and swam and waded to the other side, reaching Staunton at night, and then walked thirteen miles to his father's home before morning.

Shortly after the war he entered the employ of his uncle on his farm in Frederick County, and gave the best that was in him to that vocation. He married his cousin, Miss Estelle Rutherford, who died some twenty years ago. Five sons and three daughters survive him.

John Rutherford was a man of retiring nature and the soul of courtesy, helpful in that kindly way which won the affection of neighbors and fellow citizens. Death came to him as gently as the closing of a quiet day, and he was laid to rest in the Mount Hebron Cemetery at Winchester, attended by many relatives and friends.

MISS ANNIE WINGFIELD CLAYBROOKE.

Entered into rest December 4, 1922, at her home in Nashville, Tenn., Miss Annie Wingfield Claybrooke, daughter of the late John S. and Mary Perkins Claybrooke.

She was born near Triune, Williamson County, Tenn., at the family home, "Brookland," where she spent the greater part of her life. She was descended, through her father, from the Wingfields, Wallers, Garlands, Overtons, and Claybrookes, of Virginia, and on the maternal side, from the Lees, Fearn, and Perkinses, of Virginia, her ancestors on both sides having rendered distinguished service to their country in Colonial and Revolutionary times. Her father, a native of Virginia, came to Tennessee when a young man and became a leading citizen of the State, always taking an active part in promoting its welfare and upbuilding, and her mother, in her beautiful character, represented the highest type of Southern womanhood. Having lost her mother when young, Miss Annie unselfishly devoted her life to her father and family. She was modest and retiring, with a brilliant mind, idolized by her family and beloved by all with whom she was closely associated. Her lovable disposition won friendships which lasted through life. She loved the Word of God, and her character was built on faith and established on principle.

She was a true daughter of the South and ever felt a deep interest in the Confederate cause and all connected with it. Though quite young during the war, she passed through many experiences, retaining a vivid recollection of the stirring events of those memorable days. Her brothers, Maj. Frederick and Samuel P. Claybrooke, were brave Confederate soldiers, Major Claybrooke having given his life for his country.

The following is a beautiful tribute from the Franklin Chapter, U. D. C., of which she was a member:

"A noble life closed just as the sun went down on Monday, December 4, 1922, when Miss Annie W. Claybrooke passed from earth. With sad hearts, we pen these lines in loving sympathy to the fond sisters, who so tenderly cared for her through many months of ill health.

"She was a woman of lofty principles and most lovable and charming personality, beautiful of feature, and won friends of every one with whom she came in contact. She loved her Church and lived her religion in daily life; while health permitted, she was ever ready to help in its work and obligations. She was devoted to the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy and loved the Southern cause, having lost a noble, brave brother in the Confederate army. For several years she was President of the Franklin Chapter U. D. C., and won the love of every member. After making her home in Nashville, she still kept her membership with the Franklin Chapter. Her passing has taken from us one of our much-loved members. Her presence with us was an inspiration.

"Miss Annie Claybrooke was possessed of the rarest and

highest qualities of refined and cultured womanhood. We deeply deplore her passing from us. Our hearts go out in love and sympathy to the devoted sisters in their great bereavement. Our prayer is that they may be comforted, guided, and sustained by the conscious presence of Him who said: 'Lo, I am with you always.'"

Mrs. R. N. Richardson, Mrs. Y. L. Cowan, Mrs. Newton Cannon, *Committee*.

She was always ready and glad to honor the Veterans, and in May, 1902, on behalf of Franklin Chapter, she presented the Southern Cross of Honor to two hundred veterans of Williamson County, when she delivered the following address:

"I am here as the representative of the Daughters of the Franklin Chapter to bestow on you, the brave soldiers of old Williamson, the Southern Cross of Honor. I have no language in which to express my feelings on this occasion. To me it is a great privilege, and I feel conscious of the sacred trust committed to my care. It has ever been the glorious mission of woman to honor the brave, whether in victory or defeat; and what was true of those women of old, is true of the woman of to-day, for she is ready to honor the living soldier with the garlands of victory, and to shed tears over the graves of the fallen, as were those mothers of old. In all time to come, you, brave defenders of our beloved and beautiful Southland, will challenge the admiration of the whole world, for the dauntless courage and endurance of the Southern soldier is without parallel. We feel we have every reason to be proud of Tennessee, for we know her sons have acquitted themselves with honor on every field, and second to none were the soldiers of Williamson; and while no

special distinction can be claimed by any one county of our Volunteer State, we love to feel the boys of Williamson were among the bravest of the brave. The Cross has ever been to all Christian nations the symbol of self-sacrifice, fit emblem, we think, for our Confederate soldier, whose life during the four years' struggle was nothing if not one of self-sacrifice. Now, on behalf of the Daughters of the Franklin Chapter, with a heart full of devotion and gratitude, I give to each one of you, our brave defenders, this Southern Cross of Honor, a testimonial of your courage and fidelity, for you were faithful when it meant much to be faithful, courageous when it meant much to be courageous.

"You fought your battles alone.

Famine and numbers were your only conquerors;

These made you lay your colors down.'

"To those who see this cross upon your breast, it will be an emblem of your fidelity to the cause of right and the principles for which you fought. Wear this as a token that you proved yourselves worthy of the grand Confederate ranks, and when life's battles are ended and you have gone to join

(Continued on page 155.)



MISS ANNIE W. CLAYBROOKE.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*.

520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
 MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, Riverside, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Third Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *Recording Secretary General*
 MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
 MRS. ST. JOHN ALLISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
 MISS IDA POWELL, 1447 E. Marquette Road, Chicago, Ill. *Registrar General*
 MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
 MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: By the time this letter reaches you, we shall be in New Orleans enjoying the reunion of the Confederate veterans, an event to which we look forward from year to year. It is the opportunity that our organization has to give joy and happiness to our veterans, and there are many Divisions that see that their veterans are accompanied by a delegation of Daughters, who are watchful of their condition from the time they leave until they return to their destination.

To these Divisions no word of warning is necessary; but there are others not so well organized, and it is to them that I am giving this word of counsel. I learned with much pleasure that the Virginia Division has committees at each station where the trains passed through their State, with refreshments to serve the veterans on their way to and from the reunion.

May I ask that this splendid idea be carried out in all the States through which the veterans pass on the way to Louisiana?

I am planning to remain South until after May 19, and I am asking your consideration for letters that remain unanswered during that period. My journeyings to visit the different conventions and Chapters will make it impossible for me to receive letters, save those of vital importance.

Jefferson Davis Monument.—It is difficult to realize that this letter will not reach you until nearly two months after the birthday of General Washington, but it was at the celebration of that event that I was deeply impressed by the remark of one of the speakers, who stated that the monument to George Washington in the capital of the United States, towering as it did above all other memorials, indicated that this nation held him in a like manner above all others. As this was said, a desire came that we of the South should record our veneration for the only President of the Confederacy in the same way, by raising the shaft at his birthplace to its full height, and by doing it at once, showing to the world by this glorious tribute that we honored our President because he was willing to suffer for the same principles for which Washington stood.

In following up this line of thought, let me say that I have read the book, "Jefferson Davis, His Life and Personality," by General Morris Schaff, a Union officer, and it is the finest exposition of Mr. Davis's reasons for his position and the right of the South in the War between the States that has been given to the public for some time. There is nothing in the book that will be new to a Southerner, but it will come as a revelation to those of the North who are sufficiently interested to read it. It is indeed a tribute to our President, and can we, after this, permit his monument to remain unfinished?

Minutes of the Birmingham Convention are now passing through the second reading of the proof, which ought to assure you of their completion by the middle of April. There

were many things acted upon at the convention which are of especial interest to the Chapters. I refer to the reports of the Committees on "Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books," "Historical Proof for Eligibility," and the resolutions of Mrs. Norris in reference to the literature for the Jefferson Davis Monument (which you have already received). In the first report, the Chairman, Miss Hanna, offered the following recommendations, which were adopted, and consequently became obligatory: "The Chairman recommends that the convention ask the Division Presidents to organize 'Southern Literature and Textbook Committees' in their several States, the chairman of these committees to form the general committee under a general chairman, appointed by the President General." "And also that we place the VETERAN in the libraries of the Sorbonne, Bodleian, and the Library of Parliament; this to be made permanent by an annual appropriation from the general organization." In the second report the committee laid down ten rules, any one of which will admit a woman to membership. If these are studied by the Registrars after the Minutes are issued, there should be no further difficulty in knowing what constitutes "Historical Proof for Eligibility."

Rhode Island—Another State Enrolled.—On Wednesday, February 28, with the weather bureau reporting the worst day of the winter, it was my pleasure to journey to Providence to assist in forming the "Rhode Island Chapter" of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. We owe this progressive step to the praiseworthy interest of the Boston Chapter. A member of that Chapter, Mrs. Frank S. Cannon, having moved to Providence, became interested and, with the aid of Mrs. James M. Head, President of the Boston Chapter, and Mrs. W. E. Lincoln, a member, succeeded in arousing sufficient interest to justify their appeal to me for my coöperation. I spent a day with them, during the course of which I attended a most enthusiastic meeting, at which the necessary action was taken toward securing a charter. One member of the Chapter is to be a Sponsor for the Eastern Division at the Confederate reunion in New Orleans.

You will be interested to know that a response has been received from Mr. Will Hays in reply to my letter to him, published in the VETERAN, stating that the Arbuckle films had been withdrawn. It is gratifying to know that public opinion was sufficiently strong to force Mr. Hays to abandon his purpose of presenting these pictures again to the public.

The only comment needed is that sufficient pressure has brought about favorable results; let us always be watchful.

South Carolina Enacted an Important Law when the bill passed that provides that "slaves who served the State and their masters in the Confederate army during the war shall be granted pensions" under virtually the same conditions as those now paid to Confederate veterans.

Anniversaries.—As the convention which is to be held in Washington in November will be our thirtieth, it, therefore, records the passing of another decade, which should not be ignored by us, but which should be used as an opportunity to celebrate the completion of many of those obligations which we have under consideration and should bring to a close this administration with the happy consolation that it has not been unfruitful. It will be the twentieth consecutive convention that I have attended, and will show the progress made in these intervening years. In order that you may join with me in the full enjoyment of this event and make it a fitting celebration, I shall refer to it in my letters from time to time until the spirit of this occasion shall have reached every member and enthused her with the great opportunity which lies before us to make our meeting in the national capital the greatest in our history.

In Memoriam.—The sympathy of every member of the New York Division goes out to its Treasurer, Mrs. George B. Dermody, upon the sudden death of her husband on February 26. This is a real sorrow to the Division, as his devotion to the cause made him a warm friend to all those who had the privilege of knowing him.

My love and prayers are with you during this holy Easter-tide, and may it's joy and richest blessings, the consciousness of service well done in His name, be with you each and every-one.

Faithfully and fraternally yours,

LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

The editor of this department asks that those who send in material bear in mind that what is sent by the first of each month does not appear for *six weeks*. If you will remember that my notes are sent to the VETERAN on the fourth of each month, the same to be published in the issue of the *succeeding* month, then you will see that what we want are items of general interest and of sufficient importance that interest in them will not be lessened by delay. We ask general officers and chairmen of General U. D. C. committees to send announcements and items of interest from their respective departments.

* * *

That the Arkansas Division began the new year in a way to bring about results is shown by the following, sent by Mrs. William Stillwell, of Little Rock: "The Executive Board met for the first time under the leadership of the new Division President, Mrs. George Gill, of Little Rock, for an all-day session in the home of Mrs. J. T. Beal. The session was begun in a most appropriate manner by all present repeating with the President a pledge to give the best within them to the work for the year. Enthusiasm was kindled afresh in each heart, and the earnestness with which the pledge was given portends faithful service for the coming months. A busy day followed discussing plans for perfecting scholarship funds; establishing a fund for the use of the Division President in visiting each Chapter in the State, taking a message direct of interest, instruction, and encouragement; offering extra prizes for essays from schools on subjects pertaining to the South; and passing a resolution to interest the members of the legislature, now in session, in having a fourth star added to the State flag, indicating the four governments under which Arkansas has existed—English, French, Spanish, and Confederate.

"Mrs. W. E. Massey, Hot Springs, Third Vice President General, has issued an 8-page folder that covers in a compre-

hensive way every possible phase of the work among the children of the Confederacy. No director can afford to be without it."

* * *

Mrs. Margaret Prewett Garfield, of San Francisco, writes of the plans for the twenty-third annual convention of the California Division to be held in Berkeley, beginning May 9 and of the marvelous energy brought into her administration by Mrs. F. E. Ross, the recognition of whose ability by the general U. D. C. is a matter of intense gratification to California Daughters. All California Chapters have been vigorous in efforts to carry on the work and add to membership, and many have given very splendid and unusual social affairs with talented members and artists on the programs.

* * *

Mrs. J. M. DeWese, of Denver, has been elected Historian of the Colorado Division, a vacancy being caused by the death of Mrs. Rosa Bowden, who filled the office so long and so well.

The Colorado Division desires to express it's deep sorrow at the death of its Historian, Mrs. Rosa Marion Bowden, who passed away December 31, 1922. She was one of the most valuable members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and her brilliant achievements along historical lines brought to this Division for many years in succession the much-coveted prize of the general organization offered for the best historical work done by a small Division.

* * *

Mrs. Frank Harrold, President of the Georgia Division, has issued a calendar for 1923, in which for each month are listed those things that have first claim on the time of Georgia Daughters. It is arranged in a most comprehensive and systematic way, and will be productive of worth-while results in this progressive Division.

* * *

The Louisiana Division is looking forward with great pleasure to the annual State convention which convenes on May 1, in Baton Rouge, the beautiful capital city of Louisiana, when it will have for its honored guest Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, President General. This is the first time the President General has attended the convention of the Louisiana Division, and great interest is manifested by the Chapters throughout the State.

Among the many committees appointed for the Confederate reunion which meets in New Orleans April 11-13 is the Hospitality Committee, of which Mrs. Charles Granger is general chairman, with Mrs. Paul Jahncke, vice chairman and Mrs. George Denegre second vice chairman and Mrs. F. C. Kolman, President of the Division, *ex officio*. Among the activities planned by this committee will be open headquarters of the Daughters of the Confederacy, where it is hoped all visiting Daughters will call and register, as well as Confederate veterans, Sons of Veterans, and the Ladies' Memorial Association.

Another affair of much importance will be the reception on April 11, at the Soldier's Home of Louisiana, of which Mrs. George Denegre has been appointed chairman.

The birthday anniversary of Gen. Alfred Mouton, on Sunday, February 18, was observed by a special program held the next afternoon at the Mouton monument in Lafayette, La., under the auspices of the Gen. Alfred Mouton Chapter, with Mrs. Charles O. Mouton, President of the Chapter, in general charge of the arrangements.

Through Mrs. Preston Power, of Baltimore, we learn of the irreparable loss sustained by the Maryland Daughters in the death of Rev. Dr. William Meade Dame, "an absolutely unreconstructed Confederate, a staunch friend, a most beloved Southern gentleman, and a devout Christian."

An interesting meeting of the Children of the Confederacy Auxiliary to Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, is reported, the subject being "Jefferson Davis—His Early Life in Kentucky," and "Cadet Days at the U. S. Military Academy" being the subjects of two papers.

The amount of \$108 for the Maury Monument, reported last month as donated by the Division Board, was collected by Mrs. Jackson Brandt instead.

* * *

Cupid has been very busy in Mississippi, evidenced by the following: "Standing upon the front portico of the old home of Jefferson Davis, three veterans of the Southern army (one of whom has passed his eightieth milestone and the other two within one year of it), inmates of the Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir, were married on February 18 to three widows of Confederate veterans, all of whom are over seventy years. The triple ceremony was performed by Rev. H. W. Vanhook, President of the Seashore Camp Ground School, before a crowd that taxed the spacious lawn in front of the Home, people from nearby towns attending the ceremony."

* * *

From Miss Virginia Wilkinson, of Kansas City, we learn that the six U. D. C. Chapters of that city were hostesses for the annual gathering of the Confederate veterans of Missouri in a two-day session, and right royally did these loyal Daughters entertain their heroes in gray. The mayor of Kansas City extended to them a hearty welcome. The orator for the opening evening was Hon. E. M. Stayton, a colonel in the World War. Col. A. A. Pearson was elected Commander of the U. C. V. of Missouri, to succeed Gen. W. C. Branaugh, who was made Honorary Commander for life.

Although it is late for Christmas notes, we can't resist the following: The veterans in the Confederate Home at Higginsville had distributed to them more than one thousand individual gifts from an immense tree. The Missouri Division sent a Brunswick phonograph. The six Kansas City Chapters had a radio set installed in time for Christmas, over which the veterans received the special program broadcasted by the Atlanta *Constitution* January 19. Many other gifts for the Home came from Chapters. Can any Division exceed this in attention to its veterans?

* * *

The Daughters of the Washington Division are in nowise behind their Southern sisters in showing appreciation of the veterans. Recently the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Seattle, entertained for the twelve veterans of the John B. Gordon Camp, as is the annual custom. The wives of the veterans shared in the festivities.

The Dixie Chapter, of Tacoma, held an all-day meeting for their seven veterans and their wives. Each veteran was given a subscription to the *VETERAN*.

* * *

Mrs. H. M. Williams, Historian, sends an interesting account of the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Henry A. Wise Chapter, of Cape Charles, Va., a Chapter that has grown in that time from nine members (charter) to forty-two. Not only does this Chapter support all enterprises promoted by the U. D. C., but coöperates with local organizations in all movements for social and educational betterment. Medals are offered in the high school, and recently the Chap-

ter presented the "Library of Southern Literature" to the high school. A copy of "The Chesapeake Bay Country" will be presented to the Northampton Memorial Library as soon as it comes from the press.

* * *

Miss Kavanaugh requests a careful reading of these new rules governing the Mrs. John C. Brown Memorial Prize Essay. These prizes are so worth while and the subject so important for our boys and girls that every Chapter should endeavor to interest pupils in competing for them.

The rules of the contest are as follows:

SUBJECT: "PEACE."

1. First prize, \$50; second prize, \$30; third prize, U. D. C. gold medal.
2. Only pupils in last year of high school and preparatory (for college) schools are eligible to compete for prize.
3. Papers must be typewritten, double spaced on best quality of typewriting paper. Sheets must be put together between heavy paper commonly used for covers to typewritten papers and caught together at side so as to open like the ordinary pamphlet.
4. Length of paper, not over 2,500 words.
5. Bibliography must be attached at close of paper.
6. Two copies of papers must also be sent, and these may be carbon, if distinct, and need not be bound.
7. All papers must be sent to the State chairman of committee to handle them not later than June 15, 1923, which committee shall have them passed upon by a competent committee of educators, sending paper receiving best mark to the Chairman of the U. D. C. Peace Essay Committee, Miss Mollie Kavanaugh, 408 East Fifth Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., not later than September 15, 1923, who will turn them over to a committee for reëxamination and awarding of prize.
8. Each State appoints its own committee for handling this work.

* * *

At a meeting of the City Federation of Women's Clubs of New York City in February Mrs. James Henry Parker, President of the New York Chapter and ex-President of the New York Division, was invited to address the meeting on "The Aims of the U. D. C." From the following we may see the dignified presentation of the subject as given by Mrs. Parker:

"It would be a grievous error for anyone to imagine that the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a body of Southern women 95,000 strong, were banded together for the purpose of perpetuating any sectional feeling or encouraging any bitterness of spirit between the North and South in memory of that disastrous War between the States which rent our country in twain, and which, occurring as it did over half a century ago, was not even an actual experience in the lives of many of us.

"During the twenty-third years I have had the honor of representing the New York Chapter U. D. C., I have strongly opposed everything which would tend to wound or antagonize any inhabitant of this great, wonderful city, to which so many of the sons and daughters of the Southland have come to make their home, and let me assure you, ladies, that they would spring to her defense were it needful so to do as quickly and loyally as any one of you.

"The objects of the U. D. C. are benevolent, educational, historical, and patriotic, and to these our Chapter has added relief work, aiding the many Southerners who come here to obtain employment, fail to do so, and get stranded in the great metropolis. I could tell you some pitiful stories about these.

"Our organization stood before the world in the Great War for its wonderful work in France and here. Every Division of the U. D. C. endowed a bed in the hospital at Neuilly, and after the war a fund of \$50,000 was raised for scholarships for our boys whose education had been interrupted to take up arms.

"We naturally take care of our Confederate veterans and their wives and widows, and Homes for this purpose are established all over the South. Do you know that we extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific; that we have Chapters in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Seattle, and all over the State of California, all doing splendidly their splendid work, lovingly, harmoniously, enthusiastically?

"We are Southerners always, following the traditions of our beloved Southland, in courtesy, consideration for others, and gentle breeding, glorying in, and believing them, but we are Americans as well, and we are as loyal to, and love as deeply, that beautiful flag of these re-United States, as any member of your Northland, or any one of the millions living in the great city we all call home."

* * *

Miss Edythe Loryea, publicity chairman for South Carolina, tells us this month the plans and prizes for historical work in her Division:

"The historical work of the Division for 1923 has already assumed definite shape under the direction of the Historical Department, consisting of the Division Historian, Mrs. J. Frost Walker, of Union, as Chairman, and the four District Historians. The Yearbooks were issued early in the year, and are most attractive and complete. In compliment to the Historian General, Mrs. St. J. Alison Lawton, of Charleston, the same programs were used as she arranged for the General U. D. C.

"The Division offers many interesting contests, among which we note the following: John C. Calhoun medal, offered by Mrs. St. J. Alison Lawton, to the student in the junior class of the University of South Carolina, the Citadel, or Clemson College, for the best paper on John C. Calhoun, South Carolina's exponent of State Rights; Eloise Welch Wright prize, a ten dollar cash prize offered by Drayton Rutherford Chapter, of Newberry, to the Chapter filing the largest number of sketches of World War soldiers of Confederate ancestry or connection, each paper to include some record of the Confederate connection; Andrew Jackson Ward medal, offered by Mrs. J. H. West, of Newberry, to the daughter of the Confederacy filing largest number of reminiscences of men and women of the sixties; the Calvin Crozier Chapter, of Newberry, offers a medal to any student in the young women's colleges of the State for best essay on 'The South, the Preserver of Pure Americanism;' Sue M. Abney prize of five dollars in gold, offered by Mrs. A. A. Woodson, through the Edgefield Chapter, for the best poem on 'South Carolina in 1861.' A loving cup is offered by the Division to the Chapter filing the largest number of historical papers. This cup is contested for each year."

* * *

We welcome Miss Decca Lamar West as correspondent from the Texas Division and ask that you note especially the splendid memorial from the Texas Division to the soldiers of the World War.

"Miss Carlisle, of Austin, Division Chairman of Education, has recently been appointed on the General U. D. C. Committee of Education by Mrs. Schuyler.

"The chief work of the Texas Division for the year 1922 was for a permanent scholarship in the University of Texas.

It was the great ambition of the retiring President and the Educational Committee that this fund be complete, and they congratulate themselves that from all sources the Division convention finished the pledge of \$5,000, which will be available by September 1, when it will be presented by the Division to the State University as a perpetual scholarship—a memorial to the soldiers of the World War who were also descendants of Confederate veterans. The scholarships will be given to a returned soldier as long as one wishes to avail himself of it, and after that to a descendant of a Confederate veteran, either boy or girl, specialization in American history being one of the requirements.

"The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of El Paso, is working to endow a scholarship in the School of Mines, which is also a Department of the State University.

"We noticed recently that a lady ninety-three years old claimed to be the oldest living Daughter of the Confederacy. We believe Texas can beat that record with Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher, of Austin, who is ninety-six years old. Mrs. Fisher is a very noted woman in Texas. She was born in the Republic of Texas, was rescued from the Indians (after her parents were massacred) by those gallant soldiers of a heroic past, Gens. Mirabeau B. Lamar and Albert Sydney Johnston. The writer recently had a delightful interview with Mrs. Fisher, who is almost blind, but brilliant and alert mentally. She was most interested in hearing of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, who is her lifelong friend, and whom she hopes to meet at Galveston on April 21, for a convention of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas.

"The Texas Division is very proud of these two brilliant women, whose eventful careers would make wonderful biographies, personal friends of Houston, Lamar, Reagan, Lubbock, Jefferson Davis, and a host of other soldier-statesmen of the Old South."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR U. D. C. PROGRAM, MAY, 1923.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN, APRIL, 1862.

McClellan at Fortress Monroe with 100,000 men.

Magruder, at Yorktown with 11,000 Confederates, delayed the Federals.

General Magruder, Joseph E. Johnston retreated up the Peninsula.

Williamsburg, May 5, 1862.

Seven Pines, May 31-June 1, 1862.

Joseph E. Johnston wounded,

General Robert E. Lee put in command.

McClellan calls for reënforcements.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY, MAY, 1923.

Jefferson Davis: Colonel of Mississippi Volunteers in War with Mexico, 1846.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

CONVENTION CALL.

My Dear Coworkers: LET ME AGAIN URGE THAT EVERY ASSOCIATION BE REPRESENTED AT THE NEW ORLEANS C. S. M. A. CONVENTION APRIL 10 TO 13, GRUNEWALD HOTEL HEAD QUARTERS.

The Passing of Our Editor, Lollie Belle Wylie.—Just at the break of the dawn of the new day on February 16, the soul of Lollie Belle Wylie winged its flight out of the sunshine and shadows of life into the resplendent glory of her Lord and Master. As a friend from childhood and associated for the past five years with her as Editor of our C. S. M. A. page, it is a sweet privilege to pay tribute to one whose life carries so beautiful a lesson. Left widowed with two small daughters at the age of twenty-seven, when after the War between the States the South had not recovered, but lay prostrate, desolated by fire and sword, Mrs. Wylie, having suffered financial losses common to all within the wake of the enemy, began to develop a literary talent of high order. She chose the field of journalism for her life work, and through influential friends secured a position on the *Atlanta Journal*, was a pioneer in carrying a Woman's Department, which was so successful as to attract attention from leading periodicals, to many of which she became a valued contributor. Developing her poetic genius, she wrote and compiled two volumes of verse, some of which found appreciation and translation in the Spanish, French, and even the language of far off India. A rare type of woman, loyal to her friends to a degree rarely met with, just to those who disagreed with her, her ideals were to uplift, never to drag down. A devoted mother, and the charm and sweetness of her nature drew to her the tender devotion of those who were of the inner circle of her beautiful life. May angels guard and guide thee into the Father's house eternal in the heavens!

Memorial Day.—What a glorious record, Memorial Women, that for more than half a century, aye, for almost sixty years, you have not faltered or wavered in your loyal devotion to the idols of the Southland, the matchless heroes of undying fame, whose valorous deeds grow brighter with the passing years. Now that our day of memories, our Memorial Day, again approaches, wreath your garlands, make beautiful the mounds dotting a thousand hills, where every grave is a holy shrine, kept sacred by the precious memories of their valiant deeds. Keep your vigil, see that the records of the yet unwritten history shall so exalt our heroic dead that to the coming generations the glory of the story shall so illuminate, so penetrate the coming manhood of the South as to set again upon a pinnacle the noble deeds, gentle spirit, and heroic devotion to duty yet unparalleled. Bring every child within

the radius of your influence into the loving service of the Memorial Hour, and teach them the exalted privilege which is their birthright and heritage.

May the coming of Memorial Day with all of its sacred memories prove a benediction to each one of you.

The present issue carries a message from our dear Historian General freighted with wise counsel, and is an open sesame to wonderful progress if you but catch the vision which she is illuminating with wondrously fascinating bits of heretofore unwritten history. Do not, let me beg of you, lay it aside until you have culled from each article the feast which her labor has prepared for you just for the taking. In this Miss Rutherford is doing a work of inestimable value and giving food for serious thought and study, and much that in justice to ourselves, if we are true to our traditions, we cannot afford to pass lightly over.

May the joys of the Eastertide abide with you.

Yours in loving service,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General.*

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE C. S. M. A.

Our President General has given me this space this month to send a message to you. I rejoice in this opportunity given me.

Let me first greet you as coworkers in a good cause, then urge you to stand by the work loyally and true. We have a work that is our own, and should not interfere with that of any other organization.

Our work is *memorial* and *historical*, and to these objects we should cling tenaciously. When the Memorial Associations in 1894 found they could not do all the work needed along Confederate lines, they organized and interested younger women in the Daughters of the Confederacy, not forsaking the memorial and historical work, but in expanding the historical work along with benevolent, educational, and social work.

HISTORICAL OUTLINE OF THE MEMORIAL WORK.

- Vol. I. History of the Ladies Aid Societies.
- Vol. II. History of the Wayside Homes.
- Vol. III. History of aid given to surgeons in hospital work in the camp.
- Vol. IV. History of aid given to Confederate prisoners.
- Vol. V. The religious life in the camp.
- Vol. VI. History of the Ladies' Memorial Associations: When, where, why, and by whom organized?
- Vol. VII. Removal of Confederate dead from the battle fields and tell difficulties encountered.

Vol. VIII. Names of cemeteries under the care of the Memorial Associations.

Vol. IX. Locate the monuments to the Confederate soldiers before 1895.

Vol. X. Secure the history of the erection with inscriptions.

Vol. XI. Locate monuments erected since 1895 in conjunction with Daughters of the Confederacy or Veterans.

Vol. XII. Prepare scrapbooks containing photographs or kodak pictures of these monuments erected in your own town and State.

(Use uniform paper, 7x9 inches, with 1½-inch margin, so that volumes may be same as the U. D. C. volumes, which are a continuation of same history.)

All members of the Memorial Associations should be members of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and all Daughters of the Confederacy should be members of the Memorial Associations. There should be no jealousy or rivalry between the two. The organizations, while kept separate as to outline of work, are the same in spirit and should work side by side in a beautiful spirit of harmony.

Preserve carefully the Memorial Day Banner I sent to each Association, also the Scrapbook. I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the interest you have taken in the scrapbook venture. It proves to me your personal interest in preserving history. My pamphlet, "The South Must Have Her Rightful Place in History," is in press now, and a copy will be sent to each Association. See that this is filed for reference, *for it is history much needed.*

And now, coworkers, a final word: Every Association should have a historian. On the fifteenth day of March your Historian General will expect that historian to fill out the blank sent and return to her in order that her report can be made and given at the time of reunion at New Orleans, La., which will be April 9, 10, 11, 1923.

Trusting to meet many of you in New Orleans, I am

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD,

Historian General, C. S. M. A.

REPRESENTATIVE VETERANS.

The following list of Confederate comrades living near Whiteville, Tenn., was furnished by L. C. Howse, one of them and a loyal patron of the VETERAN, and he says they can be reached by addressing Whiteville:

W. E. Hazlewood, aged 79, served with Company E, Forrest's old regiment; Jasper Smith, 85, Company F, 14th Tennessee Cavalry; Charlie Phillips, 77, Company A, 59th Tennessee Infantry, A. N. V.; J. L. Gibson, 79, Company C, 7th Mississippi Cavalry; R. G. Pepper, 77, Company F, 14th Tennessee Cavalry; John M. Prewitt, 78, Company B, 4th Tennessee Infantry; A. J. Keller, 80, Captain Ruffin's Company, Newsom's Brigade; T. D. Coffey, 82, Company D, 9th Tennessee Infantry; J. S. Howse, 76, Company K, 14th Tennessee Cavalry; L. C. Howse, 77, Company K, 14th Tennessee Cavalry; Capt. N. E. Wood, 84, Company E, Forrest's old regiment; M. W. Prewitt, 76, Company D, 18th Mississippi Cavalry; John I. Bruce, 80, 9th Tennessee Infantry; A. P. Felts, 78.

NEARING THE CENTURY MARK.—W. V. Garner was born January 13, 1830, in Murray County, Ga., and enlisted from Crawford County, Ga., in 1861, in Company G, 45th Georgia Regiment, the late Chief Justice Thomas J. Simmons, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, being colonel of the regiment. He is now in the ninety-fourth year of his age and a resident of Upson County, Ga.—*J. E. F. Matthews, Thomaston, Ga.*

MISS ANNIE WINGFIELD CLAYBROOKE.

(Continued from page 149.)

your comrades whose names are written among immortals, we feel that your loved ones left behind will treasure this Southern Cross of Honor as a priceless heritage."

Miss Claybrooke was a member of the Episcopal Church and with its beautiful service was laid to rest in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Franklin, Tenn., the services conducted by Rev. Willis Y. Clark, of Christ Episcopal Church, Nashville. Three sisters are left to mourn their loss.

GAVE FOUR SONS TO THE CONFEDERACY.

Mathias C. Potts, who lived near Valley Head, in Randolph County, Va. (now W. Va.), furnished four sons for the Confederate army, whose names were Benjamin Franklin, James Newton, Lanty Gatewood, and Mathias Porter Hamilton Potts.

Benjamin, the oldest son, enlisted as a private in Company F, 31st Virginia Infantry, at Hattonsville, May 24, 1861, but in 1862 he was transferred to McClannahan's Battery, Imboden's Brigade, and served with courage and distinction as orderly sergeant till the close of the war.

James N. Potts also enlisted in Company F, 31st Virginia Infantry, on May 24, 1861, and was elected lieutenant. In May, 1862, he was transferred to cavalry and served under the gallant Cap. W. D. Ervin, in Company G, 18th Virginia Cavalry, Imboden's Brigade, and soon thereafter was elected lieutenant. In this capacity he served until the fall of 1864, when he was detailed as adjutant of the 18th Virginia Cavalry. During the summer and fall of 1864, he had three fine horses killed under him, and two others so wounded as to be unfit for service. He had many narrow escapes, but came through without a wound and was paroled at Staunton, Va., on May 24, 1865, just four years from date of enlistment.

On account of bad health, J. G. Potts did not enter the service until 1862, then he served with his brother in Company G, 18th Virginia Cavalry, with distinguished bravery until wounded and captured in Pennsylvania on the way to the great battle of Gettysburg. He was then carried off to prison, where he languished until after the close of the war.

Mathias P. H. Potts was just a boy when the war began, but finally, in 1863, as Judge Watts said of himself, he was too young to keep out, so he mounted his horse and joined the 20th Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Arnett, and served with honor and distinction to the end.

Of these brothers, three are still living—J. Newton Potts, whose home is at Huntington, W. Va.; Rev. Gatewood Potts, near Elkins; and Rev. Hamilton Potts, at Palm Bay, Ala., the latter two being ministers of the gospel.

THE MASTER.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS.

The gray dust shrouds the marching hosts,
Whose grim and silent ranks,
Like fleeting, phantom, gray-clad ghosts,
File westward "on the flanks."

Deep trenched, the hungry cannon yawn,
All restive for the fray—
But, hark! That thunder with the dawn—
"It's Jackson—leagues away!"

"Old Jack!" The master, pawn of fate,
Wars chessboard on thy knee—
How could opponents hope to mate
"Old Stonewall—where IS he!"

Confederate Veteran.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Richmond, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton, Denver, Colo.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.

[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

SONS TO THE FORE.

DO THEY LOVE US STILL IN DIXIE?—At this reunion time, this query, which Stephen D. Lee put into the mouths of old Confeds who had crossed over the river and were resting under the shade of the trees and who thus greeted old comrades just arriving at this final camping ground seems most appropriate to call to mind. While we can, as a body, throw up our hands and fervently answer "Aye," some there be, alas! whose conduct, whose indifference, whose actual line of thought and belief might well cause the answer, on their individual parts, to be "No." Here is Stephen D. Lee's "Commission to the Sons," given out just before his death. "To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved, and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish."

VIRGINIA DIVISION "HANDBOOK."—The Virginia Division, Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va., Commander, has done itself proud in the production of a "Handbook," which is one of the best things this proud Division has ever done. It is an attractively gotten up booklet, with handsome cover, and chuckful of information of all description, leading off with a splendid "Foreword" from Commander Hopkins. It contains a roster of Division and Brigade and Camp officers, and a complete Constitution of the Division, the expense of including which in this publication was borne by Comrade J. Sheppard Potts, of Stonewall Jackson Camp, Richmond Va. This booklet will do great good, and it sets an example for proper spirit, energy, and efficiency which it would be well for us to bear in mind and try to follow.

O, TUT, TUT!—Mr. H. L. Mencken is a writer who generally stirs up the dust, as well as the ire, of many of his readers. The following regarding Lincoln's Gettysburg address will doubtless cause many of the faithful to rise from their knees, emit loud cries, and spit fire! Mr. Mencken says: "It [the address] is eloquence brought to a pelucid and almost child-like perfection—the highest emotion reduced to one graceful and irresistible gesture. But let us not forget that it is oratory, not logic; beauty, not sense. The doctrine is simply this: that the Union soldiers who died at Gettysburg sacrificed their lives to the cause of self-determination, 'that government of the people, by the people, for the people' would not perish from the earth. *It is difficult to imagine anything more untrue* [italics ours]. The Union soldiers in that battle actually fought against self-determination; it was the Confederates who fought for the right of their people to govern themselves. The Confederates went into battle an absolutely free people; they came out with their freedom subject to the vote and supervision of the rest of the country, and for twenty years that vote was so effective that they enjoyed scarcely any freedom at all. Am I the first American to

note the fundamental nonsensicality of the Gettysburg Address?"

Having made this discovery of perfectly patent things, Mr. Mencken, like so many Northerners who find a grain of truth in the mass of propaganda and false history which afflict us cries out with glee, "what a great boy am I!" and we concede that he is. He might have added that this most quoted sentence of the Address, "government of the people, by the people for the people," was most probably gotten by Lincoln from Webster, whose great admirer he was, and who had used it and Webster, in turn, secured it from Walpole, who undoubtedly coined the phrase years before it was used in the Gettysburg Address.

REUNION OFFICIAL LADIES OF DISTRICT COLUMBIA DIVISION, S. C. V.—Comrade Jesse Anthony, commanding this Division, says that Washington Camp will, as usual, send a large delegation to the reunion, and he reports that the Maryland Gras Ball, given at the Raleigh Hotel on February 12, was a pronounced success, "netting a nice sum, which will be used for defraying expenses of some of the old veterans to the reunion, and for relief work." The official ladies are: Sponsor Miss Virginia Hereford; Maids of Honor, Miss Louise Owens, Miss Reba Jordan, Miss Josephine Houston; Matron of Honor, Mrs. A. W. Tuck; Chaperon, Mrs. Jesse Anthony, Jr.

PRESIDENT HARDING COULD HAVE ADDED A WORD OR TWO ALSO.—Replying to an invitation to be a guest of the Confederate reunion, President Harding said, in part: "In my judgment, the reconstruction of the South by the people of the South, in the face of tremendous discouragements following the war, set the finest example that could be urged upon a war-wasted people to-day." Yes, not only "in the face of tremendous discouragements" and all the handicaps of a ravaged and impoverished country, with only the bare land remaining, did the South set to work absolutely without aid, and absolutely asking no aid, and rebuilt itself, but it did so in the face of a ruthless and determined effort on the part of a victorious North to place their blood kin and racial brothers under the political domination and actual rule of a servile and inferior race; an act for which the history of mankind offers no parallel.

DID YOU EVER HEAR A BAND PLAY DIXIE?—I never did! I have heard a thousand bands start the tune, and then came that pandemonium of yells and shrieks, combined with the pounding of blood in my ears which made the remainder of it a babel of sound. And, come to think of it, I hope I never will hear a band play it through before a decorous and silent crowd. When that time comes, we will have lost our soul. Dixie is the only tune on this American continent which can run a man crazy! The bagpipes will turn a crowd of kilted Scotsmen into "women from hell," as the terrified Germans called them, and the Marsellaise makes a fighting fool of a Frenchman; but there is nothing in this country in the way of a tune that is a part of our life except Dixie.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE—POSITIVELY FAREWELL APPEARANCE.—The Frietchie myth is shot so full of holes that it may become a joke before long. Proof of the positive type abounds to show the entire falseness of any such occurrence as Whittier attempts to portray.

In a letter to this Department, Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, Va., who succeeded the late Dr. Hunter McGuire as Chairman of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia, says: "Shortly

after the war, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, who was a native of Frederick, Md., and I had a law office together. I have heard General Johnson say time and again that he knew Barbara Frietchie well, and knew that for years before her death she was bedridden and hardly able to lift her hand or head up. General Johnson also said that the incident embodied in the poem of Whittier was without any foundation of truth. That he commanded a regiment, or brigade, in General Jackson's corps at the time it marched through Frederick, and that none of Jackson's troops marched anywhere near where Barbara Frietchie lived in that city, with which location he was perfectly familiar. I have heard several others who were with General Jackson at the time he and his troops passed through Frederick tell the same story about the Barbara Frietchie 'myth.'" Judge Christian adds; "I am perfectly delighted at the apparent revivification of the Sons of Confederation Veterans. If anyone will read the trial and impeachment of Andrew Johnson and a history of the United States since the War between the States by a German named Oberholzer, I think they will be very proud of the fact that their fathers or grandfathers were Confederate soldiers."

MAJOR EWING'S GREAT WORK.—Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, of Washington Camp S. C. V., and President of the Manassas Battle Field Memorial, deserves the help of every patriotic Southerner in his effort to secure the land where the two battles of Manassas were fought (both Southern victories and no government adornment of the location possible), and make of it a memorial park. He wants each Camp now to come to the front with a reasonable contribution to that end. It should be done. This department calls upon every patriotic Southern man or woman, whether members of Confederate organizations or not, to get into touch with Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, President Manassas Battle Field Memorial Park, care of Reclamation Division, Interior Department, Washington D. C., and try to help in this work.

THE SKIRMISH AT FOURTEEN-MILE CREEK.

In reporting a most enjoyable birthday dinner given by Col. W. A. Montgomery at his home at Edwards, Miss., on October 15, 1922, which was attended by thirty-two veterans whose average age was seventy-eight years and six months, Comrade John Betigheiner tells of an exploit by the honored host which, in justice to his military career, should be more than locally known, and of which he says:

"Grant was advancing from Port Gibson with an immense army, his objective supposed to be Vicksburg at the time, but it was really Jackson first. To deceive General Pemberton, as he moved north, Grant made demonstrations at all of the ferries on Big Black, as if he intended to cross the river and attack Vicksburg direct. When the army reached the crossroads six miles south of Cayuga, it was divided into three columns, one under McPherson, going to Utica and advancing on Raymond by what is known as the Upper Utica road; another column, under McClernand, moved near Big Black; the third column, under Sherman, between the two, was moving forward from Cayuga and Auburn by the main Raymond road.

"It was at this time that W. A. Montgomery, a young scout not of age, was detached with seven men, with orders to burn the bridge across Fourteen-Mile Creek and obstruct the road; this was done and trees cut across the road on the side of the creek. When this was done, they heard the Federals go into camp at Auburn, one mile below. Early the

next morning the scouts heard them break camp and resume their march. The scouts hid behind the felled timber and awaited their coming. Soon the advance guard reached the creek, when they were heard to say: "Why, the bridge is burned!" It was then that the scouts fired, and the skirmish went on for some time, the Federals bringing up artillery and shelling the position. These few men detained that great army for hours. While this was going on, Generals Gregg and McPherson were engaged in battle at Raymond, and McClernand's Corps was advancing toward Edwards, through the Montgomery plantation, now known as Dr. Elliott's. It seemed that the scouts were being surrounded, bottled up, but the stopper flew out and they came out safe and sound.

"Colonel Montgomery did not know what damage they had inflicted in that skirmish until some years ago I told him of seeing, in a series of war articles in the *Century Magazine*, and also in General Grant's report, that the Federals lost in the skirmish at Fourteen-Mile Creek some twenty-six men, killed and wounded."

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

An interesting program was presented by the Affiliated Chapters U. D. C., of Nashville, Tenn., in commemoration of the inaugural anniversary of Jefferson Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy. It was planned for February 18, the anniversary date, but had to be postponed, and was given on March 16, before the pupils of the high school, members of the U. D. C. Chapters, veterans, and others. The program was interspersed with pictures showing the inaugural scene at Montgomery, Ala., the inaugural prayer, extracts from Mr. Davis's inaugural address, a group picture of the Confederate cabinet, President Davis and Vice President Alexander H. Stephens, also a picture of the Virginia (Merrimac), the first ironclad, exhibited in stereopticon views. The program was directed by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, Chairman of Historical Research of Southern History for the Affiliated Chapters, and she gave the historic setting of the inauguration, with a résumé of Confederate achievements, while the stories of the first aerial service, the first submarine, the first ironclad vessel, all originating within the Confederacy, were told by young ladies of the senior students.

The occasion was successful from many viewpoints, and as the first memorial program with stereopticon views, it marks a decided advance in the historic interests of the U. D. C.

The Nashville Chapters have decided to give memorial programs in future before the schools in order to make an impress on the young generation with these historic incidents. It is their purpose to teach in this way important points in history, a substitute for the much-needed chair of Southern history, and possibly later on moving pictures may be used in this connection.

THE SUNFLOWER GUARDS.—Replying to a late inquiry for some information of this command, J. T. Downs, of Dallas, Tex., says: "The Sunflower Guards, of Sunflower County, Miss., became Company I in the 21st Mississippi Regiment on its organization. Capt. B. G. Humphreys, of this company, was made colonel of the regiment, and, after the death of Richard Griffith, at Savage Station, and William Barksdale, at Gettysburg, became commander of the brigade to which this regiment was attached, with rank of brigadier general and continued in command until Appomattox."

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

The Managing Editor presents another part of the list of those who subscribed to "The Women of the South in War Times" at the Birmingham Convention, and the rest of the list will appear in the issue for May. The President General U. D. C. and the Managing Editor would prefer these subscriptions to be redeemed through the various Division Directors, who, in turn, will forward them to Mrs. R. P. Holt, Rocky Mount, N. C. In this year's contest, the three leading States are South Carolina, California, and North Carolina, in the order named.

The Division Directors, as announced by Mrs. Schuyler, are given herewith: Alabama, Mrs. J. B. Morton; Arizona, Mrs. J. H. Woods; Arkansas, Mrs. F. V. Holmes; California, Mrs. Thomas J. Douglass; Colorado, Mrs. T. H. Nance; District of Columbia, Mrs. Frank Morrison; Florida, Mrs. B. Bond; Georgia, Mrs. Howard McCall; Illinois, Mrs. John V. Jacobs; Indiana, Mrs. Fannie Keen Roach; Kentucky, Miss Annie Belle Fogg; Louisiana, Mrs. L. U. Babin; Maryland, Mrs. Clayton Hoyle; Massachusetsts, Mrs. E. Wilson Lincoln; Minnesota, Mrs. George L. Redmon; Mississippi, Mrs. J. C. McNair; Missouri, Mrs. D. Harvey Kirk; New York, Mrs. W. R. Marshall; North Carolina, Mrs. Thomas W. Wilson; Ohio, Mrs. Perry V. Shoe; Oklahoma, Mrs. Arthur Walcott; Pennsylvania, Mrs. Watson P. Phillips; South Carolina, Miss Marion Salley; Tennessee, Mrs. H. C. Milnor, Texas; Mrs. Emma H. Townsend; Virginia, Miss Mollie Lowry; Washington, Mrs. A. W. Ollar; West Virginia, Mrs. Edwin Robinson.

The following completes the list of pledges:

Philadelphia Chapter.—one copy for University of Pennsylvania by Mrs. Mason.

Pittsburg Chapter.—three copies, one for University of Pittsburg, one to daughter's school, one to great-granddaughter living in Cuba, of Adaline Alexander Smith, a matron of Confederate Hospital at Emory College in Oxford, Ga., during the War between the States.

South Carolina.—Assumes responsibility. \$10 for Division; Mrs. Lawton \$50 as a personal contribution to General Committee to place the book in Northern schools; Mrs. Dell Smith Williams, \$10 to general fund in memory of her father and mother, James C. and Rachael Bryan Smith.

Tennessee.—Assumes responsibility. Mrs. Hyde, personal contribution, one copy to be sent to Madison, Wis.; Mrs. Bell, two copies for Ward-Belmont and one for Peabody College at Nashville; Mrs. Goodman, Knoxville Chapter, one copy for University of Tennessee; Miss Kavanaugh, one copy for Chattanooga University as a memorial to Mrs. C. A. Lyerly, to Bayler School; Mrs. Cunningham, three copies for high school in Knoxville; Miss Frazier, one copy for public library in memory of her father, Capt. S. J. A. Frazier; Mrs. Craig, one copy for Collierville high school, one copy for Wilson School, Santa Barbara; Mrs. Hache, one copy to Columbian University, Tennessee, and one copy to Vassar College; Mrs. Hyde, one copy for Woodrow Wilson; Musidora McAdory Chapter, four copies; Mrs. Roberts, one copy for Whiteville public school; Mrs. Crawford, one copy for Savannah Institute in memory of Capt. J. W. Irwin; Mrs. Caldwell, one copy for Southwestern University; Mrs. Hyde, one copy in memory of Faithful Slave for Howard High School, Chattanooga; Mrs. Jones, one copy for high school, Murfreesboro, one copy for circulating Library.

Texas.—Mrs. Wilkinson, one copy for Rice Institute; Mrs. Stacy, of Dallas, \$10 in memory of father; Wade Hampton Chapter, \$5; Mrs. Stone, \$5 to place copy in Baylor College for Girls, where there is a college Chapter of the U. D. C., the

only one in the organization, and one in Rosenberg Free Library, at Galveston, endowed by Henry Rosenberg; Mrs. Dunavant, Dallas, one copy to Southern Methodist University and one copy to Public Library in memory of Gen. W. L. Gabel, father of Mrs. Muse; Miss West, one copy for Wade Public Library.

Virginia.—Will assume responsibility. Mrs. Walker, one copy for colored library at Norfolk, one copy for President Harding; Mrs. Fort, two copies; Mrs. Merchant, one copy for school in Washington and \$5 to fund; Mrs. Scott, one copy for Sewanee College, in memory of my uncle, Bishop Otey; Miss Mann, one copy as testimony of love for mother; Mrs. Walker, one copy for Mrs. Keyes, wife of Senator who did such fine work for Arlington; one copy for President Harding; Mrs. Vawter, one copy for University of Constantinople.

Washington.—Three copies to be placed where they will reach the greatest number.

West Virginia.—Will assume responsibility. Mrs. Manning, one copy to Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., in memory of husband's father, Capt. Thomas Jefferson Manning, U. S. N.

WHAT HISTORIES ARE TAUGHT IN YOUR STATE?

A suggestion comes from Dr. L. W. Reid, of Haverford, Pa., in regard to publishing a list of the histories which are being taught in the schools of each Southern State, his idea being that those who are interested can then read these works and see where corrections should be made. This is a good idea, and it is passed along to the Chapters U. D. C., by which such list could be made up. The Division President could make the request of Chapter in each community, and the list thus compiled could be presented at the State convention and there considered. Despite the effort that has been made for true and unprejudiced history for our schools, there are doubtless some still being used that could not be commended. The VETERAN will be glad to publish these lists at any time, by States. Give precise title and publisher. Dr. Reid is much interested in this work of the Daughters and Sons, and says: "I would not be without the VETERAN."

AN INTERESTING BOOKLET.

Among the writers of Arkansas, Mrs. Zella Hargrove Gaither, widow of a Confederate veteran, as well as the daughter of one, is known for some especially valuable historical work. In a series of "Arkansas Classics," she has given the history of the Confederate Home of that State, and in the same booklet there is much information on the activities of the Ku-Klux Klan in that State, and other Confederate history. This booklet is furnished at forty cents, postpaid, and orders can be sent to her at her home, 522 Rock Street, Little Rock, Ark. Her work has the indorsement of the Confederate organizations of the State and also of State officials.

R. W. Johnson, of Dayton, Tenn., son of a Confederate veteran, sent a fine list of subscribers to the VETERAN, and writes of the duty of the Sons to this journal of Southern history: "I, and every other son of a Confederate soldier, owe you more than we can ever pay. I believe that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has done more to vindicate our fathers and has given more light to the world on the cause for which they fought than all other publications combined."

—PETTIBONE—



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If there are any of "the old boys" who remember "Top Sergeant" Sutherland, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, he would be glad to hear from them. Address John W. Sutherland, 4 Ross Street, Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. M. E. Pool, of Vernon, Tex., would like to hear from comrades of her husband, G. W. Pool, who went into the Confederate army from Lafayette County, Miss. Write to her in care of T. O. Wheeler, Box 391.

H. H. Pickens, of Norman, Okla., is trying to trace the ancestry of his grandfather, Samuel Pickens, of Mecklenburg District, N. C., and would like to hear from any of his descendants who can give this information.

R. W. Macpherson, 65 Shuter Street, Toronto, Canada, wants a copy of Caldwell's "History of a South Carolina Brigade," known as Gregg's, afterwards McGowan's Brigade. It is long out of print, but possibly some reader of the VETERAN has a copy which he would dispose of. He also wants to know what became of its author, Lieut. J. F. J. Caldwell, 1st South Carolina Regiment. Response can be sent direct to him or to the VETERAN.

Mrs. Ella V. Bartholomew, 1011 South Boulevard, Lakeland, Fla., seeks information of the war service of Thomas Jefferson Bartholomew, who enlisted in 1861, in Tennessee; his home was in Goodlettsville, near Nashville. He married while in Virginia, and after the war he located in Lebanon, Tenn., later taking his family to Baltimore, and there was a member of the Confederate society. He died in 1905 in the Confederate Home at Pickesville.

CHARACTER.

"Build it well and build it straight,
Strong enough to buffet fate,
Stanch enough to bear the blow
Life compels us all to know;
Have it rugged, have it clean,
Nowhere false and nowhere mean.
Whatsoever be your post,
Make your character your boast;
Build your character to be
Fit for every eye to see;
Never let some secret sin
Or some shameful thing creep in;
He gives power to his foe
Who must hide what he may know,
But who keeps his record true
Has no foe who may pursue,
Spite of loss or spite of gain,
Let your character remain
Free from blemish, free from guile;
Let it sing and dance and smile;
Keep it cheerful, keep it kind,
Big of heart and broad of mind;
Then, whatever may befall,
You may triumph over all."

AS MUCH TRUTH AS POETRY.

Spending and lending and giving away
Are the easiest things you shall find in a day;
But begging and borrowing and getting your own
Are the three hardest things that ever were known.

—London Tit-Bits.

FINANCIAL NOTE.

"I called for a little light on the financial question," said the man in the rural editor's sanctum.

"Well, you've struck the right place," returned the editor. "If there is anything we are light on, it is the finances."

Too Cool.—"Tell me," said the lady to the old soldier, "were you cool in battle?" "Cool?" said the truthful veteran, "why I fairly shivered."

Miss Rose Adams, of Big Bone, Ky., renews subscription and writes: "I love the VETERAN. It stands for what my father and dearly beloved uncle fought for."

In Washington, Oregon, and Idaho is grown half of the country's commercial apple crop, which is worth \$50,000,000 a year, and with the other fruit yields of the same territory constitutes a \$100,000,000 industry.

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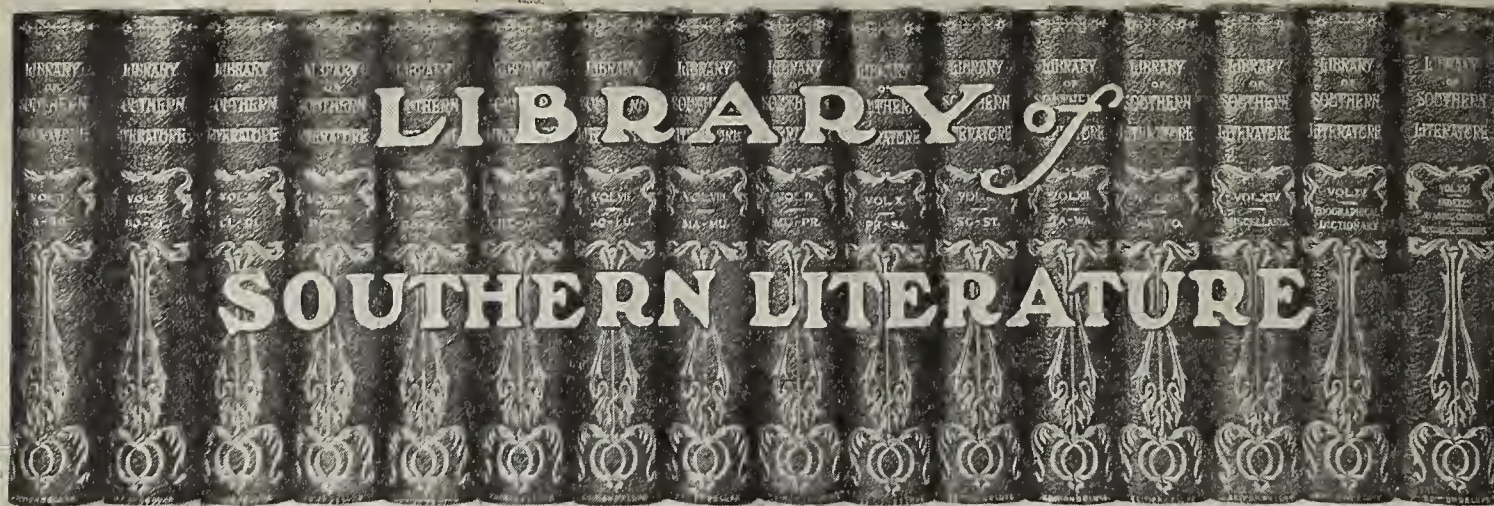
STAMPS BOUGHT.

Friends, look over your old letters. George H. Hakes, of 290 Broadway, New York City, will purchase all the old used Confederate stamps and old used United States stamps on letters before 1874. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. Why not do this and send the amount received for them to your Confederate Association.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

"It isn't buildings of steel and stone
That the world needs most to-day;
It isn't fame and it isn't gold,
It isn't the knowledge that textbooks hold—
That's the smaller part—
It's the kinder smile and friendlier hand,
The love that knows no creed nor land,
But speaks from heart to heart."

FINE "ROAD TO TRABLE."—By the end of 1923 \$50,000,000 will have been spent on the Lincoln Highway, and \$20,000,000 more will be required by the end of 1925. The 2,350 miles have cost an average of \$20,000 a mile. From 15,000 to 20,000 autos now traverse the highway each year, with the number rapidly increasing. People seem to have a growing desire to "see America first."
—National Tribune.



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*Under the Direct Supervision
of Southern Men of Letters*

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PUBLISHED BY THE MARTIN & HOYT COMPANY
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I am grateful, as I am sure you gentlemen must be, for the more than two thousand letters of commendation of the "Library" which have already been received. As Editor in Chief of the "Library," I believe I express the sentiments of my colleagues when I say that we appreciate fully the expense you gentlemen have been put to in publishing the "Library of Southern Literature," and I trust that you will find a large sale for the work. It seems to me to have a rightful place in the library of every thoughtful man and every great library, as the revelations of the soul of a wonderful and distinctive section of our republic.

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The political status of a people is doubtless fixed by its orators and statesmen, but to really know a people and to fix their standing in the world, one must know what has been written and read by them. . . . It is a work which should appeal not only to those of literary tastes in the South, but even more so to those of literary tastes in the North, for it will give us to know that it was not only in the forum and on the battle field that the South showed its greatness, but that it has also shown it in seats of learning and in the quiet retreats of the writers of good English.

Thos. R. Marshall Ex-Vice President, U. S.

The astonishing fund of genuine literature contained in these sixteen volumes will go far toward removing the imputation that the Southern States have produced but few writers of exceptional merit. From a typographical point of view the set is also worthy of great praise; the printing, illustrations, and binding all evidencing superior taste and craftsmanship.

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Mary J. Wood

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VOL. XXXI.

MAY, 1923

NO. 5



GEN. W. B. HALDEMAN, OF KENTUCKY
Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans
Elected at New Orleans Reunion, April, 1923

973.705
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SPECIAL OFFER FOR MAY.

Those who have not read Dr. Wyeth's "Life of Forrest" have missed a narrative of absorbing interest. To the survivors of that famous command especially will this story appeal, though the admirers of the incomparable "Wizard of the Saddle" are not confined to those who followed him. The offer of this book (always sold at \$4.00) with the VETERAN one year at \$4.40, postpaid, should bring many responses. Offer limited to the month of May, as the supply is limited.

Another good offer is "Christ in the Camp; or, Religion in Lee's Army," which is again offered with the VETERAN one year at \$2.50 postpaid. This is a two-dollar book, and well worth double that. Get a copy at the reduced price.

Send order to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.

2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.

3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.

4. Mathew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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Miss Susan A. Taylor, 608 South Murport Avenue, Tampa, Fla., wishes information on the service of her father, Nathaniel Chapman Taylor, of Memphis, Tenn., who commanded a company of the 21st Tennessee Infantry, which was afterwards consolidated with the 2nd Tennessee to make the 5th Confederate Regiment. His company was made up in Memphis, but she does not recall which it was, and it is necessary that she have that part of his record. He was danger-

ously wounded at the battle of Belmont, Mo., but commanded his company throughout the war without further injury.

Any surviving member of the 32nd Alabama Infantry who remembers J. W. Rogers, who enlisted in Company B, of that regiment, at Mobile, Ala., in 1862, will please write to him at Jefferson, Tex., Route 2. He is trying to obtain a pension.

FOR SALE.—Some autographs of Gen. Robert E. Lee, sent to me years ago to assist in the building of a church. Price, \$5. Apply to Mrs. John R. Eggleston, Sewanee, Tenn.

Any surviving comrade of Patrick Crenshaw, who enlisted in Company K (Ouachita Grays), 6th Arkansas (under Captain Barnes and Colonel Lyons)—and which company was disbanded in North Carolina in June, 1865—will confer a favor by writing to him at Broken Bow, Okla., as he is trying to get a pension; has been in bad health for several years and needs this help.

FROM FARM TO TOWN.

A decrease during 1922 of approximately 460,000 persons in the agricultural population of the United States was reported by the Department of Agriculture, its figures being based on a survey of 10,000 representative farms and groups of farms. The estimate, which included men, women, and children living on farms, showed a decrease of about 1.5 per cent from the 1920 census, which placed the agricultural population at 31,359,000 persons.

The movement from farms to towns and cities last year was estimated at about 2,000,000 persons, offset in part by the shift of approximately 880,000 persons from towns and cities to farms. This left, it was pointed out, a net shift from farms to urban centers of about 1,120,000 persons, or about 3.6 per cent of the rural agricultural population.

Births on farms in 1922 were given at 925,000 and deaths 265,000, the excess of births over deaths reducing the net loss in agricultural population to the 460,000 figure.

WANTED.—Information as to the present ownership of the family Bible of Dudley Whitaker, of Halifax County, N. C. When last heard of it was in the possession of Thomas Edward Whitaker. A reward is offered for information leading to its recovery. Address Dr. J. S. Ames, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

CONFEDERATE STATES STAMPS BOUGHT

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Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1923.

No. 5.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

COMMANDING OFFICERS, 1923-1924.

Commander in Chief, U.C.V., Gen. William B. Haldeman, Louisville, Ky.

Adjutant General, Gen. A. B. Booth, New Orleans, La.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Gen. Charles B. Howry, Washington, D. C.

Army of Tennessee Department, Gen. James A. Thomas, Dublin, Ga.

Trans-Mississippi Department, Gen. E. W. Kirkpatrick, McKinney, Tex.

President General C. S. M. A., Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Atlanta, Ga.

Commander in Chief S. C. V., W. McDonald Lee, Richmond, Va.

THE NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, is one of the youngest surviving veterans of the War between the States. He was born in Louisville, Ky., July 27, 1846. When the war came on, he left school without permission and made his way inside the Confederate lines. Though too young to enlist, he had a large share of soldierly duties and early in 1862 was serving under Gen. John H. Morgan. In October of that year he won commendation by carrying dispatches from Gen. John C. Breckinridge, at Tullahoma, Tenn., to General Bragg, at Lexington, Ky. He was finally enlisted regularly as a private in Company G, 9th Kentucky Infantry, a part of the famous Orphan Brigade. After the war he entered newspaper work in Louisville under his father, the late Walter N. Haldeman, and became general manager of the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times* in 1885, later becoming editor in chief of the *Times*. Some years ago he sold out his interests in these papers and retired.

General Haldeman has long been identified actively with Confederate veteran organizations and was made Life Commander of the Orphan Brigade Association in 1913. His tribute to his former comrades in arms is to take them as his guests to these annual reunions. He is also President of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, under which the great monument at Fairview is being erected.

THE REUNION.

"Wearing the gray, wearing the gray,
The old line marches in mem'ry to-day;
The old drums beat and the old flags wave—
How the dead gray jackets spring up from the grave!
They rush on with Pickett where young gods would yield,
They sweep with Forrest the shell-harrowed field,
They laugh at the bolts from the batteries hurled,
Yet weep around Lee when the last flag is furled."

In smiles and tears, an April welcome, New Orleans received the veterans of the gray in their thirty-third annual reunion, the fifth held in that historic city. They were a multitude in those early gatherings; few they are now and old, but there is still with them the spirit of eternal youth. "Are you not afraid of getting wet?" was asked of one proud bearer of the starry emblem waiting to take his place in the parade. "Rain's not botherin' us," was the placid response. "We're all too well seasoned to get warped." And they were ready for what came, whether sun or rain, and went through the days of the reunion with no lessening of enjoyment in its pleasures and entertainment.

Many thousands got into the city before the convention days, but it was not a real reunion until the bands began their tours through the hotel lobbies. It is with the stirring strains of "Dixie," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and other familiar airs of those old war days that the reunion really opens; and with the first notes all faces light up and that exultant yell comes ringing from throats which made it a sound defiant in those days of war. Their feet move, too, wherever there is space to permit it; and though the movement may not be so agile, still there is grace and lightness in the steps that respond to the lilting music of old, old days.

A pretty ceremony was carried out in the presentation of sponsors and maids and other official women on Tuesday evening, the introductions being made by Chief Justice O'Neill, of the Louisiana Supreme Court, one of the prominent Sons of Confederate Veterans of the State.

The convention was opened on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock, the auditorium being well filled with delegates and visitors. Every State of the South was represented, and the Pacific Coast Division U. C. V. also had its delegates, fair sponsors, and maids. The meeting was called to order by Gen. H. C. Rogers, commanding the Louisiana Division, and after the invocation by Rev. Matthew Brewster, with whom the audience joined in the Lord's Prayer, a greeting from New Orleans was extended by Capt. James Dinkins to the veterans of the South, following which came addresses of welcome from Col. George H. Terriberry, for the city; Governor Parker, for the State; Col. Alvin Owsley, for the American Legion; these addresses being responded to by Gen. W. B. Freeman, commanding the Virginia Division, for the veterans in assembly. The meeting was then turned over to Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander in Chief U. C. V. A notable address was made by ex-Governor Sanders, who brought out vividly the part taken by the Confederate soldier after the war in building up his country, for which he deserves praise equally with the gallantry and devotion of his service as a soldier. Short addresses were also made by Judge Charles B. Howry, of Washington, D. C., commanding the Army of Northern Virginia Department; A. O. Wright, commanding veterans of the Confederate navy; Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General United Daughters of the Confederacy, who made a special plea for the completion of the Jefferson Davis memorial at Fairview, Ky. And there was music by the Confederate choir, the assemblage joining in with the strains of "We are Old-Time Confederates."

Committees were appointed and the meeting adjourned till the afternoon session, the features of which were the reading of telegrams of greeting and good wishes, resolutions from the floor, and an address by Col. W. McDonald Lee, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It was unanimously decided to have registration by States at the next reunion, and it was urged that each veteran wear a hatband giving the name of his company and regiment. Rousing cheers greeted a tableau showing veterans of the Union and the Confederacy—white-haired men in blue and gray, holding the standards of their armies—the audience rising to the strains of "Dixie," and standing through the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

* * *

The morning session on Thursday was enlivened by the vigorous opposition to certain resolutions introduced, among them being a suggestion for a joint meeting of the Blue and the Gray, this resolution dying amid a storm of protest. There was also vigorous denunciation of those persons who charge that the South was in rebellion against the government when the States seceded from the Union. Just as strong was the opposition to the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United Confederate Veterans which would admit Sons and Daughters to membership and change the name of the organization to "United Confederate Veterans and Descendants." The idea was that in admitting the Sons to membership they would gradually take up the work of the veterans. But the veterans say they are still young enough to look out for themselves "thank you," so this resolution met the usual fate.

A resolution approved heartily was to ask that the statue of Gen. Joe Wheeler, soon to be placed in the Hall of Fame at Washington, be modeled with the uniform of the Confederacy, if any be shown.

The gigantic undertaking by the people of Georgia in the making of Stone Mountain into the greatest of Confederate memorials received the commendation of the convention by

resolutions adopted. Gen. James A. Thomas, Commander of the Georgia Division, presented this project to perpetuate "the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray" by carving on that solid granite mountain, almost a mile long, figures representing the different arms of the Confederate service and their leaders, the work to be done by the noted sculptor, Gutzon Borglum.

"Educational injustice" through the teaching of false history in Southern schools was brought out in the history report and provoked much discussion and debate. The Rutherford History Committee, of which Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, is chairman, proposes to soon make suggestions on histories that are considered fair and impartial.

In the speech by Governor Trinkle, of Virginia, at this morning session, he advocated financial assistance for the Battle Abbey, the South's historic museum and art gallery at Richmond, which needs to be sustained properly that its real worth to the country may be realized.

The afternoon session was devoted to the election of new officers and the selection of a place for the next reunion. The retiring Commander in Chief placed in nomination the name of Gen. W. B. Haldeman, of Kentucky, whose election gave general satisfaction. The name of Gen. E. W. Kirkpatrick, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, was also put in nomination and a strong fight made for his election.

Invitations for the next reunion were given by Memphis, Tenn., and Dallas, Tex., Memphis being decided upon after brief discussion.

THE PARADE.

The parade was the feature of Friday, the last day of the reunion, and despite the early morning showers there was a general determination to have it. Headed by General Rogers, Commander of the Louisiana Division, and Capt. James Dinkins, Grand Marshal, the gray line wended its way through the streets of New Orleans once more, cheered by admiring throngs. Automobiles had been provided for all veterans, but many of them preferred to march, especially the organized companies. Among these were the Nashville and Memphis companies, distinguished by their uniforms, the former of old Confederate jeans, the latter in dress uniform of gray coat and blue trousers. Every State had its representatives in veterans, sponsors, maids, banners, and bands. The Governor of Virginia was in line with his staff and other representatives of that old State, while the Richmond Blues, that crack company of the old Confederate capital, was surpassed by none in military style and equipment. The old Washington Artillery of New Orleans had a part in the pageant, and there was other military of the State—boys in khaki, marines, sailors. But the center of interest was in those white-haired veterans of a cause that lives forever.

"For two hours they passed—bands playing, girls laughing, and ripples of applause on all sides. . . . The veterans have passed by again, and they have taken the hearts of the people of New Orleans with them."

"Though it be true ye pass swiftly away,
Rest, rest assured, O ye Men of the Gray,
Ne'er shall the nation your valor forget;
Never the sun of your glory be set.
Many, yes, many lay blame to the cause—
None to great deeds can refuse their applause.
Long as God's sun shall be shining o'erhead,
Southland shall love ye all, living and dead."

THE LEE MEMORIALS.

The following resolution was introduced at the morning session of April 12, moved by Gen. W. B. Freeman, of Richmond, commanding the Grand Camp of Virginia, seconded by Gen. William A. Clark, of Columbia, S. C., and carried without a dissenting vote:

"Four years ago the United Confederate Veterans undertook as their part of the Lee Memorial movement the endowment of the Lee Memorial School of Engineering. We learn with great pleasure of the gifts and bequests which have been recently made to this school, and commend it to the interest and liberality of our whole organization.

"The news that the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association is raising funds to establish a Southern School of Journalism in honor of General Lee, as the first educator to recognize journalism as a learned profession, gives every veteran sincere pleasure.

"We rejoice also that the recent decision of the Daughters of the Confederacy to preserve the old Lee chapel as part of their memorial building, on the Lee Highway at Lexington, has so happily settled the chapel controversy. We congratulate the Daughters on this proof of their wisdom and devotion, pray God's blessing on their patriotic labors, and assure them of the love and gratitude of every Confederate veteran."

MEMORIAL HOUR.

Memorial Hour came at noon of Thursday, held jointly by the United Confederate Veterans, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in solemn tribute to the memory of the dead of each organization during the past year. The following beautiful poem by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Poet Laureate of the first two Associations, was read as a part of the services:

WHITE BLOSSOMS IN APRIL.

White blossoms in April, and silence,
Where we have laid them away—
Where we've twined the red and white roses
That tell of the South's golden day.

White blossoms, and silence, for voices
We bend in our longing to hear;
And silence and blossoms and silence
That greet sorrow's questioning tear.

But when we are waving our banners,
And singing the old Southland's song,
We are remembering, remembering,
The comrades that loved us so long.

And when we are weaving the colors—
The mystical red, white, and red—
Our thoughts are the tenderer for knowing
They rest in the hearts of our dead.

White blossoms in April, and drifting
Snow white on the newly made sod;
But we turn from the silence believing
Our loved ones are walking with God.

NOTABLE VISITORS.

Among the prominent people attending this reunion was Gen. Felix Robertson, of Texas, one of the three surviving generals of the Confederacy. His father was also a general in the Confederate army. General Robertson is among the youngest of veterans in his vigor and activity, though now in his eighty-fourth year.

Col. D. Gardiner Tyler, of Virginia, a son of President Tyler, tenth President of the United States, was an interesting guest of New Orleans. Though past fourscore, he is one of the youngest veterans in appearance, not more than sixty anyway. He is tall and erect. Colonel Tyler lives at his ancestral home, Sherwood Forest, on the James River, in Charles City County, thirty miles below Richmond, reputed to be one of the most beautiful old homes of Virginia.

Dr. George Harding, father of President Harding (and representing him unofficially), was an appreciative attendant on this reunion, visiting friends at the time by special invitation. He made a talk during the closing hours of the convention, expressing his great admiration for General Lee and paying tribute to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy. A silk Confederate flag was presented to Dr. Harding by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, ex-President General U. D. C., for all the Confederate organizations.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY D. M. REEDY, DALLAS, TEX.

He was born in Kentucky,
Where the sky and hills are blue,
The women fair and lovely,
And the men are brave and true.
His the gift to sway the senate,
As did Cicero of old;
To seek the right and win it,
Unlured by fame or gold.

His country gave him honor,
The Southland gave him fame,
History tells his story,
Jeff Davis was his name;
Firm in conviction,
Indifferent to hate,
He fought each battle bravely,
Unawed by fear or fate.

At famed Monterrey,
Where the foe was fierce and strong,
He flashed his sword to victory,
And the field, once lost, was won.
Again, at Buena Vista,
The foe seemed on the crest,
He conquered Santa Anna,
"The Napoleon of the West."

In the story of the ages,
When it tells of deathless men,
Give new brightness to its pages
With his trophies that you bring.
To him a loving tribute
Each Southern son is due,
Jessamine and roses,
And sweet magnolias, too.

Soldiers of the Southland,
Though scattered now and few,
Sing the praises of your chieftain—
Praise is less than he is due.
When your last long march is ended,
Ere you bivouac for the night,
Tell in Southern granite
That your chosen chief was right

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

"Darling, we are growing old,"

Our golden wedding day declares,
And yet they search, as search they must,
To find the song-famed silver hairs;
For one has auburn, one has brown,
And years and tears failed to bestow
A silvered hair or furrowed frown
Our threescore years and ten to show.

Darling, we are growing old,
For fifty years I've called you mine.
The time seems short, the years were gold,
Yes, golden years of love divine;
Full years of faith and prayers and tears,
For sorrows, hand in hand with joys,
Have come to us, with hopes and fears,
Along with precious girls and boys.

And though these boys and girls of ours
Are now true men and women grown,
Grandchildren in their dear young lives
The Father's tender love has shown.
We thank thee, Father, for thy love,
For mercies deep and kindness rare,
For home and children, friends and all
Who in our joys and sorrows share.

This poem was dedicated to Capt. and Mrs. R. M. Houston for their golden wedding day, March 18, by Mrs. Daisy L. Moody, and presented to them with illustrations of hand-painted goldenrod and mounted in a gilt frame. This happy anniversary was celebrated by a reception at their home, attended by children and grandchildren and many other relatives and friends. Not only were this bride and groom of fifty years ago showered with congratulations and good wishes for the remaining years of their lives, but were also the recipients of many lovely gifts of china and gold money. The home was beautifully decorated with flowers, the golden note predominating. They live at Meridian, Miss.

HOW GENERAL POLK WAS KILLED.

In the library of the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., there is an autograph letter of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston on the killing of Gen. Leonidas Polk. John N. Ware, an appreciated contributor to the *VETERAN*, sends a copy of this letter as timely for publication in connection with the recent discussion about General Polk's death:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., October 9, 1885.

Rt. Rev. C. J. Quintard, Bishop of Tennessee.

"My Dear Friend: In the morning of June 14, 1864, Lieutenant General Hardee and I rode by agreement to Pine Mount, a hill a mile in front of his lines, and occupied by a detachment of his troops, to decide if its continued occupation was advisable. Lieutenant General Polk rode with us to see what he could of the ground in front of his lines.

We examined the ground before us, including the Federal lines, from a little battery a few yards below the top of the hill. After satisfying myself, I desired General Hardee to withdraw his detachment after nightfall, and as we were leaving the battery, a cannon shot struck a tree between us. It had been fired at a crowd that had gathered behind us. In leaving the battery, General Hardee had the killtop on his

right, General Polk and I, walking together in a horizontal course, had it on our left. Before we had turned the slight elevation, a second shot came, passing above us. A minute or two later, when I had turned the hill, a third shot came. Turning my eyes to see if General Polk was safe, I discovered him lying on the very apex of the hill, his feet turned toward the battery which had fired the fatal shot. Reaching him in a few seconds, I found no signs of life. The shot had passed from left to right through the middle of his chest, undoubtedly causing instant death. A cannonading, lasting perhaps a half hour, ensued immediately after the discharge that inflicted on us this dreadful loss. It is needless to tell you how great, for you know that he had been conspicuous in every success won by that army. An ambulance from the camp near brought his body to Atlanta.

"Faithfully yours,

J. E. JOHNSTON."

FIRST SHOTS AT THE ENEMY.

BY JOHN JOHNSTON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

It may be of some interest to know when and where the first shots were fired by the Tennessee troops under General Polk's command in the war of the sixties. It was on this wise:

On the first day of August, 1861, Cheatham's Brigade, which included the 6th and 9th Tennessee, Blythe's Mississippi Battalion, and perhaps some others, broke camp at Union City and marched across the country to Tiptonville, on the Mississippi River, from which place they were taken by boats to New Madrid, Mo., where they joined the troops under General Pillow, among whom, I remember, were the 154th and other regiments from West Tennessee.

On or about the first or second day of September, we abandoned New Madrid and went by steamboat to Hickman, Ky. We left New Madrid about night and reached Hickman about sunrise the next morning, after an all-night ride. Hickman was the terminus of the old Nashville and Northwestern Railroad, and our purpose in landing there was to take the train for Columbus, Ky., by way of Union City, at which place the Mobile and Ohio Road crossed the Northwestern on its way to Columbus. On leaving the boats we went into bivouac on a low, flat stretch of ground just below the high bluff at Hickman. We stayed there that day and the following night and the greater part of the next day.

It was either on the first or second day, while lounging about the camp, that we were suddenly startled by the news that a Yankee gunboat was coming down the river. Its approach was announced by the noise of shells thrown by it at a sort of gunboat we had, which went backing slowly down the river past our camp, throwing off an immense trail of black smoke. The sound of those shells and the volume of smoke which rolled from our steamer were the most awe-inspiring things we had ever experienced up to that time. Somebody yelled out, "Lie down, men," and in an instant we were all flattened out on the ground, every fellow feeling sure that the thing was coming straight after him. While thus lying close to the ground, we heard a few sharp, quick shots from a battery at the river bank, a hundred feet or more away, after which all became quiet, and the rumpus was over, the Federal gunboat having turned and gone back up the river. Just as we had risen to our feet and were recovering from our fright, Capt. John Ingram, of the 6th Tennessee Regiment, of which I was a member, came walking back briskly from toward the river, his face radiant and rubbing his hands with delight, and exclaimed to us: "Billy Jackson's battery got the first shot at the enemy." The Billy

Jackson referred to was our own Gen. William H. Jackson, the one-time owner of Belle Meade, and Capt. John Ingram was afterwards Major Ingram, of Cheatham's staff, one of the gamest men in the Confederate army. Both of these were West Tennessee boys, from Madison County.

Well, in after days we passed through many more fearful and disastrous scenes, but I do not remember that I was ever quite so panic stricken as at that time. And I can remember to this day how queer it seemed to me that Captain Ingram could have gotten so much enjoyment out of a thing like that. I cannot name the battery, nor the rank held by General Jackson at that time, but I am sure that he was in command of the battery and that his was the first shot fired by the troops of Tennessee under General Polk in the great war between the States.

FIGHTING TO THE END.

BY ROBERT HERRIOTT, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

I belonged to Bachman's Battery, of Charleston, S. C., serving under Wade Hampton, and was paroled at Augusta, Ga., May 15, 1865. The battery was ordered back to South Carolina a few days before the surrender. We used the camp fires of Jefferson Davis and escort, who were on their way south as far as Charlotte.

In passing through Fayetteville, N. C., we took two pieces of artillery to keep the enemy from getting them. One was a 12-lb howitzer, and the other a 6-lb field piece. Beautifully engraved on it was the crown of England, with an inscription stating where it had been captured and recaptured. It had been used in the Revolutionary War by the British and was brass. The 12-lb piece we dismounted and threw in a mill pond, just in front of the "haul-up" near a mill 12 or 14 miles on the road to Averysboro, north or northeast of Fayetteville. [It would be of interest to know whether this gun was ever recovered.—Ed.]

As Sherman was approaching Savannah on his march to the sea, and the Federals under Foster made an effort to capture the Charleston & Savannah Railroad near Coosahatchie, so as to prevent the Confederates from getting the rolling stock and military supplies out of Savannah. They were repulsed by the Confederates under Hardee in a two days' fight at Tulifinney Creek, each side being entrenched, the Federals having the range of the railroad for a distance of two miles.

Trains going west into Savannah would not be molested, but those coming out toward Charleston would be shelled for two miles. The boys called it "running the gauntlet." It was very exciting, especially at night, each train passing along under fire for two miles, while the cross ties often were struck, together with trees near the track. Strange to say our train was hit by a shell, or, rather, the engine was. The name of this engine was "Isendigo." In those days locomotives bore names instead of numbers, as at the present time. The shell struck her on the right side of the boiler, about the middle of the "wagon top," just in front of the engineer's seat, and put her out of commission.

My battery lay in the trenches ten days. Our rations were cooked on the company plan in the rear, and each night after dark we got a supper. During the ten days we were behind the breastworks we ate ten times.

There was a man in our company who had a peculiarity of turning pale and trembling when the firing got hot. No one thought of teasing him about his failing, as all realized he could not help it. One night when he had finished eating his supper, I noticed that he had a biscuit left over, which he put in this

haversack. The biscuit was so hard you could have knocked a bull down with it; nevertheless, I made up my mind that I was going to have it. The next morning the shells were falling fast and I noticed my comrade beginning to tremble. I said to him, "Have you got a biscuit in your haversack, left over from last night; if you have and don't want it, please give it to me?" He complied, and I quickly ate it.

During the operations along the railroad, a field piece was mounted on a flat car and moved in either direction as needed. This was the armored car idea in embryo. During a lull in the fighting the second day, a South Carolina cadet brought a Federal prisoner into camp. The latter was superbly equipped with everything new. The cadet marched him up to Colonel Bacon (I think the latter afterward was United States senator from Georgia) and turned the prisoner over to him. Colonel Bacon told the cadet to help himself to anything the prisoner had on. The cadet replied: "No, colonel, we never take anything from a prisoner."

There was a battalion of these South Carolina cadets with us, and they fought as if on dress parade. While it may have been of no special advantage, every gun of the front or rear rank would go off at the same instant. Quite a number of them were killed and wounded while fighting to hold the railroad.

As Sherman advanced from Savannah toward Columbia, it became necessary to evacuate Charleston and the South Carolina coast, and we were prevented from joining Johnston's army which had been defeated at Franklin and Nashville under Hood, and was then on the way to North Carolina and Virginia to join Lee. The garrisons of the coast, under Beauregard and Hardee, finally effected a juncture beyond Fayetteville, N. C., with what remained of Hood's army then under Joseph E. Johnston again. The march north was uneventful except for continued skirmishing of the cavalry under Wheeler, M. C. Butler, and General Wade Hampton with the Federal General Kilpatrick. At least, this was the case until getting within twelve or fifteen miles of Fayetteville, when, on the night of March 9, we captured all of Kilpatrick's pickets without firing a gun. Our cavalry remained quiet until daylight when they charged the Federal camp and captured it, running the Federals into a swamp. Kilpatrick barely escaped capture by dodging between the wagons, and got into the swamp. We captured General Kilpatrick's fine war horse. I saw it the next day in Fayetteville. The fight lasted several hours. The Federals put up a good fight, considering that they were surprised. When the Federal infantry came up our cavalry retired.

While Hardee's rear guard was passing through Fayetteville, before burning the bridge over Cape Fear River, some of Kilpatrick's scouts dashed into town. Gen. Wade Hampton was in a drug store at the time when, hearing of the advance, he and some of his couriers charged the Federals. Hampton killed two of them and, with an empty pistol, captured one. I did not actually see the scrap, but heard of it a short time afterwards. A rumor was current in the army that General Hampton had killed nineteen men altogether in the war, one of them with a sword.

As we marched through Fayetteville—it was about breakfast time—the ladies brought sandwiches and hot coffee to the boys. A very pretty young lady pinned a buttonhole bouquet on my jacket, and I was so embarrassed that I forgot to thank her for it. After crossing the river, our battery lay near the end of a bridge until all the cavalry could pass over before setting fire to it. Turpentine, rosin, and fat pine were then applied.

(Continued on page 198.)

HON. LEIGH ROBINSON—A TRIBUTE.

[Address delivered by Edwin C. Dutton before the Confederate Memorial Association at Washington, D. C., February 26, 1923, at the memorial service to Mr. Leigh Robinson, the Past President of the Association, with tributes from other friends.]

It is with tearful eyes and a sorrowful heart that I stand here to speak a word of eulogy for our Mr. Robinson. He had passed the meridian of life and was marching with stately figure toward the sunset when he heard the sounding of taps and the call of the angels, saying, "Cross over the river and rest 'neath the shade of the trees"; and so he did, to be with his comrades of the Howitzers Rifles and his beloved leaders, Lee and Jackson. His sun went down at eventime, but it sank amid the splendor of an eternal dawn.

Here to-night, within this hall, glorified by the echoes of his voice, standing to answer the impulse of my heart to the roll call of his friends, and stricken with the emptiness of words, I know that when the finger of death touched those eyelids into sleep, then gathered a silence on the only lips that could weave the sunlit story of his days or mete sufficient eulogy to the incomparable richness of his life.

Leigh Robinson, eldest son of the late Conway and Susan Leigh Robinson, was born February 26, 1840, in Richmond, Va., where all his early youth was passed. His father was considered one of the leading lawyers of his day and was freely consulted by Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States because of his great learning and knowledge of the law.

Mr. Robinson was educated at the Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va., and later became a student at the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, where he graduated. In April, 1861, he enlisted in the Richmond Howitzers, which organization was composed of splendid sons of Virginia, and retained its individuality throughout the war. For four years he fought in defense of his native land, having served with the First and Second Companies, Richmond Howitzers, in twenty-one engagements, among them Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Battles around Richmond (seven days), Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Winchester, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania (three days), Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and others. Mr. Robinson was that character of man who never left anything half finished, and so we find him in the first big battle of the war and in the last.

Judge Christian, of Richmond, Va., wrote of him: "I served with Leigh Robinson in the same company from the beginning of our war until I was disabled by wounds at the 'Bloody Angle' in Spotsylvania on May 12, 1864. I can truthfully say I never knew him to complain or to shirk any duty to which he was assigned. His devotion to the Confederate cause and his chivalrous bearing in battle were beautiful and could not have been surpassed."

He was the first Commander of Camp 171, Confederate Veterans, at Washington, D. C., and the first President of the Confederate Home Memorial Association, having been reelected to that position each year until his death.

At the close of the War between the States he settled in Washington and began the practice of his profession, for which he was so well trained. He well earned and enjoyed the love and respect of every member of the bar of the District of Columbia, as well as of the bench. He was personally acquainted with judges, and had their confidence. He was selected to defend Charles Guiteau, charged with the assassination of President Garfield, but declined to do so. Because of his eloquence, his services were enlisted on many occasions for the unveiling of monuments to Southern sol-

diers. He delivered the address at the unveiling of the Howitzer Monument at Richmond, and enshrined in imperishable words the deeds of the great artillery command. His address on the Battle of the Wilderness, delivered in the Capitol at Richmond before the Army of Northern Virginia, was and is considered the most exact and striking description of the strategy and tactics that added to the renown of Lee and his men. When the State of Virginia erected the monument to her sons who took part in the Battle of Gettysburg, Mr. Robinson was the orator on that occasion, and his defense of the principles for which these men fought and his tribute to the valor displayed at that great battle were presented with convincing force and eloquence. He delivered the address at the unveiling of the portrait of Gen. William H. Payne, and of Gen. Marion C. Butler, of South Carolina. The remains of John Howard Payne (author of "Home, Sweet Home") were brought by Mr. W. W. Corcoran for reinterment in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D. C., from Tunis, Algiers. A monument was erected to his memory by Mr. Corcoran, and Mr. Robinson delivered the oration before a most distinguished audience—the President of the United States, his Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme and District Courts, relatives of John Howard Payne, and prominent citizens of Washington being present.

When the great cause which held to his life's end the devotion of his heart had failed, he laid down his arms with a soldier's honor unsullied, and turned his activities to the work of helping to build up institutions for the educational advancement of his people. He became one of the organizers and one of the strongest and most helpful supporters of the Southern Industrial Educational Association. For more than a decade and a half he gave liberally of his time and substance to the Association, having been an Elector, Trustee, and, later, Vice President, until his death. The following beautiful tribute by Mr. C. C. Calhoun was published in the *Quarterly* of the Association: "Three days after the death of the distinguished President of the Association, Thomas Nelson Page, another notable Virginian, Mr. Leigh Robinson, the Vice President and Member of the Board of Trustees, passed away. Seldom, if ever, has any organization such as ours sustained two losses as great, almost at the same time; for rarely indeed has any organization been so fortunate as to have on its governing board two such members as were these distinguished Virginians."

"Like Dr. Page, Mr. Robinson came of the best Cavalier stock of the Old Dominion, and right nobly did he live up to the high traditions of his ancestry. The keen wit, the genial humor, the gentle, courteous manner, the indomitable courage, and the chivalrous demeanor of that stock were strikingly exemplified in all that he said or did. He was a man of extraordinary mentality. The regal supremacy of his mind was unaffected even by the dull, cold hand of death. A week before he passed away he gave a most illuminating account of the almost forgotten exploits of a Revolutionary War hero, and a short time before the end came he quoted with verbal accuracy and clearness many stanzas from his beloved Shakespeare; and brought his labors to a close with references to the great Book of books, which had been a lamp unto his feet and an inspiration to his soul."

Another friend says of him: "Of distinguished lineage, unusual gifts of intellect, increased by study and cultivation, irresistible charm and brilliant powers, he attained the highest distinction at the Washington bar. But material gain held no temptation for him; his duty to his God and his fellow man alone allured him. A true torchbearer, he never lowered his standards, and his highest ambition was so far as in him

lay to succor all those who in this transitory life are in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity."

He was a respected and beloved member of Epiphany Episcopal Church, and was a personal friend and associate of Doctor McKim, the rector of this Church, for over thirty years.

Mr. Robinson had a beautiful home life. He and his devoted wife were a charming couple, rarely apart, and more united as the years went on, happy in each other, until on November 4, 1922, after so sweet a life, he in loveliness "laid him down in peace and took his rest."

"Nothing is here for tears—nothing for wail.
 . . . Nothing but well and fair
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

BY GEORGE PERCY HAWES, RICHMOND, VA.

As a courier in the army usually had the opportunity of observing more in a fight than any other person engaged, it is but natural that he should be more intimately acquainted with the circumstances and actions of troops in a battle than any other participant. I served as courier on the staff of Col. Thomas H. Carter, Acting Chief of Artillery of the 2nd Corps, A. N. V., and as such took part in the battle of Cedar Creek on October 19, 1864.

A full account of this battle and all of the attending circumstances are accurately described in Gen. John B. Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War" (Chapters 24, 25), therefore it is useless for me to describe the preparation for that battle. As an artillery courier, it was my fortune to take a very prominent part in this engagement. Before the movements were started, I was well aware, from my personal observation, of the position of Sheridan's army. I was personally acquainted and intimately associated with Gen. John B. Gordon, who was an intimate friend of Col. Thomas H. Carter, and often closely associated with him, both socially and officially. At this late day it is unnecessary to attempt to attach the blame for the result of the engagement, for it does no good to cry over spilt milk. The fact was generally conceded among the troops that the unfortunate result of the engagement was due to two mistakes; one was that General Sheridan was not at his headquarters with his army and that General Early was present with his. To explain the situation more fully, the whole plan of this engagement was mapped out by Gen. John B. Gordon, who was to assume all of the responsibility of the movement, with the understanding that if he was successful in his attack and routed the enemy as he proposed to do, he would halt the army at Middletown. His flank movement was a complete success; the Federal army was routed and pursued beyond Middletown. When the Confederate army arrived at Middletown, I heard Colonel Carter ask General Gordon whether he proposed to stop at Middletown, to which General Gordon replied, "I am going through the town and stop beyond it," which movement was executed. After the army had been halted on the outskirts of Middletown, and General Early came up with his staff, General Gordon rode up to him and remarked: "I have completed the movement as planned, and I have the honor to herewith turn over to you the command, and, in doing so, earnestly recommend that you will allow the men to continue their advance or immediately retreat and secure the fruits of our victory." General Early's reply was complimentary to General Gordon and the army, but stated that as they had all done so well he would let the men rest awhile.

As soon as he made that remark, General Gordon turned to Colonel Carter and said: "Carter, if we remain here two hours, we will be ruined," then, accompanied by Colonel Carter, he rode off to the left of the pike, and they got off of their horses and sat down for a conference. At that time Colonel Carter directed me to go in to Middletown and secure a lunch for General Gordon and himself; which I did. I was then directed to pilot Cutshaw's Battalion of Artillery to a position on the left of General Gordon's line and put them in position. Thus the line of battle was formed and there remained for five or six hours, during which time the 6th Corps of Sheridan's army, which had not been in action, but five or six miles away, had an opportunity to come up as fresh troops, catching up the fugitives of the routed portion of the army, and was thus enabled to assume the offensive, which resulted in the total rout of Early's army.

As soon as the 6th Corps came forward, the Confederate forces immediately began to retreat, and just then I was directed to go over to Cutshaw's position and direct him to take the most available route to get out of his position on the left of Gordon's line, as the infantry support had given way. I executed the order as promptly as possible, after which I attempted to return to Colonel Carter over the same route that I had gone a few minutes before. The advance of the 6th Corps was so rapid that in attempting to come back over the route, I ran into the 6th Corps and did not observe them until within thirty or forty yards of the right of their line. Bad marksmanship on the part of those men who saw me was the only reason that I am present to tell the tale.

When General Early's army was halted at Middletown, many couriers, scouts, and staff officers were directed to ride forward and ascertain the condition of the Federal troops in their front. Without exception, each one reported the Federal army thoroughly disorganized and in rapid retreat. The only portion of the army maintaining the solid formation was a magnificent body of cavalry which was covering the retreat as best they could. I make this statement from personal observation, as I was one of the couriers that rode the line from one end to the other.

General Gordon's account of this engagement is accurate in every respect and better described than anyone else could have done. The gallantry of many of the men was very notable, particularly the artillerymen, who were at no time demoralized in any way. As an evidence of that, just before nightfall, one piece of the second company of the Richmond Howitzers had just crossed the bridge over Cedar Creek, and, when approached by Colonel Carter, who asked what battery that piece belonged to, the reply came: "Lieut. J. C. Angle, with a piece of the second company of Richmond Howitzers." Colonel Carter directed Lieutenant Angle to unlimber the piece and attempt to check the advance of the enemy on the other side of Cedar Creek, which was done, and many shots were fired. In a few minutes after the firing began, those participating were very much surprised when they were charged on the flank by a squadron of Federal cavalry, which had crossed the creek some distance from the bridge. That squadron of cavalry was riding along parallel with the Valley Pike, over which the stampede was in progress, firing at the animals attached to the wagons, guns, and other vehicles, and attempting to block the road and thus check the stampede of the Confederate forces.

Colonel Carter and his whole staff were literally enveloped by this column of cavalry, and thus in the dim twilight they were carried along for a mile or more and not recognized by their captors. After going some distance, the Colonel directed me to ride in front of the staff and pilot them out of their

position as best I could. In giving me the order, he remarked: "As your mare has a white tail and is easily distinguished, go ahead as rapidly as you can, and we will follow you." I did so, and in that way piloted the whole staff, and our identity was not discovered until we had gotten to the head of the Federal cavalry and were attempting to make our get-away.

When we were passing through the town of Strasburg in this panicky retreat, the bridge in the main street over which the troops were going broke and blocked the column. I was ordered to go back and order such artillery and wagons as I saw to make a detour and attempt to cross by another route. Just as I was proceeding to execute this order, and as I turned the corner of the street, I was met by the head of the Federal column of cavalry, and the officer, with a few abusive remarks, asked where I was going, to which I replied: "To the rear." With an offensive oath he told me to go ahead. Fortunately, a short distance farther on, I came to an open gate and turned in to this private yard and went out the back way, making a short detour, and got back to the staff without any trouble.

I have no doubt there are a great many survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia who recollect the little artillery courier who was always with Colonel Carter, and who rode a very conspicuous yellow mare with a white mane and tail. Mr. John Purifoy, of Montgomery, Ala., formerly a member of the Jeff Davis Artillery, is one survivor who, I am sure, would take pleasure in identifying me, for he wrote me on many occasions that he recollected having seen me in action more than once. I am well aware of the fact that there are many men living who can substantiate the foregoing statement, and as General Gordon has so fully covered the situation, I think it unnecessary to say more. I will only add that it was circumstances attending the situation and *not* the ride of General Sheridan which caused the disastrous result to the gallant army of the Valley district.

HOW FAR DID MORGAN GET?

[This article, appearing in an Ohio newspaper last September (1922), gives an idea of the consternation caused by Morgan's invasion of that State and of the supreme efforts put forth to capture his command. It was sent by Comrade William Hunt, of Cynthiana, Ky., one of Morgan's men, who referred to two mistakes in the account, saying: "We never camped any night, and Morgan never had any provision wagons on any of his raids."]

Every year for many years, and about this time of year, the mad dash of Gen. John Morgan has been the chief topic of conversation at the National Military Home. Veterans who are fast failing physically, but whose minds still function clearly, and before whose eyes there still float pictures of "the time that tried men's souls," recall one August and one September when there was something far more thrilling than a railroad or a coal strike in Southern Ohio.

For many years they have gathered about a grim-visaged member of their ranks, the only one living at the Home who actually and actively chased Gen. John Morgan from Brandenburg to Buffington Island. From his lips they have heard, as regularly as this season rolled around, details that set their blood a-tingling. Since the last recital, however, he has gone on to join Morgan, away out in the land of eternal silence. Yet who knows but that the shade of Johnnie Chandler, of the old 7th Ohio, is even now fraternizing with the very ones whose scalps he sought in the summer of 1863?

"How far did Morgan get?" was the question asked annually along about this time of year, which unloosened a flood of reminiscences and set Johnnie Chandler's descriptive pow-

ers on edge. Always the question called forth an argument, but always that argument was settled to conform with Johnnie Chandler's story. And last week when we approached a group of veterans in the grotto at the Home and asked, "How far did John Morgan get?" the veterans shifted slowly and feebly in their seats and sat silent for a full minute, as though waiting for the shade of Johnnie Chandler to respond. Then, recalling that he had recently "answered taps," one member of the group volunteered to answer the question just as Johnnie would have answered it. So often had he heard the historic tale that, his comrades declared when he had finished, he varied not a word from Johnnie Chandler's original recital.

"When John Morgan and his troopers, the beau ideal raiders of the South, crossed the Ohio river at Brandenburg, Ky., the old 7th Ohio, of Gen. E. H. Hobson's command, arrived just in time to see them disappearing over the north bank of the river, headed north into Indiana. The boats they had used in crossing were just bursting into flame, and the men who had remained long enough to set them afire waved their hats at us from across the river—and started hell bent for the interior.

"The appearance of Morgan's men in Indiana created consternation. The Governor of Indiana called for 50,000 home guards. Realizing that he was bearing toward the Ohio line, Governor Tod, of this State, created additional excitement with a call for a similar number of volunteers. The 7th Ohio crossed the river to find that Morgan had had a brush with the home guard at Vernon, and he had been out of that town but a few hours when we arrived. We were marching without rations, and, in order to expedite our progress, telegrams were sent all over Indiana and Ohio telling the Union people that 3,000 Union horsemen were in pursuit of Morgan and asking the citizens of Indiana to feed us as we passed along.

"Frying chickens were ripe then, and there were six hundred miles of fried chicken ahead of us. Of course, the line of march could not be foretold, so the women of Indiana and Ohio marked time and prepared to see to it that no man of General Hobson's forces went hungry longer than sixty seconds.

"Cincinnati heard that Morgan was to pounce upon her, and nothing in her entire history has created as much excitement. But the wily raider was taking no chances. He marched through Glendale, a suburb. His men could plainly see the lights of Cincinnati.

"From the moment of Morgan's landing on the Indiana side of the Ohio River, until his defeat at Buffington Island and his capture at Salineville, not less than 100,000 home guards were called out to suppress him. Gunboats, steamboats, ferry boats, cavalry, infantry, artillery, all joined in pursuit, but none were more helpful than the women with their rations of fried chicken. So we had to admire the skill and courage of Morgan and his right-hand-man, Basil W. Duke, in steering clear of all these forces as long as they did.

"Maneuvering about Cincinnati to throw his pursuers off the real trail, Morgan made a feint at moving on Hamilton. Confused as to his actual program, the citizens rushed about helplessly for a day and night, and breathed a sigh of relief when they learned that, in the most daring march he had yet made, Morgan had taken his 2,000 men safely across the Little Miami River at daylight in sight of Camp Dennison, eight or ten miles from Cincinnati.

"That same evening at 4 o'clock, Morgan was at Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles northeast of Cincinnati. Feeling safe at this point, he permitted his men to go into camp, and

remained overnight. [Williamsburg is in eastern Clermont County, about nine miles east of Batavia. In the meantime, Hamilton, Dayton, and Springfield were anticipating his coming, reports having been sent from some source that the raiders were sticking close to the line of the C. H. & D. and burning bridges on that line as they went forward.

"Before the expedition was begun, Morgan had sent spies along the Ohio to discover the fords or easiest places of crossing. One of the best was at Buffington Island, about thirty miles above Pomeroy, and about the same distance below Parkersburg. This, as was afterwards realized, was Morgan's objective point.

"After leaving Williamsburg, he divided his forces, Col. Richard Morgan bearing to the southeast and passing through Georgetown, county seat of Brown County; while General Morgan, with his column, continued on northeast until they reached Washington Courthouse, in Fayette County.

"Washington Courthouse was the farthest point north in this immediate territory reached by the Morgan raiders. But if we hadn't been so close on his trail, his men would have watered their horses in Lake Erie in another day and night march.

"When he marched out of Washington Courthouse Morgan headed his men toward the south and into Ross County. He knew that a force of Union soldiers were encamped at Chillicothe, so he evaded that town, leaving it to his left. Passing on through Piketon, in Pike County, and Jackson, in Jackson County, Vinton, Gallia County, and through Pomeroy, where he had a hot little brush with Union men, the raiders reached the village of Portland, just above Buffington Island. The other detachment, which had left the main body at Williamsburg, rejoined General Morgan here.

"At last the little raiding army neared its goal. All the home guards had been left well in the rear. The 7th Ohio was sticking to the trail. Within precisely fifteen days from the time Morgan crossed the Cumberland River at Burkesville, Ky., and just nine days from crossing the Ohio at Brandenburg, Morgan and his men again stood on the banks of the Ohio. Our forces were hard upon his tracks, and Colonel Runkle was coming down upon him from the north. At Chester, a small settlement to the northwest of the ford at Portland, he rested for an hour and a half and hunted for a guide. That stop was fatal. It was 8 o'clock when he reached the ford, too late and too dark to cross the river.

"Tired and worn out, both men and horses, he decided to camp on the Ohio side of the river. Early the next morning General Judah and his regulars arrived on the scene by boat, fresh and full of fight. Cut off here, Morgan turned his face again toward the interior, and the old 7th Ohio was right on top of him. With our 3,000 men, under as hard a fighting man as ever breathed, Gen. E. H. Hobson, the end was apparently but a matter of minutes. Judah's gunboats opened fire. Morgan, apparently, realized this, as did his hard-riding troopers, who, still clinging to the bolts of bright-colored calicoes they had grabbed from the shelves of country stores, began to gallop toward the rear. Morgan tried to extricate his provision wagons and then to withdraw his men by columns of fours from right of companies, keeping up at the same time a sort of resistance. For some distance the withdrawal was made in fairly good order. Then, under a charge of a Michigan cavalry regiment, which had arrived from the north, the retreat became a rout. Morgan and about 1,200 men escaped. His brother, along with Colonels Duke, Ward, Huffman, and about 700 men were taken prisoners.

"The boats carried the prisoners back to Cincinnati, and our troops, after a brief rest, pushed on after the raiders.

About fifteen or twenty miles above Buffington Island he again attempted to recross the Ohio. Morgan himself was at one time in the middle of the stream, but the fire on him became so hot he came back to the Ohio side, and again took up his flight. He reached Belleville, headed west, and went as far as McArthur, where he undertook to strike the Muskingum. Colonel Runkle's forces cut him off here. Retracing his steps, he headed toward Blenerhassett Island, and, unable to cross there, he pressed on through Athens, Eastern Hocking, and Perry counties, and entered Morgan County near Porter-ville. Three miles farther on brought Morgan and his worn-out followers into Tredelphia, and that night he reached Eagleport. He remained in this vicinity for more than an hour, and started on to Gaysport. Out in the river he saw a steamer loaded with troops of the 86th Regiment, from Zanesville. Wheeling about, he retraced his way to Eagleport.

"Morgan passed on northeasterly through Bloom, Museville, and High Hill, Muskingum County, and on through Noble, Guernsey, Carroll, Harrison, and Jefferson counties, into Columbiana County. He succeeded in reaching Salineville, Columbiana County, again almost on the Ohio River, between Steubenville and Wellsville. And here, trapped by the forces of Major Rue, of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, and a part of our old 7th Ohio under General Shackelford, Morgan's raid, the most daring military maneuver of the entire war, came to an end.

"In Morgan's sweep across three States, for a thousand miles, he swept his line of march, and for some distance on each side, almost clean of horses, giving his command frequent remounts, leaving us, his pursuers, to find mounts with extreme difficulty. Morgan took far more horses than needed, but he had a purpose in this, and this purpose was to keep his pursuers from securing remounts. Morgan set the peg for the 7th Ohio, and he set it high every day.

"During the entire raid the forces under Morgan and General Hobson's 7th Ohio numbered about 5,000 men, starting with 5,000 horses, but many of these horses gave out, and were abandoned on the roadside, the riders securing remounts from the country through which they traveled. Some of the riders wore out as many as eight horses, and secured as many remounts. It's safe to estimate that the men averaged five horses each, so there must have been close to 25,000 horses figuring in the affair.

"General Morgan's command was probably the best mounted light cavalry that ever existed, and while they obtained many remounts, they seldom abandoned the well-bred horses that they brought with them from Kentucky, horses capable of long and rapid marches, and, in justice to General Morgan and his officers, it must be said they handled their men and horses with superb skill.

"Morgan established the world's record for moving cavalry when he made this raid. The longest march made by Morgan's men at one stretch was nearly one hundred miles in thirty hours, being the march he made from a point in Indiana west of Cincinnati and, passing to the rear of Cincinnati, to a point just outside Williamsburg, Ohio. There are many individual horses that can march one hundred miles in thirty hours, but the speed of a column of cavalry is not measured by the speed of its fastest horses, but by the speed of its slowest horses. Furthermore, it was Morgan's task to keep his 2,000 horses in such condition that they would be able to march one hundred miles on any day, or every day, that he might call on them for the effort.

"The horses taken by Morgan and Hobson as they traveled across the three States were not of much value, as they were

soft, grass-fed animals, and, after making only a few miles at a rapid pace, set by the seasoned horses that had been brought along from south of the river, they were pretty well used up. There were many horses in both commands that stood up throughout the entire march.

"On their march across Indiana, Morgan's men passed through a very rich and prosperous region, and there was some mighty fine horse flesh in his path. His men didn't draw a very fine distinction between their needs and the other fellow's horses, and property rights didn't mean any more to them than it does to any soldier when he is hard pressed to hold up his end of a well-defined campaign. So Indiana lost the best horses boasted in the section covered by the raid. The same applied to stores in the small towns through which the raiding column passed. Not only did they provide liberally for themselves, but they didn't forget the girls they had left behind them. They loaded themselves and their horses with plunder, such as muslin by the bolt, calico by the hundreds of yards, shoes, stockings, corsets, underwear, gloves and the like.

"But it was war time, and this was war, the same kind of war that General Sherman must have had in mind."

FROM THE CINCINNATI INQUIRER OF JULY 30, 1922.

"Morgan's raid was of no military value, but it caused great fright in many cities and counties of Ohio and Indiana, and resulted in the calling out of nearly 50,000 Ohio militia at an expense of over \$200,000. Morgan's demonstration north of the Ohio was directly contrary to General Bragg's orders to him, which were to sweep through the length of Kentucky from the Tennessee line to Louisville and, as far as possible, break the communication between General Burnside at Cincinnati and General Rosecrans at Stone River. The latter was menacing Bragg at Tullahoma. Burnside was organizing a force to march against Buckner in East Tennessee.

"Morgan, with his trained riders and hard fighters, was to sweep through Kentucky and scatter as many of the Union forces as he could find in small detachments. Then he was to make a demonstration against Louisville; his orders from Bragg had no mention of crossing the Ohio. Some writers on the Confederate side have stated that he disobeyed orders in his raid through Indiana and Ohio, and that he did this with entire premeditation on finding from his scouts that it would be impossible to take Louisville, owing to the concentration of strong Union forces there.

"Certainly that raid through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio was one of the most remarkable feats of speed in war ever recorded. On June 27, 1863, those wild riders, in a force of between 2,000 and 3,000, with several Parrott guns, gave their enthusiastic 'Rebel yell' as they left Sparta, Tenn. With a whirlwind rush, by day and by night, with but few hours, and sometimes only a few minutes for rest, they rode and fought their way, breaking lines of communication. So swift were they that after numerous engagements and some detours to avoid others, they reached Lebanon, Ky., on July 5, and took prisoners the 20th Kentucky Infantry; and on the 7th, at Brandenburg, below Louisville, crossed the Ohio into Indiana by means of the captured steamers Alice Dean and J. J. McCombs."

The following lines express the state of mind of the people along Morgan's route:

"I'm sent to warn the neighbor's, he's only a mile behind;
He's sweeping up the horses, every horse that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen."

TUMBLING TOO SOON.

BY W. F. FULTON, COMMANDER CAMP BILL ADKINS, U. C. V.,
GOODWATER, ALA.

In June, 1862, the command to which my battalion, the 5th Alabama, belonged was camped near the Chickahominy River, below Richmond, Va. We belonged to Gen. A. P. Hill's Division, and our brigade, commanded by Brigadier General Archer, was known as the Tennessee Brigade, being composed of the 1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee troops, the 13th Alabama Regiment, and the 5th Alabama Battalion. The 5th Battalion was composed of four Alabama companies—A, B, C, and D. On the night of June 25, 1862, William Frost and I were detailed from Company A to serve on picket guard on the front along the Chickahominy. We were placed, in the night, at the end of a covered bridge spanning the river, and ordered to keep a sharp lookout, as the enemy was near by on the other side, and to keep perfectly quiet—by no means to fire a shot unless it was absolutely necessary.

There was a considerable abutment to this bridge on our side, and it was on this abutment we took our position as watchmen for General Lee's army. It was one of those inky dark nights, and down there in the Chickahominy swamp it was sure enough dark, and all the frogs in the country had apparently assembled near this bridge on the Chickahominy to have some sort of a frog celebration. They were celebrating with all their might, each frog trying to excel in making the most hideous noise. Big, little, old, and young joined in the chorus, exerting themselves to the utmost, and I can testify (after sixty years) that they succeeded in making the most dismal noise it was ever my misfortune to listen to. It was bedlam broke loose. Imagine two farmer boys from the cotton fields of Alabama, just budding into soldier life, with vague conception of war, picket duty, and everything pertaining to their present situation, standing in Egyptian darkness on that abutment, watching for a hidden foe we had been told was just across on the opposite side—and those frogs never letting up for an instant.

Well, it was my first experience of war. And those strict orders "not to fire a gun unless it was absolutely necessary." Why such orders, which made our position more embarrassing? I could not answer then, but now I would say it was because General Lee had all his plans formed to attack McClellan's right flank, crush it, and crumple him up. This attack was to begin on the morning of the 26th, and we two green Alabama boys on picket must use caution and discretion that the night might pass away without any disturbance, so he could open up his attack with nothing to mar his excellent plans.

Now, with those things taken into consideration, the utter darkness of the night, the noisy frogs, that order not to fire a shot, keep a strict watch for the enemy, and then the fact that we two were both green farm boys—what happened next? Just before day, when the proverbial darkest hour arrives, a Yankee picket not far off on the opposite side of the stream, evidently concluding that it was time to take a smoke, struck a match to light his pipe. At the flash of that light, I jumped, fell, or tumbled (I don't know which) off of that bridge abutment and hit the ground all in a heap. No sooner had I struck the earth than up I sprang, fully aware that I had dodged too soon, although I was trying to dodge a bullet. Returning immediately to my post of duty, I found my comrade, William Frost, doubled up, utterly convulsed with laughter at my expense. He reached out and pulled me over near so as to get at my ear, and, controlling his laughter as best he could, said: "Did you think he had shot you? Did you

try to dodge the bullet?" Such a question under such circumstances! Of course I did, acting entirely on the impulse of the moment. What else could I do? I was peering through that opening in the covered bridge and the flash was directly in line on the other side, so, without a moment's thought, I tumbled.

As morning came we were relieved and returned to camp to find the command all in confusion, as orders had been received to be ready to move at a moment's notice. We hurried to our mess, ate breakfast, and were soon on the road for Mechanicsville, and there received our baptism of fire in this initiatory battle of those seven days.

HOW CAPTAIN BRYAN EARNED A GOOD DINNER

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLY, ALA.

A few months after the war broke out the Confederate government found great difficulty in supplying the armies in the field with rations of meat, and I might add that this continued until the end of the struggle. Hogs had died all over the country by the thousands, and the usual supply of bacon, which the cotton States had always bought from the West, could not be obtained. Something had to be done or the war would have been a failure at the start. There were thousands of fat cattle roaming over the plains of Texas, but these could not be utilized on account of the great distance and lack of transportation. There were also vast numbers of cattle in the sparsely settled wire grass sections of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida.

With these for a meat ration the armies were supplied with a precarious ration of fresh beef, which was not always abundant at the front or regular in distribution.

These cattle had to be rounded up on the range and driven long distances to the nearest railroad points, and this required the greatest effort on the part of the weak force employed in the business, for most of the able-bodied men were in the army and the few men commissioned by the Confederate government to collect the cattle had to depend on such helpers as they could pick up. Some of these were mere boys, too young for military service, or others who were deemed unfit for the regular service on account of some disability; or, in some cases, negro slaves. Much depended on the efforts of this weak auxiliary force of the government, as their work was one of the utmost importance, and if they should fail the armies could not be kept in the field. It was a dangerous and hard service, dangerous because they often came in contact with bands of deserters from our army who had sought safety in the remote sections of the country contiguous to the Gulf of Mexico, where they had access to the Yankee blockade fleet. Wherever suitable beeves were found, they were driven to some place supposed to be reasonably safe from attack and kept together for days and nights on the open range, perhaps by a lone herdsman while the head man, with the rest of his squad, hunted and brought up others. These deserters, sometimes with the assistance of a force from the blockade fleet, often ran the men away and either captured the cattle or scattered them. These renegades were extremely hostile to the Southern cause and did all they could to hinder every effort of the cattlemen.

It was a hard service otherwise, since no provision was made, or could be made, for their subsistence. Each man had to furnish his own equipment and ration or go hungry. Their food, when they had any, consisted of fresh raw beef broiled on the coals, without salt, and sometimes, though rarely, a few sweet potatoes roasted in the ashes. As the supply of cattle diminished near the seat of war, the cattle hunters extended

their operations farther south into the peninsula of Florida. Among the men commissioned by the government in this business was Capt. Asbury Bryan, a steamboat captain on the Flint, Chattahoochee, and Apalachicola rivers before the war. Now Captain Bryan was a large, jolly, easy-going gentleman, whose father was an old-time Methodist preacher and whose sermons his son, as a boy, had heard so often that he had some of them in his mind and could repeat them word for word. This enabled Captain Bryan, on a certain occasion, to secure for himself and his squad of cowboys a "square" meal, a thing they had been strangers to for a long while.

In sparsely settled portions of the country the people, though rough and uneducated, appreciate the preaching of the gospel more than those who can attend divine service every Sunday, and will assemble from long distances to hear a preacher. They seem to be hungry for the Word. Captain Bryan and his boys had penetrated far down into the peninsula where, at that time, one might ride a day or two without seeing a "settlement." Looking ahead as they rode along the lonesome trail one day, Captain Bryan saw at a place ahead a number of people, mostly women and children and a few old men, also wagons, carts, a brush arbor, and other evidences of a religious gathering.

Now it happened that a preacher whom these folks had never seen had sent ahead of him an appointment to preach to them at this time and place, and everybody had come from afar to hear his message; but he had failed to arrive on time. The whole thing flashed through Captain Bryan's mind at once, and he took in the situation. Glancing back at his hungry followers, he commanded them to keep their mouths shut and he would secure for them a dinner such as they had not seen in many moons, for he saw the evidence of a regular old-time Methodist campmeeting and feast such as he had attended in his boyhood days, but on a much reduced scale.

His diagnosis proved to be correct. He and his men rode up and dismounted, and, after tying their horses in the grove of trees, Captain Bryan shook hands with a few of the folks as he made his way toward the rough, improvised pulpit under the arbor. No one now had the slightest doubt that the preacher had come, for his easy manner and expression was just such as they expected, and all were charmed by his agreeable personality. As soon as he had reached the stand, he opened the service with one of those good old soul-inspiring hymns, which he sang off-handed without the least hesitation and thus captivated everybody at the start. He then read a selection from the Bible before him, took a text, and preached one of his old father's favorite sermons. When this was over he dismissed the congregation in the usual way with the benediction, and everybody hurried away to the vehicles to bring together the baskets and boxes containing the dinner. When these were opened and the contents spread out, Captain Bryan and his men satisfied a long-felt want, then filled their haversacks, mounted their horses, and hied away toward the lonesome Everglades.

After the war was over and Captain Bryan had returned home, he was ashamed of this little incident, as many other Confederates were for some trifling misdeed, and did not mention it to any of his friends, but he was so indiscreet as to tell it in confidence to his better half, who told it again in confidence, and that is how the secret got out.

Captain Bryan had no trouble in again taking up his work as captain of a fine steamboat, as he was an experienced river man, and all that country was full of cotton, which was selling at the time for a fancy price, and Apalachicola immediately became a great cotton port.

THE BLOODY CRATER.

BY CAPT. H. A. CHAMBERS, CHATTANOOGA TENN.

About one mile east of Petersburg, Va., is a little valley, through which a small stream, called Taylor's Creek, or sometimes Poor's Creek, runs in a northern and partly north-western direction into the Appomattox River, below and east of Petersburg. In July, 1864, the high land on each side of this valley and the upper or south part of the valley itself was cleared and cultivated land; the lower or northern end of the valley was still timber land. What General Mahone called the "haphazard" part of the Confederate line of trenches ran practically north and south along the western side of this valley and western edge of the timber land. General Mahone, who was a trained military man and engineer, called this part of the line "haphazard" because, without the aid or direction of the army engineers, the Confederate soldiers had selected it when, in June, 1864, they were rushed to the defense of Petersburg against the approach of the advance of Grant's army. So few Confederate troops were then at Petersburg to fill and hold the elaborate and extended line of earthworks which had been previously prepared by the army engineers for the defense of Petersburg that the advance of Lee's army, which was hurried to the defense of Petersburg, had, therefore, to take their positions at "haphazard" wherever they could most effectively stop the advance of the Federal forces toward the city. Afterwards they improved this line as best they could by digging trenches and throwing up breastworks and digging big ditches or covered "ways" to the rear toward Petersburg. These latter were to enable the Confederates to pass back and forth without being picked off by the Federal sharpshooters.

In July, 1864, the Federal line of earthworks ran along the little valley above mentioned and northwardly to the Appomattox River, practically parallel with the Confederate line. While north, toward the river, the lines came still closer together at the point where the battle of the "Crater" was fought, the lines being only about four hundred feet apart. The hills in the rear and east of the Federal line were crowned with large earthworks, which contained guns of heavy artillery of great power and long range. These forts were so placed that the fire of the guns in them could be concentrated upon any particular point in that part of the Confederate line. Ransom's North Carolina brigade of the Confederate army occupied that part of the "haphazard" line which ran north and south along the western edge of the woodland mentioned, and the soldiers when in line faced to the east toward the Federal line. On an elevation in the Confederate line of the cleared land, to the south of the position held by Ransom's brigade, at a point where that brigade first took its stand in June, 1864, the Confederates had erected a redoubt, or small earthen fort, in which was placed a portion of Pegram's (formerly Branch's) battery.

This redoubt got to be known as "Elliott's Salient" because that portion of the line was occupied by Elliott's South Carolina brigade.

One of the Federal commanders conceived the idea of blowing up Elliott's salient and creating a breach in the Confederate lines by which the Federal army could march into Petersburg and divide General Lee's army in two parts, and finally obtained General Grant's consent to make the effort. Among the Pennsylvania soldiers in the Federal army were a number of miners. These miners dug a tunnel from the foot of the hill in the rear of the Federal lines deep underground up the hill, until they got under Pegram's battery in Elliott's salient. They then dug what miners call "galleries" each way north and south from the end of the tunnel and filled them

with many tons of powder. This powder was connected with the opening or mouth of the tunnel by a long fuse. The plan was to light this fuse so as to cause the explosion to occur a short time before daylight on the morning of July 30, 1864. After the fuse was lighted, however, the explosion did not occur as soon as expected. Several brave men in the Federal army went into the tunnel to see what was the matter and discovered that the fire in the fuse had gone out. They relighted the fuse and ran back out to the mouth of the tunnel. The powder was reached and ignited and the explosion occurred.

The cannon and men of the artillery in the redoubt and that portion of Elliott's brigade immediately supporting the redoubt and great masses of earth were thrown high into the air and scattered in all directions. An immense hole, afterwards called the "crater," was made in the earth large enough to easily take in and cover a building as large as the Carnegie Library building of this city. The bodies of the men were torn to pieces and scattered in all directions. One of the brass cannon was thrown down the hill about halfway between the Confederate and Federal lines, and lay there as long as those lines were occupied. It was said that some of our officers offered a big reward to any soldier who would crawl out at night and tie a rope to that cannon so that it could be drawn in, but no one ventured to make the dangerous attempt.

It seems proper, for a still better understanding, to read an account of this battle by an officer of the Federal army published several years ago in the *Youth's Companion* and commented thereon in the Statesville, (N. C.) *Landmark*, by a Confederate officer of Ransom's brigade, both of whom were participants in the battle and wrote from personal knowledge. The accounts given by them will enable you more clearly to understand the situation and the allusions in my own letters.

The following by "a boy lieutenant" gives an account, from the Union standpoint, of the battle of the "Crater."

"Near us a regiment of Pennsylvania miners had been working over a month, digging a tunnel under one of the Confederate forts, known as Elliott's salient. When they were under the fort, they branched their tunnel to the right and left, and in these branches eight cross chambers were cut. These were filled with powder to be blown up when everything was ready. The explosion was to be followed by a grand assault, and it was expected that, as a result of the movement, Petersburg would be captured and General Lee's army cut in two.

"On the morning of July 30, 1864, at twenty minutes before five, the mine was exploded. It overwhelmed and destroyed nearly all the men of the Eighteenth and Twenty-Third South Carolina Regiments and a battery of Confederate artillery.

"All the Union artillery, nearly 200 pieces, opened fire immediately after the explosion, and the cannonading was one of the most terrific of the war. The First, Second, and Third Divisions of the Ninth Corps charged soon after, but failed to advance as was expected. At 8 o'clock the Fourth Division was ordered to assault, as a forlorn hope. Our regiment led the division. With fixed bayonets, we started across the open field under a heavy cross-fire from the enemy's lines.

"Down went our flag, the color sergeant staining the Stars and Stripes with his blood. A grapeshot had torn his head in pieces. A corporal quickly caught up the colors, but the color lance was shattered by a shot.

"A shower of canister made a great gap in my company, but the men closed up and went on. We were led to the right of the "crater," as the chasm was called which the explosion of the mine had caused, and the First Brigade assaulted the Con-

federate line, carrying the rifle pits and capturing 200 prisoners and a color.

"But more than half of the Thirtieth had gone down.

"In the desperate fighting that followed our colonel, Delavan Bates, was shot through the face, and Major Leake was mortally wounded. Many of our best officers fell.

"A terrific counter-charge was made by the Confederates, and we were routed. Most of the troops, white and black, rushed for the Union lines.

"That I was appalled and terrified by the awful slaughter all around me was true enough; but I had retained my senses and was keenly alive to everything that had taken place within reach of my eyes and ears. My father's words came to me, 'Stay with the line and, instead of breaking over the breastworks and running across the open field, I went down a traverse and stopped at the crater, where some of our troops were rallying.

"With me were a dozen men of the regiment. We were the last to reach the crater, and the rifles of the Union soldiers were flashing in our faces when we jumped down into that fearful cavity. The Confederates were not twenty yards behind us, yelling and shooting as fast as they could, I felt the 'burn' of a bullet on my face, but it did not break the skin.

"Whoever has read the history of the war knows that of all its battles none exceeded in horror this slaughter at the crater. Of the six hundred or more men, representing every regiment of the Ninth Corps, who rallied here, but one hundred and thirty escaped unhurt; and all these were taken prisoners by the Confederates. All the colored men who rallied with me were killed.

"My pistol was hot with firing, I loaded muskets and searched the cartridge boxes of the dead and wounded until I was ready to drop from exhaustion. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the Confederates made a final charge, scarcely heeding our feeble defense and running over our thin line. A surrender was ordered, but some of our men did not hear the order and kept up the resistance. They lost their lives—a useless sacrifice."

A true account of the battle, as seen by an officer of the Confederate army, follows:

"One mile east of Petersburg, Va., and nearly a mile south of the Appomattox River, in the line of earthworks occupied by the Confederate army, was a ridge running east and west. On the crest of the ridge was Pegram's battery of four guns. One hundred and fifty yards north of this battery a small stream flowed through the Confederate lines in a northeasterly direction. The same distance south was a sunken road leading out of Petersburg to the southeast. West of battery, on an elevation of the ridge, was a Confederate mortar battery. North of the stream referred to was Ransom's North Carolina Brigade of five regiments. Extending southward from Ransom's right was a South Carolina brigade.

"On July 30, 1864, at 4:30 A.M., the Confederates were awakened by the terrific explosion and a rocking, trembling motion like an earthquake. Instantly, they sprang to their guns, without adjusting their scanty garments, and in two minutes were ready for the terrible ordeal before them. Two hundred pieces of Federal artillery opened fire immediately after the explosion, which had destroyed the battery and killed the men sleeping near. The breach in the Confederate line was of considerable extent, and the crater was 40 yards long 25 yards wide, and 30 feet deep. Three divisions of Federal soldiers, one of them negro troops, rushed into the breach with the road open to Petersburg. Instead of pressing forward, they dallied half an hour, while the Confederate army, like a

giant roused from slumber, took active measures to meet the enemy. Ransom's brigade fortunately sheltered from the cannonade by the bank of the stream, moved rapidly to the right at an angle of about 45 degrees from the earthworks. A movement to the left at about the same angle brought the South Carolina troops into position along the old road. In their new position, so hastily taken, these two brigades met and repulsed the terrible onslaught of the enemy. Several separate assaults were made. If the Federals moved south or southwest, they were received by the South Carolinians. When they moved north or northwest, Ransom's 'Tarheels' were there. If they advanced directly toward Petersburg, they were on top of the ridge and under a deadly crossfire from both lines. During this time the mortar battery and other artillery were throwing large shells into the huddled mass of troops with fearful havoc. After the battle had been raging for two or more hours, the Federals commenced breaking to the rear singly and in squads. This brought them within range of a crossfire from the Confederates, still occupying the old lines, and many were cut down when they had almost reached their lines.

"Mahone arrived with reinforcements between 8 and 9 o'clock. These troops were brought into position. A general charge was ordered. With a yell and a bayonet charge, the Confederates swept everything before them and reestablished the old line.

"'Honor to whom honor is due.' So far as known, no historian of the war mentions the fact that North Carolina soldiers took part in this battle. According to Lieutenant Rowley, his regiment of negro troops led the assault to the right of the crater. This brought them face to face with Ransom's brigade, which aroused the indignation of the Confederates, and half the Thirtieth Regiment of negro troops were left dead on the field, and Ransom's Brigade is entitled to the honor of repelling the assault. The Twenty-Fifth North Carolina Regiment being on the right, in an exposed position, probably lost more men than any other regiment on the Confederate side, except the South Carolina troops killed by the explosion. The battle was terrific, and the slaughter frightful. In and around the crater the Federal dead, white and black, had fallen across each other and lay in heaps. During four years' service this was the most horrible sight ever witnessed."

Shortly after the battle was over, and while still laboring under its excitement, I wrote a long letter to a relative in North Carolina giving in a free, impulsive way an account of the affair, and a portion of this letter was published in the old *Carolina Watchman* on August 9, 1864.

It may be well to explain that, in the position we then occupied in the lines around Petersburg, our (Ransom's) brigade, composed of what was left of the 24th, 25th, 35th, 49th, and 56th North Carolina regiments, fronted to the eastward. The part of the line where the mine was exploded and the "crater" formed was just a little south of our position. When, after the explosion, our right regiment (the 25th) was thrown back to protect our right and rear and to fire into the flank of the enemy if they attempted to advance toward Petersburg through the gap in our lines made by the explosion, it fronted to the south, while the remainder of the brigade still fronted to the east, and its left extended nearly to the rear of the right of the next (49th) regiment, forming a right angle, which was nearer the "crater" than any other part of the brigade.

I was at the time the senior captain of the 49th regiment, which made my company (C) the right company of the regiment, and, therefore, put it immediately at this angle nearest

the "crater," where we were forced to see more of the terrible scene than any others.

Lieut.-Col. J. A. Fleming, of McDowell County, commanded the regiment on that occasion until he was killed—than whom a braver man never lived. The gallant Maj. James T. Davis, of Mecklenburg, afterwards lieutenant colonel of the regiment, was mortally wounded in General Lee's last great charge, by which he broke the enemy's lines in front of Petersburg, in March, 1865, and died a few days after. My friend, Capt. Edwin V. Harris, whom I had known as the fun-loving "Spec" Harris at Davidson College, was from Cabarrus, though then in command of an Iredell company (formerly Capt. A. D. Moore's), which company at the time was the left company of the regiment.

Besides those from Iredell, the 49th North Carolina Regiment had soldiers from the neighboring counties of Rowan, Mecklenburg, Lincoln, Gaston, Cleveland, Catawba, and McDowell. It may be the survivors would like to read again what a comrade wrote at the time of this battle.

The letter is dated, "On the Lines, Petersburg, Va., July 31, 1864":

"The night previous to the battle Colonel Fleming, of the 49th, Major Davis, and I had a long and most pleasant conversation; in fact, Colonel Fleming and I sat up and chatted until midnight, little dreaming what a storm was brewing or how fatal it would be to one of us. Next morning the springing of a mine under Pegram's (formerly Branch's) battery, immediately on the right of our brigade, a terrific volley from the enemy's artillery along the whole line, and a simultaneous charge by a large portion, if not the whole, of Burnside's Corps, waked us from our slumbers and called us into position in the trenches. A great many of Elliott's (formerly Evans's) brigade of South Carolinians, who immediately supported the battery, were blown up, and a still greater number were swallowed up in the chasm. General Elliott was wounded. The men, of course, were greatly confused by the terrific explosion and the charge by the enemy in such overwhelming numbers. They poured into the chasm (a tremendous one) made by their mine, and over the works on either side in a resistless stream of men, both black and white, crying 'No quarter to the Rebels!' The 25th regiment was on the right of our brigade and ours next. The 25th was thrown up a ravine to protect our flank and rear, and our regiment moved to the right and joined the outnumbered South Carolinians.

"And now we witnessed, and to some degree participated in, one of the most terrific and desperate fights of the war. The enemy reinforced rapidly. Column after column of troops—negroes and white men—in great dark blue lines poured over the parapet and rushed down the inside of the trenches, thus coming on our men from two directions. Bayonets locked, rifles were clubbed, and men, in desperation, threw away their arms and grasped each other in the death struggle. We could see a man bayonet his foe, and while in the act of withdrawing his weapon have his head mashed by the butt of a rifle. This is plain truth. It is no exaggeration. But overwhelming numbers in such a fight must prevail. Gradually the small portion of Elliott's Brigade, which was between us and the mine, was pressed back upon us. But nobly—and you may emphasize the word—yes, most heroically, did those South Carolinians contest every inch of the ground. Color after color was placed upon the works from which our men were driven until twelve stands wave defiance in our faces. Beyond the brow and hidden by it from us, six more flaunted before our outnumbered boys, thus making eighteen in all.

"While this was going on we were not idle. Poor old Colonel Fleming came to me, gave me command of the same men I

had on June 2, told me to place them in a small ditch running perpendicularly to the main trench, and, if possible, to stop the enemy who were pouring around the inside of our works and coming down on our right flank. The remainder of the regiment poured a galling fire into the masses of the enemy, who were pouring over the works and down upon our men. By this means the enemy were first checked and then caused to lie low in the captured works. Here the sharpshooting was kept up on both sides, but, owing to the position of my company, it was able to fire right into the ditch packed full of white and black Yankees. Every ball told. Three or four times did a Yankee colorbearer bravely carry his colors out and endeavor to get his men to follow, but they could not be induced to leave the trenches, and finally he fell a victim to his reckless daring. Here we held them at bay until our generals could concentrate forces. By 11 o'clock all was ready.

"Just before this, and while the sharpshooting was raging, Colonel Fleming was shot through the head. Poor fellow! He was carried past me a greatly disfigured man. The ball and the blood made his face shocking to look upon, but we did not then have time for regrets. We could see the enemy's bayonets glisten and their colors move while they prepared to charge down upon us. O! this was a terrible moment! Each man seemed to know, and feel, too, that we must keep them back. If we did not, we would be slaughtered where we were or all killed if we attempted to retreat, and in either case Petersburg was gone. The South Carolinians were gone by the left flank down the main trenches and were forming with the left of our regiment. The right of our regiment was then next to the enemy and would have to receive the assault. Just think of that moment! Upon it the fate of Petersburg, perhaps of our army, perhaps of the Confederacy itself, depended!

"On the outside of our lost works, on which floated twelve flags, we could see the bayonets of men formed in line of battle ready to charge over. In our trenches were packed masses of the enemy, who, as soon as their comrades had passed over them and gotten between them and us, would rise and follow them. All this we stood and saw within fifty yards of us. Against this force was our regiment and the remnant of Elliott's men—the remainder of our brigade being scattered along our works to hold, or try to hold, them in case of a front assault. O! what a load was raised as we looked to the right and saw coming up over the brow of the hill the 26th South Carolina, the 25th North Carolina, and Mahone's Brigade. Still, knowing the tremendous force of the enemy, we trembled for the result of the charge. Stronger and stronger we made our fire upon the enemy. On, on, right on, came the Confederates. The yell was raised, the men took the run, and right on, right up to our lost works, they went. Such a shout we raised as we saw the enemy flee pell-mell from before our men. Then was our chance. O! but we did pour the leaden storm into the thick masses of men that rushed down the hill to their own lines. Such a slaughter! The retaken works, the main trench, eight feet wide, the perpendicular ditches, the numerous 'boomproofs' were literally packed with the dead and wounded. Black and white Yankees were piled and crossed and packed upon each other. The tremendous loss of the enemy made the number of our poor fellows who had been killed when the works were taken look small.

"Along here we had two lines running parallel and close to each other. In an angle of our front line a force of the enemy were penned. Our men determined to take these without risking the lives of our men. A mortar was brought up and a few shells dropped over among them, when they soon surrendered. In this flock were Brigadier General Bartlett and staff. He had lost a leg before Yorktown, and in this battle

his wooden leg was broken. Our whole line was again in our possession.

"And now to return to our own regiment. After the charge was made, our mine works retaken, and the fight over, our regiment was ordered back to our old position. Capt. Edwin V. Harris and I had just been congratulating each other on our good fortune in getting through safely, when the order to move separated us. His company was on the extreme left of the regiment, and, in going back to the old position, he led the way. At the head of his company he was following Major Davis along the trenches, chatting gayly, when they came to an exposed position on the line. A ball from the enemy passed close to the major. He turned to warn his men to walk low. Just as he turned a ball struck poor Ed, passing through his neck, cutting the great artery. The blood spouted from his neck in a stream as large as one's finger, and gushed from his mouth. And now ensued a most tender and affecting scene. The poor fellow seemed at once to realize his condition. He could not speak. But stepping up to Major Davis, he passed his left hand through the major's arm to support himself from falling and extended his right to tell the major farewell, while he gave him a look which Major Davis says he will not forget to his dying day. It seemed to say: 'I am killed; I know you cannot help me; do not forget me; good by!' The major saw he was going fast; the blood was spouting from his neck. He urged him to sit down. This he did not seem inclined to do, but, tottering to Lieutenant Crawford, of his company, shook hands with him, gave him the same look, and fainted from loss of blood. He ceased to breathe as he was carried out. Thus it was that poor 'Spec,' as we always called him, died. I cannot, and therefore shall not try, to describe the sorrow I feel. He was my best, my most intimate, friend in the regiment."

HOW A WOMAN HELPED TO SAVE RICHMOND.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON CABELL, IN MEMPHIS COMMERCIAL-APPEAL.

The following facts from the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal*, written by William Preston Cabell, deal with a thrilling story of the war familiar in most of its aspects to Richmond and Virginia people, but of unfailing interest.

History has not recorded the fact that Richmond and the lives of Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet were saved by the art of woman. Ever since the semi-mythical legend of the rescue of Capt. John Smith by Pocahontas, all the world reads with romantic interest of the saving of men by the hand of woman.

The daring exploits of Ulric Dahlgren, the one-legged boy soldier, who was only twenty-one when he rode at the head of his regiment, eclipsed the wildest legends of adventure of the olden time, and they are interwoven with a thrilling episode of unwritten history which reads like romance and fiction.

Early one morning in March, 1864, we were startled by the heavy pounding on the oaken doors of Sabot Hill, the charming home of James A. Seddon, Secretary of War of the Confederate government, situated on the James River, twenty miles above Richmond.

Mr. Seddon was a lawyer by profession, had been a congressman, and was a man of great refinement, experience in public affairs, and wealthy. His wife was the beautiful and brilliant Sallie Bruce, one of the large family of that name in Halifax and Charlotte counties. Her sister Ellen, another famous belle of the Old Dominion in the palmy days, was married to James M. Morson, and lived on the adjoining Plantation Dover, one of the most aristocratic homesteads in Virginia. Many of Richmond's inner circle enjoyed the

famous social gatherings here, where the society was as delightful as that which adorned the literary circles of the British metropolis in the golden age of Scott, Coleridge, Moore, and Leigh Hunt.

Mr. Morson and Mr. Seddon each owned several sugar plantations in Louisiana, besides cotton lands in Mississippi. Just half a mile distant was another typical old Virginia residence, Eastwood, owned by Mr. Plumer Hobson, whose wife was the accomplished daughter of Gov. Henry A. Wise. Eastwood was one of the most delightful homes imaginable, the abode of refinement and hospitality. Mr. Hobson paid \$2,500 for Tom, one of the most courtly and graceful butlers, or "dining room servants," as they were called in those days. There were nine children of the Seddon home, one of the happiest homes in all America.

On the night before the heavy pounding on the Sabot Hill door, Gov. (then Brig. Gen.) Henry A. Wise had arrived at Eastwood, accompanied by his daughter Ellen, now Mrs. Mayo, a remarkably clever woman, with rare intellectual gifts and literary attainments.

The Governor had come on furlough from Charleston, S. C., and joined his wife, who had preceded him, and with his family reunion anticipated a brief recreation amid the charms of one of the most attractive communities in the State. He had traveled from Richmond, via the Old James River and Kanawha Canal, on a very slow and primitive boat, called the Packet, built very much on the plan of Noah's Ark. The mode of travel on this ancient canal was something astonishing. A ditch, filled with river water, snakes, and bullfrogs, and fringed along its banks with lily pads and weeping willows, furnished the waterway for the Packet. A piece of rope, three damaged mules driven tandem, a tin horn, and a negro were the accessories, any one of which failing caused the trip on the Packet to be suspended or delayed until the necessary paraphernalia was provided. The boat was a curiosity, and the toilet facilities for the entire ship's company were a comb and brush, fastened by chains to keep them from falling overboard, and a tin basin similarly guarded, all attached to the side of the boat on a little gangway between the kitchen and the cabin. With a long-handled gourd you "dipped your own" from along side.

General Wise and Mrs. Mayo entered the Eastwood carriage, which was awaiting them at the wharf, less than a mile from the Hobson homestead, and as Uncle Ephriam, a famous driver, wheeled them along at an exhilarating gait, the tbc candles twinkled in the windows, and the lights from the country store glinted on the vehicle, harness, and trappings. It was noticed in the starlight that the northern sky was aglow with what was supposed to be the Aurora Borealis. Merry, happy greetings and joyous faces met the father and daughter as they entered the Eastwood threshold. Within, the warmth of great wood fires and the good cheer of a delicious supper banished from the good old General every thought of war, as he looked over the rich viands and array of luxuries before him and contrasted them with the mess pork, "hard-tack," "cush," sweet potato coffee, slapjacks, "hoppin'-john" and "hoppin'-jenny," and all the horrible makeshifts of food he had endured for months in camp at the front. What a feast it was! Genuine coffee from Mrs. Seddon's, sugar from Mrs. Morson's, and sorghum from Mrs. Stanard's. For the first time in many months the General laid his head on snowy pillows and tucked himself away at midnight in a Christian bed with linen, lavender-scented sheets, and warm, soft blankets, to dream of days gone by when, at his own home by the sea, in time of peace, with oysters, terrapin, and canvasback ducks for the feast, judges, statesmen, and even

Presidents, had been his guests. He sank to rest, in fancy hearing the sound of salt waves at his tide-water home and the sighing of the winds through the seaside pines.

A soldier of the General's command had come up with him on furlough. His home was some miles beyond Eastwood, in the back country. At daybreak the next morning he had sped rapidly back to Eastwood to tell the household that he had heard "boots and saddles" sounded, and to warn his dear old General of the danger. The mystery of the Aurora Borealis was solved; for right round his home he had come upon the bivouac of Dahlgren's troopers. When he was arousing the family, the enemy was coming on the same road, and not more than three or four miles behind him. The news chilled every heart with that imminent peril, the dream of peace and rest was over, and the ashes on the hearth where last night's revel was held lay dead. There was hurrying for the stables. In an incredibly short time, Tom and Ephraim had brought to the door Pulaski, the blind war horse of the General's dead son, Capt. O. Jennings Wise, of the famous Richmond Light Infantry Blues, who had been killed at Roanoke Island, and Lucy Washington, Mr. Hobson's thoroughbred riding mare. They were not a moment too soon. The General and his son-in-law, Mr. Hobson, galloped off with whip and spur to Richmond to notify the authorities of the enemy's proximity, and the militia, home guard, and private citizens were hurried to the trenches.

Dahlgren's original purpose was to cross the James River at either Jude's Ferry, on the Morson place, or at Mannakin Ferry, three miles below, and to approach Richmond by the south bank of the James. Reaching Belle Isle, he proposed to liberate the 12,000 Federal prisoners encamped thereon, who, reinforced with his regiment, could easily sack the Confederate capital, as Richmond was then in an almost defenseless condition, the reserves having been sent to Lee at the front. There was found upon Dahlgren's body a memorandum, in which the young man had made a wager that he would hang Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet on that raid. But the fates were against him. He was ignorant of the depth of water at the ferry crossings, and therefore paid a burly negro man from the Stanard place, who professed a knowledge of the ferry, ten dollars to pilot the troop of cavalry safely across to the south bank. They had not proceeded half way across the stream when the advance horsemen were over their heads, and one of the number drowned. A retreat was promptly ordered, the negro was hanged after a "drumhead" court-martial, and his body left swinging from a limb over the roadside. The neighbors allowed this coal black corpse to hang there for a week as an object lesson to impress the slaves of the vicinage with a new idea of Northern feeling toward the blacks. I shall never forget, as a seven-year-old girl, passing along the road one evening at twilight, how the cold chills ran over me when this horrible spectacle met my vision—the neck of the darky thrice its ordinary length and his immense pedal extremities suspended scarcely three feet above the ground.

When Dahlgren and his staff dashed up to the Hobson home at dawn with drawn revolvers, one of the men inquired: "Where is the man that hanged John Brown?" Mrs. Mayo, who had come out on the porch, replied: "If you mean my father, General Wise, he is not in this house." At this very moment Mrs. Mayo could see her father and Mr. Hobson entering the woodland in a sweeping gallop about four hundred yards distant on the road to Richmond. The negroes had advised Colonel Dahlgren that General Wise was visiting Eastwood, and a hasty search was made for the man who was Governor of Virginia when John Brown and his con-

spirators were captured at Harper's Ferry and hanged in Charlestown.

A handsome stone barn on the Morson place, which cost \$35,000, and three fine stables with the horses in them were burned that morning, and there was great consternation at these three homes—all in plain view of each other. At this time Mr. Morson was on a visit to his Southern plantations and his elder children, who were left with their aunt at Sabot Hill, could hear the groans of their father's horses in the burning stables and see the flames wipe out the magnificent buildings at Dover, while the residence was saved by the faithful slaves. Dahlgren had been told that Dover was Mr. Seddon's home, and his object was to destroy the property of the Secretary of War. At Dover a number of the troops, half drunk, finding Mrs. Morson's handsome wardrobe replete with a variety of elegant toilettes, donned her wedding gown and other costly feminine costumes, formed a cotillion and danced all over the yard in this ridiculous "fancy dress" apparel. At Sabot Hill the old black "mammy," Aunt Lou, rushed into the nursery that morning crying out: "Lawdy, chillun, git up and dress quick as yer kin, de whole hillside is blue wid Yankees." Uncle Charles, the dining room servant, begged the bluejackets not to burn and destroy the property of his master and mistress, and was as true as Aunt Lou, who hurried the children to a safe hiding place. When Dahlgren knocked at the door of Sabot Hill, Mrs. Seddon came forward with that high, womanly spirit which characterized so many patriotic Southern women when all the men were absent at the front and their homes were in danger of the enemy's torch.

The intrepid young officer, standing upon a wooden leg, and leaning upon a crutch (his leg had been amputated by reason of a wound in the ankle, received at Hagerstown, Md., in July, 1863), introduced himself as Colonel Dahlgren. Mrs. Seddon asked if he was related to Admiral John A. Dahlgren. When the response came that he was the son of the Admiral, the wife of the Confederate Secretary of War replied: "Your father was an old beau of mine in my girlhood days when I was a schoolmate of your mother's in Philadelphia." This seemed to touch a tender chord, and the Colonel at once doffed his hat and promised Mrs. Seddon protection and immunity from harm for herself and property. Whereupon she invited the gallant officer and his staff to walk into the elegant parlors of this old Virginia mansion of twenty-six rooms, built at a cost of \$64,000, and ordered Uncle Charles to bring from the cellar some blackberry wine of the vintage of 1844, and quickly a hostile invader was converted into an amiable guest, whose brain was soon exhilarated with the sparkling wine, and his manly soul captivated by the gracious diplomacy and finesse of his father's quondam sweetheart. It was by this device and strategy that Mrs. Seddon detained Colonel Dahlgren about the length of time required for General Wise and Mr. Hobson to speed to Richmond and notify her husband of the peril of the young nation's capital, for she was advised of their objective. Thus, it was late that evening when Colonel Dahlgren reached the beleaguered forts around Richmond.

STONEWALL JACKSON.—Neither Frederick, nor Wellington, nor Napoleon realized more deeply the simple truths which ever since men first took up arms have been the elements of success; and not Hampden himself beheld with clearer insight the duties and obligations which devolve on those who love their country well, but freedom more.—*Col. G. F. R. Henderson.*

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

When Carter's Battalion of Artillery, attached to and operating with Rodes's Division, Ewell's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, in the Pennsylvania campaign, was placed in position on Seminary Ridge, slightly north of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, near the point at which the Chambersburg and Gettysburg road and the unfinished railroad cross that ridge, after the close of the battle July 1, 1863 (see page 25, January VETERAN), it was near the center of the field on which the bloody fighting had previously occurred on that date. The guns were unlimbered and trained on Cemetery Hill, where the Federals had retained a lodgment, distant approximately a mile. The limbers and caissons were ranged in rear of their respective pieces. In going into position the drivers had to exercise care to prevent running the carriage wheels over the dead bodies which were thickly strewn over the ground occupied.

The horses, which had been hooked to the carriages since early morning and had been on the march, or maneuvering on the battle field, with no food or water, were loosed from the carriages and watered and fed, but the harness was permitted to remain on them that they might be readily hooked to meet any emergency. As far as the eye could see to the westward, which was cleared fields after leaving the wood-covered Seminary Ridge, the bodies of dead soldiers were revealed by the dim light which the moon shed on the scene. The very dimness of the moonlight had the effect of accentuating the dismal spectacle. After the day's din of battle, the silence would have been oppressive but that the men were ripe for rest and sleep as the result of their efforts to produce the day's terrible racket.

None knew what conditions would confront them next morning. All felt satisfied that the day would dawn on one of two conditions: either the Federal troops would evacuate the positions held by them during that night, or the day would open with the boom of cannon and the rattle of musketry. With this feeling prevalent, the men realized the necessity of immediately engaging in sleep, the only remedy for the needed rest, to enable them to meet the prospective demand that either condition would call for.

Usually the men found it convenient to combine their meager belongings for sleeping purposes. We felt rich if perchance each possessed a blanket, a rubber cloth, and one side of a "dog" tent. These were generally of Federal make, having been captured from our antagonists. One edge of each of the half tents contained button holes, and another edge had buttons sewed on to fit the holes of its fellow. Thus fitted, it was easy to attach two sides together and stretch the combination across a pole lodged on two forks at the proper height. This furnished the necessary shelter from rain or sun, and a rubber cloth, spread on the ground and covered with a "Yankee" blanket, furnished the rude bed on which we rested and slept; the other blanket and rubber cloth furnished the needed cover. It was rare, however, that the supply of a pair of bed fellows consisted of the entire number of articles enumerated above.

On this particular night of the first of July, 1863, my bed fellow, Frank Wootan, had gone to the rear, and notified me that I would find him immediately in rear of our gun, with our bed made in order. For some reason, not now remembered, I had lingered behind, perhaps engaged in some prolonged duty. When I determined to hunt my humble couch, I had no doubt that I would find it readily. As I moved back, I saw what appeared several distinct parties in the dim moon-

light, each covered with a blanket, and was somewhat puzzled to decide under which blanket my partner rested. On lifting one I was soon convinced that it covered a dead soldier, one of a number of such near our position, and, as I was not hunting for such a partner, I quickly dropped the blanket and gently called, "Hello, Frank, where are you?" to which he readily replied: "Here, Jack."

Dear old Frank! He was as "true as the needle to the pole, or the dial to the sun." No more patriotic Confederate soldier walked the earth than dear old Frank, my schoolboy friend, as well as my army comrade and bed fellow. How often during that trying period of four years did he walk up to me and say, "Jack, you have nothing to eat; here, take this; I don't need it," and a large part of his three days' rations, slender as they were, was thrust into my hand, under my vigorous protest. He insisted that he did not need to eat as much as I did. This was but one of his many noble traits. He "crossed the great divide" at his Texas home in February, 1902.

Except a small detail for guard duty to watch the horses, ammunition chests, and guns, alternating two hours on and four off, the men were soon soundly asleep, a large number having nothing but the bare ground as couches. Their dreams were generally of home, sweet home, and the loved ones there, and especially "the girl each left behind." What is said here serves largely as an interpretation of their thoughts and discussions during their waking hours:

"When to soft sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream, as a fairy bark,
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day."

If the writer dreamed on that particular night it did not disturb his deep slumber, for when he awoke the "purple daybreak" had long since become submerged by the bright sunshine which covered the entire surrounding community. His first thought on awaking was something to appease his sharp appetite and burning thirst, for there was a great scarcity of water, the neighboring wells being soon exhausted of their scant supplies. My natural and early inclination was to look toward Cemetery Hill to learn the conditions at that interesting point. Though I had never given study to military science, my active experience for two years as a soldier had taught me to recognize a strong position, whether held by friends or foes. While Cemetery Hill was somewhat obscured from the position we held by the straggling growth of woodland in its vicinity, I readily saw that it was higher than any other point in its immediate vicinity, and that it was crowned with artillery pointing in every direction from which Confederate troops might be expected to move upon it.

Except desultory shots from the pickets near Cemetery Hill, and an occasional cannon shot, nothing startling or dangerous appeared to be in progress. Occasionally a "grape vine" message made its way into ranks, when it was whispered: "Longstreet will assail the Federal left flank at any moment," and "Johnson's Division, of Ewell's Corps, will seize Culp's Hill on the Confederate left." The horses had been given food and water early, in anticipation of being called on to gallop to some point where the men and guns were needed. Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, and other successive hours passed, with no call nor any visible or audible sign of violent action. The men having served in Jackson's 2nd Corps during the previous year and more, were not prepared for the dilatory tactics which seemed to be prevailing here on the second of July. However, while Jackson's intensity kept

his troops from growing inert or impatient, there had been many instances in the career of his troops that tended to school them in the virtue of patience.

During the extended wait to which we were subjected, ample opportunity was given for meditation upon the horrors of war. Short excursions were made to other near-by points, not visible from the position of the guns, being obscured by numerous small patches of woodland and the conformation of the ground. These excursions were necessarily brief, because the men did not know what moment they would be called upon to move into action. The excursions invariably revealed the dead bodies of soldiers, either Confederate or Federal, the latter seeming to be more numerous, who lost their lives in the hotly contested battle of the previous day. There were approximately 1,700 men killed, and 6,000 wounded, and many of the latter probably died of their wounds. One scene, readily seen from the position of the battery, has been preserved. Its representation may be seen on page 274, Volume III, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," by the *Century Magazine*, and is entitled "Union Dead West of the Seminary, from a Photograph." The excess of Federal dead may be accounted for because the field has been in possession of the Confederate forces since the battle ended, and the dead of the latter were largely removed or buried.

During one of my brief strolls along Seminary Ridge, northward toward Oak Hill and the Mummasburg road, among the numerous bodies which I saw was one of a Federal soldier who showed that life was not extinct, as his faculty of breathing was being exercised. This was indicated by the regular expansion and contraction of his chest. A close inspection showed that the missile had entered the center of his forehead, and the glassy stare of the eyes was clear evidence of the unconscious condition of their possessor, hence he was suffering no pain. To satisfy myself of his unconsciousness, I took hold of the hands and feet and raised them and there was no response. The position of the body, the head being placed near the root of a tree, was evidence that friendly hands had placed it there, and I concluded that nothing within human power could be done to relieve the dying man.

As the battery had not moved from its position on the third of July, I again paid the breathing man a visit, and found that his lungs were still functioning, but the movements of the chest were less frequent and apparently weaker. As the battery was still standing in the same position on the fourth of July, my interest in the "still breathing dead man" caused me to again visit him on that date. The vital spark had left his body. I have never doubted that life's departure in his case was painless, as there had been no change of any part of the body or limbs for at least two days. Only the lungs and heart had engaged in a lingering action. I am persuaded that immediately succeeding the shock from the missile he lapsed into unconsciousness.

The surroundings naturally caused me to lapse into a reflective mood, and memory, the warder of the brain, at once came to my rescue, and the following stanza was recalled:

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

This will be recognized as one of the thirty-two stanzas of which Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" is composed. This poem is perhaps the most popular and most widely read poem in the English language. It is the story of the daily visits of the poet to the churchyard of Old St. Giles Church at Stoke Pogis, in Buckinghamshire, England, where

he was accustomed to walk daily, in melancholly mood, during his annual visits to that community. He confessed to his friend, West, that low spirits were his true and faithful companions; that they got up with him, made journeys and returns as he did, but most commonly they sat alone together.

As I viewed the dead bodies scattered over the ground in every direction, the above stanza repeatedly occurred to my mind. Gray's muse tuned his poetic lyre through his association with the tombs and tablets, their epitaphs and inscriptions, only the outward reminders of the interred bodies in the churchyard, and those of people of rank whose bodies were deposited in vaults inside the church, and many of which, no doubt, had returned to the original dust of which they were composed.

Here, when I looked in any direction, the visible evidence, the body itself, was in sight; not of tomb, tablet, closed vault, epitaph, or inscription, only the essence of dead human beings, but the real body of a dead man or men, all of whose lives had been extinguished in the previous day's sanguinary conflict. These men had met bearing the most improved and best constructed weapons that the ingenuity of man had ever devised for the destruction of human life. The men of both sides had wielded these weapons with a demoniac determination to win or die, and the results were in evidence on every hand. A fresh lot of men, similarly armed, were hurrying forward to join in the bloody carnival of death, which was to continue for two days longer. This was, and is, war.

It is not amiss for me to say that the dead men whose bodies were thickly strewn over the entire field of Gettysburg from the three days of the bloodiest fighting that ever occurred on the American continent, or at any other in the world up to that period of time, were assembled in the cemetery on the hill, south of the town, and there interred, or reinterred, if necessary. On the nineteenth of November, 1863, slightly more than four months after the great battle, there assembled a great gathering of people, with President Lincoln, Hon. Edward Everett, and other men of note, whose oratorical ability and fluency of speech added to the interest of the occasion, and that cemetery was dedicated as the perpetual resting place of those who laid down their lives in that great battle. The name and command of the occupant of each grave was cut on a stone and set at the head. If these were not known, the word "Unknown" was chisled on the stone. Those who have never visited a national cemetery can have no just conception of the number of such stones, in all national cemeteries, that bear the word, "Unknown." It has been my privilege to visit that noted field on two occasions since I accompanied the rear guard, of the Confederate army in its retreat from there on the fifth of July, 1863.

Napoleon Bonaparte, whose life was saturated with war, said: "The sight of a battle field after the fight is enough to inspire princes with a love of peace and a horror of war."

THE WOODLAND FORD.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Faint marked, the trench across the hill,
Where circling flows the tinkling rill;
And, deeper dimples in the sward,
The rifle pits of Forrest's guard.

The moon, low swung, its radiance pale,
Floods all the silent, somber vale;
And, flashing bright, the phantom blades
Guard still the ford among the glades!

THE OLD FORTY-NINTH GEORGIA.

COMPILED BY M. NEWMAN, ADJUTANT.

The 49th Georgia Regiment was the first (and it is believed the only) regiment which suggested to General Lee a plan for recruiting the negroes for the Confederate army, after the Confederate Congress had passed the bill for that purpose.

The original of the following document has been desposited with the Georgia Historical Society, of Savannah, and, at the request of the compilers of the Official War Records, a certified copy was furnished to the War Department at Washington:

"CAMP FORTY-NINTH GEORGIA REGIMENT,
NEAR PETERSBURG, March 15, 1865.

Col. W. H. Taylor, A. A. G.

"Sir: The undersigned, commissioned officers of this regiment, having maturely considered the following plan for recruiting the regiment, and having freely consulted with the enlisted men who, almost unanimously, agree to it, respectfully submit it, through you, to the commanding general for his consideration:

"1. That our companies be permitted to fill up their ranks with negroes to the maximum number, under the recent laws of Congress.

"2. That the negroes in those counties of Georgia from which our companies came be conscripted in such numbers and under such regulations as the War Department may deem proper.

"3. That after the negroes have been so conscripted, an officer or enlisted man from each company be sent home to select from the negro conscripts such who may have owners or or may belong to families of whom representatives are in the company, or who, from former acquaintance with the men, may be deemed suitable to be incorporated with these companies.

"For the purpose of carrying out more effectually and promptly the plan, as indicated under the third head, it is respectfully suggested that each man in the regiment be required to furnish a list of relations, friends or acquaintances in his county, of whom it is likely that negroes may be conscripted, so as to facilitate the labors of the officer or man who may be detailed to bring the negroes to the regiment.

"When in former years, for pecuniary purposes, we did not consider it disgraceful to labor with negroes in the same field, or at the same work bench, we certainly will not look upon it in any other light at this time, when an end so glorious as our independence is to be achieved. We sincerely believe that the adoption throughout our army of the plan here most respectfully submitted, or some similar one to it, will insure a speedy availability of the negro element in our midst for military purposes and create, or rather cement, a reciprocal attachment between the men now in service and the negroes, highly beneficial to the service and which could probably not be otherwise obtained.

"We have the honor to be, very respectfully:

"J. T. Jordan, colonel; J. B. Duggan, major; M. Newman, adjutant; L. E. Veal, first lieutenant Company A; L. L. Williams, captain Companies B and G; J. F. Duggan, captain Company C; L. M. Andrews, captain Company D; C. R. Walden, lieutenant Company E; A. G. Brooks, lieutenant Company F; S. J. Jordan, lieutenant Company H; William F. Mullaly, captain Company I; R. S. Anderson, captain Company K."

"Headquarters Thomas's Brigade, March 18, 1865.—Respectfully forwarded, approved.

EDWARD L. THOMAS, Brigadier General."

"Headquarters Wilcox's Light Division, March 21, 1865.—Respectfully forwarded, believing that the method proposed within is the best that can be adopted.

C. M. WILCOX, Major General."

"Headquarters Third Corps, A. N. V., March 22, 1865.—Respectfully forwarded. The plan proposed is commended as worthy of attention and consideration.

H. HETH, Major General Commanding."

"Respectfully returned. The commanding general commends the spirit displayed by this regiment. The plan of organization which has been regarded most favorably proposes a consolidation of the regiments of ten companies as they now exist into six companies, and that the regimental organization be maintained by attaching to the six thus formed four companies of colored troops. Each regiment will then preserve its identity.

"Perhaps this plan would be equally as acceptable to the 49th Georgia regiment.

"By command of General Lee.

W. H. TAYLOR, A. A. G.

"March 27, 1865."

The above document was drawn up by Adjutant Newman on March 15, 1865, less than a month before General Lee surrendered, and at a time when every available man, black or white, was greatly needed at the front. Although General Lee indorsed it on the 27th of the same month, it was returned to Adjutant Newman too late to be made of any service. On April 2, a week later, he was captured at Fort Gregg, near Petersburg, having this document and other important official papers in his possession. Of the 265 gallant Confederates who manned that ill-starred fort on the morning of that day, but thirty-four survivors came out of the bloody contest for its defense. Adjutant Newman saved his official papers by hiding them in the lining of his hat, where they were safe from detection during his three months' captivity on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, to which point the prisoners were taken.

STATISTICAL RECORD OF THE FORTY-NINTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

Place and date.	Killed.	Wounded.
Seven Pines, May 31, 1862.....	11	52
Mechanicsville, June 26, 1862.....	4	26
Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862.....	4	20
Frazer's Farm, June 28, 1862.....	5	11
Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862.....	2	5
Cedar Run, August 9, 1862.....	16	39
Manassas No. 2, August 29-30, 1862.....	13	51
Ox Hill, September 1, 1862.....	3	5
Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862.....	...	6
Shepherdstown, September 19, 1862.....	1	4
Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.....	12	47
Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.....	7	41
Gettysburg, July 1, 2, 3, 1863.....	14	58
Mine Run, November 27, 1863.....	1	3
Wilderness, May 5, 6, 1864.....	23	68
Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.....	4	18
Jericho Ford, May 23, 1864.....	2	11
Nance's Shops, June 23, 1864.....	2	1
Petersburg, March 25, 1865.....	15	27
Total.....	139	493

Number men died of disease, 298; wounds, 48. Total deaths, 485.

Number of men discharged, 194; transferred, 5; deserted, 6. Total real loss, 690.

THE BATTLE OF THE HANDKERCHIEFS.

[From "War-Time Sketches," by Mrs. Adelaide Stuart Dimitry, New Orleans, La.]

In the early forenoon of February 20, 1863, a whisper ran through New Orleans that the Confederate soldiers in the city were to be taken that day aboard the Empire Parish, Captain Caldwell commanding, and transported to Baton Rouge for an exchange of Union prisoners.

The whisper grew in volume until it reached the ears of the Confederate women of the city. At once gentle and simple, old and young, matron and maid hurried to the levee to give the boys in gray a warm "God bless you and good-by." One o'clock was the hour fixed for the departure of the prisoners, but long before the stroke of the hammer on its bell the levee for many blocks was densely crowded with people, a number estimated by some at twenty thousand. No New Orleans woman who had a brother, husband, or son on that prison boat could have been kept away. These loving and patriotic women, many of them wearing knots of red-white-and-red ribbon or rosettes of palmetto, or carrying magnificent bouquets of roses, camelias, and violets, like the flow of an ocean tide steadily poured through Canal Street on their way to the river front. They debouched, a living torrent, upon the levee in front of the Empire Parish, a boat around which guerilla guns had recently been quite busy. What a waving of handkerchiefs was there and glad cries and wafting of kisses, as the sight of a loved face was caught in the prisoner crowd on deck! In the throng on the levee, redeeming it from the epithet "mob," could be noted many ladies prominent in culture and social position. Among these were the poet Xariffa, dear to all Louisiana hearts; Miss Kate Walker, the courageous young heroine of Confederate flag episode; and Mrs. D. R. Graham, then a young wife and mother.

At first the crowd was orderly, though emotional, as was to be expected. Soon, between the soldiers on the boat and some of the Federals on shore began a banter of wits as to what each might expect the next time they met. Some ladies also, who were adept in the use of the deaf-and-dumb language, were using this form of wireless telegraphy in talking to their prisoner friends. Through the dumb spelling tossed off upon their fingers under the eye of the unwitting sentinel they learned that the baskets and boxes of delicacies sent to the Confederate prisoners in the Foundry prison had fed the thievish Federal guards instead of the dear ones for whom intended. This unwelcome news made more pronounced the attitude of defiance gradually assumed by the crowd. A wave of restlessness was sweeping over it. Some one cheered for Jeff Davis. A dozen resonant voices joined in the cheer, quickly followed with a "Hurrah for the Confederacy," or as a Northern writer puts it, "shouted other diabolical monstrosities." The feeling, growing more tense every minute, was too strained for safety and sure to snap in twain. Listen to the narrative of a participator in much that occurred on this eventful occasion:

"I do not know who conceived the idea of going, in order to be near the prisoners, on the Laurel Hill, the large river steamer lying beside the Empire Parish. My companions and I saw the move and followed the crowd on board. As the day advanced, the numbers grew so great that their demonstrations of love and respect nettled the Federals. It was an 'ovation to treason,' as they were pleased to term it, and they peremptorily ordered us to 'leave the boat, go off the levee, disperse.' The women could see no treason in what they were doing—merely looking at their friends and waving a farewell to them—so they made no move to obey. And *this* is what started the

trouble. An officer, presumably under orders from Captain Thomas, then in charge, gave the order to withdraw the plank and cut the Laurel Hill loose from its moorings. Jammed from stem to stern with brave and dauntless women, little children, and nurses with babes in their arms, the boat, with Stars and Stripes flying from its jackstaff, drifted slowly far down the river to the Algiers side. We held our breath as we went off, for we were much startled to find ourselves running away from the Empire Parish, but we waved a brave good-by with our handkerchiefs to those on shore, and they could not be kept from waving to us.

"After passing beyond the city, we wondered if they were taking us to Fort Jackson to shut us up as prisoners of war. 'Many a good Confederate has groaned within its stony walls, why should we escape?' we whispered to each other drearily. 'But at least it will be better than Ship Island.'

"During our enforced excursion down the river, we learned afterwards, the Federals had certain streets guarded and permitted no one to pass. Relatives of the unwilling passengers on the Laurel Hill were wild with fear for their loved ones and tried to get to the levee, but the guards brutally turned them back."

While the Laurel Hill was drifting out of sight, on the levee the crisis had been reached. The Federal guards grew tired of the noisy but harmless demonstrations and arbitrarily ordered the women to "fall back, fall back, and stop waving your handkerchiefs." They talked to the winds. Above the rasping order of the guards was heard a laughing retort: "Can't do it. General Jackson is in the rear and stands like a *Stonewall*." Again was the order repeated, and still above the din of voices and confusion of the multitude came the same jeering response that was caught up by the crowd like the echo from a bugler's blast. In the bright sunshine and friendly river breeze, more briskly than ever fluttered and waved the exasperating and much anathematized handkerchiefs. Finally General Banks, being informed of the state of affairs, sent down the 26th Massachusetts Regiment to clear the levee.

With the hope of quelling the rising tumult, augmented by the arrival of the regiment, a cannon was brought out and trained upon the multitude, the soldiers not caring who were terrified or hurt. In the meantime, imagine the feelings of those Confederate prisoners on the boat, forced to witness the cruel act of cutting loose the Laurel Hill with its freight of five hundred women and children, and the cannon turned on the helpless crowd on the levee.

But General Banks met more than he reckoned upon. His cannon neither killed nor drove the women away, for, according to a Union writer, they presented "an impenetrable wall of silks, flounces, and graceless impudence." The excitement was at fever heat. The women, now wrought to frenzy with heartaches and nerves, would not budge an inch, would not drop a single handkerchief even though faced by the murderous cannon. The soldiers first then threatened them with the bayonet, and afterwards actually charged upon them, driving every woman and child two squares from the levee. But

"Defiant, both of blow and threat,
Their handkerchiefs still waved,"

and the onset of the soldiers was unflinchingly met with the parasols and handkerchiefs of the women. Only one casualty was reported, that of a lady wounded in the hand by the thrust of a bayonet. After the fray the ground was covered with handkerchiefs and broken parasols. At last, the belligerent women, tired out but not subdued, went home to sleep in their beds. So much for the battle on the levee. Our narrator on the Laurel Hill resumes:

"I do not know how far down the river we were taken, but I do know we had nothing to eat. In the late afternoon the boat hands were marched into the cabin to eat their supper, and when they had finished and marched out again, we were told we could have the hard-tack and black coffee that was left. Some of us were too hungry to resist eating, but the majority took no notice of the invitation. Not one of the ladies showed fear or anxiety. If they felt either, they would not gratify the Federals that much. The bright and witty girls made things very amusing with their reparte, when a good humored officer came among us, but some there were that were surly, and the guards at the head of the gangway heard many a caustic aside expressive of contempt for Yankees and devotion to the Confederates. There was no white feather among them.

"Slowly we drifted on, and no one would tell us where the Captain was taking us. After we were prisoners for a few hours, the ladies, in passing through the cabin, would ring the bell to let our captors know we were hungry, but none took the gentle hint, and soon the bell disappeared.

"That night about nine o'clock we were brought back to the city, and when we were near the landing and saw that it was indeed home, dear old New Orleans, we felt so happy that we broke out into singing 'The Marsellaise,' 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' and all the Confederate songs we could think of—our own dear poet, 'Xariffa' leading the singing. This deeply angered our Federal captors. To punish us, they said we should not land, and proceeded to back out into midstream, where they anchored for the night. The next morning, after sunrise, we were brought to the levee again—a starving crowd and cold from the night air. They set us free, I suppose because they did not know what else to do with so many obstinate rebel women."

So ended the celebrated "Battle of the Handkerchiefs," courageously fought on the levee, February 20, 1863, by the Confederate women of New Orleans.

FRANCE AND THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.

BY HAL BOURLAND, AUSTIN, TEX.

Out on Robertson Hill, in East Austin, is a little cottage that, as the legend goes, in the days of the Republic of Texas almost brought the young Republic to the verge of war with France. And thereby hangs a tale.

When Texas adopted the consular system of the United States, France was the first nation after the United States, to recognize the embryo republic. M. Alphonse Dubois de Saligny, a gay young bachelor secretary of the old French legation in Washington, was sent to Texas to report to the French government on general conditions in Texas. With him he brought wines and servants, evidently intending to make a permanent settlement.

After examining the territory surrounding the little settlement of Austin, he purchased sixteen acres on Robertson Hill, east of Austin, and built the cottage, which he called the "Legation de France."

Count de Saligny, as he later became known after the death of his father, did not have much confidence in the resources of Texas. After making a more or less desultory inspection, he went to France to report on conditions. When he returned to Texas, he brought with him doors, hinges, locks, and other building material.

M. de Saligny designed the house himself, and it still stands as a monument to his taste. As one enters the house, a huge French door of paneled design is first noticed. This door is only one of many double doors, each swinging on serpentine-

shaped hinges. The lock alone is foot and a quarter in diameter and has a doorknob of solid brass.

It is what might be termed a "double house," with a hall in the center. Two rooms were originally arranged on either side of the hall, each having a large open fireplace with large hospitable stone hearths. Each hearth is overtopped with a great mantel of a colonial white finish, beautifully carved in a complex design.

From the hall to a small balcony at the rear a colonial stairway leads. Above the balcony is a large attic. The attic is equipped with dormer windows. This was, before the War between the States, the servants' quarters.

A study of the hall would furnish delight for any connoisseur. It was simply, yet tastefully, faced with elegantly dressed match boards, painted white and left unplastered. A wide porch extended across the front of the house. This alone of all the house has been changed. At that time grouped square pillars, connected by quaint foot-wide lattice, bearing the words "Legation de France," extended across this front porch.

With this exception the place remains the same, although additions have been made in the rear to meet the needs of later occupants. Since then the building has been repainted as nearly as possible in the white and chocolate it assumed during the occupancy of Count de Saligny.

In those old days there was underneath the residence a cellar to tickle the throat of Volstead himself had he been living then. This cellar was filled with rare old wines. Many were the hilarious parties to visit the embassy. M. de Saligny was never happier than when he was entertaining with formal dances and parties. The most beautiful young women of the settlement were always present at these affairs, under proper chaperonage.

The stories connected with the old embassy are numerous. In the west room is a large candlestick from France and a twenty-one day clock, also from France. This clock is said to have been imported and hauled from Houston to Austin by ox team. It is seventy-three years old and offers a remarkable contrast to modern timepieces.

Extremely little is known of the life of the young charge d'affaires in Austin. One famous story, however, will bear telling.

At one time Monsieur had a great deal of trouble with a hotel keeper over a pig. The pig, which is reported to have belonged to the innkeeper, continued to get in Count de Saligny's stable and eat his corn. Exasperated beyond endurance, M. de Saligny had the pig killed. The ire of the hotel keeper was instantly aroused, and he horsewhipped the French consul. Later the charge d'affaires entered the hotel belonging to the Texan and was ejected by the proprietor. To use the words of Count de Saligny, he was "incensed by being mistreated by a common Texan," and had the man arrested. Evidently the innkeeper had many sympathizers among the natives, because nothing was done. As a result, M. de Saligny returned to France and never stepped on Texas soil again.

This, of course, led to complications. The President of the Republic of Texas had difficulty in straightening out the affair with the French government. Before friendly relations were again resumed between Texas and France, Texas, fortunately, had ceased to be a republic and had taken its place as the twenty-eighth State in the Union.

The old home came into the possession of Dr. J. W. Robertson when the French consul left Texas. Miss Lillie Robertson, the present occupant, has two deeds to the place. One is in French and the other in English.

Miss Robertson is a Daughter of the Republic of Texas. She charges a small fee to see the place. This fee goes entirely into the treasury of the Daughters of the Republic.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Sleep on, dear friend! No marble column
Gleams in the lights and shadows solemn
Over the grasses on thy grave;
But flowers bloom there—the roses love thee,
And the tall oaks that tower above thee,
Their broad, green banners o'er thee wave."

M. W. CAMPER.

Seventy-five years young, after a life spent in unselfish devotion to others, on the morning of January 14, Moncure Woodson Camper, of Florence, Ala., passed into eternal sleep. For more than thirty-four years an outstanding, leading citizen of Florence, Ala., M. W. Camper had been identified with every good work in the city's progress. He was a native of Fincastle, Va., which he had served two terms as mayor; and he also served a term in the Virginia legislature during reconstruction days. He moved to Florence in 1888, and the next year he founded the *Florence Times*, with which journal his life was intimately linked, and in which he gave expression to his ideals of service, morality, religion, education, and general usefulness. Perhaps no other editor of Alabama has been so widely quoted. In addition to being President of the *Florence Times* Company, he was serving as postmaster at Florence, in which he was completing his eighth year of continuous and most efficient service. A man of broad information, intelligence, and culture, he was intensely interested in every phase of education, and served many years as a member of the board of education, and the influence of his whole life was for education. He also served as President of the City Council of Florence. He was a member of the Methodist Church, serving as steward and Sunday school superintendent for many years.



M. W. CAMPER.

As a boy of sixteen, M. W. Camper left school to enter the Confederate army, and he became an officer of his company in Pickett's Division, where he served to the close of the war. He was commander of Camp O'Neal U. C. V., at Florence, always devoted to the interests of his comrades and especially active, with his wife, who is President of the Daughters of the

Confederacy there, in collecting and preserving Confederate records. He was married in 1879 to Miss Amelia Brown, of New Orleans, and she survives him with a son and daughter. A brother, Hon. C. B. Camper, and two sisters, of Fincastle, Va., also survive him.

All Florence mourns the loss of this high-minded citizen, whose friends were from all ages and all walks in life, and who had been known in every movement for the advancement and betterment of his community.

COMRADES OF SAVANNAH, GA.

John F. Kollock, a member of our Confederate Veterans' Association and Camp 756 U. C. V., entered into rest on January 16, 1923, at Atlanta, Ga. Comrade Kollock went into the army on October 11, 1861, by joining the Savannah Volunteer Guards, afterwards the 18th Georgia Battalion; was detailed in Savannah in the Signal Corps from October, 1862, to the close of the war, surrendering with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. After the war he returned to Savannah and engaged in active business there until several years before his death, when he removed to Habersham County, later going to Atlanta, making his home there until his death. He never married. He was a good soldier and citizen. He was laid to rest in Laurel Grove Cemetery among his kindred.

Albert L. Shellman died on January 24, 1923, at Miami, Fla., surrounded by his immediate family. Thus another comrade of the Confederate Veterans' Association, Camp 756 U. C. V., has passed over the river "to rest under the shade of the trees" with so many of our comrades gone before. Albert L. Shellman entered the Confederate service by joining Company H, 1st Volunteer Regiment, Georgia Infantry, December, 1862, commanded by Col. C. H. Olmstead, Savannah. He remained with this regiment through the entire war, surrendering with it at Greensboro, N. C. Returning to Savannah, he became connected with what was then known as the Plant System of Railways, later on engaging in the life insurance business. Some years ago he moved to Jacksonville, Fla., continuing in the same business, finally removing to Miami. Surviving him are his wife and one son. He was buried in Laurel Grove Cemetery, at Savannah, by our Camp, and his old regimental commander, Col. C. H. Olmstead, its first commander, was present, taking part in the services.

Edward M. Anderson, a member of the Confederate Veterans' Association, of Savannah, died in the early morning of Sunday, January 28, 1923, in his native home, Savannah. Comrade Anderson selected the sea as the scene of his service for the Confederacy, joining the forces of the gunboat Savannah for a short time, then joined the C. S. S. Alabama, serving on her during her whole cruise. This was in August, 1862. During the engagement with the U. S. S. Kearsarge, he was wounded and fell overboard. Keeping himself afloat, he was finally rescued by an officer on the English steamer *Deerhound*, taken abroad with other officers, and carried to Southampton, where he was held on waiting orders until October, 1864, when he was ordered back to the Confederacy. On the way back he met the blockade runner *Owl*, and was retained on her as navigator and acting master until the close of the war. Shortly before the close he was made lieutenant. He served his country with loyalty and distinction. Returning to the city of his nativity, he lived the rest of his life worthily among his relatives and friends. He never married. With the honors of his Camp, he was laid away in Laurel Grove Cemetery, Savannah.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary.]

JUDGE WILLIAM P. WINFREE.

Judge William Powhatan Winfree, who died at Hopkinsville, Ky., on March 8, was of French descent, his progenitors having sought refuge in America after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. They settled in Powhatan County, Va., about thirty miles from where Richmond now stands, and members of the family were in the Revolutionary ranks. On his mother's side he was of English blood, the Atkinson family. He was born January 28, 1843, the first of fourteen children. His father moved to Tennessee, and soon after to Christian County, Ky., where for the rest of their lives their interests have been identified with the public good.



JUDGE WILLIAM P. WINFREE.

At eighteen years of age, William Winfree joined Capt. Henry Leavell's company, known as the Oak Grove Rangers, which was later a part of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry as Company H. This regiment was commanded by Ben Hardin Helm, brother-in-law to Mrs. Lincoln, and her brother, Harry Todd, was the adjutant of the regiment. Helm was promoted to the command of a Kentucky brigade, and was killed in the first day's fight at Chickamauga. Judge Winfree was in command of General Forrest's bodyguard both days of that battle, and he regarded General Forrest, not only as a great and brave soldier, but as a great cavalry leader, second to none on either side. Young Winfree was wounded once.

After the war he studied law under Judge Henry Stiles, of the Appellate Court. His license to practice was signed by Judge R. I. Petree and Judge Ashur Graham. From 1882 to 1890 he was Judge of the County Circuit Court, and, on retirement from office, resumed practice, his service as lawyer extending over fifty-four years.

In 1868 he was married to Miss Carrie Bradshaw, member of a family as much identified with the county as his own. His wife survives him with five children. A devout Christian, a generous friend, a kind counsellor, the keynotes of his character were duty and loyalty. Now the family find their richest heritage and consolation for his loss are the honor and affection in which his memory is universally held.

C. C. CRAWFORD.

C. C. Crawford, a native of Upson County, Ga., born July 28, 1846., died at Yatesville, Ga., on February 25, 1923, and was buried in the Arnold Church Cemetery. He was in his seventy-seventh year.

In May, 1863, he joined Captain Hightower's Company of Blount's Battalion of Cavalry, and served until the close of the war, being discharged at Macon, Ga., in April or May, 1865. He has been on the pension roll of Georgia since 1910.

Of Company E, Third Battalion Georgia Reserves Cavalry, G. Lee Birdsong was first captain; J. W. F. Hightower, second captain; R. A. Stephens, first lieutenant; R. M. McFarlin, second lieutenant; and Thomas Atwater, third lieutenant.

J. P. JORDAN, CAMP No. 28 U. C. V., MEMPHIS, TENN.

Death has removed from our midst another comrade, and we will miss him. J. P. Jordan was a splendid citizen, and always a loyal friend to the Confederate cause. He was born in Culpeper County, Va., September 24, 1843, the son of James White and Mary S. Jordan. His early life was spent much as the youth of his day, and when seventeen years of age he entered Confederate army and served with Longstreet's Division throughout the war.

Comrade Jordan served as first sergeant of Company H, 17th Virginia Regiment. He was twice wounded at the battle of Frazier's Farm, near Richmond, and was captured there June 30, 1862, and released the following day. He was mentioned in special orders by General Pickett as one of four scouts who performed especially valuable and heroic service. He was paroled in April, 1865. He joined Company A, Confederate Veterans of this city, when it was organized.

He was of a strong and positive character, always scrupulous to protect his honor in every department of life. No man stood higher in the business world; he was a member of the Methodist Church, and loyal both to his Church and its teaching. He was a devoted husband and father, and a Christian gentleman of the old school.

What more could be said of a man? We tender our deepest sympathy to his life companion and their children. May the Lord protect and care for them!

The Company and Association mourn the loss of Comrade Jordan.

[Committee: R. A. Bullington, J. A. Loudon, M. B. Patterson.]

WILLIAM M. DAVIES.

William Myrick Davies, who died in Asheville, N. C., February 5, 1923, was the only son of William Washington and Charlotte Howard Davies. He was born July 27, 1843, at "Oakland," the summer home of his parents near Hendersonville, N. C.

He studied under a tutor until nine years of age, when he attended a private school and Richmond Academy at Augusta, Ga., later going to Emory College at Oxford, Ga., then to Col. Stephen D. Lee's Military School in Chun's Cove near Ashville N. C., and finally to the University of North Carolina, at Chappel Hill, where he graduated in the war class of 1861, but did not receive his diploma until 1916. Immediately after his graduation, he returned to Georgia, joining the Burke County Sharpshooters at Waynesboro, Ga., going from there to Virginia, where he served for some time, but was discharged on account of deafness. The latter part of the war he reënlisted and acted as courier for Colonel Rhett near Charleston, S. C., until the end of the war.

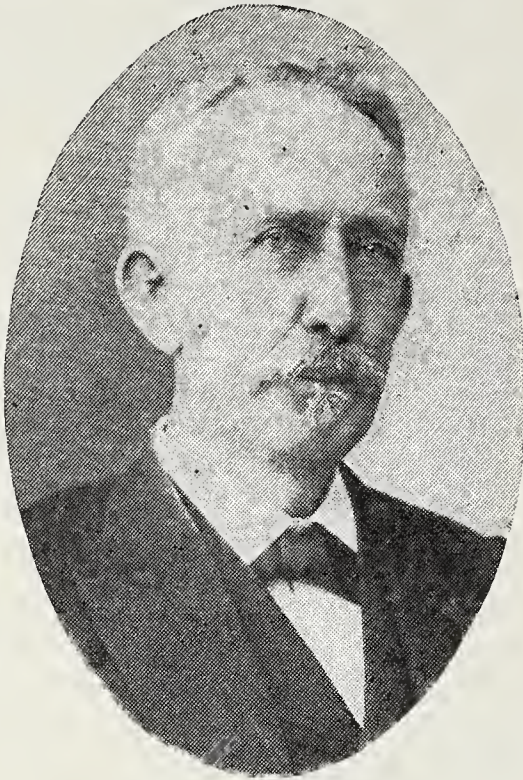
After the war he took up his permanent residence in Hendersonville, N. C., where he read law for some time under Colonel Bailey and was admitted to the bar, practicing law for quite a while, until increasing deafness caused him to give up active practice. He then moved to Asheville, where he taught a law school.

Mr. Davies is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Ellen Petterson and Mrs. Elizabeth Davies Biggar, and several nieces and a nephew.

William Myrick Davies was a great grandson of Myrick Davies, a Welshman, who came to Georgia from Wales, having a grant of land from King George in Burke County near Waynesboro, Ga., before the Revolutionary War. In the battle of Briar Creek he was inhumanly slain by the Tories while he was Acting Governor of Georgia. Mr. Davies's mother was a daughter of Dr. Jesse Howard, of Camden, S. C.

COL. C. K. HENDERSON.

Col. C. K. Henderson, who died at his home in Aiken, S. C., on September 15, 1922, was born in the historic county of Edgefield, April 20, 1844. At the opening of the war his parents were living in Graniteville, S. C., and as a youth of sixteen he volunteered, joining the company organized there, which became Company F, 7th South Carolina Volunteers, Longstreet's Corps.



COL. C. K. HENDERSON.

On reaching Virginia this company was engaged in the first battle of the war, Bull Run, and also took part in most of the principal battles that followed. When Longstreet's Corps was ordered to Tennessee, his company suffered severely at the great battle of Chickamauga, losing two captains. Returning to Virginia with his company, young Henderson again saw service under General Lee until he was captured with several others from a detail which had been sent across the North Anna River for picket duty and taken to Point Lookout, where he spent the last year of the war.

On returning home he was employed as a mechanic by the Graniteville Manufacturing Company, which operated the only cotton mill of any importance in the South. Desiring to enter mercantile life, he invested his savings in a small store and for several years conducted the same successfully at Graniteville. In 1876 he moved to Aiken, the county seat, where for more than forty years he continued actively engaged in business. Circumstances were such that his school advantages were limited in childhood, and doubtless this caused a desire for better educational facilities in his town and State for coming generations. As one of the original trustees of the Aiken Institute, Colonel Henderson served in that capacity until his death, also as a trustee of Furman University and Greenville College for Women for a number of years.

For forty years he was Superintendent of the First Baptist Sunday School of Aiken, and at his death was senior deacon of that Church. He was always interested in the affairs of the Confederate veterans, and at one time was Commander of Barnard E. Bee Camp at Aiken. When Gen. C. I. Walker was made Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, he appointed Colonel Henderson as colonel on his staff. He was appointed on the commission to erect a monument to the South Carolina troops killed at Chickamauga, and was also a member of the commission from South Carolina to arrange for the great gathering of Confederate and Union veterans at Gettysburg on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle.

Colonel Henderson is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary E. Burnett, two daughters, and one son, Frank P. Henderson, of Aiken.

WILLIAM A. JOHNSTON.

William Alston Johnston died in Fort Worth, Tex., on February 20, 1923, following a short illness. He and his wife went to Fort Worth about a year ago to make their home with their sons.

Mr. Johnston was born in Haywood County, Tenn., near Brownsville, February 8, 1840. When the war broke out between the States, he enlisted in Forrest's Cavalry and served throughout the conflict.

In 1878 Mr. Johnston came to Lee County, Ark., and for many years taught school in Spring Creek Township, at Oak Forest and La Grange. He was also a civil engineer, and practically all the surveying done in Lee County in the early days was done by him. He served as county surveyor many years.

Mr. Johnston's first wife was Mrs. Fannie Sullivan, whose maiden name was Burford. One son, John, of Forrest City, Ark., survives this union.

After the death of his first wife, he married her sister, Miss Sallie Burford, who survives him, with three sons and one daughter.

For many years "Uncle Buck" had been a familiar figure in Marianna. He was keenly interested in current events, political and otherwise, always kept himself well informed, and was possessed of a great fund of rare information and interesting experiences that made him a good entertainer. His going has created a vacancy that only "Uncle Buck" could fill.

Mr. Johnston was a descendant of Col. Philip Alston, John Ramsey, and John Johnston, all of whom fought in the Revolutionary War.

[Effie Allison Wall, Historian, Govan Chapter, U. D. C.]

JASPER BYNUM.

"Uncle" Jasper Bynum, who died at the home of his son, Rufus Bynum, at Oneonta, Ala., on January 14, 1923, was the oldest citizen of the town. He was born near the present town of Oneonta in 1838, and had spent all of his life within a few miles of Oneonta except some seven years in Gadsden. He bought the first lot in Oneonta, and erected the first business house and hotel.

He was a charter member of the Oneonta Southern Methodist Church and was one of the most faithful members for more than three-quarters of a century.

He was the author of the history of the Bynum family, a history which gives much valuable information about the early settlement of the eastern part of Blount County, where his parents settled in 1817.

He was a soldier in the Confederate army, and had a wonderful faculty for incidents of the war, and never tired in relating his thrilling experiences.

He will be missed perhaps more than any man who has been a citizen of the town. For more than thirty years he had been upon the streets to welcome the stranger and say a good word for the town he had helped to build.

"Uncle" Jasper is survived by two sons, Rufus A. Bynum of Oneonta, and George Bynum, of Safety Harbor, Fla., and one daughter, Mrs. Sallie Richardson, of Gadsden.

He was laid to rest in the Oak Hill Cemetary.

LOUIS WILLIAM TRAIL.

Louis William Trail died in Easton, Md., on February 28, 1923, at the age of 80 years. He was born February 10, 1843, in Baltimore, the son of Oscar and Sarah A. E. Trail, of Frederick, Md. At the death of his parents, he moved to Frederick County, where he grew up at the country home of his grandfather, Col. William Kemp, of Prospect Hall.

Shortly after the outbreak of the War between the States, he joined the Confederate army, at the age of nineteen, as a volunteer, and served with distinction with Company D, 1st Maryland Cavalry, throughout the war. He fought in many of the principal battles, including that of Gettysburg, and was severely wounded at Clear Spring, Md., during a cavalry raid on Chambersburg, Pa.

After the war he returned to Baltimore and actively engaged in business and established the firm of Trail, Gambrill & Co., grain exporters. He retired in 1881 to Talbot County and purchased a handsome estate on Miles River, and lived there until 1898, when he moved to Easton and engaged in business there.

He was a Knight Templar, Past Master of Concordia Lodge, Baltimore, also a charter member and the Adjutant of the Charles S. Winder Camp, No. 989, U. C. V. He was a vestryman of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church.

In 1871 he married Miss Josephine Goldsborough, daughter of Dr. Charles Goldsborough, of Frederick, who died the following year, leaving a daughter, and in 1881 he married Miss Mary I. Steele, daughter of Dr. Thomas B. Steele, of Cambridge, Md., who survives him with two sons and a daughter.

As a highly respected and valuable citizen, in his death Easton loses one that cannot be replaced. His personality was of the old school of "gentlemen to the manner born." He was successful in business, in his civic relations, and in holding his friendships.

He was buried in the family lot at Christ Church Cemetery, Cambridge, Md., the honorary pallbearers being comrades of the gray.

CAPT. STEPHEN G. SHARP.

It was the lot of Stephen G. Sharp, of Covington, Ky., to answer the call of the Grim Reaper in January, 1923, and he answered with the same Christian fortitude he had exercised when called to arms in 1862. Captain Sharp was born in Clark County, Ky., in 1843, and when the War between the States made it incumbent on all American boys to elect which side of the question to take, as a thorough believer in the doctrine of State rights, he cast his strength and destiny with his own people of the South and became connected with the cavalry service and command of John Hunt Morgan. He was considered as one of the most fearless and daring of Morgan's raiders, and enjoyed to the fullest extent the confidence and esteem of his commander, for which reason he was called on to do much special and dangerous service. It was said that he was engaged in more personal encounters than any member of Morgan's command. When the war closed, he accepted the results in good faith and entered civil life again in the same strenuous way, and endeavored to discharge his full duty as a citizen. As a reward for his fidelity, his constituency awarded him various positions of honor and trust. He was made county attorney of Fayette County, Ky., County Judge, State Treasurer, and United States marshal of the Eastern District of Kentucky. When the Association of Morgan's Men was launched, he took an active part in its formation, and was a member of its first executive committee and its second Vice President, and, after the death of General Duke, its first President, and Dr. Lewis, its second, he was chosen

as President and occupied that office at the time of his death, filling the office with ability and faithfulness. He was a devout Christian, a thorough gentleman, and true friend, and the Association, as one man, mourns his loss.

[W. H. Robb, Secretary of Association of Morgan's Men.]

CAPT. WILLIAM I. WHITE.

On January 25, 1923, at his home in Waverly, Tenn., after a brief illness, Capt. W. I. White answered the last "roll call;" age, 91 years.

Though he had passed the fullness of years that is counted the span of life, he was still the alert, active man of home duties.

He was the tenth child and the third son of Whitbea and Mary Yeates White, born January 29, 1832.

He was reared on a farm, and, after receiving his education, engaged in the mercantile business with his brothers until the "call to arms" in 1861.

He was the first to enlist as a member of the Waverly Guards, under Capt. Joe. E. Pitts, which was the first company to leave the county in May, 1861, and was sent to Camp Cheatham for instruction. By its excellence in drill, it won the place of Company A in the 11th Tennessee Infantry, of which J. Rains was colonel. W. I. White was elected second lieutenant, and at the reorganization a year later, was elected captain, which rank he held to the end of the war.

The regiment was assigned to the brigade of General Zollicoffer, and, after serving at Cumberland Gap, advanced into Kentucky, fought at Rock Castle and Fishing Creek, where Zollicoffer was killed, and Colonel Rains succeeded to the command of the brigade. He was killed at Murfreesboro, and his successor, Preston Smith, at Chickamauga. After which, Gen. A. J. Vaughn led the gallant brigade until wounded, and was succeeded by Gen. George W. Gordon.

In all these battles Captain White was a gallant participant, fighting at Missionary Ridge, in all the battles of the Atlanta campaign, at Jonesboro, Franklin, and Bentonville—the end.

The regiment throughout its service bore a beautiful flag presented by the ladies of Nashville, Tenn. It was never captured, but was riddled with bullets.

Three of his brothers also served in the war—Dossey H., General Forrest's quartermaster; Frank M., member of Forrest's Cavalry; R. Cope, enlisted at McKinney, Tex., and was a cavalryman, and the only one of the brothers to receive a slight wound. All have passed into the beyond.

After his parole at Greensboro, N. C., Captain White returned to his native county of Humphreys (never lived any where else except during his army life) and engaged in the mercantile business and farming, retiring a few years ago.

Captain White was made a Mason in Waverly Lodge No. 304, April 7, 1866, and was the oldest member in this Lodge.

He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1881, and lived a consistent Christian life.

He was a member of the Alonzo Napier Camp, No. 1390 U. C. V., and enjoyed attending the reunions, wearing his Confederate gray, of which he was so proud.

He was married in 1867 to Miss Latitia Fowlkes, who survives him, with the following children: Will W. White, Glendale, Cal.; Mrs. F. S. Knouse, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. John R. Marable, Charleston, Mo.; Mrs. Mason Sanders, Waverly, Tenn.

His oldest son, Eugene White, died, just two days before his father.

[His nephew, Reddick C. Carnell, Waverly, Tenn.]

EDGAR WOOD BLANCHARD.

Edgar Wood Blanchard, a native of Church Hill, Jefferson County, Miss., was a student at Washington College when Mississippi called her sons to arms. He laid down his books and early in 1861, barely fifteen years old, enlisted in Captain Shield's cavalry troop, which was attached to the Jeff Davis Legion, and, going at once to Virginia, was soon in active service. During 1861 young Blanchard was detached from his company and served as a scout for General Wade Hampton. On returning to his command, he rode and gallantly fought under that prince of cavaliers, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, throughout his daring raids and marvelous campaigns, participating with the incomparable Army of Northern Virginia in many hard-fought battles, such as Seven Pines, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Wilderness, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, and Gettysburg. After the surrender, Edgar Blanchard made his way on horseback to his old plantation home in Mississippi, and at once engaged in business, finding time to faithfully serve his stricken people during the infamous ordeal of Reconstruction, he was still actively engaged in business up to within ten days of his death.

On January 18, 1872, he was married to Miss Sallie Marlow, of Lexington, Miss., On this date of 1923, this fine old couple happily celebrated the fifty-first anniversary of their wedding. And on the 30th of January he peacefully crossed the dark river. He was a lifelong Episcopalian and a zealous Churchman. His last days were cheered by the presence of his faithful wife and loving sons. The only daughter preceded her father to the spirit land many years before.

His body was interred at Crystal Springs, where the family had lived many years.

An affectionate husband and father, a faithful soldier, an upright citizen, an honorable, courteous gentleman, a devoted son of the Church, peace to his ashes!

[P. W. Shearer.]

JUDGE O. F. ADAIR.

Judge Oscar F. Adair, Commander of Joe Wheeler Camp No. 1800, of Sallisaw, Okla., departed this life on March 21, 1923, at the age of seventy-five years.

Judge Adair was one of the few pioneer citizens of this section of the country, having served as District Judge in the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, he himself being of Cherokee descent. He was born near Stilwell, in the Indian Territory, in 1848, and resided in this portion of the country during the whole of his life. In the War between the States he served under the command of Gen. Stand Watie, the famous Cherokee Indian general.

In 1890 he was elected delegate to the annual convention of the Cherokees to elect the chief of the tribe. At this convention, Judge Adair, by his successful maneuver, swung the convention to Joe E. Mayes, a warm personal friend, the action resulting in the election of his friend as chief of the Cherokees.

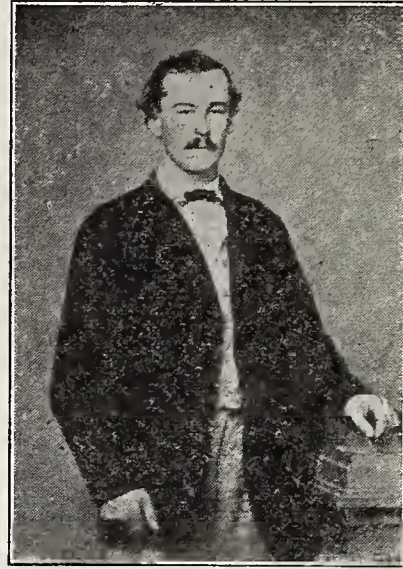
During Judge Adair's lifetime he was a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and for the last ten or twelve years he had faithfully kept every copy of this wonderful paper, and he has been heard to say that he valued this paper so highly that he would not take one dollar a copy for any one or all of his set.

Judge Adair was buried with Masonic ceremonies by Sallisaw Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M. of Oklahoma, of which he was a charter member. He is survived by four daughters and three sons, all prominent and well-known citizens of this county.

[Capt. Z. T. Graves, Adjutant Joe Wheeler Camp, U. C. V.]

GEORGE M. SLATER.

In memory of George M. Slater, who died at Mount Bleak, his beautiful mountain home near Paris, Va., on the night of January 2, 1923, in the eighty-third year of his age.



GEORGE M. SLATER.

In an acquaintance of more than fifty years nothing ever occurred to disturb our warm and perfect friendship. Though his head had grown white with the snow of many winters, yet in his heart for his friends and comrades was "God's eternal sunshine."

When war between the States was declared, Mr. Slater, then living in Baltimore, inspired by what he knew to be a just and righteous

cause, was among the first young men of Maryland to offer his services to his country. He enlisted in a company belonging to the Maryland Line and commanded by Captain Dorsey, and was with Jackson in most of the battles in the Shenandoah Valley and in the bloody battle of Port Republic. At the second battle of Manassas, where Lee and Jackson defeated Pope in 1862, he fought with the infantry and was wounded. Upon his recovery, his time of service with the infantry having expired, he joined a company of cavalry in the 1st Maryland Regiment, commanded by Captain Dorsey, for one year, and was commended for his courage and strict attention to duty.

At the end of his term of service, he joined Company E, of Mosby's Battalion, and by his courage and skill won the respect and esteem of his commander. He was with him in almost every raid and battle, and no one did more than Mr. Slater to win fame and honor for that great partisan leader.

Mr. Slater was a man of sound sense, a good farmer, and the soul of honor, in fact, honor was an everyday virtue with him, and none of his friends can regret his loss more than myself. He leaves one son, George H. Slater, one sister, Mrs. Combs, of Maryland and three grandchildren—George Robert, Thomas, and Bedford Slater.

He was with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart when the latter was mortally wounded near Yellow Tavern, assisted him from his horse, and, with another comrade, bore him to an ambulance, which carried him to Richmond, where he died the next day.

My dear old comrade has now "crossed the river" and is "resting under the shade of the trees," and no one mourns his loss or misses him more than his old comrade.

[Channing M. Smith.]

WILLIAM M. BRANSON.

A familiar figure is missed from the streets of Fairmont, W. Va., in the passing of "Uncle Billy" Branson, one of the few survivors of the gray in that section. He was born in Hardy County, May 6, 1845, and at the outbreak of War between the States, he enlisted in the Confederate army and at times was attached to McNeil's Rangers, who won distinction for their feats of daring. Some years ago he removed his family to Fairmont, and since his wife's death had made his home with his children. He was a member of the Baptist Church.

"Uncle Billy" enjoyed recounting his experiences to friends, and he fraternized a great deal with the wearers of the blue in that community, and was a guest at every celebration of the G. A. R.

The following is taken from an editorial tribute:

"'Uncle Billy' Branson lived out his days with an unshaken belief in the righteous cause of the South. Surrounded as he was by the wearers of the blue, and living in a community where sympathy was with the North, he never once furled the Stars and Bars, never once admitted, or even faintly intimated, that the Confederate forces were anything but right. . . . He was a true son of that unflinching spirit that carried his army through starvation, suffering, and death itself to its overwhelming. The same spirit stood at Valley Forge. Fairmont will miss Uncle Billy Branson. The veteran wearers of the blue will miss him, but he goes to his comrades and to renew those associations that were his in the glad heyday of youth. Fairmont will remove hats at his passing, with sincere tribute to that courage which he represented, and sincere regret that the city will know him or more."

WILLIAM PINCKNEY MASON.

After a brief illness, William Pinckney Mason passed away at his home in Rockville, Md., on December 16, 1922. Funeral services were held in Christ's Protestant Episcopal Church, Rockville, and interment was in the family burying ground in Rockville Union Cemetery.

Mr. Mason was the last child of a large family born to Dr. Richard C. and Lucy Randolph Mason, at "Okeley," Fairfax County, Va., his birth being January 10, 1843. He was a great-grandson of George Mason, of Gunston, Va., author of the Bill of Rights of Virginia. He is survived by one brother, Rev. Landon R. Mason, of Richmond, Va.; his wife, who was Miss Elizabeth R. McGill, of Frederick, Md.; two sons, Wardlaw M. and L. Randolph; and one daughter, Mrs. Alexander F. Prescott, Jr.

Mr. Mason was a midshipman at the Naval Academy when the War between the States broke out and resigned from the Naval Academy and left there April 22, 1861, and received his warrant as a midshipman in the Virginia Navy, and reported on the frigate States. Before he was ordered abroad for duty in the Confederate naval service in England and France, he served in successive order at Fort Caswell, N. C.; Hardy's Bluff Battery on James River, below Richmond; on the Jamestown; at Drewry's Bluff Battery; and on the Richmond. In March, 1863, he was ordered to report to Capt. T. J. Page, at Charleston, S. C., where he left on the blockade runner Eagle for Nassau, New Providence. From Nassau he and his mates took passage on the British Queen to Havana. After remaining in Havana twenty-four hours, they boarded the Conway for St. Thomas, where they were transferred to the Shannon and arrived at Southampton, April 22, 1863. After remaining on duty in England and France until July, 1864, Lieutenant Mason and several of his mates sailed on the Asia from Liverpool for Halifax, N. S., and ran the blockade on the Helen direct from Halifax to Wilmington, N. C., arriving safely at Wilmington, September 7, 1864. Lieutenant Mason and one of his mates were ordered to report for duty on the ironclad Virginia at Richmond. On January 23, 1865, the Virginia was ordered down the river to attack the enemy and cut his pontoon bridges. One of the enemy's shots so completely carried away the Virginia's smokestack that she could scarcely keep up her fire, and in the morning of January 24 a shot from the enemy wounded Lieutenant Mason in the left thigh and right foot. The Virginia managed to retreat

under the shelter of the Confederate batteries, and the wounded were put ashore.

Mr. Mason was a gentleman of the old school, and was widely known as an educator, having been principal of the Rockville Academy for many years and a member of the faculty of St. Alban's School, Washington, D. C., for a number of years, and he made many friends. During his years of service in educational work, his unfailing courtesy, kindly consideration, and simple dignity made for him a lasting place in the affections of all who worked with him and under him. He loved the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and often spoke admiringly of its clear, concise, and plain style, and always looked forward to its arrival.

(Wardlaw M. Mason.)

WILLIAM G. BEANE, SR.

William G. Beane, Sr., aged seventy-seven years, died at his home at Lancaster Courthouse, Va., on November 24, 1922, after an illness of several weeks.

Mr. Beane joined the Methodist Church early in life, and a better man or a more consecrated Christian would he hard to find. He took an active part in all Church affairs, and for a great number of years was a steward in Edgely Methodist Episcopal Church, where he freely gave both his time and means for the advancement of his Master's cause. He dealt extensively in the lumber business.

In 1861 he became a member of Company E, 9th Virginia Cavalry, with which he served until General Lee laid down his arms at Appomattox. His high ideals, and the pure, simple Christian life he lived in camp made him the idol of the boys. He was affectionately known as "Billie Beane" to all his old comrades in the Confederate army.

His home life was ideal, where he was the loving husband and father. His death was not only a loss to his devoted family, but to the entire community, where for so many years he had been a public-spirited citizen and a friend to the needy and distressed.

He is survived by three children by his first marriage, and a wife and seven children by his second marriage.

JOHN WILLIAM CHOWNING.

John William Chowning died at his ancestral home, Chowning Ferry, in Lancaster County, Va., on November 26, 1922. Interment was at White Chapel (St. Mary's), Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he had long been a faithful member. For over fifty years he had been a vestryman and senior warden.

In 1861, when the dark clouds began to settle over the South, he was among the very first to offer his service to defend his beloved Southland. He helped to raise and organize Company D, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, when he served with valor and bravery until he was captured below Petersburg in March, 1865. He was then sent to Point Lookout and confined there until July, 1865.

Mr. Chowning always took the keenest interest in all things pertaining to the good of the county and people at large. He was one of the charter members and treasurer of the Lawson Ball Camp of Confederate Veterans, and a faithful attendant on its meetings.

He was generous and kind in all dealings with his fellow man, a true type of the old school of Virginia gentleman, the embodiment of chivalry and hospitality. His gentle nature endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

He is survived by his wife and two sons, of Bertrand, Va. [Mrs. L. G. Connellee, Historian Lancaster County Chapter U. D. C.]

J. C. HIGHTOWER.

Having lived to see the snows of ninety winters and as many returns of springtime flowers, on June 8, 1920, J. C. Hightower crossed the dark river that marks the border line between time and eternity. His memory only remains with the large circle of the simple folk among whom he was so long a familiar figure; but that memory will be roseate with the cheerful disposition, the hearty fellowship, the unbounded hospitality, the kindly sympathy, unassuming simplicity, fidelity to his family and people, and his frank expression.

Unobtrusive, but firm in his convictions, his battles with the problems of life began early, all of which he faced courageously, regardless of the many handicaps and untoward conditions with which he had to contend. Always conservative and of the simplest habits, he considered duty a sacred obligation and never swerved from its line of demarkation.

Reared in the South and imbibing the doctrine of State rights as interpreted by Davis and Calhoun, he enlisted in the Confederate service, was a member of Walthall's Mississippi Brigade, suffered all the hardships, and was in all the battles of that gallant command until he fell in a fierce charge at the battle of Chickamauga, when one of the bones in his right leg was shattered by a Minie ball, which disabled him from further service, and from which he suffered intensely almost all the rest of his life. Notwithstanding the terrible suffering, with Spartan resolution and a determination possessed by few men, he struggled and toiled under disadvantages and perverse conditions, sustained by an indomitable will and superb perseverance.

The esteem and love of his neighbors were attested by every kindness and attention that could be offered.

His lineal descendants may be proud of such a kinship and would do well to emulate some of his traits of character.

He has passed from the walks of men, and we may not soon look upon his like.

J. C. Hightower was born near Selma, Ala., October 31, 1829. Moved to Lodi, Miss., in 1837, and was married to Mary K. Witty, December 23, 1853, of which union thirteen children were born and lived to maturity, eleven still living, and there are seventy-six grandchildren and seventy-one great grandchildren.

In January, 1862, he enlisted in Company C, 30th Mississippi Infantry, which became a part of Walthall's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, and participated in all the hardships and battles of that famous band until he was wounded at Chickamauga. He fell about the time his regiment was pressed back, leaving him between the lines the greater part of a day, during which the fierce battle raged as the contending forces charged and fought. When the Confederates finally drove the enemy back, he was discovered by his friends and moved to the rear after night. Eighty-three years of his life were practically spent within a radius of ten miles of the place at which he died.

[W. T. Hightower, Sweetwater, Tex.]

COMRADES AT BOWIE, TEX.

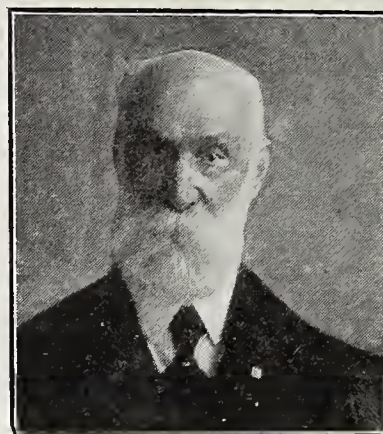
The Bowie-Pelham Camp No. 572 U. C. V., reports the following losses in membership since July, 1922:

Capt. J. A. Cummins, for several years commander of the Camp; J. L. Saunders, J. S. P. McNatt, R. S. Tucker, — — White, Capt. G. W. Chancellor, Col. J. M. Stallings.

These men are greatly missed in their homes, their town, their Churches, and at every meeting of the Camp. They were splendid members, loyal to the Confederate cause, and always ready to help any worthy undertaking.

MAJ. JOHN FRANCIS GREEN.

Maj. John F. Green, born in Darlington County, S. C., March 3, 1841, died at Hope, Ark., on December 13, 1922.



JOHN F. GREEN.

Major Green saw active service with the Confederate forces throughout the four years of war between the States, and was with General Lee when he surrendered at Appomattox. He was wounded five times during his service. He was a member of the United Confederate Veterans, and took an active interest in the work of the organization.

As a young man, Major Green was married to Miss Janie Law, of Hartsville, S. C., and to them were born a

daughter and three sons—Mrs. George S. Spragins, of Hope, Ark.; Rev. James E. Green, of Danville, Ky.; Rev. J. Layton Green, of San Antonio, Tex.; and Rev. Thomas L. Green, of Greenville, Tex. His second wife was Miss Ruth Kirkpatrick, of Columbus, Ark., who survives with the children of the first marriage. He became a resident of Hope when the town was first located, and organized the first Sunday school ever held here. Later he removed to Batesville, but returned to Hope about 1890 and made that his permanent home. For a number of years he had been treasurer of the city of Hope, being re-elected to the office many times without opposition, evidence of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens.

After services at the First Presbyterian Church, of which he was a faithful and devout member, he was laid to rest in Rose Hill Cemetery.

HENRY DITMORE.

The following is taken from resolutions by Schuyler Sutton Camp No. 1663 U. C. V., of San Angelo, Tex., on the death of Henry Ditmore, a member in good standing:

"Henry Ditmore was born near Athens, Tenn., September 27, 1841, and died in San Angelo, Tex., January 29, 1923. When he was three years of age, his parents removed to North Carolina, near the Tennessee and Georgia line, from which place he enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861. He was a member of Company D, 25th North Carolina Infantry. He was captured in 1863 and sent to Fort Delaware prison, where he remained until the close of the war. He was in the battle of Fredericksburg and all the battles in the east and around Richmond prior to his capture.

"Comrade Ditmore removed to Texas in 1867, settling in Panola County, and was married to Miss Elvira Matthews, of which union there were thirteen children, seven of them surviving him—six sons and one daughter.

"In 1886 Comrade Ditmore moved to West Texas, settling on Grape Creek in Tom Green County, where he lived continuously until just a few years before his death, when he retired from active life and came to San Angelo. His wife died in 1911.

"He was a kind husband, an indulgent father, and loyal to his friends. He rendered valiant services as a soldier of the Confederacy, and was a man of high honor and integrity. In his death our Camp has lost a faithful member, and Tom Green County a good citizen."

[Z. O. Williams, G. D. Felton, O. F. Spring, Committee.]

WILLIAM F. HINES.

A tribute to my beloved cousin, William F. Hines, of Sampson County, N. C., who married Caroline Caldwell, of the same county, and who preceded him in death a few years ago. They reared nine children.

Mr. Hines was taken ill with pneumonia on his return home from Church on February 18, and passed away on February 22, at his old homestead in Sampson County, where his oldest son, James L. Hines, has always lived and been his constant companion, the two being separated at the longest time only ten days in fifty-seven years. He was a devout Christian, and would have reached his eighty-third year in July. The thinning ranks will miss him and others who have gone these last few months at their next celebration.

William Hines was a student at Wake Forest College, North Carolina, in 1861, and would have graduated in June of that year, but he returned home in March and helped to organize a company, known as the Sampson Rangers, which was formed before the State seceded. This was Capt. Jim Robinson's company, of Col. William DeVane's Regiment. William Hines took part in the battles of Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, Goldsboro, the second battle of Seven Pines, and in the seven days fighting around Richmond. In 1864 he was made adjutant of his regiment and was with the army at Appomattox. (Mrs. C. F. Taylor, Washington, D. C.)

HENRY G. HUFF.

Henry Greenfield Huff, a member of Stover Camp, U. C. V., of Strasburg, Va., passed over to the great majority on February 14, 1923. He was born in Frederick County, near Winchester, Va., January 4, 1844, one of the ten children of David and Sallie Walton Huff.

At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in the cavalry, joining Company A, 1st Virginia Regiment, under Captain Trussell, in Fitzhugh Lee's Division, and served with great daring during the entire four years. He was wounded seven times. At the battle of the Wilderness he was struck by a bullet, which he carried until his death; was also severely injured by a shrapnel at the battle of Bull Run; and received a shot through one leg at Spotsylvania Courthouse. He was finally captured and imprisoned at Parkersburg, W. Va., until the surrender.

Mr. Huff was a merchant and farmer, and for thirty years was justice of the peace at Strasburg Junction. He was fearless and fair in the enforcement of the law, loyal and devoted to his Church, generous to a fault, a kind and hospitable neighbor, and a faithful friend. In the passing of Green Huff, the community has suffered a loss that is keenly felt.

Mr. Huff served as one of the guards during the trial and execution of John Brown, captured at Harper's Ferry in 1859, for which service he received \$100 in gold.

THE BATTLES OF GEORGIA.

BY MRS. LOULA KENDALL ROGERS, POET LAUREATE GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Dark night had cast her somber veil
Adown the battle plain,
And here and there the moonlight fell
Upon the gallant slain.
O, Chickamauga! "Stream of Death!"
Seest thou the watcher there
Who comes with soft and gentle tread
To seek her boy so fair?

She finds the trail his young feet trod
'Mid hillock and the dell,
Where grew sweet flowers brought for her
'Ere clouds of war befell.
And there beneath the towering oak
Her precious darling lay,
The dreams of life all wrecked and dead—
Where fell her boy in gray!

The sun in golden splendor rose
On Allatoona's height,
And autumn's regent poured her wealth
Enshrined in radiant light.
When—but list! the bugle far away,
The cannon's thundering roar,
Announce the carnage-blighted homes
In darkness evermore!

On Kenesaw's immortal crest
The flames rose high and higher
Till Marietta seemed herself
A Kremlin pile on fire.
There kingly Bishop-General Polk,
With grand heroic love,
Exchanged the soldier's earthly crown
For a crown of stars above!

Brave Johnston held the assailant back,
And hope once more came nigher,
When lo! a message quickly sped—
"Atlanta is on fire!"

O, can it be? Can human foe
Be so devoid of soul?
Could Sherman scorn a mother's plea
Intent to reach his goal?

His guns we heard on Upson Hills,
Full sixty miles away,
"O, God,!" I cried, "avert the storm
And spare our boys in gray."
Still nearer—nearer comes the roar
Toward Ocmulgee's tide,
And Macon, queen of lovely homes,
The vandal hosts defied.

Old Wesleyan like Gibraltar stood,
And ruffians would not dare
To desecrate its classic halls,
So blest each day with prayer.
Her graduates in every State
Irradiate with light
And spread abroad the word of God
For Justice, Truth, and Right.

At length Columbus was besieged,
Her flower-gemmed courts destroyed,
Her factories burned, and orphans left
Where thousands were employed.
'Twas there that Mary Williams planned
Beside her husband's grave,
To scatter roses every spring
Near Chattahoochee's wave.

The work then spread all o'er the South
Memorial Day we keep,
And every spot is honored where
Confederate soldiers sleep.
Then hail, all hail, to the women true
United in this way,
They've pledged to meet and work and pray,
In memory of the gray!

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*

520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. *First Vice President General*
 MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, Riverside, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Third Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *Recording Secretary General*
 MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
 MRS. ST. JOHN ALLISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
 MISS IDA POWELL, 1447 E. Marquette Road, Chicago, Ill. *Registrar General*
 MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
 MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: It is with great pleasure that I am looking forward to my trip South, where I shall meet many of my Daughters at the Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. It is my purpose while South to visit the Division Conventions of Louisiana, Alabama, and Tennessee, and to be the guest of the Division President of Mississippi on a trip through that State, returning via Washington, where, on the 18th of May, Peace and Arbitration Day, will be unveiled and dedicated the central window in the group of three to the heroic women of the War between the States, the united gift of the Woman's Relief Corps of the G. A. R. and the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the American Red Cross Building in our national capital. This ceremony will be under the auspices of these two organizations and will complete the dedication of this group presented by them.

Protest against Disloyalty Campaign: In a recent letter from the Chairman of the Americanization Committee of the District of Columbia, Mrs. Maxwell, who is also the Division Historian for the U. D. C., an earnest appeal was made to your President General to protest against the entrance into this country of Martens, Weinstein, and Madame Kalenina, to which she complied in the following letter to the Secretary of State:

March 31, 1923.

"*The Honorable Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C. My Dear Mr. Secretary.*—In the name of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, an organization of eighty thousand women throughout the United States, all of patriotic ancestry, I desire to protest in the strongest possible terms against permission being granted for entrance to this country under any pretext to persons whose only reason for coming is a desire to subvert the government which we hold most precious, and for the defense of which we are willing to suffer any loss and to endure any grief.

"Such persons as Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, Gregory Weinstein, and Madame Kalenina are deadly enemies of our national principle of democracy and should be treated as such.

"I congratulate you on your stand in the matter of Soviet Russia, and feel sure that this protest will receive your serious consideration. Believe me,

"Yours truly,

LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER,
"President General."

There has been held recently in Washington, March 14, 15, 16, 1923, a convention of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom, whose program would make the serious-minded think deeply about our national safety. The object is not for restriction of armament, but for the doing away of all protection. I would ask the members of this

organization to guard themselves against being connected in any way with this movement, as one often lends one's name innocently to organizations which are un-American.

Lee Memorial Chapel.—Long before this letter reaches you it will have become generally known through a bulletin, which the Washington and Lees authorities expect to issue within a few days, that the plans for the new chapel have been so arranged as to eliminate any possible chance of changing the present structure, as the new chapel is to be built immediately in the rear facing the Lee Highway, which is only four hundred feet away. This plan has involved much thought and labor, but meets with the full accord of the architects, and therefore has been agreed upon by your committee, which feels sure that in the new plan all discordant elements will disappear. It is to be hoped that the Daughters will bend every energy toward making this shrine the most beautiful in the country and worthy of General Lee.

Letter to the Veteran.—My June letter will have to be omitted, owing to my absence in the South; but as this is the month in which we celebrate the birthday of President Davis, it is to be hoped that every member of the organization will help to complete the memorial to him at his birthplace in Kentucky.

Faithfully yours,

LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

A copy of the annual circular issued by the Education Committee of the U. D. C. has been thoroughly enjoyed by your editor. The three pages of contents not only give all information necessary in regard to scholarships, but impress us more deeply than ever with the magnitude of this department of work in the organization. The chairman, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chatham, Va., advises that sufficient copies have been printed and mailed to Division chairmen as will insure a copy in every Chapter. It is the earnest desire of the committee that every Chapter President have a copy and disseminate the information therein contained. If you have missed yours, write to your Division Chairman of Education for one.

A letter from the Recording Secretary General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, tells of a number of applications received for charters, and that the following have been issued: Cotton Plant, Ark.; Stonewall Jackson, at Oklahoma City, Okla.; Bell Boyd, at Fort Worth; Elizabeth Willcox Wallis, at Rockdale, and Albert Sidney Johnston, at Hillsboro, Tex.; Samuel J. Benton, at Kershaw, and Charles J. Colcock, at Garnett, S. C.; Piedmont, at Marshall, Va.,

* * *

The following officers were elected at the recent convention of the Arizona Division, a convention full of inspiration for those who attended, and one marked by a spirit of increasing enthusiasm:

President, Mrs. Lee J. Holzworth, Phoenix; First Vice Presi-

dent, Mrs. Adeline D. Guinn, Tempe; Second Vice President, Mrs. B. M. Atwood, Phoenix; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. E. Patterson, Tempe; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. T. Crawford, Phoenix; Treasurer, Mrs. Ellen Bell, Tempe; Historian, Mrs. A. G. Hoy, Bisbee; Registrar, Mrs. C. H. Bugbee; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Emma Foreman, Tempe; Auditor, Mrs. R. B. Summers, Phoenix.

* * *

In the notes from Arkansas for last month mention was made of an effort under way to induce the legislature, then sitting, to have a fourth star added to the State flag. Success crowned the effort of the U. D. C., a bill was passed declaring the fourth star legitimate and legal, thus representing the governments under which the State has existed—English, Spanish, French, and Confederate. Mrs. William Stilwell, Division editor for Arkansas, gives the following interesting account of what has been done to honor the memory of that boy hero and martyr, David O. Dodd: "The martyred boy hero of Arkansas was hanged here in Little Rock by order of General Steele, the Federal commander in possession of the city—the boy who preferred death by hanging rather than betray a friend. Up to a few years ago, only a simple slab marked his grave. At that time a number of the citizens of Little Rock, with appreciative hearts and patriotic souls, decided to make a moving picture, the subject this tragic event. The U. D. C. led in getting together all possible local talent, with the result that the picture was soon made, telling the story just as it happened, right where it happened. It was put on the screen in Little Rock, with the result that a fund was soon started for a suitable memorial to mark the spot where rest the mortal remains of David O. Dodd. We are hoping to have this picture put upon the screen in every county of the State where there is a U. D. C. Chapter, thus obtaining funds for other worthy causes."

* * *

Mrs. Preston Power, of Baltimore, writes of the unique plan adopted by the Ridgely Brown Chapter, of Rockville, for raising funds for Maryland's Memorial to her boys of the World War. Miss May Sellman, who has been President of this Chapter for ten years, is getting up a U. D. C. calendar, in which she will place the names of Southern women and men, these to represent the divisions of a year, through the hours. It will require over nine thousand names, and of these five thousand are in hand. If a Daughter of the Confederacy wishes her name inscribed, with it must be the name of her Chapter; if a veteran's name is sent, there must be his company and regiment also; if in memoriam, state by whom, dates of birth and death, and a few lines of information concerning the person, the small sum of ten cents to accompany each name. Miss Sellman's address is 206 Rockwell Terrace, Frederick, Md., and she will be glad to hear from every Daughter who reads this.

The Ridgely Brown Chapter and its large C. of C. Auxiliary make the Confederate Woman's Home in Baltimore an especial object of their interest.

Mrs. William de Lashmuth, of Frederick, is the Division Parliamentarian, instead of Mrs. Peter Gough, as stated in Mrs. Power's report for the February VETERAN.

* * *

Miss Virginia Wilkinson, of Kansas City, reports the bestowal of thirty Crosses of Honor upon veterans in the Missouri Confederate Home by a committee of Daughters from the John S. Marmaduke Chapter, on January 19.

* * *

Through Mrs. H. W. Tupman, of New York, we learn of the Annual Camp Fire of this Division, held this winter at

the Astor. The principal address was by Gen. Julian S. Carr, who richly entertained the large assembly. Dancing and supper followed the program.

* * *

Any description of a celebration on General Lee's birthday is too late for publication, but an item from Mrs. William Rodman, of Washington, N. C., is too fine to pass by and should be emulated by Chapters everywhere. In Wilmington, the President of the Cape Fear Chapter, Mrs. W. M. Peck, appointed a Daughter to go to each of the six city schools, make a fifteen-minute talk, and offer a prize of \$5 for the best essay on General Lee. The results were remarkable.

North Carolina has paid her pledge to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund and has exceeded the pledge by \$300. Can any other Division equal this?

Many Divisions offer loving cups as prizes, but the only District so far reported to us as doing this is the Fourteenth, of North Carolina—the George Stanley Dewey Loving Cup for the best educational work accomplished since last April.

The Pamlico Chapter, of Washington, will place in the schools of the city at an early date U. S. flags, North Carolina flags, and Confederate flags.

* * *

The Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, of Cleveland, O., celebrated its tenth anniversary in a most delightful fashion—a largely attended luncheon at the Woman's Club, with subjects dear to every Southern heart responded to in the toasts.

We wonder if Chapters in Dixie realize the immensity of one line of work done by the Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Columbus, in the care of Camp Chase Cemetery, where 2,260 Confederate soldiers are buried. Every June memorial services are held here and each grave is decorated with flowers. It surely must be an impressive scene as the members of this little band pass among the long aisles and place with loving hands a bright blossom "on each peaceful breast."

Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, Ohio's Publicity Chairman, takes a pardonable pride in recounting the deeds of this rapidly forging-ahead Division—six scholarships for \$350; \$200 annually to a room in the Home for Needy Confederate Women in Richmond; \$25 a month to an old lady in Franklin O.; frequent and substantial donations to the Confederate Homes of Kentucky and Tennessee.

* * *

The South Carolina Division was one of the pioneers in forming C. of C. auxiliaries. That this interest has been productive of worth-while results, the following from Miss Loryea, of St. Matthews, will show:

A splendid piece of work undertaken by the Children of the Confederacy of South Carolina is "The Citadel Scholarship Fund." While a sufficient amount has not been raised to make this scholarship available, it is hoped that it will be completed soon. Another interesting feature of the C. of C. work is the "Children's Hour"—time allowed at every Division convention for exercises by a local Chapter C. of C.

A certain time is also allowed them at the District conferences, when there is discussion of their problems and reports of their work are made. Mrs. J. W. Mixson, of Union, Director, is Chairman C. of C., and on the committee are four members, one from each District in the Division. There are thirty active Chapters, with a registered membership of 575.

The South Carolina Division offers to the members of the C. of C. in the Division a medal for best essay on "The Causes that Led to War between the States." Mrs. James H. White, of Johnston, offers a medal for the best poem on a Confederate subject.

There are, besides the C. of C. Chapters, several U. D. C.

Chapters composed entirely of young people. There are two college Chapters—Winthrop College Chapter, and Rock Hill Confederate College Chapter, Charleston—both organized for years and doing excellent work. In Newberry, there is a similar Chapter, organized March, 1922, by Mrs. R. D. Wright. It bears the name James Fitz James Caldwell Chapter. They meet regularly and have fine programs, and Major Caldwell, for whom the Chapter is named, meets with them. He tells of the great conflict and recounts his own experiences. More of these Chapters would mean much for the future of the U. D. C.

* * *

The Chapters of the Texas Division worked in various ways to raise funds to send veterans to the New Orleans reunion. Last year several thousand dollars was raised for this purpose, the Houston Chapters alone expending over two thousand dollars, presenting twenty-five veterans with new uniforms and their expenses to Richmond.

Three new Chapters have recently filed their charter applications, one with a membership of thirty-five, at Sweetwater, "Out where the West Begins."

The Chapter at Colorado assisted in the former organization, and has just contributed an "incidental scholarship" to the Dental Normal College.

The securing of "Incidental Scholarships" in the State Normals is to be a special feature in the administration of Mrs. E. W. Bounds, Division President. We are assured that for the small amount of \$25, a girl is able to remain a year in college, of course, working her way to pay for room and board, this small amount of cash covering the "incidental" expenses. Perhaps some Texan living in another State would be glad to contribute a scholarship? If so, the President, or Miss Mary Carlisle, Chairman of Education, 1906 San Antonio, Street, Austin, Tex., will be delighted to see that it is properly placed.

Mrs. E. W. Bounds, of Fort Worth, Division President, was appointed as one of the Matrons of Honor, and Miss Decca Lamar West, retiring President, Sponsor for the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., by that gallant veteran and splendid citizen, E. W. Kirkpatrick, Lieutenant General Commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department.

An item of interest to all the South, as well as Texas, is the recent naming of the new hotel in San Antonio in honor of General Lee. This scribe is going to suggest that all the R. E. Lee Chapters unite and make the hotel a gift of a Confederate flag, to be displayed on all honor days. How will that be for an object lesson to the Northern tourists, who undoubtedly predominate in San Antonio in the winter season?

The prize of \$100, offered for the most suitable title, was won by a little West Texas girl, who sent the following to Manager Terrell:

"Terrell, please look no farther,
No need to hesitate,
I'm sending to you, mister,
A name I think is great.

By patriotism I'm prompted,
Also the cash, you see;
So please be a good fellow,
W. O. A. I.—broadcast
The Robert E. Lee."

It is said that a negro waiter in the hotel, and several thousand others, also suggested the name; so it is that the love of a loyal and mighty race enshrines the sacred name of Lee!

It surely is good to hear through Mrs. Rubie McDonald, Salt Lake City, of the interesting meetings of the loyal twenty who compose the membership of the Robert E. Lee Chapter. Among this number is only one who lived in the South during the 60's, and her reminiscences form a most enjoyable part of the program at each meeting. This Chapter has an Education Fund, and at a delightful card party in February they added \$37.50 to this fund. Girls whose mothers are Chapter members assisted in serving the guests.

* * *

Incidentally a copy of the scholarship announcement of the Virginia Division has come into the hands of the editor. Mrs. A. C. Ford, Chairman, announces thirty-three scholarships open for 1923; twenty-four valued at \$2,871. There are eight scholarships filled; value, \$1,270.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."
KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. PROGRAM, JUNE, 1923.

Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign, May 1, 1862-June 9, 1862.

C. OF C. PROGRAM, JUNE, 1923.

Jefferson Davis: United States Senator, 1848-1850.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours,
Lying so silent by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away;
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave;
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave.
All the bright laurels they fought to make bloom
Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
Crown in your heart these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

When the long years have crept slowly away,
E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day;
When at the arch angel's trumpet and tread
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead;
When the great world its last judgment awaits;
When the blue sky shall swing open its gates,
And our long columns march silently through,
Passed the Great Captain for final review—
Then for the blood that has flown for the right,
Crowns shall be given untarnished and bright;
Then the glad ear of each war-martyred son,
Proudly shall hear the good judgment "Well done."
Blessings for garlands shall cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
God will reward these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside-Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

THE NEW YEAR'S WORK.

My Dear Coworkers. Now that the Reunion and our Twenty-fourth Convention have passed into history, I hope that each delegate will have carried to her Association inspirational thoughts and plans for growth along all lines; but the one thought that, perhaps, more than any other I would impress upon you is that you seek out every living Confederate mother and let the C. S. M. A. honor her by the bestowal of the Bar of Honor ere it is too late. Let me beg of each Association that this be its first thought in beginning a new year's work.

Then let me urge that you elect a Historian and coöperate with Miss Rutherford, our dear Historian General, in all her plans for securing and preserving history. And urge every member of your Association to subscribe to the VETERAN, for you need the valuable information along historical lines and can better keep in touch with the various lines of work being done by other Associations.

Finally, enlarge your membership; bring in some new member at each meeting. A prize will be given to the Association securing the largest number of new members by the next convention. Let me also urge that a thorough search be made for any graves of Confederate veterans not properly cared for, and see to it that flowers are planted and plats kept in order, always bearing in mind our motto:

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

ECHOES FROM THE CONVENTION.

BY MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.

New Orleans, rich in history and romance, immortal in song and story, threw its benediction over the twenty-ninth Annual Convention, April 10-13, 1923, of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, which always meets with the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Veterans in their annual reunions.

The first Memorial Association was organized in March, 1866, in Columbus, Ga., though cities all over the South during the war had their "Soldiers' Aid Societies," "Burial Aid Societies," etc. The Memorial Association organized to set aside one day in the year to hold up the glories of our Confederate dead, strew their graves with flowers, eulogize their deeds, and build monuments to their memory. Through the vista of the fifty-eight years there has never been a year that this beautiful tribute has not been paid by the Memorial Associations from April 26 to June 3, observing according to the blooming of flowers.

In the Gold Room of the Grunewald Hotel, in New Orleans, on Tuesday afternoon, April 10, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association opened its convention with the largest gathering, and the beautiful, loyal spirit showing the work being done can never die. Every one present was so happy to see our dear President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, standing with gavel in hand, looking so well (after her illness), so beautifully womanly, so graciously sweet, a true type of the Southern woman. God bless her! The world needs more like her. After thrilling war music, Mrs. Wilson opened the welcome meeting with a history of the birth of the organization. She spoke of the late President General, Mrs. W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, who served eighteen years, paying tribute to her beauty of service, and to Miss Daisy Hodgson, of New Orleans, who has faithfully and efficiently served twenty-four years as Secretary General, having never missed a convention, a record no other member can claim. For duty and loyalty a crown is placed upon her, with the bright star of service.

Mrs. Mollie B. McLeod sang, and Mrs. James Dinkins, Louisiana President, introduced the speakers.

"Jefferson Davis" was the subject of the address by General Julian S. Carr, Commander in Chief U. C. V. He predicted that the monument to the Confederacy's President, which is being erected at Fairview, Ky., will become as famous as the Taj Majal.

Judge Joseph A. Breaux told how the women of the South "stood together as did Stonewall Jackson's brigade at Manassas" from Fort Sumter to Appomattox and have kept alive the memory of the past.

The patriotism of Southern women, exemplified when the wife of the Governor of Virginia "went to work with a dinner pail" in a munitions during the World War, was also the subject of the address of W. McDonald Lee, Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

A welcome on behalf of Governor Parker, who was prevented from attending only by an engagement of months' standing, was extended by Roland B. Howell. He mentioned that the tactics of Lee, Jackson, and Forrest were followed more than those of any other generals in the War between the States.

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler congratulated the Association on behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in her brilliant way, and Miss Younge graciously welcomed for the local U. D. C.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1923, 10 A.M.

Meeting called to order, by Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, President Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association.

Invocation, by Rev. George Summey, D.D.

Baritone solo, selected, by Mr. Alfred Miester.

Address of welcome, by Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, State President U. D. C., on behalf Louisiana Division, U. D. C.

Greetings, by A. B. Booth, Henry St. Paul Camp No. 16 United Confederate Veterans.

Address of welcome, by Hon. Henry M. Gill, on behalf of Sons Confederate Veterans.

Soprano solo, selected, by Mrs. Eugene Simon.

Tenor solo, selected, by Mr. Paul Jacobs.

Response to addresses of welcome, by Mrs. Belle Allen Ross, on behalf C. S. M. A.

Contralto solo, selected, by Mrs. Frederic C. Font. Accompanist, Miss Cornelia Faller.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1923 3 P.M.

Invocation by Maj. and Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Chaplain General C. S. M. A.

Convention called to order by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A.

Reports of officers; reports of State Presidents; reports of standing committees.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1923, 9:30 A.M.

Convention called to order by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President General C. S. M. A.

Invocation; reports of special committees; reports of associations.

The convention suspended business at 11:30 A.M., and proceeded to the U. C. V. Auditorium to take part in the memorial exercises of the United Confederate Veterans, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

This was beautifully touching. The roll was called for those who died since our last meeting in Richmond. Memory was preserved beautifully for the C. S. M. A. Assistant Historian General, Miss Mary Hall, of Augusta, Ga., in a poem by the C. S. M. A. Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Tennessee, "Little Jacket of Gray," who also memorialized our dead by her poem, "White Flowers," read by Carl Hinton, Adjutant S. C. V. The vested Trinity choir, with the entire audience, feelingly sang "God be with you till we meet again," and all left in silence and tears. A beautiful tribute was paid again to Mrs. W. J. Behan, who was a wonderful woman of many parts.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1923, 2:30 P.M.

Convention called to order; reports of associations continued; unfinished business; new business.

Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Chaplain General C. S. M. A., gave an address of fine quality, urging the Association to stand by true Confederate history and to accept only that which is true. He also asked that the name of Mrs. Robert E. Lee be placed on the honorary member list, as also the name of Capt. Sally Tompkins, which was done unanimously.

A noted addition to the members at large was Miss Annie Wheeler, daughter of that famous cavalry leader, Gen. Joe Wheeler.

Resolutions were drawn regretting the absence of our Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., one of the most untiring and alert of historians, for valuable research work and truth of history; also by resolutions was expressed regret on the absence, because of illness in family, of our Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle.

The C. S. M. A., their auto decorated in purple and with their banner of gold and purple, led by the President General, Mrs. Wilson, took part in the long parade on Friday morning, the longest and most pathetic of all parades.

The social courtesies extended to the C. S. M. A. in New Orleans were numerous and delightful, from the luncheon at the Yacht Club on Tuesday afternoon, given by the "Spirit of '76 Chapter," D. A. R., to receptions and other entertainments throughout the week, among them that by the Daughters of '76 and 1812, who kept open house at their home, General Jackson's headquarters in 1815; the Colonial Dames, at their home in the Cabildo, the old building where the Louisiana Purchase was confirmed in 1803, to the closing reception by the C. S. M. A. in the hotel on Thursday evening.

To our honored Miss Daisy Hodgson and dear old New Orleans: We owe you for our largest and best spirit of preserving our Confederated Southern Memorial Association. We meet in Memphis in 1924.

AFTER APPOMATTOX.

Letters written by a devoted sister to a brother still in prison after the surrender at Appomattox, when he and his comrades were hesitating about taking the oath to the United States of America after having pledged themselves to the Confederate States of America four years before:

"AT HOME (LURAY, VA.), April 22, 1865.

"My Darling Brother: The idea of crowding all my thoughts into so small a space, all my feelings into one sentence, seems madness; yet for the sake of partially relieving the tedium of prison life to you, and the little comfort it will give me, I am constrained to adopt it as the only neutral ground between us where we can exchange formalities alone.

"Miss Irene has forwarded three letters this week, and two last week. How deeply we responded to the tone of your last letter the future will reveal. O, the bitter tears we shed over your fate, my darling. You may never know their anguish, but God spare you such as we have known. We think now that your return would compensate, aye, doubly repay us, for such sorrow; but here the sentiment of the poet's beautiful hymn, 'God moves in a mysterious way,' gives me great consolation. O, that we, too, could live by faith! Though we might not see through this impenetrable gloom, we could more cheerfully abide God's time.

"The town is very gay since the return of our soldiers, but can I participate in their feelings when those I love most are denied the sweet boon of liberty? One little word might release you! Would that I could vouch for you and the two others at Fort Delaware! There is no local news of importance. John is in the cornfield; Willie on the creek side fishing day and night (10th and 13th Virginia). Pa and Lucy will write you to-morrow. My love to Jennie Spitler and the remnant of Company K. including over and above all others, your precious self!

"From yours fondly,

MARY."

"LURAY, VA., May 7, 1865.

"My Darling Brother: I can well appreciate the struggle which has been taking place in your mind on the subject of your duty. While I do not feel myself capable of advising you, for you are a man and must judge for yourself, I can at least give you the opinion of the public. Though the citizens have not taken the initiatory steps, it is because they have not been called upon to do so. Better for all that they have time to reflect; there will be no bitter prejudices in the end. Pa is not at home to advise, but I am sure that he will concur in the opinion of our brothers upon the subject, which is that you do not again refuse [to take the oath, she means] when the opportunity presents itself.

(Continued on page 198.)

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Richmond, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton, Denver, Colo.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.
[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

SONS DEPARTMENT.

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD MEMORIAL.—If there had ever been any doubt as to the success of this splendid work, which our friend Major Ewing so ably heads, it vanished when the legislature of Virginia recently passed a bill appropriating \$10,000 to the enterprise. While this makes success assured, it nevertheless leaves a great deal which we, as Sons, must accomplish before this great work assumes proportions that can be even approximately termed complete. It should be the pride and pleasure of every true Son to do all he can to this end, the making of Manassas a memorial battle field second to none on this continent. To the Southerner it is a most significant spot of ground, and I know of no place on earth where the conditions of battle were such as prevailed at the two battles of Manassas. The first battle of Manassas was a most decisive Southern victory, and the Federal troops and the crowds of spectators from Washington who had come merrily out to see the "rebels" soundly thrashed were sent scurrying back to the national capital in utter rout and direst panic. The second battle of Manassas was an equally great victory for the Southerners, and almost equally as great a rout and panic for the Federals. And most significant is it that in this second battle the Southern troops occupied the same ground which had been occupied by the Northern troops in the first battle—in other words, they "swapped sides" and beat them both times most decisively. So we may not expect the national government to be aware of the existence of this battle field for many, many years yet, if ever. We can rest assured of that; and it is up to us of the South to make this a memorial field worthy of the great deeds our ancestors performed there.

DIRECT WORK FOR MORE HANDS.—This is written just before the reunion, but it can be stated with as much confidence as usually attaches to future events that at New Orleans resolutions will be adopted which will make this Manassas work the special consideration and care of the Sons' Confederation. It has sometimes been argued that we did not have a specific object, that there was no immediate line of endeavor to lay our hands to. Well, it is here now, and it behooves each true Son to do a little bit to push the work along.

CAMP STERLING PRICE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Adjutant R. L. Hughes, of this progressive Camp, sends as below the list of officers for the ensuing year: C. A. Moreno, Commander; Alcee Stewart, First Lieutenant Commander; Dr. Selden Spencer, Second Lieutenant Commander; R. L. Hughes, Adjutant; Fred Hume, Quartermaster; John Boyle Prince, Color Sergeant; Dr. D. W. Luten, Surgeon; Scott Hancock, Chaplain; William Crowds, Inspector; Waller Edwards, Historian.

We note from this list that Commander Moreno has been reelected, a sure mark of good service. We congratulate him and the Camp. And at the head of the official letter sheet of this Camp is a good motto. Here it is: "That the Memory of our Fathers May Live." We commend this line to your consideration, Sons, everywhere.

HERE'S A HOT ONE.—Word comes to me from a justly indignant comrade of the proposed scheme to erect a memorial to Phil Sheridan at Harrisonburg, in the Valley of Virginia, which Valley this Hunlike soldier strove so successfully to turn into a vale of despair and woe, a smoking ruin, with the inhabitants thereof possessing "only their eyes to weep with." We hear that the Stonewall Jackson Camp of Staunton entered vigorous protest against this scheme. It would seem that the peak of asininity and presumptuousness had been reached if such a project is actually being seriously considered. And we feel that such an affront to the people of the Valley of Virginia, as well as the whole South, will be properly rebuked and most effectually set aside.

HERE ARE A FEW REFLECTIONS.—Why is it we never see a story or article in the magazines or papers or in book form that tells a story from a Southern standpoint as to words and the way they are pronounced. For instance, we see plenty of stuff where the Northerner speaks, and his words are put down in "dictionary" form, but as soon as the Southerner speaks his words are spelled out to represent some form of inelegancy or incorrectness. Is there more reason to think the nasal twang and the machine gun "r's" of the Northerner more correct than the softer or drawling accents of the Southerner?

Can we hope to see the day when a book shall be written with Southern talk put down in simple "dictionary" form and where Northern talk is spelled and distorted to show the peculiarity of Northern diction. For instance: "Where have you been so long?" says Johnny Dixie. "O, I've been in Noo Yok workingggg for a large bankingggg howse," replied Yank, "but I had to come Sowth on business."

A great deal of twaddle is written and spoken about the total obliteration of sectionalism and the *entente cordiale* existing between North and South these days. This is a consummation most devoutly to be wished; but alas, it is not here. The greater part of the North is ignorant of us, and to them the South is a thing apart, a foreign country. The *Literary Digest* gives a few samples of this ignorance of the South as exhibited by educated and supposedly informed Northern people. "I would like to go South and practice mechanical engineering, but I am afraid they will shoot me; they shoot Northern people down there on slightest provocation, don't they?" asks a serious-minded college graduate and graduate of a great engineering school. That's what *he* thought. When a large ice manufacturer was urged to open up business in Alabama, he is quoted as replying: "What for? Those people down there haven't money enough to buy ice." The editor of a big Eastern daily newspaper is quoted as expressing surprise at meeting some "well-educated" college women while on a Southern trip. "I did not know there were any college women of that type in the South," he said. A woman who was telling how her father had made money in the "Civil War" expressed surprise at being told that the South had suffered loss. "Why, I did not know the South had suffered any serious loss or endured any great poverty on account of the war," she said.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.—The importance of your appointing active, functioning department historians was pointed out and emphasized at the reunion. Will each Department Commander at once communicate with the Historian in Chief, naming this appointee, and see to it that the history work of his department coöperates actively with this general historical department?

FIGHTING TO THE END.

(Continued from page 167.)

We could see Sherman's infantry marching down the main street for the bridge. There was a markethouse in the middle of the street not far from the bridge. I heard General Hampton say to Captain Bachman: "Captain, bring up a section of your battery and give them a few shots," which the captain did, but we never knew whether we killed any of the Federals or not. Some years ago I met a man in Texarkana, named Williams, who said he was living in Fayetteville at the time and remembered the incident. He was very small then, and did not remember that anyone was killed, but did remember that the pillars of the markethouse were knocked down by the shells.

AFTER APPOMATTOX.

(Continued from page 196.)

"God judge me if I do wrong in writing thus to you. If *you* have suffered, believe me it has cost your sister no little pain to do that which I would rather have *died* than done twelve months ago! Let you act as you may, you will ever command the respect of your friends. Your character is too well established to be assailed after four years of strict adherence to duty, should you deem it advisable to bury all hopes and become a good 'citizen' of the United States of America. A man of sense ought to yield everything for duty's sake, and 'obey the powers that be.' Don't imagine that those who love you so dearly will ever blush for your conforming to unavoidable circumstances. Come home, then, my darling, for home needs you as well as you need it. We'll try to forget the past and live better in the future, provided that we are always respected as upright, honorable people.

"May God bless you is the prayer of your devoted sister.
"M."

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, Saturday, June 2, 1923, at 2 P.M. Contributions of flowers or money for flowers are solicited by Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 519, U. D. C., Columbus, Ohio.

Send money to Mrs. W. B. McLesky, 365 East Fifteenth Avenue, and flowers to Mrs. D. B. Ulrey, 56 South Warren Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

MRS. D. B. ULREY, *President*.

Approved by the President General, Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the Company.

From Mrs. Mary Lewis Tucker, Powhatan, Va.: "In renewing my subscription, I wish to say that I always enjoy the VETERAN, reading it from cover to cover, as all loyal Daughters of the Confederacy should."

GRANDFATHER'S CRUTCH.

BY JOSIE HINTON FINK.

[Dedicated to my grandfather, Capt. Thomas J. Hardee.]

Soft Southern night and flowers' perfume,
A song upon the breeze;
An open door in memory's room
To enter when I please.
So I will journey there to-night
And from my treasured store
Of keepsakes that invite,
I'll choose, as oft before,
Grandfather's battered crutch.

I'll hear again it's muffled beat
Resounding in the hall.
While summer winds again repeat
His hearty, cheerful call.
I'll hold it close and love shall bring
A thrill within my heart,
Awakened by this precious thing
So much of him a part.

Then I will hear the beat of drum
And cannon's mighty roar,
While gray-clad soldiers marching come
Through memory's open door.
Those stories rich with praise of Lee
I heard grandfather tell.
To-night they all come back to me,
So wondrous is their spell.

Soft Southern night and flowers' perfume,
The song is hushed and still.
I'll softly creep from memory's room
And wait—and wait—until—
With tender kiss and silent tear
Where reverent shadows creep,
In the folds of the flag to him so dear
This precious thing shall sleep—
Grandfather's battered crutch.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The Managing Editor reports that work on the St. Louis and the Birmingham pledges has been "picking up" of late. Miss Marion Salley, Division Director for South Carolina, has been doing particularly fine work. Especially should it be mentioned that one Chapter, recently organized at Ehrhardt, S. C., with only thirteen members, has sold twelve copies of the book, at a profit of three dollars, to the Chapter. A fine precedent!

Five dollars has been received from the Stonewall Jackson Chapter of Chicago, Ill., and ten dollars from Mrs. Dell Williams, of South Carolina. Also the South Carolina Division has sent in ten dollars for the same purpose. The Ridgely-Brown Chapter, of Rockville, Md., has contributed one dollar to the Publicity Fund. Other amounts have been reported, but have not yet reached headquarters through the official U. D. C. channels.

Division Directors who are getting special results toward making up their quotas are those from California and New York. And those who have made special efforts with the expectation of subsequent results are: Miss Annie Belle Fogg, Director for Kentucky; Mrs. Clayton Hoyle, Director for Maryland; Mrs. Thomas W. Wilson, Director for North Carolina; and Mrs. Edwin Robinson, Director for West Virginia.

—PETTIBONE—



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Mail orders filled promptly. You deal direct with the factory. Inquiries invited.

PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

STAMPS BOUGHT.

Friends, look over your old letters. George H. Hakes, of 290 Broadway, New York City, will purchase all the old used Confederate stamps and old used United States stamps on letters before 1874. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. Why not do this and send the amount received for them to your Confederate Association?

P. A. Hoyle writes from Newton, N. C., in renewing subscription: "I like the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and appreciate the work it is doing. I wish for it the best success."

Who can furnish a copy of Colonel Bevier's book on the Missouri Brigades, 1st and 2nd, or knows where it can be bought? W. A. Everman, of Greenville, Miss., is anxious to get it.

Mrs. Katie Daniel Mossbarger, of Stithton, Ky., desires information of the service of her father, James Reuben Daniel, who was a member of the 3rd Arkansas Regiment, under Col. Can H. Mannering.

Roy. H. Kincaid, of Alderson, W. Va., is receiving vocational training in agriculture under the supervision of the United States Veterans' Bureau. While in training he has made a record success in raising pure-bred Poland China hogs. His stock at present is worth approximately \$1,000. At the Greenbriar County Fair, Kincaid received ten first prizes in hogs. This trainee also raised some very fine corn, some pure-bred calves, several hundred White Leghorn chickens, and some turkeys. This veteran will soon complete his training and will be able to carry on successfully in his chosen vocation.

TAX EXEMPTION.

Tax the people, tax with care,
Tax to help the millionaire;
Tax the farmer, tax his fowl,
Tax the dog, and tax his howl;
Tax his hen, and tax her egg,
And let the bloomin' muddsill beg.
Tax his pig and tax his squeal,
Tax his boots, run down at heel;
Tax his horse, tax his lands,
Tax the blisters on his hands;
Tax his plow, and tax his clothes,
Tax the rag that wipes his nose;
Tax his house and tax his bed.
Tax the bald spot on his head,
Tax his ox, and tax his ass,
Tax his jitney, tax his gas,
Tax the road that he must pass,
And make him travel o'er the grass.
Tax the cow, and tax the calf,
Tax him, if he dares to laugh,
He is but a common man,
So tax the cuss, just all you can.
Tax the laborer, but be discreet,
Tax him for walking on the street;
Tax his bread and tax his meat,
Tax the shoes clear off his feet.
Tax the pay roll, tax the sale,
Tax all his hard-earned paper kale;
Tax his pipe and tax his smoke,
Teach him government is no joke.
Tax their coffins, tax their shrouds,
Tax their souls beyond the clouds;
Tax all business, tax the shops,
Tax their incomes, tax their stocks;
Tax the living, tax the dead,
Tax the unborn, before they're fed;
Tax the water, tax the air,
Tax the sunshine, if you dare.
Tax them all, and tax them well,
But close your eyes so you can't see
Tax-exempt coupon clips go free.

—Exchange.

New York State led in the total production of apples in 1922, but was second to Washington in the commercial output, according to the United States Department of Agriculture. Either of these States produces more apples than any other two states.—*Maury (Tenn.) Democrat.*

TALLEST TOMMY.—The tallest soldier in the British army now is Captain Hay, of the Black Watch, who is seven feet four and one-half inches tall, and, of course, every inch a soldier.—*Canadian American.*

NAPOLEONIC.—An army travels on its stomach, said Napoleon. Many a young business man gets there on his gall.—*Canadian American.*

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn. What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.



Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position 1043 Inter-Southern Bldg. Louisville, Ky.

TO START THE BALL ROLLING.

A clergyman, taking occasional duty for a friend in a remote country parish, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract a fifty-cent piece before presenting the plate at the altar rail.

After service he called the old man into the vestry and told him with some emotion that his crime had been discovered.

The verger looked puzzled for a moment. Then a sudden light dawned on him.

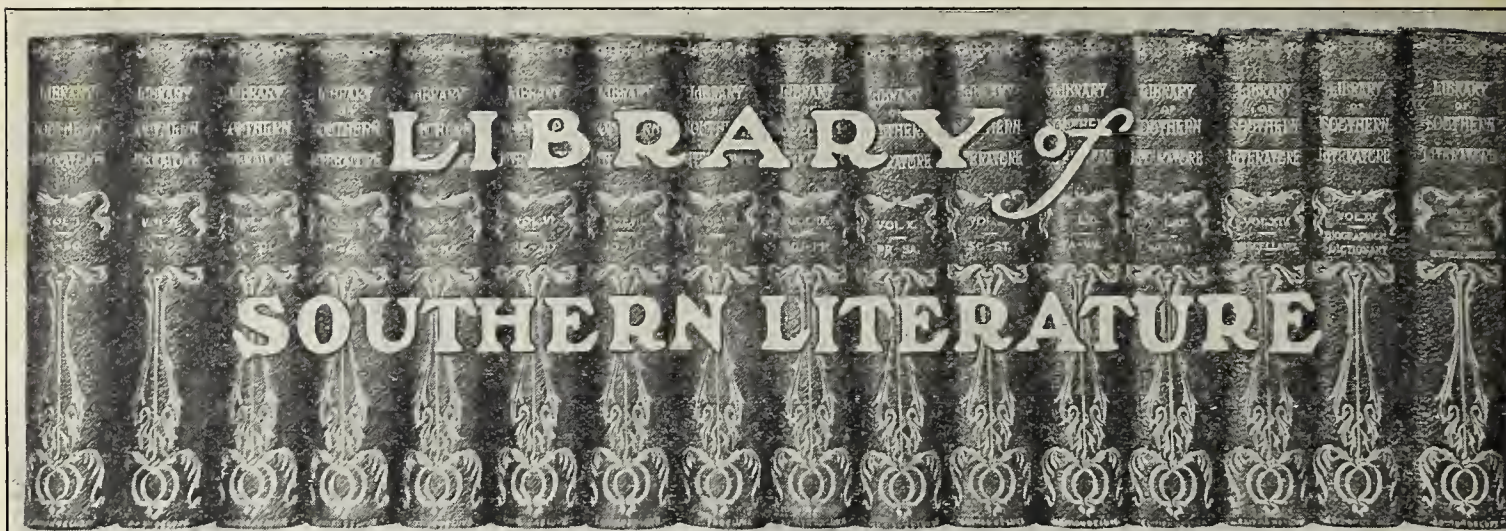
"Why, sir, you don't mean that old half-dollar of mine? Why, I've led off with that for the last fifteen years!"
—*Everybody's Magazine.*

AROUND THE CIRCLE.

Rags make paper.
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make poverty and
Poverty makes rags.

—*Canadian American.*

"Chickens, sah," said the negro sage, "is de usefulest animal dere is. You c'n eat 'em fo' dey is bo'n an' after dey's dead."

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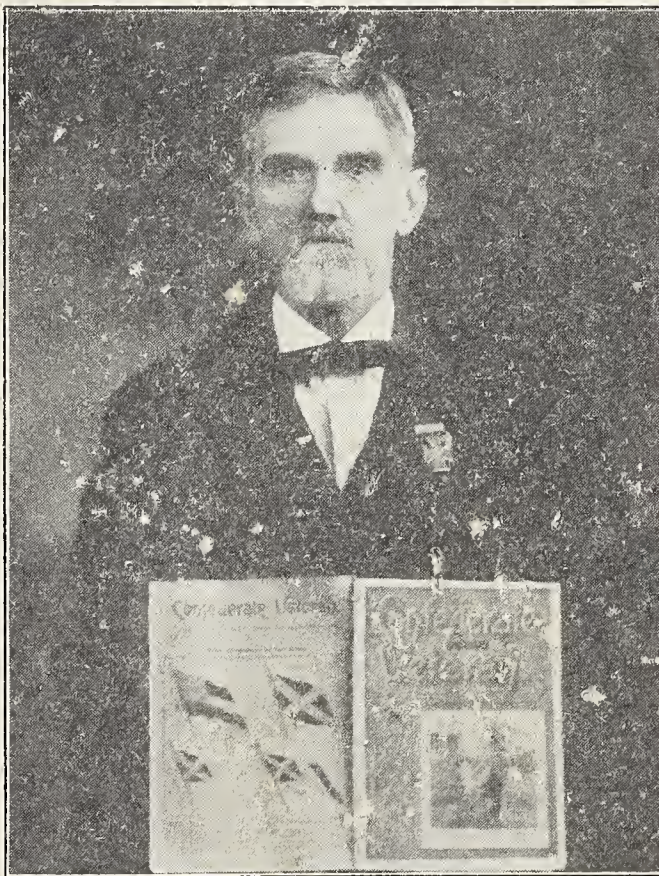
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VOL. XXXI.

JUNE, 1923

NO. 6



THIRTY YEARS BETWEEN.

Comrade W. C. Brown, now in his eighty-third year, is the "Veteran's" able representative at Gainesville, Tex. There are thirty years between the two issues of the "Veteran" shown in this picture—March, 1893, and February, 1923—and in all that time he has been a loyal patron and active worker for this journal of Southern history.

973.705
C 748

MOSBY'S RANGERS.

The VETERAN's special book offering for June is "Mosby's Rangers," by Williamson, a valuable and interesting work. Who has not been thrilled by the stories of the daring exploits of this famous command, yet how few really know what was accomplished by Mosby and his Partisan Rangers for the Confederacy. Get a copy of this book and follow them through those years of war. John J. Williamson has given their record in this handsome volume, illustrated; and it is now out of print, hard to find. The VETERAN has a few copies available now and offers them with the VETERAN one year at \$4.50, just a little more than the book alone would bring. Send in your order at once that you may not fail to get a copy.

"Christ in the Camp" is still offered with the VETERAN one year at the special rate of \$2.50, and it is a book that should be in every household.

Send order to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.

2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.

3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.

4. Mathew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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WANTED.—Copies of President Davis's "Short History of the Confederacy." Anyone having a copy for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN.

William M. Dunn, Jr., Box 108, Clarita, Okla., wants to know if any members of Capt. Alfred Yates's Company, 23rd Alabama Infantry, are still living. This company was organized in Choctaw County, Ala., and was with Hood's Brigade. He is anxious to learn the whereabouts of any members of this company (G), to which his father, W. M. Dunn, belonged.

In sending renewal order, J. Newton Maynard, of Washington, D. C., writes: "I cannot get along without the VETERAN. I consider it the only true and authentic history of the South and the War between the States."

W. H. Smith wishes to communicate with anyone who knew that he served in Henry Terrell's company, Kessler's Battalion, William L. Jackson's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, C. S. A. He was paroled from Camp Chase, where he was a prisoner at the close of the war. His address is Uvalde, Tex.

I AM THE CHURCH.

I am the Church. I am human, but also divine. I am far more than men have yet made me, I am potentially all that God means me to be.

I am commissioned to bow men in prayer, to lift them in worship, and to knit them together in love.

I am to be the house of God's gifts, the altar of penitence, the mercy seat of forgiveness, and the temple of aspiration.

I am to become the home of truth, childhood's school of the spirit, youth's academy of the ideal, and manhood's prophetic armory.

I am called to be the herald of Jesus the Christ, and the heart power of his everlasting gospel.

I am summoned to supply the key-men of the kingdom of God, to bind the evil, to release the good, and to send peace on earth. I am to be at once the soul of brotherhood and the genius of crusading righteousness.

I am set to be the watchtower of the heavenly hope, and the harbinger of immortality.

I am to become the world's dayspring, and history's dynamic.

I am the Church. God keep me humble with the sense of my limitless need, but also audacious in the strength of my more than conquering faith.—*Arthur B. Patten, in the Congregationalist.*

If anyone can give information on the service of John Ratekan Crump, who lived in Calloway County, Mo., and served in the Confederate army under Joe Shelby, Price's Brigade, it will be appreciated by his widow, Mrs. Anna Crump, Greenville, Tex. She is trying to secure a pension.

W. B. Turner, of Electra, Tex., is anxious to hear from some of his old comrades who can help him in getting a pension. He served in Company C, Captain Whitaker, of the 4th Louisiana Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Fournett. This regiment was composed of Fournett's Battalion and Cleck's Battalion, and was a part of Sibley's Brigade. Comrade Turner was discharged at Monroe, La.

CONFEDERATE STATES STAMPS BOUGHT

HIGHEST PRICES PAID. WRITE ME WHAT YOU HAVE. ALSO U. S. USED BEFORE 1870. DO NOT REMOVE THEM FROM THE ENVELOPES, AS I PAY MORE FOR THEM ON THE ENVELOPES. WRITE ME TO-DAY. JOSEPH F. NEGREEN, 8 EAST 23D ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. }

VOL. XXXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1923.

No. 6

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

LAST OF TENNESSEE GENERALS.

(From *Nashville Banner*, May 23.)

The burial this afternoon of Gen. Thomas Benton Smith marks the passing from the stage of the last of Tennessee's Confederate generals. It is a coincidence that General Smith, who suffered the most melancholy fate of all—a mind beclouded for nearly fifty years—should be the last to go. It is eminently proper that the State and his old comrades in arms should bury him with the honors becoming a distinguished soldier.

Tennesseeans for generations to come can contemplate with pride the State's Confederate leaders. The names of most of them are, sixty years after the war, still household words. There were forty of them: John Adams, S. R. Anderson, F. C. Armstrong, William B. Bate, T. H. Bell, John C. Brown, John C. Carter, William H. Carroll, A. W. Campbell, B. F. Cheatham, H. B. Davidson, G. G. Dibrell, D. S. Donelson, Nathan Bedford Forrest, George W. Gordon, Robert Hatton, B. H. Hill, W. Y. C. Humes, A. E. Jackson, W. H. Jackson, Bushrod R. Johnson, George Maney, William McComb, J. P. McCown, Joe B. Palmer, Gideon J. Pillow, W. A. Quarles, J. E. Rains, James A. Smith, Preston Smith, Thomas Benton Smith, A. P. Stewart, O. F. Strahl, R. C. Tyler, A. J. Vaughn, J. C. Vaughn, L. M. Walker, C. M. Wilcox, Marcus J. Wright, and Felix K. Zollicoffer.

Forrest was one of the most famous soldiers developed by the war. Stewart and Cheatham rose to be corps commanders. To Bushrod Johnson, born in the North, as superintendent of the Western Military Institute, is probably due much of Tennessee's successful leadership in the war. Most of the generals achieved distinction in the service, and their careers are worthy of commemoration. Twenty per cent of them gave their lives to the cause—Zollicoffer at Fishing Creek; Hatton at Seven Pines; Rains at Murfreesboro; Preston Smith at Chickamauga; Adams, Carter, and Strahl, the toll at Franklin, and Tyler near West Point, Ga., after Lee's surrender. Donelson died during the war, and L. M. Walker fell in a duel with General Marmaduke. In addition two native sons, both, by the way, born in Rutherford County, were killed in battle—Ben McCulloch at Pea Ridge and William Barksdale at Gettysburg.

General Smith is the last of them to go. He began his military career as a second lieutenant and ended it a brigadier, but young enough to be called "The Boy General."

He was a fine type of the Southern youth of his time, whose courage and devotion to the cause made the Confederate army's record one of the resplendent pages of history.

Gen. Thomas Benton Smith enlisted in the Confederate service in May, 1861, as a member of Company B, 20th Tennessee Infantry, Battle's Regiment. He was then twenty-three years of age. After the battle of Shiloh he was advanced to the rank of colonel and commanded the regiment until 1864, when he was commissioned brigadier general. In the engagement at Nashville in December, 1864, he was captured and, while an unarmed prisoner, was struck over the head with a sword by a Federal officer. Twenty years later this wound caused his mental trouble, and the rest of his life was spent in the insane asylum at Nashville, where he died on May 21. A sketch of General Smith will be given later.

LOVE'S MEETING.

MRS. JEB STUART—IN MEMORIAM.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS.

A white Rose, a fair Rose,
A wreath of Lilies pure—
But hide for shame the weakling tear—
"Our Lady, and her cavalier!"

O Red Rose, blood-red Rose,
A garland Dixie brings,
The last he wore, with flaunting plume,
Its withered petals in her tomb.

A new star, a bright star
Shines clear in Heaven's blue.
Good-by sweet Lady; love, so dear,
At last has found love's cavalier!

THE SOUTH ONCE MORE SINGS "DIXIE."

ANNE PORTERFIELD RANKIN IN NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN.

A little army of gray old rebels to-day completes its occupation of New Orleans. The gallant remnant of a host as deeply scarred by peace as war gathers once more to stay its heart on the memory of heroic days well lived, of dangers well met, of youthful sacrifice unsullied by thought of loss or gain.

A rare old city is gay with flags and flowers. Roses and bunting deck the streets. The long years since the sixties are as a tale untold. Names of grim old battles fill the air. Shades of unforgotten heroes guard the camp. The rustle of billowy skirts and the echo of soft music bring back the young life of a long-gone day. Tales come now of campaigns and of battle—"Trafalgar, Marathon, Salamis, show me a name that stirs like this"—of fighting and of march, of hunger and cold and weariness, of victory well borne, and of defeat that brought no bitterness. Songs and laughter fill the air. Old comrades turn to boyhood days with jokes and stories that time nor custom never stale.

The conquered banner is unfurled. The Confederacy relives its deathless story. The South once more sings "Dixie."

Heart and soul of us, we thrill again to the magic of a battle song forever young and dauntless in its gayety.

As light as the laughter of a child, the irresponsible old melody stands for the story of heroic armies long ago dissolved and of blood-red banners furled these many years. It stirs the heart to memory and to tears.

Yet it is not a martial air. We do not stand to its strains nor uncover when it is played. It is intimate and human, filled not with grandeur, but with joy. It is more than a war song; it is the heart song of the South.

It is the song of childhood and soft lullabies, of youth and pride and happiness. It holds the perfume of magnolia and of jessamine. It is tender with the sound of the south wind blowing through long moss, and sweet with the fragrance of clover blooms, soft swept by a summer breeze.

It is vibrant with the rustle of palmetto leaves, and rich with the melody of slave voices singing in the cotton and the corn.

The old song carries the sacrifice of splendid youth, the eternal eagerness of boys who fought in a long-gone time for things its music meant to them. Its strains defy regret and grief. They own to no defeat that means despair or desolation. They sing the joy of faith and limitless devotion. In them youth lives unsorrowing through the years.

"Dixie" is the home song of a brave and lovely land. It holds no bitterness. It makes no plea. Its message goes from heart to heart. Wherever it is heard, it carries to other loves and other loyalties the same exultant eagerness it brings to ours.

"Dixie" interprets the heart of the South with an understanding more full of truth and meaning than any that mere history can ever teach.

O! Dixie's land is the land of glory,
The land of cherished song and story,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland.
The land where rules the Anglo-Saxon,
The land of Davis, Lee, and Jackson,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixieland!

A DREAM OF SHILOH.

BY MARY LANIER MAGRUDER, KEVIL, KY.

(An old veteran of the Orphan Brigade speaks:)

Last night I dreamed of Shiloh;
Perhaps the April storm
Outside my shuttered window
Brought back war's old alarm;
For all the present vanished,
And clear and fair again
The Easter morn was breaking
On Shiloh's battle plain.

No reveille was sounded;
The wood was still as death,
Though over hill and hollow
Rose blue the camp fires' breath.
Then Hardee's guns had thundered
Their hell of flame and din,
And down that bloody, glorious trial
Our old brigade went in.

Last night I dreamed of Shiloh;
The flag of battle flew,
But every star seemed red as blood
Upon its field of blue.
Low lay our gallant Johnston,
His hour of glory won,
And many a soul had passed to God
Ere set that April sun.

And in that dream of Shiloh,
The years all slipped away;
I wore my sweetheart's pictured face
Beneath my soldier gray.
Where murmuring bayous crept to sea
And white stars climbed the sky,
'Neath that old columned portico,
I kissed my love good by.

But lovely still in miniature
Traced by the painter's art,
Her face upon the disk that turned
The bullet from my heart.
What faith our women kept! What high,
Fond courage down the years,
Though night had come to Shiloh's plain
With doubt and dark and tears.

By day I dream of Shiloh;
The old years haunt me still,
Now life's just waiting loneliness
With her grave on the hill.
And I hear the bugles blowing,
While the muttering cannon speak;
And I feel her young lips pressed to mine,
And the tears upon her cheek.

They are bivouacked now in glory,
My comrades tried and true,
And those of us who have lingered
Are feeble and spent—and few.
In my dreams I see them marching
In a land beyond the stars,
And the banner that flies 'neath Elysian skies
Is the old flag's Stars and Bars!

CAPT. W. W. CARNES—A WORKER.

The South is proud of that manhood which was its defense in the sixties and which has built up this section from the ruin of war. That manhood has gone into age in the same spirit which animated its enthusiastic youth and energy, and many of those veterans of war have passed into the fourscore and ill



CAPT. W. W. CARNES.

actively engaged in business and still looking ahead. Among these are many patrons of the *VETERAN*, and one of them is here presented. From this picture of Capt. W. W. Carnes—and it is not an old picture—one would never think of him a nearly eighty-two years old, and his activities of late years make it all the more unbelievable. The following is taken from a little journal gotten out by his insurance company:

"At the age of seventy-three Captain Carnes decided to retire and spend the rest of his days on his orange grove in Southern Florida. Every one will agree that a man has a right to retire at seventy-three; but Captain Carnes couldn't stand it. Before the end of the first year of retirement he had bought out an insurance agency and was back in the business he loves.

"To-day Captain W. W. Carnes, of Carnes & Shelton, Fireman's Fund agents at Bradentown, Fla., can truly be said to be eighty-one years *young*. In years he is undoubtedly the oldest agent in his State, perhaps in several States. Nevertheless, every day finds him active in his own business and in all movements for the advancement of his town.

"Perhaps the reason why Captain Carnes cannot retire now is that his whole life has been so active.

"He graduated from the United States Naval Academy with high rank in the class of 1857. Soon after he responded to the call of his native State and became first drill master of the 5th Tennessee Regiment, then a captain of artillery, commander of an artillery battalion, and, finally, because of the

urgent need for trained officers in the navy of the South, he served the last years of the war in the Confederate States navy.

"While still in the army young Carnes was sent to Macon, Ga., to recover from some injuries, and there he met his future wife. After the war he returned to Macon and entered the insurance business as a local agent. He became general agent for five Southern States for one of the strong companies, and was active in the organization of the Southeastern Tariff Association. After twenty-one years in Macon, personal ties called Captain Carnes back to Memphis, his birthplace, where he again established himself in the insurance business.

"Captain Carnes is a vigorous man physically as well as mentally. His hobby seems to be work. Golf does not interest him, fishing is too meditative an occupation, and four years behind artillery guns spoiled his taste for hunting. His recreation these days is running a lawn mower at home before breakfast and, on Thursday afternoon half holidays, swimming in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico."

HEROIC HENRY McPHERSON.

J. H. Strain, who was lieutenant of Company H, 2nd Mississippi Regiment, writes from Tupelo, Miss.: "I have just read with interest the articles of John Purifoy, of Montgomery, Ala., on the battle of Gettysburg. In that installment in the April *VETERAN*, although he quotes from Brig. Gen. Joe Davis's report, there is need of correction. From this article one would get the impression that the 2nd and 42nd Mississippi, under command of General Davis, in that engagement had captured the Federal flag in question. Far from my purpose is it to detract in the least from the achievements of General Davis or the 42nd Mississippi, but, in truth, neither had any part in capturing that flag. The real facts are as follows: While the 2nd Mississippi had driven back the first line of Federals and had halted to reform their lines after the serious trouble of that railroad cut, there, some distance from their front, this stand of colors, apparently alone, stood planted in a pile of fence rails, and the Federals were trying to reform their lines along the line of this flag. Col. J. M. Stone sent out Lieutenant Roberts with four men to bring in that flag. When this squad approached that rail pile, they made a dash, each wishing to get the flag. In that race Lieutenant Roberts, a fine, athletic young man, and more lightly encumbered, neared the rail pile first, and, to the surprise of the squad, the Federal color guard rose up around the colors and killed the lieutenant. In the ensuing contest, the gun of one of Roberts's men failed to fire. Being a big, brave young man, he clubbed his gun and struck at his antagonist, and is doing so he stumbled and fell among the rails; when he recovered, two of the color guard were retreating double-quick with one of Roberts's men a prisoner, while the color bearer was retreating leisurely with the flag. Recapping his gun, he fired on the color bearer and broke his leg. He then rushed forward and wrenched the colors from this unyielding man, and, amid a hail of bullets from the Federal line, he brought in that flag. This man was Henry McPherson, whom we called 'Tobe.' He was my close friend; we ate and slept together, and he described to me fully every detail of this affair, emphasizing the awful apprehension of sudden death when the gun failed to fire. Colonel Stone offered McPherson the lieutenantcy cated by Roberts's death, which he declined, but accepted a furlough. No braver or better soldier ever shot a gun. He was killed on May 6, 1864, in the Wilderness. Peace to his ashes!"

BUILDER, AND DEFACER.

(Dedicated to the Truth of American History.)

BY LLOYD T. EVERETT, BALLSTON, VA.

I. Jefferson.

Young Jefferson, artistocrat by birth,
Looked forth on fertile fields and fair—his own;
Both wealth and culture his. At his command
All that might go to make a life of ease
Such life as oft doth dull one's sympathies
For fellow man whose lot is rougher cast.

But better, stouter stuff than this was he;
He soared above such weak and sordid souls.
Beneath the Southland's soft blue, sunny skies,
Virginia's verdant vales all voiced in him:
"Live and let live. Or high or low degree,
Man is my brother still. Life, liberty,
Pursuit of happiness, are his as mine;
And stanch should stand as yonder Blue Ridge rests."

Nor did he stop with thoughts or words that give
The boon of hope to ear but break the heart;
Deep in the statute law he wrote his rules,
That his fair land, America, might prove
For freemen all a home of equal rights,
And privilege be shorn of place and power.

Thus through his lengthened life did Jefferson
Make good the promise of his early pen:
First, for these struggling peoples he declared
Their right to rule themselves, though kings might frown.
Such right for other freemen, too, wherever they;
Then, freedom won, he fashioned fair for all,
That clique nor class might claim the land as theirs.

He even planned that freedom's boon might come
To th' alien race of bondmen in our midst—
But in a home and land their very own;
And sternly warned that section's faction rest,
Nor bathe the land in blood on such false plea.
He planned: but only one life's span was his;
Such work were great, the road so very long.

Thus Jefferson. We make not him a god,
Nor perfect man; for faults were his enow.
His fame needs bolster none as this would be.
Suffice that he, a man of clay, like us,
Stands on his merits with posterity
As one who deeply drank at Freedom's fount,
And pointed true for myriads yet unborn
The road of statecraft, home rule, right, and peace.

II. Lincoln.

In Jefferson's declining years, it fell
One saw the light of day in frontier wilds—
A yeoman man child on Kentucky's shore.
Young Lincoln grew as grew the lads about:
Scant store of life's good things was his; but see,
Youth, health, he had, and much of energy.

Virginia's child, Kentucky; thence went he
To Illinois, the land Virginia gave
To South and North alike by wresting it
From foemen's hands in far-off wilderness,

While yet we battled on Atlantic's slope
For right to range ourselves 'mong nations free.
And here he wrought right lustily: the years
Were kind; and so a place and name he made.

Well, time went on. Then, hot and hotter still,
Raged strife of sections for the bounding West.
Or slave or free, the Negro, none of him
Did Northrons wish in these new lands; for see
The laws they wrote to keep him out. And then,
Of trade and tariffs there was quarrel, too.

Unheeded now dead Jefferson: the rift
Had come. And clique and class now clogged a main
With cunning rare, and wage serfs made the while
They cried aloud of Southland's slavery sin.
And Lincoln rode the tide. By section's vote
They placed him in the chair of state, to rule
O'er South and North—as Northland might decree.

Then spake the South: "In peace now let us part."
Great-hearted Greeley grieved, but said "Amen!"
Some asked, "Whence come our revenues and gains,
If thus they go?" And Lincoln, heeding these,
First warred as might a king—and later called
That Congress meet. How strange! And thus we see
This plain man from the mass so mar the shrine
Of Freedom fair reared high by Jefferson.

And class and clique from that day on have ruled,
And equal rights gone down—a thing of scorn.
And superman, or demigod, they make
In memory now of him who wrought for them:
Lincoln, the weakest link in empire's chain
How careful they to gild all mere alloy!

III. Time's Test.

But Truth and Hope live on; and, slow but sure,
Shall facts come forth to face the future day.
Already, see how, when the World War raged,
Men at the North, to shame the Hun's dark deeds,
Harked back to Lee on land, Semmes on the sea—
Not Lincoln's war lords waging Lincoln's war.
The work of Jefferson was not torn down for aye:
His mem'ry yet means much for mortal men.

NOTES.

Third Stanza: "A home of equal rights," etc. Jefferson is generally recognized as having done much, in drafting the Declaration of Independence, in the legislation he helped enact and in promulgating the principles of the great political party he founded, to put in force his own slogan: "Equal rights for all, special privileges for none."

Fifth Stanza: Jefferson and the Negro. Thomas Jefferson favored emancipation of the slaves (by State action) and their "expatriation" (deportation or emigration to another country). He opposed the beginnings of the sectional abolition or "free-soil" movement, comparing the "Missouri question" (1819-21) to a "fire bell in the night," that portended bloodshed between North and South, overthrow of the constitutional union of the States, and the undoing of the work of 1776. (See, *inter al.*, his letter of April 22, 1820, to Holmes, Volume 4 of his writings, 1829 edition., pp. 323-4, cited also "(Stephens's History of the United States" 431) as in Volume 7 of his "Complete Works," 159.)

Eighth Stanza: Virginia sent George Rogers Clarke, during the Revolutionary War, on the daring expedition that won the trans-Ohio country from the British.

Ninth Stanza: Laws to exclude free Negroes from the North and Northwest. (See *inter al.*, Ewing's "Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision," chapter 4.)

Tenth Stanza: "Wage serfs, "etc. Horace Greeley, as late as 1845, expressed lack of enthusiasm for the then professed antislavery agitation, because, he said, he saw so much of slavery in the factory districts of the North. (See the two pamphlets, Commons's "Working Class Origin of the Republican Party," and Everett's "Was It Anti-Slavery?"

Eleventh Stanza: "Greeley . . . said 'Amen!'" After the election of Lincoln, by a strictly sectional vote, in 1860, Horace Greeley's paper, the New York *Tribune* (November 26, 1860, and December 17, 1860, as quoted in Pollard's "The Lost Cause," 84-5), organ of Lincoln's party though it was, insisted that the "Cotton States," if they so wished, be left to secede in peace, and decried a union "whereof one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets." "Whence come our revenues and gains?" The tariff barons of the North were interested in keeping the agricultural South for exploitation purposes, under the same government with themselves, in this much like certain commercial interests of Britain during the American Revolution. "First warred as might a king," etc. In April, 1861, Lincoln began war on the Confederate States by attempting to strengthen his hold on Fort Sumter by calling out troops, etc. He did not convene Congress until July.

Twelfth Stanza: "Class and clique . . . have ruled," etc. From the war of 1861 on, multi-millionaires, along with tramps, have been made in America in increasing numbers. Sinister "special-interest legislation" has had much to do with this. "Lincoln, the weakest link," etc. A familiar proverb says, "The strength of a chain is its weakest link," an obvious truth. Lincoln did not "save the Union," the fathers' constitutional union of choice. He helped to destroy it, then to erect a blood-red union of force on its ruins. The whole cause of the North must stand or fall with Lincoln's unconstitutional course.

Thirteenth Stanza: "Men at the North," etc. During the World War Theodore Roosevelt contrasted the ruthless sea warfare of the Germans with the humanity of Admiral Raphael Semmes, C. S. N. The New York *World* cited Lee's scrupulously humane course in Pennsylvania as against the ferocity of the German armies. They did not turn to Lincoln's lieutenants, Sherman in Georgia, Butler in New Orleans, or Sheridan and Hunter in the Valley of Virginia.

JOHN B. GORDON—HUMANITARIAN.

BY ROBERT OTIS HUIE, HAPEVILLE, GA.

I stood by the window in the reception room of the Governor of Georgia, on whose staff I hold a position. It was a bright April day, the grass on the lawn green, the leaves on the trees about half-grown, a gentle breeze blowing, and all nature warming and mellowing with the advent of spring, while children played on the Capitol Square in the bright sunshine.

Presently I became conscious of the presence of a person standing by my side, unobserved, who stood gazing out of the window in the same direction. In the center of the lawn stood the equestrian statue of Gen. John B. Gordon, so lifelike as to lead one almost to believe that presently horse and rider would canter out of sight.

The stranger had uttered no word of greeting, but merely

stood gazing out of the window. Presently, however, he remarked:

"That is a fine statue of General Gordon, true to life."

"Yes," I replied, "I presume so, although I never saw the General but once."

"I thought a great deal of him," he ventured.

"O, did you know him?"

"Yes; quite well. In fact, I used to live on his place. He had a small farm adjoining his fine old colonial home out toward Decatur, and I rented it from him. I remained on the place for several years, and always found him to be a splendid man."

"Tell me about him," I urged. "What were his strongest characteristics?"

"His fairness and his kindness of heart," he replied.

"Indeed! One naturally thinks of a soldier, and especially of an officer, as being a man of stern countenance, unaccustomed to anything but strict obedience to his orders, and as absolutely uncompromising in his general make-up."

"That is not true of General Gordon. Let me tell you of a little incident which, I think, will illustrate what I mean."

"Do, by all means. I should be very glad to hear it."

"Well, if you remember back in the year—well, I can't remember the year—but it was probably farther back than you remember—we had a very dry summer. For weeks and weeks practically no rain fell. I was trying to raise vegetables on a small scale on his little farm, and kept a few cows for dairying purposes. Well, it was so dry that summer that everything parched up very badly. The corn blades turned yellow and twisted until they hardly resembled corn at all. There was no full crop of anything, in fact, mighty little crop of any kind. In the fall, one day I was plowing up my potatoes—that is, I was plowing the potato field. I found only a few little roots here and yonder, sweet potatoes, you understand. While I was engaged in this labor, General Gordon came down across the field. He watched me plow several rounds and noted the pitiful little roots I was turning up from the ground.

"Presently, when I was turning at the end of the rows, he came up and spoke to me, saying: 'Morgan, you are not going to make *anything*.'

"No, sir, General," I replied, 'I don't think so.'

"I had agreed to pay him standing rent and in addition keep his lawn mowed and look after things around the house. He stroked his chin for a moment, and then said:

"Morgan, you won't have to pay any rent this year. You have kept the lawn in good shape and have looked after things around the house, and you are not going to make any crop; so we will just call it even this year; you need not pay any rent. I am going away to-morrow, and I saw you from the veranda and thought I would come down and tell you.' Now that is what I call a fine man."

"So do I, my friend," I replied; "I am glad you told me this little incident. It only increases my respect and admiration for the General."

My companion was silent for a moment. Presently I glanced at his face, and was not much surprised to note that a large tear was stealing down his bronzed and furrowed cheek.

The dusk of the South is tender

As the touch of a soft, soft hand.

It comes between splendor and splendor,

The sweetest of service to render

And gathers the cares of the land.

—John P. Sjolander.

WHEN JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS FREED.

BY W. O. HART, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

In the spring of 1865, as is well known, the States and armies of the Southern Confederacy yielded to the overwhelming numbers of their adversaries and to the failure of their own resources. Of the States which thus bowed to fate, Jefferson Davis had been the representative and executive head. When the armies which had maintained his government were successively dissolved, he was left defenseless. He was nearly sixty years of age, in feeble health, and much worn with the mighty cares and anxieties which had devolved upon him for four years.

At last the war was over. The South had spent all it had and was stripped naked of its resources; it had been stripped naked, also, of its men. The Confederate government had retired from Richmond, by way of Danville, and then Greensboro, N. C. President Davis, with his family, his private secretary, Burton Harrison, his staff, and some of his cabinet had started with resolute will to push on, with the avowed object of joining whatever Confederate forces were still in existence west of the Mississippi River. His party was too large for the success of such an undertaking. He was tracked easily by Federal troopers, who, scattered over the States through which his line of march lay, were on the lookout for him.

On May 11, 1865, Mr. Davis, his family, and those attending were arrested about twenty-four miles from Macon, Ga., the gossip of that memorable occasion being that he was caught in the endeavor to escape in his wife's clothes. This story was widely circulated, believed, and used, at that time, by the enemies of Mr. Davis, but a full denial of it was made later by the squad which captured him. Mr. Davis was sent to Savannah. Thence he was carried to Fortress Monroe, where for two years this frail and exhausted man received, at the hands of his persecutors and jailers, the most mediæval treatment, to say the least.

Many schemes for relief of Jefferson Davis were devised and many suggestions of bail were made, but it was not until two years after his imprisonment that any judge could be persuaded to hear his plea. Despite the expressions of a desire to see justice done the prisoner, made by men who alone had the power to do justice, something always arose to prevent his trial, and research shows that he was so long kept in confinement to gratify the personal bitterness of men who had once been his associates and who well knew the dignity and purity of his character. The trial, long delayed, however, came on at last under the care of the most eminent counsel in America.

In a letter written by Burton Harrison, May, 1867, and made public in the last few years, we get a most interesting and intimate glimpse of what was transpiring at Richmond about that time:

"In a little while we go into the courtroom, where the last act of his long drama of imprisonment is to be performed: we might yet be disappointed, and may be called upon to conduct Mr. Davis to a dungeon. We are very anxious, of course, feverishly so. . . . Spent Wednesday and Thursday here plotting and making ready for the great day. On Friday I went down to the Fortress and there spent with him the last night of his sojourn in the bastille. It was the second anniversary of our capture. Next day we came up the river. . . . There were very few passengers on the boat, but it had become generally known that the chief was on board, and at every landing was assembled an enthusiastic little group to greet the

President. It did my heart good to see the fervent zeal of the good people at Brandon. They came aboard, and such kissing and embracing and tears as Belle Harrison, Mary Spear Nicholas, and Mrs. George Harrison employed to manifest their devotion to the leader who was beaten have never been seen out of dear old Virginia."

They went to the Spottswood Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Davis occupying the same rooms they used in 1861, when they first went to Richmond in such different circumstances. The Northern proprietor of the Spottswood was said to have caught the zeal of the entire community, and actually turned his own family out of that apartment. There were no sentinels, no guards; no stranger would have supposed that the quiet gentleman who received his visitors with such peaceful dignity was the State prisoner around whose dungeon so many battalions had been marshalled for two years and whose trial or treason against a mighty government was the exciting period of mankind.

"Almost every one has called," wrote Mr. Harrison, "bringing flowers and bright faces of welcome to him who has suffered vicariously for the millions. Yesterday, after service, half the congregation from St. Paul's Church were here, and I confess I haven't seen so many pretty women together for years." He adds: "A mighty army of counsel is here. O'Connor is towering in his supremacy over all lesser personages, and looked like a demigod of antiquity yesterday when we gathered a few of us around Mr. Davis to explain the details of his arrangements. It was a scene so remarkable for the men who constituted the group and for the occasion of their meeting that I shall never forget it."

Indeed, a mighty army of counsel was there. Seldom has it been that any case has brought together a more distinguished array. The government was represented by William M. Evarts, the Attorney General of the United States, and also a leader of the bar of New York, and Mr. Chandler, the district attorney. The counsel for the defense formed a distinguished group: Charles O'Connor, of New York, then the leader of the bar in the United States; William B. Read, of Philadelphia; George Shea, of New York; both high in the ranks of their profession; John Randolph Tucker, already disguised as a constitutional lawyer and late attorney general of Virginia; Robert Ould, of Richmond, the most skillful debater and logical speaker of his day, and Mr. James Lyons, who had long been prominent in the courts of Virginia. Beside the counsel engaged in the case, there were a number of other men of mark, both civil and military, among those present.

Chief Justice Chase presided over the court, but the district judge who conducted the case was the notorious John C. Underwood, the *bête noir* of Richmond, a man whom the people had come to regard with unlimited fear and dislike. The dread was almost universal that Underwood might avail himself of the opportunity to punish the whole Confederacy through their representative man. The scene of the trial was the courtroom, then situated in the customhouse at Tenth and Banks Streets. The day was May 13, and, naturally, all superstitiously inclined felt the deepest anxiety about the trial.

That day the streets were filled with nervous people, and great crowds surrounded and packed the stairway and passages of the customhouse. A few minutes before the clock struck eleven the large doors were thrown open and the crowd rushed in filling every spot inside the bar. At eleven, Horace Greeley entered the room, and there was a buzz of interest as the object of his visit was known and excited much good feeling

toward him. It should not be forgotten that before Jefferson Davis was brought to trial, Horace Greeley, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Gerritt Smith, all of New York, had offered themselves as bondsmen on any bail bond which might be required of him, and these gentlemen were among the signers of the bond when it was finally given, nearly two years after their offer had been made.

When Judge Underwood came in the proclamation of the case was made. After this there was a hush of great expectation and all eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the distinguished prisoner. It was noticed that while Mr. Davis was much worn and showed the marks of extreme feebleness, he bore himself with great dignity; he looked cheerful, bowed to his many friends, and shook hands with a few who were nearest. Still, there was much dread in everybody's eyes when Underwood was about to speak. And when the oracle came—"The case is undoubtedly bailable, and as the government is not ready to proceed with the trial, and the prisoner is and for a long time has been ready and demanded trial, it seems eminently proper that bail should be allowed"—such joy and relief as came upon all faces!

When the bond was duly executed, the marshal was directed to discharge the prisoner, which was done amid deafening applause. Then Mr. Davis left the room. With his friends supporting him, he passed into the street crowded with people awaiting the result. The released prisoner and his friends were greeted, it is said, with a sound which was not a cheer or a hurrah, but that fierce yell which was first heard at Manassas, and had been the note of the victors at Cold Harbor, at Chancellorsville, at the Wilderness, and wherever battle was fiercest. Mr. Davis and those with him stepped into an open carriage and drove to the Spottswood Hotel, at Eighth and Main Streets. As they moved amidst the rejoicing crowd the rebel yell was their only applause, their happiest greeting. It was the outburst from brave men who could thus give expression to their indignation for what was past and their joy for the present.

Reaching the hotel, Mr. Davis took the arm of Burton Harrison and, passing through a crowd frantic with enthusiasm and blessing, he ascended the stairway. The halls were full of friends waiting to congratulate him, but everybody held back with instinctive delicacy as he went in with his wife. Dr. Minnegerode, for years the beloved rector of St. Paul's with a few others, had passed the time with Mrs. Davis when her husband was in the courtroom. As soon as Mr. Davis entered the room in which his wife awaited him, the door was locked. All present were seated around a table, while Dr. Minnegerode offered a prayer of thanksgiving. Every one wept irrepressibly, for God had delivered the captive at last, and with him all his people were liberated.

As is well known, Mr. Davis never actually came to trial. Time after time the day was set, always to be delayed until a more convenient season. The exciting and dramatic episode at Richmond, when bail was allowed and he was released from the grasp of the military, was the historic event to which all refer when the trial of Jefferson Davis is discussed. When the case was called for the last time, the court could not agree, and as time wore on there came over the public mind, of both sections of the country, a conviction that he would never be tried, and, if tried, never convicted.

In December, 1868, President Johnson published his general amnesty proclamation, which by common consent was held to cover Mr. Davis's case. A little later on an order was entered in the circuit court of Richmond dismissing from trial for treason all the persons whose names appeared in that order. Among the many names therein mentioned were those of

Henry A. Wise, Fitzhugh Lee, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis. This was the end of the celebrated case.

Southern people had a profound respect for Mr. Davis personally because of his pure character and intellectual abilities, but for him there was no such deep and abiding devotion as for General Lee and many of their other military leaders. Unfortunately, Mr. Davis impersonated their failure; the generals their success, so long as success was possible. But when the victors charged him falsely with crimes abhorrent to his nature, put him under guard, and manacled him as a felon, and then indicted him as a traitor, he became a martyred hero, and as such he will stand in history.

THE HEROIC FORTY-FIVE.

BY J. LESTER WILLIAMS, JR.

It was the twenty-first of May,
In eighteen sixty-four,
When Kemper's men at Bowling Green
Grant's army stood before.

A hill across the river,
Commanding the brigade,
Was taken from the Federals,
To hold it they essayed.

A band of five and forty men
Must hold it to the last,
For they were Richmond's only hope,
The Federals must not pass!

A gulch along its summit ran,
Its end an icehouse pit.
This formed the breastwork of the men,
This, and their Southern grit.

One hundred thirty thousand men
In front were held at bay,
With Kemper's men in full retreat
Behind them, as they lay.

Their forty rounds at last were spent,
The blue attacked once more,
Up went a kerchief on a rod,
They yield! The fight is o'er.

Their shots struck true, for, look!
The ground swept by their fire
Is colored blue with alien dead,
The price war gods require.

But the day was saved; for from the rear,
With ragged army, Lee arrived
And threw himself before the host
Which had for Richmond vainly strived.

This poem was inspired by reading the historic incident when Capt. T. A. Horton, with forty-four men, was ordered to hold a hill on the opposite side of the North Anna River from that on which Kemper's Brigade was stationed at the time. By holding the hill, the little band of forty-five delayed the army in blue long enough for Kemper's Brigade to retreat for the purpose of effecting a junction with General Lee. This young poet is the little grandson of Dixon C. Williams, now of Chicago, a devoted friend of the late editor of the *VETERAN*, and still a loyal supporter of the work founded by his old friend.

SIDNEY LANIER.

[Essay by Mrs. J. E. Ellerbe, of the Marion Chapter, U.D. C., Marion, S. C., which won the Rose Loving Cup at the General U. D. C. convention, at Birmingham. This is the second time Mrs. Ellerbe had this distinction, having also won the Cup in 1921.]

If there is nothing which succeeds like success, it is equally true that there is nothing which inspires like the heroic fight of a brave man against odds.

As such an inspiration the biography of Sidney Lanier should find a place in every library, for surely the glory of his genius flamed brightest against a background of poverty and physical weakness.

To heredity and not to environment he owed his gifts. From the Huguenot blood of the Laniers came music and poetry and through his mother's forebears, the Andersons, oratory was added to the riches of his mind.

Surely it seemed that all the good fairies had been invited to his christening, and had brought their gifts. But, alas! as in the old story, the wicked fairy was there, too, ready to bestow, instead of a blessing, the curse of ill health and early death.

The Lanier family of England had enjoyed the favor of four consecutive monarchs, chiefly because of their gift of music, which seems to have been an integral part of the blood of the race. The first Lanier coming to America was Thomas, who settled with other colonists near the present site of Richmond, Va. A descendant of his married an aunt of George Washington, and the family furnished many honored citizens of the colony and State. Sidney Lanier's grandfather moved to Georgia, and there Robert, the father of the poet, was born. He became a lawyer, and married Miss Mary Anderson, of Virginia, a strict member of the Presbyterian Church.

The Lanier home was only saved from the gloom of Calvinism, as it was interpreted in those days, by the leaven of Huguenot blood and the softening influence of music, which formed so large a part of the family life. Perhaps this early training might have narrowed the nature of the poet had he not in his college years come in contact with that great teacher, Dr. James Woodrow, who was destined to have a really formative influence upon his life, so that in his later years he found no place in his thinking for the rigid creed which had dominated his boyhood. He made the spirit of worship, and not its form, the key of his life.

Unlike most geniuses, Lanier was a student, and reveled in mathematics and science as well as literature—a most unusual combination. During his college days music was his mistress, and his schoolmates and his college-mates declared that he played the flute like one inspired and carried them with him into the seventh heaven of harmony.

Nothing points, at this time, to any evidence of the richness of his temperament as a poet. Rather is his mind devoted to deep research and original deductions along other lines; the critic and not the writer is foremost, and if he had written nothing else, his volume published about this period on "The English Novel and the Principles of Its Development" would have marked him as a great prose writer. But the path which seemed to lead to the life of a scholar, a life filled with quiet happiness, suddenly diverged.

The drums of war called, and this true son of the South, taking with him only his beloved flute, went forth to meet not only the fierce joy of battle, but the long living death of imprisonment at Point Lookout. He could never speak of these months, for they had brought not only the temporary suffering which every prisoner endured, but the first evidence of that physical weakness which was to first shadow and then end his

brilliant young life. But to his fellow prisoners he seemed, as one of them has said, "an angel imprisoned to cheer and console us." He had hidden his flute in his sleeve when captured, and in its entrancing melody many poor souls forgot, for a little while, the tragedy of life.

With the close of the war came liberty, the freedom of spirit, which meant more than physical freedom to the poet. His strength was utterly exhausted, and he reached home, on foot only to be stricken with an illness from which he arose with one lung seriously congested.

Those were hard days for Lanier, but the exigencies of his life drove him to the production of something to aid in supplying him with daily bread, and in three weeks he produced his one novel, "Tiger Lilies," a luxuriant, unpruned work, chiefly remarkable for its allegorical interpretation of war. He pictures it as a strange, enormous flower, the odor of which brought death to all who came within its shadow.

A few poems of some worth mark this period, but it was later when, as he writes his wife, "the very inner spirit and essence of wind songs, bird songs, soul songs hath blown upon me in quick gusts," that he wrote the poems which will live as long as nature lives.

In 1865 came to Lanier the happiness which is only brought through the union of two souls truly mated. He was married December, 1867, to Miss Mary Day, of Macon, Ga. In all the wanderings of the poet's life her love shone forth with the constant glow of devotion, and to him she was ever the ideal woman and wife, the inspiration of his sweetest love songs. But scarcely was the happy honeymoon over when the wicked fairy began to thrust upon his consciousness a realization of her cruel gifts promised at the christening. A severe hemorrhage, which occurred a month after his marriage, developed into the dread disease against which he struggled so bravely for many years.

Driven by the necessity for finding at the same time bracing climate and work which would make it possible to provide for himself and his family, he wandered from New York to Texas, taking with him his pen and flute as staff and sword. In 1873 he settled in Baltimore under engagement as First Flute in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra.

During these years a sense of holy obligation to give to the world the poetry with which his soul overflowed was ever present to Lanier. Once, when the frailty of his body made life seem only a matter of a few weeks, he wrote: "My spirit has been singing its swan song before dissolution." But though he thus looked death full in the face, he never ceased to fight for life.

After vicissitudes and disappointments, he found his place and opportunity in his second connection with Johns Hopkins as lecturer in English.

In Peabody Library he found the chance to make up for his deficiencies in education, and his reading was prodigious. Perhaps it was due to the broadening of his mind and sympathies at this period of his life that Lanier became, not the poet of a section, but the poet of the nation. For as much as he sang of his loved South, he had in his poetry none of the provincialism which dies because it is pure localism and means nothing to the world.

In his "Centennial Ode," the only official poetic interpretation of nationality in the history of the country, he sang a hymn of the new world in its fulfillment of the life of the race.

It has been said by his critics that Lanier's endowment as a musician was the barrier to his perfection as a poet. That so sensitive was he to the value of pitch and tone color that his versification was limited by the rigid application of musical

structure. But to those with whom the magic of his words gives thought the lift of wings, there seems to be little which would indicate mechanical form in his poetry.

The richness of imagination, the intimate, loving touch with the heart of nature, shown in "The Marshes of Glynn," "Corn," "The Song of the Chattahoochee," are elemental and can be compared with the work of no other American poet. If there be verbal defects in these sweet songs of nature, we forget them in being borne forward to a great vision.

It is seldom that a man *great* in any respect is *loved* by his generation. Admired he may be, but seldom loved; but the beauty and bravery of Lanier's life drew to him the affection of high and low. If a man be known by the quality of his friends, then was Lanier's greatness proved, for it was by such men and women as Gibson Peacock, Bayard Taylor, and Charlotte Cushman that his great genius was most admired. In his letters to these friends and to his wife there breathed the spirit of pure poesy.

It is significant of the gallantry of the man that he wrote one of his noblest poems on his death bed, flinging his splendid "Sunrise" full in the face of death.

Perhaps his life was too short for the maturing of his opulent nature or for the development of his various gifts, but he has left us a heritage of song which will never die.

The last weeks of Lanier's life were spent in the beautiful Tryon Valley. Sheltered by the mountains, warmed by the curious current of air which forms an ethereal Gulf Stream over this favored region, he made his last fight for life. The impulse of poetry was with him to the last. Mrs. Lanier's own words best tell the story of these sad days.

"August 29, 1881.—We are left alone with one another. On the last night of the summer comes a change. His love and immortal will held off the destroyer of our summer yet one more week until the forenoon of September 7, and then falls the frost, and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God."

It was with the spirit breathed in the closing lines of "Sunrise" that Lanier passed behind the veil:

"And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath tried thee,
Labor at leisure in art—till yonder beside thee,
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done."

His body was taken to Baltimore, the last resting place of that other great poet, Edgar Allen Poe. So these two gifted sons of the South, so strikingly unlike in their genius and character, sleep in their adopted city.

Edwin Mims says in his "Life of Lanier": "The aftermath of the poet's home life is all pleasant to contemplate. With tremendous obstacles in her way, his wife has reared to manhood four sons, three of whom are actively identified with publishing houses in New York, and one who bears his father's name is now living on a farm in Georgia. They all inherit their father's love of music and poetry, and are passing on the torch of his spirit in their day and generation."

Nor does that torch burn less brightly in the light of the present. Lanier belonged to the modern world of scholarly research and scientific inquiry. Science, he observes, instead of being the enemy of poetry is its quartermaster and commissary; and to the young men to whom he lectured, he says: "You need not dream of winning the attention of sober people with your poetry unless that poetry and the soul behind it are informed and saturated with the largest final conceptions of science."

Thus the sweet singer of the songs of nature was also the deep student of her secrets. There was with him the power of poetic interpretation of the voices of nature, and perhaps his best loved poem is "A Ballad of Trees and the Master":

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him;
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods he came."

GRANT OUTGENERALED.

BY W. D. ALEXANDER, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Much has been written of the great battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, fought on May 12, 1864. The writers tell a great deal of the Bloody Angle, the great charge of Gen. J. B. Gordon, Lee's heavy losses in the early part of the battle, and the loss of almost a division of Johnston's troops.

The battle began with the early dawn and was continued all through the morning and into the afternoon. About three o'clock General Lee came to General Lane's headquarters—he had sent Lane from the extreme left to the extreme right—and inquired for Capt. W. T. Nicholson, who commanded a company in the 37th North Carolina Regiment, and was also the Judge Advocate of General Lee's army; and, of course, General Lee knew him personally. General Lee pointed right in front of General Lane's location to a battery of the enemy's long-range guns in the rear of their line of battle. He wanted Captain Nicholson to ascertain for him whether that battery was supported by a line of infantry at right angles to the enemy's line. He left it to Captain Nicholson to find out these facts and to take his own plan to get such facts.

Captain Nicholson took five men and went out immediately in front to our outpost pickets. The captain of the pickets said he could not raise his head without being shot at; it would never do to go in front of that line. Captain Nicholson assured him that General Lee had authorized him to go out there. Leaving four of his men with the litter in the rifle pit, Captain Nicholson took one man with him to a little elevation out in front where he could see the enemy battery of which General Lee had spoken. The enemy was perfectly quiet as he walked out, did not fire a gun at him until he got to the point where he could see. He raised his glasses to take observation, and the enemy turned the sharpshooters for six hundred yards each side on him. However, Captain Nicholson was not touched and got the information he wanted. The man he had with him had a leg broken. Captain Nicholson picked that man up on his shoulder and carried him back to our picket lines, where he left the wounded man with the litter bearers. When the enemy's artillery saw the sharpshooters had failed to get Captain Nicholson, they turned their artillery on him. He was not hit, but the wounded man, who had been placed in the litter, was killed by a piece of shell.

Before Captain Nicholson got back to our picket line, he came upon a dead officer, among a great many of the enemy who had been killed. This officer had a very fine water-proof coat rolled around his neck and shoulders. With the wounded man still on his shoulder, Captain Nicholson reached down and pulled the coat off of the dead man. That dead officer was Maj. John Piper, of the 1st Michigan Sharpshooters.

When he returned to the rear, Captain Nicholson was able to report to General Lee that the battery he had been sent to observe was not supported by infantry. General Lee immediately ordered General Lane to take his brigade and go entirely around Grant's left wing and capture this battery. At the same time that General Lane made the charge on the battery, the enemy's line to the left was charging our front lines, and it was repulsed with a fearful loss, an enormous force of them going back terribly demoralized. General Lane lost about half of his men in that demoralized mass, but he captured of the enemy more men than he lost. One officer, Lieut. James Grimsley, from Watauga County, N. C., captured seven stands of regimental colors from the enemy. General Lane returned to his old position with what men he had left and the prisoners he had captured.

Immediately we saw the great force of Grant's army moving to relieve the pressure that Lee had seemed to bring on his extreme left. No one knew at the time what the movement meant. Afterwards we learned that some time before Lee had ordered General Hagood, from Charleston, and General Hoke, from Plymouth, to come to his relief. Grant expected to be assaulted on the extreme left, and thus he hurried to meet that army which he had heard was to come. This movement enabled General Lee to strengthen his lines at the Bloody Angle where he had been pressed so hard all day, and thus win the battle. When General Grant got there with his troops to meet the supposed army, the sun was down and there was no one there and no time to fight.

The next day General Lee met Captain Nicholson and shook hands with him, and said: "The information you gave me yesterday won the battle."

When Captain Nicholson brought the fine rubber coat to the rear and opened it out, he found a diary, the property of Maj. John Piper. Thus he knew who the man was from whom he got the coat. The Northern papers the next day reported that Major Piper had been ambushed by a brigade of Confederate troops and he and his command all killed. That report is in the records of the war published by the government. The facts in the case were that Col. E. A. Osborne (now reverend) met him with one hundred and twenty-five men, and, in a fair fight, Colonel Osborne destroyed Major Piper's command.

Captain Nicholson gave me this diary of Major Piper's, which I used daily, till the end of the war. I brought it home with me and still have it in my possession.

PICTURESQUE SOLDIERY.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Buck Tails, Zouaves, Garibaldi Guard—all old Confederates who served in Lee's army the first two years of the war remember these Federal soldiers; though before the war closed they seemed to have lost their identity by putting on the same garb as the other Yankee infantry.

I suppose the Buck Tails were troops raised and equipped by the Governor of Pennsylvania as a supplementary reënforcement for the Army of the Potomac, but in this I may be mistaken. We met them on the battle field, and I can truly

say they were brave fellows and did their duty as well as any men could under the circumstances, for if they were compelled to yield the ground to the irresistible advance of the Confederates, any other troops would have done so on account of the dreadful accuracy of our men, trained to handle guns from boyhood in hunting wild game of every kind, which then abounded everywhere in the South. But they never fled from our men until the ground was strewn with their dead and wounded, as an evidence of their staying qualities and otherwise impressing us with their courage. They were all stalwart fellows, no youngsters in their ranks, men fully matured and in the prime of life. Their uniform was the same as the other infantry, but they wore broad-brimmed felt hats ornamented with a buck tail fastened to the side of it. We supposed this emblem was adopted to distinguish them from other troops and to indicate that they were trained riflemen and hunters, but I rather think they were coal miners and more accustomed to the handling of picks and shovels than guns. It must have regained the slaughter of many thousands of deer to supply each of this large body of soldiers with this trophy. Once their line was broken and their broad backs turn to us, they presented a conspicuous target to our men, which they seldom missed.

In the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, I passed by a big fellow lying propped up against a tree with one leg shattered and stretched out on the ground. His unfortunate condition attracted my attention and sympathy, and I paused a moment to ask him where was his home. To this he replied: "Philadelphia; don't you see my toe points in that direction?" Poor fellow, I hope he survived, but his fighting days were over.

With the single exception of the Zouaves, these Pennsylvanians suffered more fatalities than any troops of the enemy which we met in the numerous engagements of our command in the war. This may be attributed to their great size and slowness of movement when under fire. Perhaps they lost out as Buck Tails because the supply of deer tails was exhausted, and they were compelled to wear the regular army cap. This was neither becoming nor comfortable. It did not protect the back of the head or the side of the face from the sun and rain, and was downright ugly. The felt hats worn by the Yankees in 1864 and 1865 were a great improvement in every way over those old turned-down blue caps.

But the Zouaves! Who that ever saw these picturesque warriors can ever forget them? They were a select set, patterned after the French Zouaves, who figured so prominently in the Crimean War, fought a short while before our War between the States. They were a body of soldiers raised in Algiers, Africa, by the French government, then under Louis Napoleon—a half savage race of Mohammedans and were considered very expert with the bayonet. They were rigged out in their own heathenish costume, I suppose, because they were always used to that outlandish dress, and it appealed to their national taste; but such a taste! It was anything but comfortable or convenient for men used to civilized clothes; and especially a soldier who must go through all kinds of rough places under fire of the enemy. In the open field, it was a conspicuous target for the bullets of the enemy and a great hindrance to the wearer in advancing or retreating in thick undergrowth. It seemed to me that the whole thing was gotten up to produce fear in the minds of their enemies; but it did not have that effect on the Confederates after their first engagement with them. I must confess, though, that a line of these highly colored soldiers, with their bright armor, advancing in the open, was well calculated to produce in the minds of our men a sense of dread; and I am sure if we had

fought them in a hand-to-hand engagement they would have been too much for us, since they were all large and fully mature men, while a large per cent of our rank and file consisted of boys. If these men in the Yankee army were not semisavages, as were those in the French army, they deceived their looks. They were mostly foreigners, and large, outlandish looking fellows, and many of them may have been those who had fought for France in the Crimea, for, as they loved war and were out of a job, it was very easy for Old Father Abraham to induce them to enter his service.

But I must describe their outfit; on their shaven heads they wore a high red pointed fez cap, from the top of which hung down to the breast of the wearer a yellow tassel, which, when they were running, streamed out behind; but, when standing motionless, hung down by the side of the face, and sometimes before it. This cap had no visor or brim, and did not protect the eyes from the sunlight or much of the head from the weather. Their short, tight-fitting jacket was made of dark blue material, with much yellow chevrons on each breast and on the sleeves. Their pantaloons, if they may be so called, were a bright red and almost or quite as large as a woman's skirt, extending from the breast to a point half way below the knees, where they fitted close around the legs, being held in place by a strap and buckle. The lower part of the legs were protected by leggings.

Their accouterments were the same as the other infantry, but their drill was different. They depended mostly on the use of the bayonet and were very expert in its use. But I don't know whether they ever had the opportunity to show our men how well they could use that weapon. I am sure they never got near enough to my command to exhibit their skill, except on one occasion, and then they made a very poor defense, for our boys were on them and had every advantage over them. It was this way: At the second battle of Cold Harbor our command was holding some breastworks on the left of the Confederate position and doing nothing while the battle on our right was raging with great fury. In our front, across an open field, three or four hundred yards away, were three lines of earthworks, but there was no sign of life in them. General Gordon on such occasions was always restless and anxious to do something to relieve the pressure on our men further down the line, and as he could not risk his life, or that of anyone else to find out if they were occupied, he determined to advance the whole brigade. Now this was a trap set for us, a well laid scheme, and we walked into it; but, fortunately for us, it did not turn out as it was intended by the enemy. For when we were only thirty or forty feet from the works, a long line of red-capped Zouaves arose and fired as one man. But our men were quick to see the danger and dropped flat on their faces and all escaped without a scratch. It was now our turn. Our men had loaded guns in their hands and, seeing their opportunity, they were on top of the enemy's works in less than no time. Before the Zouaves could load their guns, our boys were shooting down into their faces at such a rate that there was but one thing for them to do, and they decided to do that without delay. To the next line, where were their first reserves, was perhaps a hundred and fifty yards. To this line Zouaves and Confederates started in a run and all arrived there about the same time. This mixed mass of men piled in on the reserves, who could not shoot for fear of killing their own men, and they, too, fled for safety to the third line. Thinking perhaps they had gone far enough, our boys stopped at this point with the loss of one man killed and none wounded.

It was the unanimous opinion in our command that these red-capped, red-legged fellows presented the most conspicuous object on the battle field, and one they couldn't miss. These

New York Zouaves, suffered even more, perhaps, at one hands than the Pennsylvania Buck Tails, or any others we fought.

We had one battalion of Zouaves in Lee's army commanded by Major Wheat, of New Orleans. He had served in the Crimean War, and when trouble started here he raised this command at New Orleans and went to Virginia. He fought because he loved his country and also because he loved the fun of fighting. He was killed in the Seven Days' Battles about Richmond, and his command was so cut up and reduced in numbers that it was disbanded, the survivors being incorporated with Hays's Louisiana brigade. They were known as the Louisians Tigers. After this some people erroneously called all Louisiana troops in Virginia "Louisiana Tigers."

The story of this brave battalion and its commander would be interesting history and ought to be preserved. I was told that they were members of the city fire department before they enlisted. They could surmount any obstacle and would face any situation. Like the noble Wheat, they preferred to be in the thickest part of the battle. No braver troops could be found in Lee's army than the two brigades from Louisiana. They were so reduced by constant fighting that the brigades of Hays and Nichols were consolidated and at the surrender consisted of only eighty men under Major Wagerman.

The Garibaldi Guard consisted of troops from Italy under General Garibaldi, who, at the time of our war here in America, enjoyed a great reputation for fighting, as he had headed a successful rebellion in his own country. It occurred to Lincoln and his government that it would be a fine idea to get Garibaldi to come over here with his vagabond army of foreigners and crush the life out of those who were contending for constitutional liberty as it was handed down to them by their fathers. So he sent over there and the trade was made for Garibaldi to come over with his army and finish the job which Lincoln had so far failed to accomplish. This, no doubt, Garibaldi thought, from what he heard, would be an easy thing to do with his veteran troops, now idle and spoiling for a fight. The pay and bounty offered were beyond anything Garibaldi and his men were used to in their own country, and thousands volunteered.

The Italian government, either in sympathy with the movement, or anxious to be rid of a dangerous and popular subject, placed no restrictions on his leaving. Much was said in the newspapers at the time about the coming of General Garibaldi and his army, and high hopes were entertained of his putting a speedy end to the war. Every convenience for the comfort of these men was made, and this corps of the army was supplied with a wonderful train of baggage wagons and ambulances. Nothing was left undone that would add to the efficiency of these allies, who were about to crush the rebellion in short order. Garibaldi and his men were soon incorporated in McClellan's army, then in front of Richmond preparing to make the attack on the capital of the Confederacy. But back of the weak force defending it, off in the Valley of Virginia, was forging a bolt to be hurled on the flank of that mighty host and scatter its well organized battalions to the four winds, and among them the Garibaldi Guard, never more to assemble again on the field of Mars.

The command to which this scribe belonged did not meet this Italian contingent of McClellan's army, but other commands evidently did from the multitude of prisoners, wagons, and ambulances which fell into the hands of the Confederates.

It is said a prisoner captured from the Yankees was standing under guard on a bank by the roadside watching a never-ending procession of wagons and ambulances passing. Sur-

prised at the number of these, and all marked in big letters "Garibaldi Guard," he remarked to his captors: "You've got most as many of them wagons as we've got."

These wagons and ambulances did faithful service in Lee's army until the close of the war.

What the final result would have been without these foreign contingents no one can say, but they formed no small part of the force opposed to the weak line of the Confederates and helped to wear out the South. It is extremely doubtful whether the North would have been successful without them, for the people were very weary of the struggle and the draft was very unpopular.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY AT GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

After the close of the battle on the 1st of July, the commanders of both armies and their subordinates sent hurry orders to all absent troops to move with speed toward Gettysburg.

To Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard, of the Federal army, is due the credit of having selected Cemetery Hill as a rallying point. When Howard first reached Gettysburg, early on the 1st of July, he went to the top of a high building in that town, facing westward. After a careful examination of the general feature of the surrounding country, he reached the conclusion that the only tenable position for his limited force was Cemetery Hill. The highest point at the cemetery commanded every eminence within easy range. The slopes toward the west and south were gradual, and could be easily swept by artillery. He repeatedly said: "This position is plenty good for a general battle." Hancock, who had reached the field late in the day, bearing orders to represent the commanding general of the army, Meade, wrote to the latter: "We can fight here, as the ground is not unfavorable for good troops." His only objection to the position was its ease of being turned.

This approval was accepted by Meade, as, early in the evening of July 1, he ordered all trains to be sent to the rear, at Westminster, and all troops to hasten to Gettysburg, and he, in person, reached that field from Taneytown about 1 A.M., on the 2nd. In addition to the strong features of Cemetery Hill noted above, from that hill a low ridge extended in a southern direction for more than two miles to a mountainous elevation, now well known as Little Round Top. There is another peak, slightly southwest of Little Round Top, known as Round Top, or Big Round Top. Between the peaks of the two is a space of about 1,000 yards. Little Round Top is about one hundred feet higher than the adjacent country at its base. Big Round Top is perhaps two hundred and fifty feet higher than the adjacent country around its base. Both these peaks played a conspicuous part in the fighting of July 2nd.

A little southeast of Cemetery Hill, slightly less than a mile distant, stands Culp's Hill, also a mountainous formation, with steep, rugged and rocky sides, and at its east base Rock Creek flows, which, with its steep banks and heavy flow of water, forms a considerable obstacle. Culp's Hill and Little Round Top are but little more than two miles apart, hence communication between them, and access to any part of the Federal line, was along an inner line, and convenient and easy.

When the Federal Army of the Potomac posted its line on Cemetery Hill, thence south along the ridge from that hill to and upon Little Round Top, and from Cemetery Hill to and upon, Culp's Hill, the position became practically an impregnable stronghold to direct assault. The Federal line on this position was not more than three miles in extent, and every part of the line was easy of access to every other part of the line, such

communication being along an inner line. The Confederate line, to conform to it, was double the extent of the Federal line, or at least six miles long, and communication was along an outer line. If there had been favorable positions throughout the entire extent of the Confederate line for posting artillery, a compensating advantage of a converging fire would have rested with them; but across the entire front of Culp's Hill, and the northern front of Cemetery Hill, no such positions existed.

The infantry and artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia were nearly all on, or near, the field of Gettysburg, on the morning of the 2nd of July. At noon on that date only Pickett's Division of Infantry, of Longstreet's Corps, had not arrived. Pickett's Division, however, reached the field on the night of the 2nd. Stuart's three brigades of cavalry, which had wandered off on the night of the 24th of June, and his whereabouts were not known to the commanding general of the army until heard of at Carlisle on the 1st of July, arrived in the evening of the 2nd, and immediately attacked Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, of the Federal army, and prevented the latter from reaching the Confederate train that evening.

The infantry and artillery of the Federal army were, most of both arms, in position or in reach of it, by noon of the 2nd, only lacking the Sixth Corps, which was at Manchester on the evening of the 1st of July, chasing Stuart, who was at Carlisle, perhaps fifty or more miles away. The Sixth Corps, after a continuous march of thirty-four miles, reached the field in time to participate in the fighting, to the advantage of the Federal arms, on the evening of the 2nd of July. Buford's division of cavalry, which was present and engaged on the 1st of July, and early on the morning of the 2nd, was sent away as soon as Sickles' Third Corps was posted on the morning of the 2nd. Kilpatrick's cavalry was chasing Stuart from Berlin to Abbottstown, to intercept him, but failed, as Stuart was well on his way to York and Carlisle, forty or fifty miles distant. Kilpatrick arrived in the vicinity of the battle field about 2 P.M. and was attacked by Stuart's command, just arrived from Carlisle, at Hunterstown in the vicinity of Gettysburg. Gregg's cavalry division reached the field about noon on the 2nd of July from Westminster, where it had been chasing Stuart.

Most writers in referring to the time of arrival of General Lee on the Gettysburg battle field, speak of him as having reached Seminary Ridge in time to see the Federal troops retreating through Gettysburg on the afternoon of the 1st of July, and the impression has gone forth among many that that marks the time of his arrival at the field, which would place his arrival about 4 P.M. General Pendleton, chief of artillery, states that General Lee, whom he accompanied on the 1st of July, having heard the firing in the direction of Gettysburg, after a brief pause near Cashtown, to see how the firing would prove, and finding the cannonading to continue and increase, moved rapidly forward. Pendleton did the same, and, at Lee's request, rode near him for instructions. Arriving near the crest of an eminence more than a mile west of the town, dismounting and leaving horses under cover, on foot they then took position overlooking the field.

It was about 2 o'clock, and the battle was raging with considerable violence. The troops of the Second Corps (Ewell's) having reached the field some time after the engagement was opened by those of the Third (Hill's), Carter's, and Jones's batteries were, at the time of our arrival, piled on the left with freshness and vigor upon the batteries and infantry that had been pressing the Third Corps, and, when these turned upon their new assailants, they were handsomely enfiladed by the batteries of McIntosh and Pegram, posted in front of our

lookout on the left and right of the road. This was at least two hours or more before the Federal troops retreated through the town of Gettysburg.

After inspecting the Federal position, as far as his staff, engineers, and himself could safely proceed, to the right and left of the space of ground held by the Confederate forces, General Lee determined to make his principal attack upon the Federal left, and endeavor to gain a position from which it was thought the Confederate artillery could be brought to bear with effect. Longstreet was directed to place the divisions of McLaws and Hood on the right of the hill, which he thought partially enveloped the Federal left, which he was to drive in.

Hill was ordered to threaten the Federal center to prevent reënforcements being drawn from either wing, and to coöperate with his right division, Anderson's, in Longstreet's attack.

Ewell was instructed to make a simultaneous demonstration upon the Federal right, to be converted into a real attack should opportunity offer.

Though Longstreet was ordered to move with the portion of his command that was up around to gain the Emmitsburg road on the Federal left, he feared that his force was too weak to venture an attack, and delayed his movement until after the arrival of Law's Brigade, about noon, on the 2nd of July, the latter having marched continuously since 3 A.M., making 24 miles.

Longstreet's efforts to reach the position assigned to him to attack were attended by several annoying delays, because the road followed by his troops led them into positions which revealed their presence to the Federal signal station on Little Round Top, a condition he was endeavoring to avoid. After suffering one or two delays, and noting that his troops were in view of the signal station on Little Round Top, he gave orders to the head of the column to move forward without further delay.

During the seesaw movements of McLaws' and Hood's divisions, though McLaws led the advance at the beginning, Hood's Division passed McLaws' and reached position on McLaws' right, and the extreme right of the Confederate line. Law's Brigade occupied the extreme right of Hood's Division, and thus the right of the Confederate line.

In his writings concerning the Pennsylvania campaign since the end of the war, Lieutenant General Longstreet has made it plain that he was not in harmony with General Lee's plan of attack on the Federal position at Gettysburg on the 2nd of July, 1863. When he found Lee on Seminary Ridge on the evening of the 1st of July, watching the enemy concentrate on the opposite ridge, and after scanning the ridge himself some five or ten minutes, Longstreet turned to Lee and said: "If we could have chosen a point to meet our plans of operation, I do not think we could have found a better one than that on which they are now concentrating. All we will have to do is to throw our army around their left, and we shall interpose between the Federal army and Washington."

He quotes General Lee as saying: "No, the enemy is there," nodding to Cemetery Hill, "and I am going to attack him there."

Longstreet said he then reminded General Lee of their original plans to make an offensive campaign and fight defensive battles. Lee answered: "No, they are there in position, and I am going to whip them, or they are going to whip me."

Longstreet states that the matter ended for that evening; but on the morning of the 2nd he joined Lee and proposed to move to Meade's left and rear, and he found him still unwilling to consider the proposition.

Maj. Gen. John B. Hood, who commanded a division in Longstreet's corps, on a latter to Longstreet said: "General

Lee was seemingly anxious you should attack that morning (July 2). He (Lee) remarked to me, 'The enemy is there, and if we do not whip him, he will whip us!' You thought it better to await the arrival of Pickett's Division—at that time still in the rear—in order to make the attack; and you said to me subsequently, while we were seated near the trunk of a tree: 'The general is a little nervous this morning; he wishes me to attack; I do not wish to do so without Pickett. I never like to go into battle with one boot off.'

"Thus passed the forenoon of that eventful day, when in the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, it was decided to await no longer Pickett's Division, but to proceed to our right and attack up the Emmitsburg road. McLaws moved off, and I followed with my division. In a short time I was ordered to quicken the march of my troops and to pass to the front of McLaws."

Before reaching the Emmitsburg road, Hood sent forward some of his picked Texas scouts to ascertain the position of the extreme left flank of the Federal line. The scouts soon reported to him that the left flank of the Federal army rested on Little Round Top Mountain; that the country was open and he could march his division through an open woodland pasture around Big Round Top Mountain and assail the Federal flank and rear; that the Federal wagon trains were parked in rear of their lines, and completely exposed to a Confederate attack in that direction.

As soon as Hood reached the Emmitsburg road, he placed one or two batteries in position and opened fire. This action brought a reply from the Federal batteries in position in his front, and showed that their left rested on, or near, Little Round Top, the line bending back and again forward, forming a concave line, as approached by the Emmitsburg road. A considerable body of troops was posted in front of their main line, between the Emmitsburg road and Round Top. The latter force was in line of battle near a peach orchard. (Note: These were Sickles's troops thrown forward to take possession of the elevated ground in the peach orchard, to prevent the Confederate forces from getting possession of the position.)

After making a careful survey of the formidable obstacles his division would encounter in making the attack as ordered, Hood became satisfied that if the feat was accomplished it must be at a most fearful sacrifice of as brave and gallant soldiers as ever engaged in battle. The reconnaissance of his his scouts and the development of the Federal lines were effected in a shorter space of time than it took to recall and jot down the facts, although the scenes and events of that day were as clear to his mind as if the battle had occurred but yesterday. With these facts in his possession, he dispatched a staff officer with the request that he be allowed to turn Round Top and attack the enemy in rear and flank. Longstreet's reply was quickly received: "General Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road." Hood dispatched a second and third messenger, bearing like requests as the first, and each time was given the same reply.

When Hood sent his third messenger to Longstreet, he instructed him to explain fully in regard to the situation, and suggest that Longstreet had better come and look for himself. His messenger was his adjutant general, an officer of great courage and marked ability. Hood was so greatly impressed with the immense advantages that would accrue to the Confederate cause to follow his conclusions that he felt satisfied if Longstreet would come up on the ground himself and make an inspection, he would soon become convinced. Notwithstanding his urgent appeal to Longstreet, through this third messenger, he returned with the same message: "General

Lee's orders are to attack up the Emmitsburg road." Almost simultaneously, Colonel Fairfax, of Longstreet's staff, rode up and repeated the same orders.

During the interim Hood had kept his batteries playing upon the Federal lines and had become more and more convinced that the Federal line extended to Little Round Top, and that he could not hope to accomplish much by the attack as ordered. It seemed to him that the Federal forces occupied a position by nature so strong—he might say impregnable—that, independently of their flank fire, they could easily repel the Confederate attack by merely throwing the rolling stones down the mountain side as the Confederate troops approached.

After this urgent protest against entering the battle of Gettysburg according to instructions—which protest was the first and only one Hood ever made during his entire military career—he ordered his line to advance and make the assault. As his troops were moving forward, Longstreet rode up in person; a brief conversation passed between them, during which Hood again expressed his fears as above shown and his regret at not being allowed to attack in flank around Round Top. Longstreet answered: "We must obey the orders of General Lee." Hood then rode forward with his line under a heavy fire. In about twenty minutes after reaching the peach orchard, he was severely wounded in the arm and borne from the field.

With this wound Hood's participation in the great battle of Gettysburg terminated. As he was borne off the field on a litter to the rear, he asserts that he could but experience deep distress of mind and heart at the thought of the inevitable fate of his brave fellow soldiers, who formed one of the grandest divisions of that world-renowned army; and he should ever believe that had he been permitted to turn Round Top Mountain the Confederate army would not only have gained that position, but would have been able finally to rout the Federal forces. (Hood to Longstreet after the war.)

Brig. Gen. E. M. Law, whose brigade has been shown to have occupied the extreme right of Hood's Division and of the Confederate army, when the troops of Longstreet's corps were posted for the attack on the morning of the 2nd of July, and were confronted by Devil's Den, Little Round Top, and Round Top, has left a vivid picture of his impressions when these three giants loomed before him. He states that the position in front of his brigade was certainly one of the most formidable it had ever been the fortune of any troops to confront.

Round Top rose like a huge sentinel guarding the Federal left flank, while the spurs and ridges trending off from the north of it offered unrivaled positions for artillery. The puffs of smoke rising at intervals along the line of hills, as the Federal batteries fired upon such portions of the Confederate line as became exposed to view, clearly showed that these advantages had not been neglected. The thick woods which covered the sides of Round Top and the adjacent hills concealed from view the rugged nature of the ground, which increased fourfold the difficulties of the attack.

General Law, too, sent out scouts to make inspection and locate the left flank of the Federal army. He quickly noticed that there was no cavalry protecting that flank of the Federal army, and other indications leading to the same conclusion convinced him that the Federal generals were relying greatly on the protection of the mountain and considered their left flank secure, and soon decided that it was the most vulnerable point in that otherwise impregnable stronghold which confronted his brave soldiers.

Law's conclusions as to the absence of the Federal cavalry were correct. Buford's Cavalry Division, which had been

active in the engagement of the 1st of July and which had bivouacked on the left of the Federal position on Cemetery Hill that night, with pickets stretched nearly to Fairfield, after Sickles's Third Corps reached the field and was posted on the morning of the 2nd of July, was sent to Westminster to guard the Federal trains, and, departing early in the day, had bivouacked at Taneytown that night. This is another strong point to confirm the conclusion that the Federal generals were depending on the mountain to protect their left flank.

In addition to the information brought back by his scouts, which was as convincing as that brought back by Hood's scouts, Law captured several Federal prisoners, who came from behind Round Top Mountain with surgeons' certificates of disability and were going to the rear, pointing in the direction of Emmitsburg. They were surprised at the sudden appearance of Confederate troops in that quarter. From these prisoners Law obtained the information that the medical and ordnance trains "around the mountain" were insecurely guarded, and that the other side of the mountain could easily be reached by a farm road along which they had traveled, the distance being a little more than a mile.

With this information, Law sought Major General Hood, commanding his division, whom he found on the ridge where his line was formed, and communicated to him all the facts obtained by him and pointed out the ease with which a movement by the right flank might be made. Hood fully agreed with Law's views, but said his orders were positive to attack in front as soon as the left of the corps should get into position. Law then entered a formal protest against a direct attack, on the grounds that the great natural strength of the Federal position in the Confederate front rendered the result of such an attack uncertain; that, if successful, the victory would be purchased at too great a sacrifice of life, and the Confederate troops would be in no condition to improve it; that a front attack was unnecessary—the occupation of Round Top during the night by moving upon it from the south and the extension of the Confederate right wing from that point across the Federal left and rear being practical and easy; that such a movement would compel a change of front on the part of the enemy, the abandonment of his strong position on the heights, and compel him to attack the Confederate army in position.

These grounds of protest were repeated by Law, at the request of Hood, to a member of the latter's staff, and the staff officer was instructed to find Longstreet as soon as possible and deliver the protest to him, and that he, Hood, indorsed it fully. In ten minutes the officer returned, accompanied by a staff officer of Longstreet, who said to Hood: "General Longstreet orders that you begin the attack at once." From the brief interval that elapsed between the time the protest was sent to Longstreet, and the receipt of the order to begin the attack, Law is inclined to the conclusion that it was never presented to General Lee, and hence the bloody front attack that followed. "Just here the battle of Gettysburg was lost to the Confederate arms." (Gen. E. M. Law, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." The Century Company.)

Col. William C. Oates commanded the 15th Alabama Regiment in the battle of Gettysburg and was subsequently Congressman in the U. S. House of Representatives from Alabama, Governor of his State, and brigadier general in the U. S. army during the Spanish-American War. He wrote and published an interesting and valuable volume of his reminiscences during the war, entitled "The War between the Union and the Confederacy." In it he has given a lucid and extended description of the part taken by Law's Brigade, in which the 15th Alabama served, as well as the part taken by other commands.

That part of his description applying to the work of the 15th and 47th Alabama Regiments, when the Confederate advance began, bears on the subject of this essay. The 15th and seven companies of the 47th Alabama Regiments became detached from the main line after the attack began and advanced up Round Top on its north side in pursuit of the sharpshooters, which they had encountered at the base of the mountain as they approached it. Before reaching the top, the band of the enemy separated into two parts and retreated around the mountain in different directions. The Alabamians, however, after great exertion and hard climbing, reached the top of Round Top Mountain. As his men had marched continuously about twenty-five miles on the 2nd of July before beginning the attack, and several had already fainted, he halted for a brief resting spell.

Colonel Oates soon saw that he was then on the most commanding elevation in that neighborhood. While on the top of Round Top, Captain Terrell, an officer on Law's staff, reached Oates's position and informed him that Hood was wounded and Law was in command of the division; and he bore a message from Law urging him to press on, turn the Federal left, and capture Little Round Top, if possible, and to lose no time. Oates found no Federal force holding Round Top, and even the sharpshooters, which had retired up the mountain at first, had descended on the opposite side.

While descending Round Top, to approach another point in search of the Federal left flank, the Federal wagon trains, on the east side of the mountains, were presented in plain view. At less than three hundred yards distance was an extensive park of Federal wagon trains, which satisfied him that he was then in the Federal rear. So convinced was he that he actually ordered a captain in his regiment to deploy his company, surround and capture the wagons, and have them driven under a spur of the mountain.

Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, commanding the Third Federal Army Corps, some time after the war ended, in a controversy between himself and General Meade, commanding the Federal army at Gettysburg, stated that Meade was surprised by the attack of Longstreet on the Union left on the afternoon of the 2nd of July. No preparations whatever were made by the commanding general to meet Longstreet's assault. There was no order of battle. Meade had not personally reconnoitered the position, though frequently solicited to do so by himself, Hunt, Warren, and others.

Not only was no preparation made by Meade to meet the attack, but he deprived Sickles and himself of the most effective support he had on his left flank by the unaccountable withdrawal of Buford's Cavalry Division, which held the Emmitsburg road and covered the Federal left flank, including Round Top, until a late hour on the morning of the 2nd. Geary's division of infantry had been withdrawn from the left very early in the morning of the 2nd. These dispositions imposed upon Sickles, thus weakened by the withdrawal of two divisions, the sole responsibility of resisting the formidable attack of Lee's forces on the Federal left flank. The first support that reached Sickles was Barnes's Division of the Fifth Corps, which got into position after 5 o'clock in the afternoon, two hours after the battle opened.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of July 2, a few moments before Longstreet opened his assault, Meade telegraphed to Halleck: "If satisfied the enemy is endeavoring to move to my rear, I shall fall back to my supplies at Westminister." He had already sent Buford there, two hours before. Meade's chief of cavalry, Maj. Gen. Alfred Pleasanton, states that in the afternoon of the 2nd of July, General Meade "gave me the order to get what cavalry I could, as soon as possible, and take

up a position in the rear to cover the retreat of the army from Gettysburg. I was thus occupied until 10 o'clock at night, when I was recalled by General Meade."

In a letter dated July 13, 1872, Brig. Gen. G. K. Warren, chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac, has left on record that just before the action began in earnest on July 2 (1863), he was with Meade, near Sickles. At his suggestion, Meade sent him to the left to examine the condition of affairs, and he continued until he reached Little Round Top. There were no troops on it, and it was used as a signal station. He saw that Little Round Top was the key to the whole position, and that the Federal troops in the woods in front of it could not see the ground in front of them, so that the Confederates would come upon them before they would be aware of it. A long line of woods on the west side of the Emmitsburg road furnished an excellent place for the Confederate forces to form out of sight; so he requested the captain of a rifle battery, just in front of Little Round Top, to fire a shot into the woods. He did so, and, as the shot went whistling through the air, the sound of it reached the Confederate troops and caused every one to look in the direction of it. This motion revealed to him the glistening of gun barrels and bayonets of the Confederate line of battle, already formed and far outflanking the position of any of the Federal troops; so that the line of the Confederate advance, from their right to Little Round Top, was unopposed.

Maj. Gen. John B. Hood and Brig. Gen. E. M. Law, both of whom were subsequently honored with higher rank for their loyalty, courage, and efficiency as Confederate soldiers, have left their testimony on record that the way around Round Top, on its south side, was not guarded by any force of the Federal army just prior to the attack on the 2nd of July. That it was feasible for a Confederate force to have moved by that route and reached the left flank and rear of the Federal army. This fact was repeatedly brought to the attention of General Longstreet, their next superior in command, and his reply was as often repeated in his answers, that it "is General Lee's orders to attack up the Emmitsburg road." After failing to get the order modified to meet the facts as they existed, they lodged their earnest protests with General Longstreet against making the attack as ordered.

The courage of both these excellent soldiers had been tested at the muzzles of red-breathed cannon and the volleyed musketry, and they had had the wailing cries of their myriads of victims to fill their ears in other great battles, and under no conditions had either failed to measure up the standard of great soldiers; and neither had ever before, nor subsequently, during their military careers, entered their protests against fighting a battle as it had been ordered, nor would they have done so at this time if they thought General Lee, the commanding general of the Confederate army, was familiar with conditions as they had discovered them.

Colonel Oates, whose command advanced up Round Top to its summit, also left his statement on record that the way was open around Round Top, by the Confederate forces, to the flank and rear of the Federal army on the opposite side of the mountain.

The testimony of these three great Confederate soldiers is corroborated by Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, commanding the Third Army Corps of the Federal army, in position on this date, and Brig. Gen. G. K. Warren, chief of engineers of the Federal army. The latter asserts most positively that even Little Round Top had no troops on it when he reached it. It was occupied only as a signal station. On account of the importance of the position, his discovery was intensely thrilling to his feelings and almost appalling.

Meade's dispatch at 3 o'clock on this date to Halleck is most excellent evidence that he was preparing to retreat to Westminister had the Confederate army made the slightest movement toward turning his left flank by the way of the south side of Round Top. He had already sent Buford off to that point to guard it, and Sickles stated that Pleasanton had said Meade "gave me the order to get what cavalry I could, as soon as possible, and take up a position in the rear to cover the retreat of the army from Gettysburg and I was thus occupied until 10 o'clock at night, when I was recalled by General Meade."

When the statements of these five soldiers are carefully weighed, and the dispatch of Meade to Hallack is added, the conclusion is convincing that some one in authority on the Confederate side was guilty of an inexcusable blunder on July 2, 1863; that the great, hard-fought, and bloody battle at Gettysburg was lost because the best opportunity for Confederate success was not utilized. Did Longstreet make any attempt to inform Lee of the conditions after discovery and report by Hood and Law?

War gives no opportunity for correcting mistakes. Who asks whether the battle is gained by strategy or valor? The fate of war is to be exalted in the morning, and low enough at night! There is but one step from triumph to ruin.

THE TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE ORPHANAGE.

[With the close of active warfare in 1865, the brave women of the Confederacy, who had been the strength of the man behind the gun, found increased demand for their services in behalf of the unfortunates of war—the maimed and sick, the widows and orphans. Especially urgent were the needs of the little ones for care and education, and the hearts of these good women were moved to a great effort in their behalf. The following article was compiled by Mrs. Nannie H. Williams, of St. Louis, Mo., on the work of those untiring women who had organized that wonderful "sewing society" in 1861—which had never been disbanded—in founding an asylum for the waifs of war.]

After the close of the war in 1865, the good women of Clarksville, Tenn., and vicinity determined to provide an asylum for the orphans of poor Confederate soldiers who had fallen in the terrific struggle between the States. They organized for that purpose and purchased a tract of land, with good improvements on it, especially the home, ample and in good repair, within two miles of Clarksville, for the sum of \$25,000, and made other improvements adequate to the needs. The children were well cared for and were happy. There was always an excellent matron, who gave her time to the little ones and taught them the cardinal virtues and courtesy in addition to directing their education, limited though it might be. As the children grew up, the object for which the institution was established being accomplished, the asylum was discontinued and the property was sold by the State. The funds to purchase and run the institution were raised by voluntary contributions from people of all sections of the country. Conspicuous among those who assisted in raising means for this noble and benevolent object was Mrs. E. M. Norris. The labors of Mrs. Norris in this behalf were great and successful.

The ladies were well organized, with an Advisory Board of distinguished men, to whom they submitted all of their plans and business relating to the Confederate orphanage. The Board of Lady Managers was as follows: President, Mrs. G. A. Henry; Vice Presidents, Mesdames A. D. Sears, William

Finley, Maria Stacker, Robert Tompkins, J. G. Hornberger; Treasurer, Mrs. E. B. Haskins; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Amanda S. Mumford; ("whose pen was never dry"); Recording Secretary, Mrs. Ellen Galbaith; Matron and Teacher; Mrs. McKenzie; Traveling and Soliciting Agent, Rev. Mr. Bryson; Manager and Caretaker, Dr. Stout, from Texas; Farmer, Sam Davis, good, faithful old farm hand.

At the annual meeting of the board in 1868, the President, Mrs. G. A. Henry, made the following report:

"The President and Managers are thankful to Almighty God for the multiplied blessings he has bestowed on this institution entrusted to their care, the Tennessee Confederate Orphan Asylum. Since its organization to the present time we have received into the Asylum seventy children, in a state of great destitution and poverty. Of this number thirty-seven have been returned to their parents, greatly improved in their health and condition, all in comfortable clothing. In every case they were returned home at the request of their parents, who felt they were in a condition to support them, who wanted the consolation of their society, or their assistance in their domestic affairs. There are now in the asylum thirty-three children, who, as a general thing, are as healthy and well cared for as any family of children in the county. The matron, Mrs. McKenzie, who has at this time charge of the institution, superintends their education and bestows upon them her matronly care and protection.

"The whole house is in nice order; the fare, the bedding, and the clothing of the children are carefully attended to. We are gratified to add that their moral and religious training is not neglected. The institution presents throughout the appearance of a happy and contented family. All of the children are learning very well, and several are remarkable for the progress they have made, and give encouraging promise of future usefulness. The matron is giving entire satisfaction in the discharge of her responsible duties. We should not omit to return our thanks to the clergy of Clarksville, who have repeatedly held divine service in the Asylum, in which all the children have participated. The health of the children has been good, and not one has died at the Asylum. In this connection, it is but just and due to Dr. D. F. Wright to say he has gratuitously bestowed his professional skill and attention upon the inmates of the Asylum whenever he has been called upon.

"We take great pleasure in announcing that the institution is in a more prosperous condition than at any time since its organization. When we purchased the Asylum property at \$25,000, relying alone on the voluntary contributions of our friends to raise a sum, many thought it a hopeless undertaking; we acknowledge we had doubts of our ability to meet our engagements, though we had a credit of five years in which to make the final payment. We now have the pleasure of announcing that we have anticipated the payment of our notes, and the property is fully paid for. A fertile tract of land, consisting of about one hundred and fifty acres, within two miles of Clarksville, beautifully situated on the east bank of Red River, with substantial and convenient improvements, etc., now belong to the Tennessee Confederate Orphan Asylum, free from any incumbrance.

"When we remember that three years ago we had not one cent to begin with, this success looks more like the creation of fancy than reality. The prospect, it must be confessed, was gloomy enough; but a bright day has dawned upon us and cheers us with its sunshine. Though our friends were few then, thank God, we have many now.

"The treasurer's annual report is laid before the Board, to

be examined and recorded. It will be seen, after paying all the expenses of the place, the salaries of the Agents and employees, etc., and \$10,062.35 (the balance on cost of real estate), there was in the treasury in May 10, 1868, the sum of \$3,132.25. The whole expenses of the house and farm; the salaries of matron, teachers, and employees amounted to \$2,444.35, which was surely an economical expenditure, when all things connected with the institution are considered. Rev. Mr. Bryson was paid \$1,000 for his valuable and laborious services in organizing twenty auxiliary societies in Middle and West Tennessee. Prevalence of cholera prevented further organization, though the handsome sum of \$6,000 was received. After paying all expenses of agent, salary, printing, etc., there was paid to the treasurer's report \$3,486.40; also received cash contributions, same date, \$3,001.80. Another amount from California, \$6,433.61. Nor is this all; Mrs. Norris is heard from, having deposited with her banker in San Francisco five or six hundred dollars more, which, not having been received, cannot be entered in the treasurer's report. It is a wonderful legend that grows as it unfolds.

"Rev. Mr. Bryson, after having, at great personal sacrifice, organized twenty auxiliary societies, whose contributions have reached the large sum above stated, and which we hope and believe will continue to increase from year to year, retired from this labor to engage actively in those belonging peculiarly to a minister in the service of our Lord and Master. May he and his good work prosper, and may all of his good works begin, continue, and end in the love and mercy of the blessed Saviour. Amen. Mrs. Norris is continually looming up—she has traveled by land and by water, over mountains and plains, footsore and weary, many times, soliciting from far off strangers in California their contributions in *gold*. It was suggested by the President, Mrs. G. A. Henry: 'It cannot be inappropriate here to express to them our grateful thanks and profound acknowledgments, with the hope and the prayer that the blessings of God may rest upon them always.'"

At the same meeting of the Board, Hon. John F. House made an address, and extract from which is given here:

"A few evenings since, I visited the Tennessee Confederate Orphan Asylum and was forcibly impressed with the neatness, order, and regularity which pervade all its departments. I frankly acknowledge that I was astonished at what had been accomplished. After paying for the property, furnishing the large building from cellar to garret, stocking the farm, and meeting all incidental expenses, there is now in the treasury the handsome sum of three thousand dollars or more."

I remember my mother, Mrs. E. B. Haskins, Treasurer of the Tennessee Confederate Orphan Asylum, telling of a wonderful trip to St. Louis, as one of the delegates representing Benefit for the Southern Relief Association. Four delegates were elected to represent the Tennessee Confederate Orphan Asylum: The President, Mrs. G. A. Henry; Mrs. E. B. Haskins, Treasurer; Hon. D. N. Kenedy, banker; and Dr. Daniel F. Wright, representatives. Only recently at the Central Library, Olive and Fourteen Streets, St. Louis, in the old files of the *Daily Missouri Democrat*, I came across a report of the "Tournament," October 11-12, 1866, given for that benefit.

The representatives from Tennessee were royally entertained at the Southern Hotel and received every cordial courtesy from the St. Louis people. They returned to Clarksville with promises of liberal donations to the sacred cause, which were most liberally and faithfully carried out.

The old paper stated that at night a grand Tournament Coronation Ball was given at the Southern Hotel, where the

beauty and chivalry of the city assembled to "chase the fleeting hours." There was a grand contest between twenty-seven knights, and the Queen of Love and Beauty was crowned by the successful knight. The exhibition was for the benefit of the Southern Relief Association, and the noble-hearted Lady President of that Association was present with the majority of her assistants.

This oration was delivered by Alexander M. Martin, Esquire:

"*Valiant Knights:* In behalf of the good, the fair, and the brave who have assembled to witness your deeds, I welcome you to the lists in what ever name you ride and from whatever State you come. But notwithstanding the glory with which poets and historians have surrounded those old Olympic games when princes and heroes contended, the cause and inducement of them cannot be compared with that which calls you together. You will have in mind that you ride to-day, not only for the applause and smiles of the beautiful and lovely, who offer the encouragement of their presence, but for the sake and rescue of the helpless and unfortunate who are unable to be here. A lofty incentive."

THE PROCLAMATION.

The committee appointed by the Southern Relief Association of St. Louis to hold a tournament in aid of the humane and charitable efforts of that Association hereby proclaim that a tournament will be held in St. Louis on the 11th day of October, 1866, at the grounds of the Laclede Association, at 11 A.M. That the lists be open to "all fair and honorable knights of this broad land." The knights of St. Louis challenge "all comers and goers" to a friendly tilt. Each knight is required to be approved and registered by the judge. All knights desiring to enter the lists are requested to make application as early as possible to Col. Robert M. Renick, Chairman or the Committee of Knights, No. 58 Third Street, stating real name, residence, and *nom de guerre*.

THE TOURNAMENT.

Assemblage of beauty and chivalry. Grand contest between twenty-seven knights.

The Knight of Belmont won the first prize. . . . Miss "Nannie Holliday is crowned "The Queen of Love and Beauty," Maids of Honor; Misses Laura Benton, Nannie Harris, Lena Pratt, Belle Waters.

The following correspondence took place at the time of a handsome gift to the Asylum from Boone County Mo:

"COLUMBIA, Mo., September 10, 1866.

"Mrs. E. B. Haskins, Treasurer; Tennessee Orphan Asylum, Clarksville

"*Madam:* Please find herewith inclosed check, drawn in your favor, on National Bank, New York, for \$2,500, which I am instructed by the Ladies's Southern Orphan Aid Society of Boone County, Mo., to forward to you as a donation to the Tennessee Confederate Orphan Asylum at Clarksville.

"Please acknowledge receipt, which I desire to read to the Society at the next meeting.

"Respectfully, R. B. PRICE, *Treasurer.*"

"*Ladies Southern Orphan Aid Society, Boone County, Mo.:* Our Treasurer, Mrs. E. B. Haskins, having reported to the Board of Managers of the Tennessee Orphan Asylum the receipt of \$2,500 from the Ladies, Southern Orphan Aid Society, the Managers have instructed me officially to present their acknowledgments. As our Treasurer in her letter of acknowledgment so elegantly expresses our sentiments, I avail

myself of her language: 'Such a liberal contribution from those upon whom we have no immediate claim swells our hearts with gratitude and convinces us that despite the demoralizing influences so long acting upon our country there is still existing in a large degree virtue and sympathy.' The name of Boone County can never be forgotten by us. Please assure the members of your association that the fund so liberally and trustfully bestowed will be appropriated in a manner to meet their full approbation. Our whole energies are now actively exerted to get our institution inaugurated on October 15, at which time we are to obtain possession of our commodious building, bought at a cost of \$25,000, and dedicated as a home and school for the sons and daughters of our fallen heroes. It will afford our Managers and officers great pleasure at all times to furnish information and details of our plans and proceedings. We will inscribe your names on the list of those to whom we will submit all of our publications and exhibits.

"I only add that the peculiar merits of the enterprise are commending the institution wherever its claims are presented, and I feel that our success is assured. Tendering through you to each and all the generous contributors of this fund the thanks of the Managers, and wishing your prosperity and happiness, I have the honor to be,

"Yours respectfully.

T. W. KING, *Officer of Advisory Board.*"

Clarksville, Tenn.

THE LAST WINTER OF THE WAR.

BY J. B. FAY, DUNN LORING, VA.

When not engaged in some expedition of military importance, the last winter of the War between the States was passed by McNeill's Virginia Partisan Rangers in moving about among the mountains and valleys of Hardy and Pendleton Counties, spending that inclement season without tents, and often without other shelter (outside of woolen and captured rubber blankets) than was afforded by the overhanging branches of the forest trees.

The material resources of the Confederacy of all kinds and every description were being rapidly exhausted, and food for the men and forage for the horses especially difficult to procure. In this emergency it was necessary to seek supplies wherever they could be found, and this fact determined the sites of many of our camping places. When all the supplies to be had were consumed in one locality, it became necessary to shift to another. When empty or deserted houses or barns were obtainable, the troop would be assigned to them, but as a rule the great out doors furnished our quarters.

I have been impressed by a scene like this, which may serve as a specimen of our sometime mid-winter camp. Knowing where I had left my comrades in the evening to go on picket duty, on my return in the morning after a heavy snow had fallen during the night, I would find the horses hitched to saplings, and see the smoldering embers of a number of fires, but no other signs of human habitation. But in front of this fire at my feet, and those scattered about yonder, could be seen what resembled a row of graves—two, three, four, and sometimes more, lying close together. Nothing but these inequalities on the surface of the pure white snow covering the ground could be noticed at a casual glance, but under each of these little horizontal mounds lay a sleeping Ranger.

The weight of snow added to their other coverings enabled them to sleep in comfort, and often made their beds much warmer than desired. Two, three, and four would frequently club together and use their blankets in common. These

would sleep in spoonlike fashion, and often during the night, when tired lying in one position, the order would be given, "Right spoon," or "Left spoon," as the case might be, and all would move as on parade, according to orders.

On some of the coldest and most inclement nights we camped in the woods among the laurels, and while some managed to secure a modicum of sleep, the majority would be obliged to hover around the log fires, alternately toasting their shins or scorching their backs during the live-long night.

I recall an incident which happened one cold night, when we had bivouacked in an open field, and the circumstances precluded the making of any fires at all. All kinds of tricks were resorted to by individuals to keep from freezing and while away the tedium of waiting upon the leaden-footed hours as they passed with provoking slowness toward daybreak. Finally it was suggested that we should emulate the snakes and form a human pyramid, which we immediately proceeded to do. A layer of four men stretched themselves on the frozen ground, another squad threw themselves cross wise over them; then three cross wise over them, and so on, alternating, until a pyramid was formed. Soon the fellows underneath got heated up in their efforts to wriggle out and become the upper layer instead of the lower, and this developed into a continuous performance which solved the problem.

There were few of the Rangers, if any, but were intensely devoted to the Southern cause, and no mercenary motives impelled them to endure the many privations and hardships of partisan warfare. Each felt that he was fighting his own battle in fighting for the Southern Confederacy, and seldom complained of his lot, no matter how adverse his experience in the war might be.

And to their everlasting credit, it may be said that out of about two hundred whose names graced the roster from first to last, there were virtually no deserters during the entire war, although the opportunity to desert was ever present, and there were no bars at any time to prevent one from taking French leave who desired to do so. I say virtually, because there were two instances, in both of which, however, extenuating circumstances existed.

But as an offset to his many privations, hardships, and dangers, he had not a few sources of amusement and pleasure. Mirth and song often enlivened the camp, and the members were all, more or less, welcome guests of the citizens throughout that section of the State in which they operated. Patriotic and religious songs, piano music, and an occasional dance (not to speak of other delightful amenities of social life) rewarded the Rangers who paid court to the fair daughters of Moorefield, Harrisonburg, and the twin valleys of the South Branch and Shenandoah. Other amusements mingled with the hospitalities that greeted the cavaliers when among the mountain maids and rustic beauties of Lost River Valley, South Fork, Bean Settlement, Brock's Gap, and old Rockingham. Among these latter kissing plays predominated in all social gatherings, and dancing was tabooed as an irreligious and ungodly pastime; but I never could discriminate between the popular play of "Weevily Wheat" and the Old Virginia Reel. It is true that a song put "life and mettle in the heel," in the one case, and a violin performed that duty in the other, but as the accompanying movements were identical, the difference, it seemed to me, was only that "twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

Next to Moorefield, the town of Harrisonburg was a favorite rendezvous for the Rangers, and many a lively hour was spent in that old burg, of which Hill's Hotel and Pennybaker's could tell an "o'er true tale," if walls had tongues as well as ears.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY CORNELIUS BALDWIN HITE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A. B. Casselman's article in the January, 1923, number of the *New York Times's* "Current History" asks, "How large was the Confederate army?" and then proceeds to prove, hypothetically, that it was about double what it actually was.

Again, he states that the United States Adjutant General's Office cannot furnish, up to 1917, "even an approximately accurate statement" of the number of troops in the Confederate army.

Now, in view of the foregoing statements, the *New York Times's* "Current History" informs the War Department, through its columns, that it can reduce its current expenses by eliminating in future the item for compilation of the roster of the Confederate army, for the reason that it would be simply duplicating what has already been most efficiently done by two eminent United States officials; one being Hon. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War in 1867, and the other Hon. Whitelaw Reid, one-time Ambassador to Great Britain, and, also, the owner of the *New York Tribune*, both of whom put the Confederate army, after careful investigation, at 600,000 men; and this result was reached from the following facts—viz: "The *New York Tribune* of June 26, 1867, contained the following table, for a long time supposed to be the work of Swinton, but now thought to have been the work of Whitelaw Reid, proprietor of the *Tribune* and Ambassador to Great Britain. He says: 'Amongst the documents which fell into our hands at the downfall of the Confederacy are the returns, very nearly complete, of the Confederate armies from their organization in the summer of 1861 down to the spring of 1865. These returns have been carefully analyzed, and I am enabled to furnish the returns in every department and for almost every month, from these official sources. We judge, in all, 600,000 different men were in the Confederate ranks during the war.'"

I will state here that the *New York Tribune's* tables are omitted herein, except the grand total of the highest number present and absent, which is given as 484,000 for the year 1863; but these tables can be seen in full in the book by C. Gardner on "Acts of the Republican Party as Seen by History," published in 1906, from which most of my quotations are taken. Gardner states, further on, that "no one can doubt that these records existed at the time this table was made. Had they been published in full in the War Records, as Congress directed, this controversy would have been avoided, but only detached portions appear. If a party to a legal controversy destroys or suppresses evidence important to establish his adversary's case, that adversary is permitted to introduce secondary evidence. In this matter the *Tribune's* copy of the official return is the best secondary evidence in existence."

It is very important, in connection with this *Tribune* letter, to consider the statement of General Cooper, late Adjutant General of the Confederate army (*Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. II, p. 20), who says: "The files of this office, which could best afford this information (as to numbers), were carefully boxed up and taken on our retreat from Richmond to Charlotte, N. C., where they were, unfortunately, captured, and, as I learn, are now in Washington." These records, therefore, which contained exact information on this subject, were not destroyed by the Confederate authorities, as some Northern writers have stated, but, on the contrary, were captured by the United States forces and taken to Washington. Why, then, could not Mr. Reid have seen them, as he

said he did? And why was he not telling the truth when he wrote: "I am enabled to furnish the return in every department and for almost every month from these official sources. We judge in all 600,000 different men were in the Confederate ranks during the war." Why did the *American Cyclopaedia* (1875), of which Mr. Charles A. Dana, late Assistant Secretary of War, was editor quote General Cooper's statement as to numbers without comment, if these records did not sustain him? Dana had been in an official position in which it was his duty to know the numbers in the Confederate armies, and he tacitly admits the truth of General Cooper's statement; and this is borne out by all of the Confederate officers who were acquainted with the facts, and who all agree that the total number of men in the army was not over 600,000. Among them are Vice President Alexander H. Stephens, Adjutant General Samuel L. Cooper, Gen. J. A. Early, Gen. Marcus J. Wright, Dr. Joseph Jones, Gen. John Preston, Dr. Bledsoe (in *Southern Review*), Assistant Secretary of War.

Again: By adding together the Confederate prisoners in the hands of the United States at the close of the war, the soldiers who surrendered in 1865, the killed, those who died of wounds or disease, deserters, and discharged, we have a total of 605,000, to wit:

Killed.....	52,954
Died of wounds.....	21,554
Died of disease.....	59,297
Died in prison.....	26,439
Died from other causes.....	40,000
	<hr/>
	200,344

Surrendered.....	174,223
Held as prisoners, 1865.....	90,000
Deserters.....	83,372
Discharged.....	57,411
	<hr/>

605,250

Again:

The Confederate returns show there were enlisted men in the Confederate army, January, 1862.....	318,001
General Preston, Superintendent of Conscription, C. S. A., reports February, 1865, that from February, 1862, there had been conscriptions as given above.	87,993
Enlistments east of the Mississippi River.	72,292
Estimated conscriptions and enlistments west of the Mississippi River and elsewhere.....	120,000
	<hr/>
Total.....	598,296

The most far-fetched and unreliable argument on the number of men in the Confederate army is made by many writers from the population of the South and the assumption that every able-bodied man was in the army. This is a great mistake; for large portions of the Confederacy were inaccessible to enrolling and conscript officers owing to the presence of Federal troops, and some six or seven States by the winter of 1862-63 were almost entirely in the enemy hands.

Then there were the skulkers, many, to their shame, be it said. A few extracts from the War Records will substantiate this statement, showing the inefficiency of the conscript law. General Cobb writes, December, 1864, from Macon, Ga., to the Secretary of War: "At the hazard of incurring the criticism that I have not been equal to enforcing the conscript law in

Georgia, I say to you that you will never get the men into the service who ought to be there through the conscript law. It would require the whole army to enforce the conscript law, if the same state of things exists throughout the Confederacy as I know is the case in Georgia and Alabama, and, I may add, Tennessee." (See 129 War Records 964.)

H. W. Walters, writing from Oxford, Miss., to the Department, December, 1864, says (129 War Records 976): "I regard the conscript department in Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi as almost worthless. I believe if the officers and men engaged in it were sent to the field more strength would be added to the army than will probably be afforded by the conscripts who will be sent forward."

Gen. T. H. Holmes reports to Adjutant General Cooper from Raleigh, N. C., April 29, 1864: "After a full and complete conference with Colonel Mallett, commandant of conscriptions, and on examination of the reports of his enrolling officers in different parts of the State, I am pained to report that there is much disaffection in many of the counties, which, emboldened by the absence of troops, is being organized in some places to resist enrolling officers and persecute and prey upon true and loyal citizens. At present my orders do not authorize me to act, as the reserve force is as yet without organization." And General Kemper, in Virginia, reports December 4, 1864 (129 War Records 855), that, in his belief, there were 40,000 men in Virginia out of the army between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, and that the returns of the bureau, obviously imperfect and partial, show 28,035 men in the State between eighteen and forty-five detailed for all causes.

A very instructive report, made to the Confederate Secretary of War in January, 1864, adds much strength to the statements already given. We find there, in six States east of the Mississippi, the following:

Number of exemptions from all causes. . . .	96,578
Number deducted for disloyalty of parts of States.	44,200
Number unaccounted for (skulkers) . . .	70,294
Number available for army service not in the army.	126,365
	<hr/> 337,365

A Northern writer says the census report of 1890 furnishes reliable evidence of the survivors of both armies. Here is what a report of the Record and Pension Division of the War Department in 1896 says: "It requires but a brief examination of the census figures to show that they fall far short of representing the total number of survivors (of the United States soldiers) in 1890, and they cannot be relied upon as the basis of any calculation for the future." Therefore, what is true of one army is also true of the other.

Allow me to quote what General Piatt (United States army) wrote in 1887: "The true story of the late war has not yet been told. It is not flattering to our people; unpalatable truths seldom find their way into history. How these rebels fought the world never knew. For two years they kept back an army that girt their borders with a fire that shriveled our forces as they marched in like tissue paper in a flame. Southern people were animated by a feeling that the word fanaticism feebly expresses. [Love of liberty expresses it.] For two years this feeling held those rebels to a conflict in which they were invincible. The North poured out its noble soldiery by the thousands, and they fought well, but their broken columns and lines drifted back upon our capital with nothing but

shameful disaster to tell of—the dead, the dying, the lost colors, and captured artillery. Grant's road from the Rapidan to Richmond was marked by a highway of human bones. The Northern army had more killed than the Confederate generals had in command. It is strange what magic lingers about the moldering remains of Virginia's rebel leaders. Lee's very name confers renown on his enemies. The shadow of Lee's surrendered sword gives renown to an otherwise unknown grave." [Lee's sword was not surrendered.]

Permit me to add that I knew well, personally, C. Gardner, now deceased. He gave me a copy of his book. He was a prominent lawyer, reliable, accurate, painstaking, and exhaustive in his research work, as his book verifies. He was a Confederate veteran, and well acquainted with many prominent men both during the war and subsequently; and hence was well equipped for writing the book herein quoted; and allow me to say, further, that I think his book fully meets Mr. Casselman's statement (page 657, "Current History"): "Survivors, North and South, for themselves and future generations can welcome and should aid in establishing the truth."

PLANTATION LIFE IN TEXAS.

BY HAL BOURLAND, AUSTIN, TEX.

Much interesting data has recently been unearthed concerning the life of Stephen F. Austin and his family on their plantation during the days of the Republic of Texas and in the remaining prewar days of the sixties. Abigail Curlee, of Mannsville, Okla., has presented as the thesis for her Master of Arts degree in the University of Texas a volume entitled "The History of a Texas Slave Plantation from 1831 to 1863." The greater part of the material for this book was obtained from two old volumes in the possession of the Texas Collection of the extensive library of the University of Texas. Both volumes are blurred, moldy, and faded, and the deciphering is exceedingly difficult. The two volumes are the only known contemporary records of an ante-bellum Texas plantation.

The thesis treats entirely of the plantation life of Stephen F. Austin and his relatives, and is divided into three main headings, the first telling of James F. Perry's removal to Texas from Missouri and his settlement at Peach Point in 1831, the second is a general description of agricultural development in Texas at that time; and the third is a discussion of plantation life.

As interesting references, several specimen pages in tabular form are given of the cotton picking records of each of the negro slaves. The names of the slaves possess a uniqueness bearing a distinct flavor of plantation life in the Old South. These names were obtained from James F. Perry's "Journal of 1848."

In May, 1834, Stephen Fuller Austin and James E. Brown, Austin's brother-in-law, planned to move their mother, Mrs. Moses Austin, and widowed sister, Emily Bryant, from Missouri to Texas. Austin gave definite instructions to James Brown, who was to make the trip to Missouri and bring the two women back. In his instructions, Austin wrote: "Be very particular to collect all the property she (Mrs. Moses Austin) has, and provide well for them on the journey." Then he advises Perry to bring beds and utensils, seed and root crops, particularly "nectarines, peach, pears, grapes, etc."

This plan was not executed. Later other members of the Austin family became interested in Texas. Mrs. Austin died before the contemplated trip could be made. Mrs. Perry, another sister, then wished to come. However, before coming

Austin wanted Mr. Perry to see the country for himself. His pleadings became urgent as he saw the country growing into prosperity.

Austin had in the meantime petitioned the government of the joint Mexican State of Coahuila and Texas for eleven leagues of land on Galveston Bay, within a few miles of Galveston harbor. This land would cost about \$1,000, which could be met in easy payments. He advised Perry to indenture his servants by hire or contract before a judge or clerk previous to his coming to Texas.

At last the grant was obtained, and Perry left Potosi, Mo., with his family for Texas. They traveled as far as Herculeum on the Mississippi by land; thence they reached New Orleans by river boat. Immediately upon reaching New Orleans they booked passage on the schooner Pocahontas for the "port of Brazoria, in Texas."

In this plantation account of Perry's first mention is made of negro slaves in Texas. Permission had to be secured from the Mexican government in order to own slaves in Texas. Austin says: "I am expecting instructions as to the introduction of negroes, and as I have now no hope of seeing you this fall, there will be time enough to send them to you before I leave for Saltillo."

Perry and his wife, Austin's sister, left Potosi, June 7, 1831, and reached San Felipe de Austin August 14, of the same year. At first they settled on the Chocolate Bayou, but were dissatisfied and moved to Peach Point, then ten miles from Brazoria. The holdings on Chocolate Bayou were not relinquished, however, as later accounts show. They were under the general supervision of Stephen Austin himself.

Perry presents a vivid account of the agricultural development in Texas. From Bexar to the Sabine River there were few settlements. The agricultural methods were necessarily crude, and there were few good implements. At that time the majority of the people lived in a sort of squatter fashion in log cabins along the river and cultivated in the river bottom lands. This was ideal for cane growing, being rich in alluvial soil. The prairie lands, farther west, were more suited for grazing than for farming. Also, the people labored under an axiom that farming could not succeed west of the Brazos.

In 1834 there were three political departments of the State. These were: the Department of Nacogdoches, the Department of Brazos, and the Department of Bexar.

Bexar was the largest in native Mexican population. Few Americans could be found there, and negroes were unknown. All types of stock, both wild and domesticated, were plentiful. Wild horses, and especially mustangs, were abundant. At that time a cow and a calf could be purchased for ten dollars. Mrs. Adams, a member of the Perry family, stated that her father received his pay as a physician almost entirely in hogs and cattle. From eight to ten thousand skins of various kinds were exported. A few articles were imported from New Orleans.

Naturally the Perry interest was centered in the Department of Brazos, for here the Austin colony was located. There were five municipalities: San Felipe, Columbia, Matagorda, Gonzales, and Mina. The total population was about 8,000, of which approximately 1,000 were negro slaves.

In the Department of Nacogdoches there were four municipalities: Nacogdoches, San Augustine, Liberty, and Johnsburg, with a total population of 9,000, of which 1,000 were slaves. The other towns in this district were: Anahuac, Beeville, Teneha, and Teran.

This department was poorly developed because of backwardness and neglect on the part of the empresarios. Cotton was the most common crop, but Indian corn and maize were

raised with measured success. The scarcity of mills, together with low price, discouraged extensive cultivation. In 1836 cane was grown profitably. This cane received the reputation of being better than either that of Arkansas or Louisiana.

Tobacco and indigo were indigenous to Texas, but under the Mexican law the tobacco trade was a government monopoly, and its growth was restricted. Indigo was manufactured for domestic use. A great deal of it, however, was imported.

In general, plantation production was little different in variety from that of the Texas farm of to-day. As it is now, stock furnished the largest returns per the least expenditure. Other prominent products were beef, hides, milk, butter, pork, lard, poultry, honey, and lumber. Very little attempt was made to practice a rotation of crops. However, the people replanted year after year and were self-supporting.

Peach Plantation was opened in December, 1832, ten miles below Brazoria. The next few years were hard on the colonists. In 1832 cholera and malaria became alarming. No neighbors were within a half-day journey, and it was almost impossible to reach a physician.

In the early part of 1836, Austin advised Perry to take his family to a place of safety because of possible danger from a rumored negro uprising and of trouble with the Indians. Perry took his belongings to San Jacinto, where he left the negroes. Assisted by one negro man and James Morgan, he endeavored to build a fortification on Galveston Bay near the mouth of the San Jacinto. Food became scarce that year. In 1837 it became necessary for Perry to borrow sufficient money to tide him over. The hands were forced to do everything from attending to the cultivation of the crop to splitting rails and digging ditches. The observance of Sunday as a day of rest was urged, but could not always be carried out.

In 1848 the first rotation of crops was definitely practiced. In the early fifties the record book which Perry kept indicated that cane was taking the place of cotton. Austin had very little knowledge of the practical side of either agriculture or horticulture, as is indicated in a letter which he wrote to Perry. He said: "Plant plum, peach, grapes, and fig."

In 1840 the first bed of "sparrigrass," asparagus, was planted together with a variety of fruits.

Because of the scarcity of slaves, it was the custom of the planters in Texas to exchange labor at the most difficult season. Austin wrote to Perry: "I am sending you Simon, and wish you to keep him close at work until I return. . . . He has been idle for so long that he will require a tight rein. . . . He is in the habit of gambling." There are also credits in the record book for the "negress Ann and child" and for the negress Tamar and the negroes Donor and George," evaluated at a total of \$3,000.

There are no records of punishment. Much sickness is spoken of, however. Whenever the slaves worked on Sundays, which they frequently had to do in sugar making time, they received the extra dollar themselves. Other servants were used at times. In 1856 an Irish girl acted as a nurse in the Perry family. The majority of the white labor was engaged in work that required vocational training. The white men did shop work, carpentry, and frequently installed sugar mills.

Perry was dissatisfied with many of his overseers. Many were discharged. Within one year mention is made of discharging three of them.

Withal it was a happy, hard-working life that master and negroes led, although beset with many discouragements. The negroes were treated well and appeared to be contented. Life in Texas, both in the days of the Republic and after came into the Union, closely resembled the struggles of early pioneer settlers in any part of the Southland.



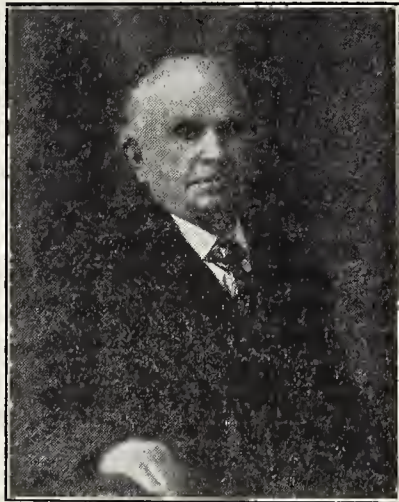
Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

Darker, darker brood the shadows
Ere the bugle call is done,
And the lights dimly burning
Are extinguished one by one.
Yes!—But, comrades, with the dawning
You shall meet at rising gun.

CAPT. THOMAS C. REED.

Capt. Thomas Clark Reed, a long-time resident and deeply revered and esteemed citizen of Ladonia, Tex., passed away at the family home there on March 24, 1923, following a general breakdown in health that confined him to his bed several weeks.

Capt. Tom Reed was born March 16, 1843, in Lawrence County, Ala., and had just passed the eightieth milestone along life's highway. He moved from Alabama with his father's family to Tennessee, later going with them to Texas about fifty-six years ago, and had been a resident of Ladonia forty-eight years.



CAPT. T. C. REED.

At the age of nineteen, on March 1, 1862, he felt the call of his beloved Southland and enlisted in Whitefield's Legion, Company K, near the Texas line. He was in Arkansas at the time, in the home of his brother-in-law and sister, having gone there to recover his health. Later his command was a part of the brigade under Gen. Sul Ross, where he remained until he was captured near Corinth, Miss. He was sick at the time, but through the influence of a cousin, Capt. Jim Reed, of the Northern army, he was sent to his father's home on Jack's Creek, Tenn., and, being in bad health, he remained there several months. Then, Ross's Brigade being away over in Georgia, he went to Clifton on the Tennessee River and joined Gen. N. B. Forrest's Cavalry, Company H, in Colonel A. N. Wilson's 16th Tennessee Regiment, Bell's Brigade, serving under Capt. "Billy" Bray. He was with Forrest until he surrendered at Gainesville Ala., in May, 1865.

To Captain and Mrs. Reed were born seven children, four of whom, with the heartbroken mother survive him. These children are: Forrest T., John M., and Miss Pansy Reed, of Dallas; and Paul C. Reed, of Burkburnett.

Courteous, kind and loyal, a splendid type of Southern gentleman, a gallant member of the Confederate army, Captain Reed had always been an active member of Robert

E. Lee Camp, No. 126 U. C. V., and his passing leaves a sad gap in the ranks of this camp's membership, and marks the slow, but sure, depletion of the number of those old heroes who fought for the loved principles represented by the Stars and Bars; and though they will all soon be only memories, it will be a sad day for this dear old Southland when mention of their chivalrous deeds fails to bring to Southern hearts a sensation of pride and a throb of sadness.

For over fifty years Captain Reed had been a member of the Baptist Church, and his funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church in the presence of a large throng of friends, among whom was the entire membership of Robert E. Lee Camp, and by these comrades he was laid to rest with the ritual ceremony, the last rite being the placing of a Confederate flag on the casket.

FRANCIS W. CARTER.

On February 3, 1923, Francis Watkins Carter, native Tennessean, died at his home in San Diego, Cal., and on March 24 following, the beloved, faithful wife joined him in the spirit land. Surviving them are three daughters and one son, all residents of the West. Of her parents Mrs. Kathryn C. Blankenbury, of San Diego, writes:

"My father, Francis Watkins Carter, was the youngest son of Fontaine Branch Carter, of Franklin, Tenn., and was born November 30, 1842, in the old Carter brick house at Franklin, made famous by that battle. He entered the war at the beginning, April 6, 1861, in the 1st Tennessee Regiment and was then transferred to the 20th Tennessee when it was formed. His brother, Moscow B. Carter, was colonel of the regiment, and another brother, Theoderick Carter, commanded a company in the regiment. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh April 6, 1862, and discharged because of the wound. He went to San Antonio, Tex., and joined the 4th Regiment Arizona Cavalry Brigade under Colonel Showalter; was then transferred to the artillery at Galveston, Captain Magruder's battery, until the close. After the war he spent five years in South America, coming back to the United States in the early seventies and settling in Texas, where he owned first a sawmill and later a flour mill. He moved to San Diego, Cal., in 1887, where he had since lived. He was an ardent Confederate veteran, and the organization he loved most to the very end was the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"My mother, Mary Katherine Lockett Carter, was the daughter of Thomas Francis Lockett, who was a major in the Confederate army and was noted in Missouri for his daring work as a recruiting officer and his ability as an organizer. In 1864 General Price sent him to Texas to establish a factory for making cloths for the Confederate army. Mrs. Carter went through the lines with her mother to join her father in Texas. Her life on the grandfather's farm just out of Jefferson City during the first years of the war had given her some knowledge of the Confederacy, but going through the lines added more to the horrors of war and embedded more deeply within her the cause of the Confederacy. No wonder that, years later, in the far West, she became one of the organizers of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and up to her very death she was an ardent worker for the organization so dearly loved."

R. E. ROGERS.

R. E. Rogers died at his home near Belmont, Tenn., in February, in his eighty-third year. He was a member of Company B, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's Division, and was mustered into service on May 31, 1861, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., 1865. He was as brave a soldier as ever rode with Forrest.

GEN. WARREN C. BRONAUGH, U. C. V.

Gen. Warren C. Bronaugh, eighty-two years old, died February 15, at his home in Kansas City, Mo. He was born in Buffalo, W. Va., the son of Judge C. C. and Anne Waters Bronaugh, both of Virginia Revolutionary ancestry. The family moved to Henry County, Mo., in the early forties. In 1884 he married Miss Eva Blankenbaker, of Howard County, who, with a daughter and two sons, survives him. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.



GEN. WARREN C. BRONAUGH.

In August, 1861, Warren C. Bronaugh joined General Price's army and served throughout the war, at the close of which he returned to Henry County and engaged in the cattle business. A lasting monument to him is his book, "The Youngers' Fight for Freedom," which tells of his efforts which lasted twenty-five years before he finally succeeded in obtaining a pardon for Cole and James Younger from the Minnesota State Prison. He assisted in financing the building of the Confederate Home in Higginsville and served as director many years. He was Brigadier General in Missouri Division, U. C. V., for the past six years, and on retiring last October he was unanimously elected Honorary Commander for life.

Tall and straight, with a bearing inherited from his Virginia forbears, General Bronaugh was a figure to arrest attention on the streets and at any gathering. His charm of manner endeared him to his associates as well as friends, among whom were many men prominent in Missouri and national politics. Of a kindly, courtly manner, he was a gentleman of the old school. He loved the South and all things Southern with a passion that increased with the years. Jefferson Davis was his hero.

He sleeps to-day in Henry County, clothed in his suit of Confederate gray, while across his heart is draped the flag he loved so long, the Stars and Bars.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

[Miss Virginia Wilkinson, Press Editor Missouri Division, U. D. C.]

B. C. GOODNER.

B. C. Goodner, of Quanah, Tex., brother of Dr. D. M. Goodner, died January 25, 1923. He enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, before he was seventeen the following August. He was with General Bragg during his campaign through Tennessee, in Kentucky, and back through Tennessee to Dalton, Ga., and from there to Atlanta with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and then with General Hood back through Tennessee to Franklin and Nashville, and until the surrender. He was born and reared near New Market, Ala., and was seventy-eight years old at the time of his death.

WILLIAM J. BAYNE.

William J. Bayne, for fifty-five years a resident of Kansas City, Mo., died on March 19, 1923, at the age of eighty-two years. He was born in Bullitt County, Ky., March 11, 1841, but early in life removed to Shelby County. At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in the Confederate army and served until the end. General Morgan, the famous cavalry leader, was his commander, and under him he fought in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge in addition to Morgan's daring raid through the Central States. He was with Morgan until that leader was shot in Greeneville, Tenn. After the body had been paraded through the streets as a trophy, Mr. Bayne was one of the detail allowed to cross the lines under flag of truce to return his beloved commander to his own troops for burial. After General Morgan's death, he served under Gen. Basil Duke until the war ended. Returning to his home in Shelby County, Ky., after the surrender, on November 20, 1867, he married Frances Barnett, also of Shelby County. The young couple left at once for Missouri, and for two years lived on a rented farm in Clay County. In 1870 they went to Jackson County and bought land near what had been known as Westport Landing, but was then known as Kansas City. The eastern limit of the city was Forest Avenue, and Mr. Bayne's property was located at what is now Fourteenth and Olive Streets, which was a mile beyond the city limits. In 1890 he built a substantial home in the same yard in which he lived until his death. The old house still stands in the midst of the city that has grown up to and away beyond his land.

After his farming days, Mr. Bayne occupied himself with his real estate interests and had been identified with some of the important civic improvements of the last half century. He was one of the six men who valued and condemned the land set apart for the splendid Penn Valley Park and Boulevard that cuts through Kansas City south of the new station. He did this work under Mr. George Kessler, the celebrated landscape architect, who died on the same day.

Surviving him are his wife, a son and daughter, three brothers, and two sisters.

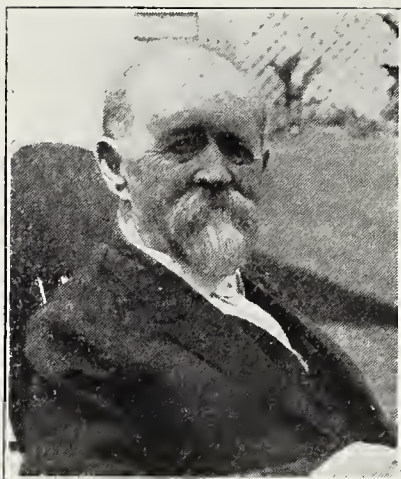
JOHN FRANCIS LAUDERDALE.

John Francis Lauderdale was born November 7, 1842, at Goodwater, Coosa County, Ala., and moved to Union County, Ark., in 1860. At the breaking out of the War between the States he volunteered in Company D, 3rd Regiment Infantry, Captain Jones's Company, and was with the Army of Virginia till the Atlanta campaign, then was with Johnston and Hood till the surrender. He was wounded twice. After the war he returned to his home in Alabama and married Miss Mary Wright. Six children were born of this union, four sons and two daughters, the oldest dying in infancy. In 1867 he moved to Scott County, Miss., and from there to Warren County, where he died. His wife preceded him in death some seven years. He missed only two reunions from the time the U. C. V. were organized; he was at Chattanooga, Tenn., and there had a stroke of paralysis from which he never recovered. In September, 1922, he had another stroke, and the last twenty days of his illness he was back in the army marching and fighting. Just a day before the end he said his furlough was out and he had just time to get to his command to answer to roll call. His wish was to be laid away in his uniform, with the flag he loved around his form, and his wish was carried out. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church of the South.

CAPT. R. A. BARROW.

Capt. R. A. Barrow was born in Forsyth County, N. C., August 6, 1841. He died at his home in Plainview, Tex., March 19, 1923, having been an invalid for several years. He was the son of Philip and Betsy Barrow, and the youngest of three children. His brother died during the war and the sister a few years later.

Captain Barrow was educated in Oak Ridge College, Oak Ridge, N. C., and when but a lad he enlisted in the Confederate army in Col. A. H. Belo's company, 21st North Carolina Regiment, the first to go from Forsyth County.



CAPT. R. A. BARROW.

Just at the close of the war Captain Barrow was commanding his regiment, his superior officers having been wounded and captured, when he himself was made prisoner, just two days before Lee's surrender, and was held till the following August. He was never wounded during the entire struggle.

During a few years subsequent to the war he lived in Missouri, but returned to Winston-Salem in 1872, when he was united in marriage to Miss Victoria Sanders, and they made their home in Winston for a number of years. During this time he was engaged in the livery business. Mrs. Barrow died in 1881.

After his marriage to Miss Mary F. Sullivan, daughter of Nathaniel Sullivan, of Germanton, N. C., in 1883, Captain Barrow moved to Texas and resided at Saginaw, near Fort Worth, on a farm for twenty-three years. In 1907 he moved to Plainview, Tex. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter, all of Plainview.

When a young man he united with the Methodist Church. While at Saginaw, he helped build the Presbyterian church, and when it was completed, he and his wife united with that Church. He was made a deacon and then an elder, and served faithfully until he moved to Plainview, where he also helped to organize the Presbyterian Church, of which he was a charter member, and was made an elder. He was a consistent, consecrated Christian worker in his Church. He was ever loyal to his comrades who fought with him in the Confederacy, and loved their companionship. His life was a stimulus and example to all who knew him. He was uncompromising with sin and dishonesty and always stood for the right. Those who knew him best will miss his genial smile and whole-souled friendship.

He has gone to be with his Saviour, where he can serve and enjoy him forever.

JOHN W. BLAKER.

John W. Blaker, Confederate veteran, died at his home in Davis, W. Va., on April 17, after a short illness, in his seventy-ninth year. At the age of eighteen he left his home at Newtown, Va., and enlisted in the Confederate army at Gordonsville, joining the Valley Brass Band, 48th Virginia Regiment, 2nd Brigade, in 1862, and was paroled at Appomattox.

In 1868, Comrade Blaker was married to Miss Eva K. Heironimus, daughter of Overton F. Heironimus, of Bloomery,

Hampshire County, W. Va., and in 1870 he engaged in the mercantile business at Bloomery. In 1876 he removed to Capon Bridge, where he was in business until 1880, when he went to Texas, but four years later he returned to West Virginia and was in business at Albrightville, in Preston County, for several years, then moved to Kingwood and purchased a store. In 1893 he located in Davis, W. Va., and was there actively in business until 1916, when he retired.

Herbert L. Blaker, of Kansas City, Mo., and Hotie O. Blaker, of Elkins, W. Va., are the only survivors of the family.

JOEL C. ARCHER.

Lieut. Joel C. Archer died at his home in Granbury, Tex., on January 28, 1923, aged eighty-three years. He was born in Macon County, Ga., April 15, 1839, and at the age of fifteen years he moved to Alabama with the family. He was educated at Columbia Institute and read law at North Point, Ala., and secured a license to practice, but abandoned the profession and taught school several terms in that section.

In 1861 he joined Captain Steele's company of Confederate infantry, organized at North Point. It being a twelve-month volunteer company, it was not received, and he continued to go to school after the company was disbanded until 1862, then joined Captain Lumsden's artillery company at Tuscaloosa and went to Fort Gaines in Mobile Bay. After the battle of Shiloh he was sent to Corinth, Miss.; was with General Bragg in his Kentucky campaign, participating in the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga. He was wounded in the last-named battle and sent to Marietta, Ga., and on recovery was furloughed. He rejoined his regiment at Tunnel Hill; was promoted to third lieutenant after Chickamauga, and was in all the campaigns under Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta. He was captured at Atlanta and sent to Johnson's Island in Lake Erie, where he remained in prison till the close of the war.

After the war he practiced law and taught school in Alabama until 1869, when he went to Texas, finally locating permanently in Hood County, where he was married to Miss Nancy Elizabeth Arrington on December 24, 1874. He taught for a time and then engaged in farming and stock raising the remainder of his active life. He served a number of years as justice of the peace in this precinct. Mr. Archer had long been a member of the Methodist Church and was a charter member of the Granbury Camp of Confederate Veterans.

JOHN TAYLOR MCNAIR.

John Taylor McNair was born November 28, 1844, in Cheraw, S. C., and passed away on November 6, 1921, at Atlantic City, where he was sojourning for his health.

In 1861 Mr. McNair (then a mere boy) enlisted in Maj. J. C. Coit's Battery, Wright's Brigade, Flying Artillery, and was in Petersburg, Eastern North Carolina, Black River, Suffolk, Va. and Appomattox Courthouse, and served with this distinguished organization until its surrender at Greensboro, N. C., April, 1865.

For many years Mr. McNair was one of Cheraw's prominent citizens and leading cotton merchants, and was well known throughout the State. He left Cheraw in 1896 and engaged in business in Norfolk, Va. On retiring from active business, he made his home in New York City, and during the summer at Monmouth Beach, N. J., but retained large business interests in and around Cheraw, S. C. He was known throughout his life as a Christian gentleman, beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and one daughter.

DEATHS IN CAMP NO. 435 U. C. V., OF AUGUSTA, GA.

Report by Charles Edgeworth Jones, Historian of Camp No. 435 U. C. V., of members who have died during the past year:

Lieut.-Col. Joseph B. Cumming, 5th Georgia Infantry, Walker's Division, died May 15, 1922.

Dr. George H. Winkler, Haskell's Battery of Artillery, A. N. V., died May 23, 1922.

E. P. Creslein, 5th Georgia Infantry, Harrison's Brigade, McLaw's Division, died June 23, 1922.

James R. Tinley, 2nd Battalion of Sharpshooters, J. K. Jackson's Brigade, Withers's Division, died June 26, 1922.

Miss Mary A. Hall, C. S. A., the only woman member the Camp has ever had, died July 18, 1922.

Martin H. Hightower, Washington Artillery, Charleston, S. C., died August 24, 1922.

Charlie Tice, of George T. Jackson's Battery, Georgia State Troops, died August 27, 1922.

James L. Robertson, Marion Artillery, died September 2, 1922.

George A. Morris, Nelson's Battery of Artillery, Early's Division, died September 15, 1922.

Capt. J. Rice Smith, 6th Virginia Cavalry, Payne's Brigade, Fitzhugh Lee's Division, Stuart's Corps, died October 12, 1922.

William A. Latimer, 19th South Carolina Infantry, died November 27, 1922.

Sergt. Berry G. Benson, 1st South Carolina Infantry, McGowan's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Corps, died January 1, 1923.

Edgar R. Derry, 12th Georgia Battery of Artillery, died March 6, 1923.

Joseph E. Durr, 6th Florida Infantry, Finley's Brigade, Bate's Division, died April 16, 1923.

J. O. Lawrence, died January 15, 1923.

ISAAC SEYMOUR WELTON.

Lieut. I. S. Welton was born in Petersburg, W. Va., September 15, 1839, and died February 9, 1923. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, and when the command known as McNeill's Rangers was organized, he was commissioned lieutenant. His type of bravery was as cool as it was fearless, and, coupled as it was with high moral qualities, he held the respect and esteem of the rank and file of the command.

When Generals Crook and Kelley were captured in Cumberland, Md., February 21, 1865, Lieutenant Welton was assigned the most responsible position in the long race from the pursuing enemy, and in the last lap of that daring raid, when other men were physically exhausted, he, with Raison Davis, mounted on fresh horses, succeeded in carrying the distinguished prisoners within the Confederate lines—a continuous ride of practically three nights and four days, and then entrained with the prisoners to Richmond.

After the war he returned to his native town and resumed farming and stock raising. In 1869 he married Miss Sarah Ann Boggs, who survives him with two daughters and one son. In matters religious, he was a Presbyterian by rearing and by choice.

He spent the evening of life in his delightful home, located in a picturesque environment, where he greeted many friends until the last sunset, when he fell asleep, the "blessed sleep from which none ever wakes to weep." From young manhood until he died, always and everywhere, he was the same Isaac Seymour Welton, a gentleman without arrogance and a friend without pretense.

[Rev. J. W. Duffey, Washington, D. C.]

CAPT. E. COUCH.

Capt. E. Couch was born in Marshall County, Ala., on August 24, 1840, and enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, under the command of Gen. Joe Wheeler, serving with distinction as escort to General Wheeler until he was captured in 1863. He was in prison in Chicago for eleven months. After being exchanged, he came back South and joined the army under Gen. N. B. Forrest, with whom he served until the close of the war. He was a brave and fearless soldier, true and tried, one of the great and noble patriots who shouldered a gun in defense of his country.

Captain Couch was sheriff of Marshall County, Ala., eight years. In 1896 he married Miss Elizabeth Carter and reared a family. His wife died some years ago, and he later married Mrs. Malvina Perry, who survives him with the children of the first marriage.

In 1881 he moved from Alabama to Arkansas, and soon afterwards located in Poinsett County, and lived on his farm near White Hall until his death, which occurred January 12, 1923, at the age of eighty-two years.

Captain Couch joined the Church in 1914, and lived a consistent Christian life. He was honored and loved as a good citizen, a kind and courteous neighbor and friend.

[From memorial resolutions by Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 1027 U. C. V., of Hambury, Ark. Committee: T. A. Stone, Jasper Wright, L. E. Stancell.]

J. W. CURTIS.

J. W. Curtis, son of Thomas G. and Sarepta Lloyd Curtis, was born in Crawford County, Ga., September 15, 1838, going with his parents when a child to Choctaw County, Miss. He was married to Miss Sarah Ann Doolittle in January, 1866, and settled in Denton County, Tex., in 1870. He died very suddenly of heart failure at his residence in Denton on January 10, 1923, survived by his wife and seven children.

He was an exemplary, active member of the Methodist Church nearly sixty years, a conscientious citizen, and a gallant Confederate soldier. He enlisted in June, 1861, as a lieutenant in Company K, 15th Regiment, Mississippi Infantry, probably the most noted and famous unit of Mississippi's quota in the Confederate army, establishing a record unsurpassed for gallantry in their first encounter with the enemy at the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky., under the leadership of their intrepid lieutenant colonel, E. C. Walthall, a reputation fully and valiantly sustained at Shiloh, Baker's Creek, Jackson, and the Georgia campaign. Lieutenant Curtis was constantly with his command, sharing the dangers and hardships of cold, hunger, and fatigue incident to the strenuous campaigns of four years of arduous fighting and marching, until he was wounded and disabled, on August 16, 1864, in front of Atlanta, Ga. He was paroled at Meridian, Miss., May 13, 1865.

[W. T. H.]

DAVID N. JORDAN.

David N. Jordan was born in Sumter County, Ga., August 16, 1843, and joined the Confederate army at Elba, Ala., as a member of Company A, 33rd Alabama Infantry, Lowery's Brigade. He was in four battles and many skirmishes; was slightly wounded at Knoxville, Tenn. After the war he was married to Miss Fannie Smith, who died March 8, 1915. He died suddenly December 5, 1922, near Gantt, Ala., of heart failure, and was brought to his home at Mt. Vernon, Tex., and buried in Providence Cemetery near that place. He is survived by nine children.

[J. A. Dozier.]

JAMES MARTIN SHEPHERD.

James Martin Shepherd was among the youngest of that splendid manhood of the South which offered all on the altar of patriotism, enlisting at the age of fifteen under General Forrest and serving as a member of Company A, 10th Alabama Regiment, which he joined at Huntsville, Ala. He was also with other divisions of Forrest's command, serving in Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia, and finally in Forrest's last battle at Selma, Ala. He escaped capture there, but had some thrilling experiences before reaching home. He was paroled at Columbus, Miss., and suffered the humiliation of being guarded by negro troops.

Returning to the place of his birth at Newtonville, Ala., Fayette County, he tried bravely to adjust himself to altered conditions, and he was a great factor in helping to restore order to that lawless community during the Reconstruction period. At the age of twenty-one, he married Miss Mary Elizabeth Henry, daughter of Joseph E. Henry, who was also a hero of the sixties. He led an active life, living on the same farm for nearly fifty years, and reared a large family, every member of which is filling his sphere in life in an honorable, worth-while manner. He was known far and wide as an upright Christian and an honorable citizen. He never lost interest in the cause for which he had fought so valiantly, and looked forward to the Confederate reunions with fond anticipation.

After an active and useful life, death came to him suddenly while at the home of his son in Tuscaloosa, Ala., and his body was taken back to the old home for burial on Easter Sunday in March, 1921. Friends from far and near came to pay their last tribute, and his old comrades of the gray were the honorary pallbearers. His wife survives him, with their sons and daughters.

JOHN B. BREATHITT.

John B. Breathitt, who was buried in Tucson, Ariz., on April 1, one day before he attained his seventy-ninth year, was born in Kentucky, but his father's family settled in Arrow Rock, Mo., in 1852. He left school early in 1861 and enlisted in the Confederate army under Gen. Sterling Price, serving in the battle of Elk Horn, March 7 and 8, 1862, also in the battles of Iuka and Corinth. The 2nd Missouri Cavalry, in which he enlisted, was transferred to the command of that matchless cavalry soldier, Gen. N. B. Forrest, and was in numerous battles with that general, surrendering under him.

John Breathitt was a grandson of ex-Governor Breathitt, of Kentucky. He was prosecuting attorney of Saline County, Mo., and was for four years railroad commissioner of Missouri. We were schoolmates when the war began. Eight of us left school and enlisted early in the Confederate army, and I hope to meet the only survivor, except myself, at our reunion at New Orleans.

Genial and beloved schoolmate and comrade, farewell.

[C. Y. Ford, Odessa, Mo.]

NEWTON E. SMITH.

On February 27, 1923, Newton E. Smith died at his home in Lockney, Tex. Surviving him are his wife and nine children, two brothers, and four sisters, all living in Texas. He was born on a farm, April 10, 1845, near Jacksonville, Ala., where he enlisted in April, 1863, as a member of Company F, 58th Alabama Regiment of Infantry, and was in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge. He was captured at the last-named battle and held in Rock Island Prison until March 20, 1865. He came to Texas in 1870 and settled in Hopkins County near old Caney Baptist Church, of which he was a member. He made a good

soldier, and a good citizen and died beloved by all who knew him. He rests in peace.

[His brother, John F. Smith.]

CAPT. N. E. WOOD.

Capt. N. E. Wood passed away on April 1, Easter Sunday, at his home four miles from Whiteville, Hardeman County, Tenn., lacking but ten days of reaching his eighty-fifth year. At his request, he was clothed in his suit of gray that he had worn at reunions in other days; in a gray casket borne to the family burying ground, where the funeral service was held by Rev. Jenkins, assisted by Rev. W. M. Moment, uncle of Captain Wood, now in his ninety-fourth year. The floral tributes spoke quietly of the true worth of the true-hearted, brave man, loved by all.

He was born and reared in Whiteville; educated at the once flourishing college at McMoresville; joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in early life, and remained a consistent member. He joined the Confederate army in Captain Schuyler's company, and was made first lieutenant, later captain, which place he held during the war in Forrest's Cavalry. It was said when General Forrest had special work to be done or a message to be sent, he called for Captain Wood. His bravery and trustworthiness were known by all. He was greatly beloved by his comrades. Only one or two of his company are living.

Captain Wood married Miss Maggie Harvey just before the close of the war, and when the struggle was over came home and settled down in a country home; but the happy home was broken up by the early death of his wife. In 1878 he was married to Miss Maggie Tisdale, and four children were born to this union; two sons, a daughter, also several grandchildren, with his wife, surviving him.

Many friends will cherish the memory of his many kindly deeds, the truly modest, unassuming virtues of this good man.

J. L. STORM.

On February 17, 1923, there passed into the Great Beyond the spirit of the exemplary citizen, the devoted Christian, and veteran soldier of the Southern Confederacy, J. L. Storm, at his home near Princeton, Ky., and his mortal body was laid away in the family cemetery near his home, attended by many friends and relatives. He was born in Trigg County, Ky., March 6, 1842, where he lived until manhood, growing up on a farm. When the storm of war gathered over the South in 1861, he was among the first to cast his lot with the Confederacy, enlisting with Bringham's Company at Wallonia, Ky., which, two weeks later, went to Hopkinsville and stayed for a few months, then marched away for Fort Donelson. There they were captured and sent to Indianapolis prison, later being exchanged near Vicksburg, Miss., where he joined Forrest's Cavalry and served with him until the close of the war. He took part in many battles, had many hardships, and many narrow escapes; was wounded in the left leg on Duck River. He was captured at Selma, Ala., in April, 1865, was sent to Columbus, Ga., and paroled by order of Major General Wilson. He marched from Columbus to Chattanooga, where he was given transportation to Nashville. There he took a steamboat to Rock Castle, and from there walked about forty miles to his home.

Comrade Storm was a true gentleman and a true soldier. He died loyal to the Sunny South and was laid to rest in that gray uniform he loved so well. He had been a subscriber to the VETERAN for many years, and always enjoyed reading the reminiscences of his comrade of the gray.

DAVID T. JAMES.

David T. James was born March 16, 1833, and died April 9, 1923, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. B. Dennis, Meehan, Miss. He was married to Miss Neacie Hall in 1856, and is survived by a son and daughter, also five grandchildren.

When the war cloud began to spread over the South, David T. James was among the first of the boys to volunteer in the Alamucha Infantry in defense of his beloved State. This company was mustered into the service March 23, 1861, and was ordered to Corinth, Miss, May 11, 1861, with two other companies from this county (Lauderdale). These companies were in the organization of the 13th Mississippi Infantry, with Hon. William Barksdale, of Columbus, as colonel; M. H. Whitaker, of Marion, lieutenant colonel; and I. Harrison, of Columbus, major, who was afterwards colonel of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry, and was killed at Harrisburg, Miss., July 14, 1864. I was within a very few feet of Colonel Harrison when he was killed.

The 13th Regiment was ordered to Virginia, got to the battle field at Manassas on July 20 at night, and was prominent on the 21st. Comrade James took part in all the campaigns in which his regiment was engaged for two years, with Generals Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet, but to his deep regret, these rough campaigns disqualified him for future service. He was a man of delicate constitution, his health failed, and he was honorably discharged. He could speak only in a whisper for many years afterwards. He was my kinsman by marriage and a warm personal friend, a kind husband, indulgent father, good neighbor, good citizen, a well-educated, high-toned Christian gentleman; true to his friends and his convictions, always on the side of justice and right, unassuming and modest.

[J. J. Hall, Meridian, Miss.]

WILLIAM H. WILSON.

William Hall Wilson, aged eighty-two years, one of Randolph County's oldest and most widely known citizens, died at Beverly, W. Va., on September 25, 1922. He was born at Mingo, February 17, 1840, the son of John Q. and Harriet Wood Wilson, and was married in 1866 to Rachel, daughter of Abraham and Catherine Crouch. To this union four children were born, a son and daughter surviving him.

A devout Presbyterian, Comrade Wilson served as an elder in the Church for more than forty years, first at Huttonsville and later at Beverly, in which Church he was an elder at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Masonic and I. O. O. F. fraternities, being Past Master of Randolph Lodge No. 55, A. F. & A. M.; and Past High Priest of Beverly Chapter No. 25, R. A. M.

He fought for his beloved Southland during the War between the States and was five times wounded. Although the records only show that he was a lieutenant, he was acting major during the closing months of his service. He was a member of the 31st Virginia Infantry, and was captured at Petersburg and imprisoned in Fort Delaware March 22, 1865, and paroled from there June 28, 1865.

Mr. Wilson served his county one term as deputy sheriff before being elected clerk of the Circuit Court in 1884, to which position he was twice reelected, serving eighteen years in all. During the latter years of his life he devoted his time and attention to his fine stock farm up the Valley and led an active life almost to the very last.

Funeral services were conducted at the Beverly Presbyterian Church, and he was laid to rest with Masonic rites.

BENNETT W. PALMORE.

On January 9, 1923, Bennett W. Palmore died at his home in Cartersville, Va., at the age of seventy-six years. He joined the Confederate army as a boy of seventeen, serving with Company D, 25th Virginia Battalion, Hunter's Brigade, Pickett's Division.

Bennett Palmore was born November 17, 1846, near Cartersville, in Cumberland County, Va., the family removing to Cartersville when he was a boy of eight years, and he lived in the same house to his death. He was married in December, 1872, to Miss Caledonia Moore Goodman, of Cartersville. His wife survives him with a daughter and two sons, also seven grandchildren. He was a devout Christian, a member of the Methodist Church, and a faithful worker in the Sunday school and Church. He was secretary of the Sunday school for about twenty years, and seldom missed a Sunday at his post. Comrades of the gray were among the honorary pallbearers.

Comrade Palmore was captured at Sailor's Creek on the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, and was sent to Point Lookout as a prisoner of war. When released he returned home and took charge of the post office at Cartersville, which he served efficiently and faithfully until he was stricken at his desk, and shortly afterwards he answered to the last roll call. He belonged to Thornton-Pickett Camp of Confederate Veterans, Farmville, Va., and took great interest in the Confederate reunions, both general and local. He was a good soldier and a Christian gentleman.

[Edward Walton, Cartersville, Va.]

THOMAS E. MARSH.

Thomas Eldridge Marsh was a son of William Marsh, a veteran of the war of 1812, and Martha Lee, both of Virginia, and was born in Bedford City, Bedford County, Va., March 12, 1839. He was married in November, 1864, to Theodosia Savalia Gibbs. To them four children were born, a son and daughter surviving him.

At the beginning of the War between the States the youth of Bedford County organized a company for service, and Comrade Marsh and two brothers were among the first enlistments. This organization was later to be known as one of the most famous batteries in the Confederate service as the Bedford Light Artillery. His brother, Samuel, was killed at Chancellorsville, but he and the other brother served until the last Confederate hope was abandoned. He was captured three days before peace was assured.

He was the proud possessor of the Southern Cross of Honor, presented to him about fifteen years ago by the Daughters of the Confederacy of his native county.

In 1866 he and his wife went to Missouri, locating on a farm near Prairieville, where there was a large colony of Virginians. Remaining there until 1876, he then moved to Louisiana, Mo.; and lived there until his death. His home life was happy and contented, and he was thoroughly devoted to his family. He was an honorable, upright citizen, a true husband and father, and a kind friend. Full of years and honors, he has laid down the burdens of life and entered into eternal rest. He was long a member of the Baptist Church, and in his daily walk he lived the life that he professed.

COMRADES AT JACKSON, MISS.

The following members of R. A. Smith Camp, No. 24 U. C. V., have died within the last year: W. H. Archer, Company B, Gilmore's Battalion of Cavalry; H. D. Ragsdale, Company I, 6th Mississippi Infantry; F. B. Hull, 5th Company Washington Artillery; John T. Harris, Company A, 1st Mississippi Light Artillery; H. C. Majors.

[W. J. Brown, *Adjutant*.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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520 W. 114th St., New York City

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 MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
 MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

U. D. C. NOTES.

The editor acknowledges with thanks the invitation to the convention of the Louisiana Division, held at Baton Rouge; also the invitation to the unveiling and dedication of the window in the American Red Cross Building in Washington in memory of the heroic women of the War between the States; and the invitation to the convention of the California Division at Berkeley, May 9 and 10.

* * *

Those who anticipate attending the convention in Washington in November, will be interested as to hotels and rates. Mrs. George D. Horning, Chairman of Hotels, 3319 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington D. C., will be glad to be of service to anyone desiring it. The New Willard will be convention headquarters. Rates at all hotels will be given later.

* * *

Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Chairman General U. D. C. Education Committee, Chatham, Va., requests that publicity be given to the following:

Corrections to be made in Circular No. XV: Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn., reads "To be awarded 1923," should read: "Awarded Miss Maude Dickens, Minden, La., 1922." Tenure for Davidson College Scholarship should read "for one year only."

Appointees to the following scholarships have been continued for 1923-24: Washington and Lee Memorial Scholarship, at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.; Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.; Gulf Coast Military Academy, Gulfport, Miss.; Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn Ala.; Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn.; University of Virginia, University, Va. (students from North Carolina and Mississippi); Furman University, Greenville, S. C.; Hector W. Church Memorial Scholarship; William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va.

The foregoing are in all instances reappointments.

Students reappointed to scholarships in the following institutions: Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va.; Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.; Mary B. Poppenheim Scholarship, at Vassar, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Student at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., will graduate June, 1923. That Scholarship should read "To be awarded 1923." The S. A. Cunningham Memorial Scholarship, at George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn., was awarded for 1922-23 to a young lady who found it impossible to accept, notifying the Committee when it was too late to appoint another candidate. The amount of the scholarship—\$130—therefore remained in the treasury. Eighty dollars of this sum has been awarded a young lady from Mobile, Ala., that she may take a course in the Summer School, the remaining \$50 being open for award.

Mrs. William Stillwell, of Little Rock, sends us an item this month that she feels sure will bring wonderful results when carried to completion. When you read the following, you will agree with her: "The Arkansas Division Historian, Mrs. J. F. Wemman, has accepted a list of questions compiled by a former Division Historian, Mrs. J. W. Allen, and she will have these given through the teachers to the school children to be worked out before the fall term of school, thus giving the pupils some healthful mental exercise through the vacation. A prize will be given for the greatest number of correct answers. The questions, one hundred in number, are listed and ready, the answer to each being the name of some Southern State or Southern character or historic event. Thus the children will be impressed with the marvelous part our South has had in the 'Building of the Nation;' and, incidentally, a benefit to the teachers as well. These lists will be sent to every place in the State where there is a U. D. C. Chapter."

Doubtless there are many Chapters in other Divisions that would like to adopt this plan for awarding prizes that have heretofore been given for essays. To the editor's mind it would be of far more benefit to the child than the writing of an essay. Would Mrs. Wemman furnish us a list of these questions as a help and guide for others who would wish to try this splendid plan? Questions pertaining directly to the history of Arkansas could give place to historical data of the State in which the questions are used. Experience and observation have proved to us that such historical research will prove quite as beneficial to many teachers as it will to pupils.

* * *

The readers of this Department will welcome the announcement from Florida that Mrs. Amos Norris will serve as publicity chairman from that Division. It gives the editor great pleasure, because this valuable space, given us by the VETERAN, can be made so only through the coöperation of a vitally interested chairman in every Division. This month Mrs. Norris tells us of plans for the annual convention. Those who attended the General U. D. C. convention in Tampa can well understand why "all of Florida like to go to Tampa."

The Florida Division convention U. D. C. will be held in Tampa May 1-4 inclusive, Miss Agnes Person, of Orlando, the Division President, presiding.

The delegates will be entertained at the Hillsborough Hotel, and all of the business sessions will be held in the banquet hall of the hotel.

This is expected to be a very largely attended convention, as all of Florida like to go to Tampa, and are looking forward to a profitable as well as a pleasant session. The work of the Florida Division ranks considerably ahead of its numerical strength. A number of delightful social entertainments have been planned. A luncheon on Tuesday, May 1, at the Tampa Yacht and Country Club in honor of the Executive Board, Past Presidents of the Division, and Honorary (Division)

Presidents. A musical on Wednesday afternoon, guests of the Friday Morning Musical. Wednesday evening, 8:30 to 10:30, a reception in the Jewel Box, Plant Park. Thursday afternoon automobile ride and tea, at the home of Mrs. W. F. Miller, guests of Anne Carter Lee Chapter, C. of C. Thursday night, Historical Evening, with address by Hon. Seton Fleming, "The influence of the Old South in the War." Friday afternoon, tea, 4 to 5:30, guests of the American Legion Auxiliary. The convention will close Friday night.

* * *

Mrs. F. C. Kolman, the busy President of a busy Division, has found time to send the following interesting notes:

April was indeed a busy month for the Louisiana Division. First, the Confederate reunion, held in New Orleans April 11 to 13, and in connection with that the reunion of the Confederate Memorial Association, bringing many distinguished visitors to New Orleans. Next the convention of the Louisiana Division U. D. C., which convened in Baton Rouge, La., on Tuesday, April 17. This was the most important convention in the history of the organization on account of the presence of our beloved President General, Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler, of New York, this being the first time that Louisiana has ever had the honor of entertaining the President General at a convention.

Mrs. Schuyler was an "inspiration" to the Daughters, and endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact. Many delightful receptions, luncheons, and social affairs were given in her honor, and her visit to New Orleans and to Louisiana will long be remembered.

The convention was most profitable, and much important business was transacted. Liberal contributions were made to the Jefferson Davis Monument, R. E. Lee Memorial, and Relief Fund, Camp Moore Improvement Committee. Pledges were made to the Louisiana Room in Richmond.

Mrs. J. M. Pagaud was chairman of Memorial Hour, and Mrs. F. W. Bradt, of Alexandria, the new Historian, and a remarkable "discovery" for Louisiana, had charge of Historical Evening.

Mrs. St. Clair Favrot, President of Joanna Waddill Chapter, and Miss Mattie McGrath, President of the Henry Watkins Allen Chapter, the two hostess Chapters, left nothing undone to make this a remarkable convention. Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, President of the Division, presided over the convention and was proud of the honor of having the President General as a distinguished guest during her administration.

The following officers were elected:

Honorary Presidents.—Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, 1408 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans; Miss Mattie B. McGrath, Baton Rouge, La.; Mrs. Ida Goodwill, Minden, La.

President—Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, 2233 Brainard Street, New Orleans.

Mrs. L. U. Babin, First Vice President, Baton Rouge, La.

Mrs. Cooper Nelson, Second Vice President, 410 Travis Street, Shreveport, La.

Mrs. Lucy McMurtry, Third Vice President, Bunkie, La.

Mrs. S. A. Pegues, Fourth Vice President, Mansfield, La.

Miss Adelia Laycock, Recording Secretary, Baton Rouge, La.

Mrs. W. A. Knolle, Corresponding Secretary, 4302 South Roman Street, New Orleans, La.

Mrs. L. S. Cohen, Treasurer, 4000 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.

Mrs. D. Eugene Strain, Registrar, 1518 Melpomene Street, New Orleans, La.

Mrs. F. R. Bradt, Historian, Alexandria, La.

Mrs. J. S. Alison, Honorary Historian, Benton, La.

Mrs. Feeney Rice, Custodian, 3517 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.

Mrs. J. M. Pagaud, Recorder of Crosses of Honor, 3138 DeSoto Street, New Orleans, La.

Mrs. W. P. Smart, Organizer, Bunkie, La.

Mrs. Joseph J. Ritayik, Director C. of C., 2824 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Herman J. Seiferth, Director World War Records, 1538 Seventh Street, New Orleans, La.

The convention will be entertained next year by Camp Moore Chapter, Tangipahoa, La., as a compliment to the Division President, who is a member of that Chapter, and who will have served her two years.

When it comes to something really worth while, can any Division offer anything better than this? If not, then let's emulate Louisiana:

"Louisiana Day was fittingly celebrated in Louisiana by the Louisiana Division U. D. C. on April 30, 1923. This day was instituted during the administration of Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, in 1909, but owing to the World War had not been celebrated in the past few years. Mrs. F. C. Kolman, the present incumbent, felt that so important a day should be revived and received the coöperation of the State Superintendent of Education and the Superintendent of Orleans Parish Public Schools, and the work was taken up under the direction of the Educational Committee, with Mrs. Florence Tompkins as Chairman. Daughters of the Confederacy visited all the schools in the State and told of the adventures of De Soto, de La Salle, Iberville, and Bienville in this section of Louisiana, which once stretched from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada's forests, and the advantages of Louisiana to-day. They spoke of Louisiana, great in its resources of soil, mineral, tree, plant, flower, fish, fowl, and beast. They emphasized the educational facilities of the State, its excellent public school system, and the many scholarships offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. At each school the speakers were welcomed with enthusiasm, and splendid programs arranged with the singing of 'America' and 'Louisiana.' Mrs. Kolman intends to make it a one hundred per cent Louisiana Day next year, when all parochial and public schools in the State will be visited."

* * *

Mrs. Preston Power, of Baltimore, tells us this month of the detailed work of some Maryland Chapters, showing how they have in mind the great coöperative efforts of the general organization as well as their local interests.

On the nineteenth of April, the anniversary of the first blood shed of the War between the States, the Division held an all-day meeting at the Y. W. C. A. Much business was discussed, completed, and many reports read. It was decided that the stationery is to be paid for by the Division, also that a letter of sympathy be mailed to Miss May Rogers expressing our sorrow at the loss she has sustained in the death of her brother.

Baltimore Chapter, No. 8 will have its election on May 2.

Ridgely Brown Chapter, Miss Sellman, President, wrote of her calendar, the proceeds of which will go to the World War Memorial Fund. The Chapter editor, Mrs. Whalen, spoke of a meeting held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. William Brown, at which funds were raised for the Lee Memorial, also World War Memorial, while several copies of the "Women of the South in War Times" were sold. This Chapter has completed its quota, but is still selling. A luncheon, given by the hostess, was greatly enjoyed.

From the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, we hear the following: A measure was passed, by vote, whereby the organization will make a contribution each year to

ocal charities. Mrs. Canby, President, appointed a committee to recommend the object to which the contribution shall be made. The Ways and Means Committee gave in their returns from the card party, which amounted to sixty dollars. This will be used for the Southern Woman's Relief and Lee Memorial Chapel Fund, and educational work, to which these Daughters are asked to contribute. The next meeting of this Chapter will be held in June. Mrs. Cotton, of Maine, formerly of Hagerstown, and a descendant of Henry Kyd Douglas, was introduced, made a brief address, telling of the number of Southern women living in that State, and the hope of organizing a U. D. C. Chapter during the summer.

Mrs. H. U. Nicodemus, of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, told of its twenty-fifth birthday celebration and the presentation of a bag of silver by Miss Sellman. Five hundred dollars was given to the Jefferson Davis fund, and \$300 for the Maury Monument; also \$10 to the Southern Relief.

* * *

When Mrs. W. C. Rodman, of Washington, N. C., wrote last month of that Division having exceeded its pledge of \$1,000 to the Jefferson Davis Monument by \$300, we thought it very fine. Now this month, she tells us that they have "already sent \$1,500, and hope to send more." Let us hear if any other Division has exceeded its pledge by half as much.

Mrs. Rodman also sends an account of the very interesting meeting of the Thirteenth District of her Division held at Tarboro, the outstanding feature of which was the unveiling of a statue to Gen. William Dorsey Pender, the Chapter bearing his name being hostess to the District meeting. After the business session of the morning a splendid dinner was served. The afternoon session was opened with the old familiar song, "Tenting To-Night," after which the President, Mrs. John L. Bridgers, introduced the speaker, Col. F. A. Olds, of Raleigh, who delivered a most interesting address in which he eulogized the great Edgecombe County general in most fitting terms. The march to the Episcopal churchyard, where the monument was unveiled, was very impressive. All the flags used by General Pender's Division were carried by fine Tarboro girls, and were saluted as they were lowered, one by one, at the monument. The grave of General Pender was covered with flowers, as was that of his faithful wife. These last were placed by thirty-six of her former pupils. The monument was unveiled by two of General Pender's great nieces, daughters of Mr. D. Pender, of Norfolk. The services were closed by singing "Rock of Ages," one of General Pender's favorite hymns.

North Carolina was well represented at the reunion in New Orleans, among them being Miss Margaret Carr, granddaughter of Gen. Julian S. Carr, as Sponsor for the South; Miss Mary Louise Everett, of Raleigh, as Sponsor for the North Carolina Division; Mrs. T. K. Kite, President of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter at Fayetteville, and Miss Katherine Robinson, a former President also went to New Orleans. Maids of Honor: Miss Margaret Fairly, granddaughter of Rev. David Fairley, Chaplain Cook's Brigade; Miss Josephine Rose Henderson, granddaughter of Maj. Orren Smith, designer of the Confederate flag; Miss Mattie Hadley Woodward, granddaughter of Capt. Tom Hadley; and Miss Margaret Raney, of Raleigh. Matron of Honor: Mrs. Elizabeth Landon Condon, daughter of Col. Henry Landon. Chaperone, Mrs. Annie Gray Sprunt, daughter of Col. S. S. Nash.

* * *

In South Carolina, the District conferences held in April or May, are believed to be more conducive to the good work done in that Division than any other one thing. Miss Edythe Loryea, of St. Matthews, writes especially of these this month:

According to the amendment passed at the Division convention last December, the term, "Director of District," is now used instead of Vice President, and these Directors are elected at the district conferences, and are members of the Executive Board.

The Piedmont District conference was held in Spartanburg, April 12, Mrs. R. C. Sarratt, presiding, with an attendance of 82. Mrs. J. B. Stepp, of Spartanburg, was elected as the new Director. Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, Ala., who was a visitor in the State at the time, attended the conference with Mrs. R. D. Wright, of Newberry, and both added much to the meeting. Mrs. Rountree's talk was most inspiring.

The Ridge District held its Conference in Chester, April 19, Mrs. W. F. Marshall presided. Mrs. Alice H. Beard of Columbia was elected Director.

The Edisto District will hold its conference in Beaufort, May 3. Mrs. W. R. Darlington, Director, will have charge of the meeting.

The Pee Dee District conference will meet in Dillon, May 18. Mrs. M. G. Scott is the present Director.

The Edisto District held its annual conference in Beaufort, May 3, with Mrs. W. R. Darlington, of Allendale, presiding.

Miss Katherine Simons, of Summerville, winner of the Sue M. Abney Prize at the last State convention, for the best poem on "General Lee," was present and, by request, read the beautiful poem.

The exercises of the Children of the Confederacy, under the direction of Mrs. R. R. Legare, were excellent. Fifteen Chapters were represented, with an attendance of about fifty. Mrs. W. R. Darlington was reelected Director.

The fifty-seventh anniversary supper of Camp Sumter, U. C. V., of Charleston, was a notable affair, as for the first time members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy were present as guests and were also among the speakers. Miss Martha B. Washington, President of the Charleston Chapter, responded in a happy manner to the words of welcome. Mrs. James Connor spoke on "Recollections of the Sixties," and gave a vivid picture of Richmond in war times. Miss Mary B. Poppenheim responded to the toast "United Daughters of the Confederacy," giving a most comprehensive account of the work that is being done by the U. D. C. "to preserve the truths of history and perpetuate the fame of the Confederate soldier." Other interesting talks were made by members of the Camp.

Mrs. Chapman J. Milling, President of the Division, acted as Chaperon of Honor for the Sponsors of the South Carolina Division United Confederate Veterans, at the Confederate reunion in New Orleans. Mrs. Milling was appointed to this position by Gen. W. A. Clark, Commander of the U. C. V., South Carolina Division.

MRS. C. B. TATE—IN MEMORIAM.

At a special meeting of the Lee Memorial Chapel Central Committee and State Directors, called by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Chairman, at the Grunewald Hotel, New Orleans, at noon Tuesday, April 10, the following resolutions were passed:

"Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God to call to her reward his faithful servant, Mrs. C. B. Tate, member of the Central Committee for the Lee Memorial Chapel, we, the members of this Committee and State Directors for the Lee Memorial Chapel, feel a deep sense of personal loss.

"Mrs. Tate's long and useful life, loyally devoted to every interest of her beloved Southland, stands out as a splendid inspiration to us all. With deep sorrow we give her up. She

has heard the call, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," and has "crossed the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her aged husband and a copy to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

MRS. W. D. MASON, *Member Central Committee*;

MRS. ARTHUR WALCOTT, *State Director for Oklahoma*;

MRS. G. TRACY ROGERS, *State Director for New York*.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1923.

SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.

Mechanicsville, June 26; Gaines's Mill; Cold Harbor; Savage Station; Frazier's Farm; Malvern Hill.

McClellan sought protection of gunboats at Harrison's Landing.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1923.

JEFFERSON DAVIS: SECRETARY OF WAR, 1853-1857.

In response to various letters requesting sources of information to aid in writing competitive essays, the following list of books is given that will be found useful:

"The Library of Southern Literature." Martin & Hoyt, Atlanta.

"The Women of the South in War Times." W. S. Publication Committee, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

"The Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis." By J. William Jones, D.D.

"Speeches and Orations by John Warwick Daniel." J. P. Bell Company, Publishers, Lynchburg, Va.

"A Heritage of Freedom," "The Birth of America," "American History and Government." By Matthew Page Andrews.

THE RAINES BANNER.

The Raines Banner was given by Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., and is competed for annually. All of the following phases of the work are counted to the credit of the Divisions competing for this banner:

Number of typewritten pages. Number of written pages. Number of printed pages. Number of essays in schools and state contests. Number of essays received for U. D. C. contests. Number of essays sent to Division Historian. Number of pictures placed in schools during the year. Number of war relics collected during the year. Number of books placed in libraries during the year. Number of granite markers erected during the year. Number of medals given to schools during the year. Number of reminiscences secured during the year. Number of scholarships secured during the year. Number of historical meetings held during the year.

It is hoped that Divisions will develop each of these and report the result to Division Historian.

MISS MARION SALLEY.

Miss Salley is Director for the South Carolina Division in the distribution of "The Women of the South in War Times."



MISS MARION SALLEY.

At the Birmingham U. D. C. convention, she was announced as the winner of the Norman prize, which had been won at the St. Louis convention by Mrs. R. P. Holt on behalf of North Carolina. This year Miss Salley is again at the front in the distribution of this U. D. C. volume, and it looks as if South Carolina will be the first State to go "over the top" on the quota assigned all the Divisions in order to com-

plete the pledge at the St. Louis convention. Miss Salley is enthusiastic over her work, while the Confederate veterans and the U. D. C. Chapters of South Carolina are justly proud of her success.

APPRECIATIVE OF SOUTHERN HISTORY.—A young Southerner living in the North occasionally purchases books from the VETERAN, and the following is about the latest addition made to his library—"Let me assure you that this volume has found a place with one to whom anything Confederate is second in sacredness only to his religion. I am trying to surround myself with the books, pictures, music, and, in fact, everything pertaining to the Confederacy that my limited means will permit. Some day these things are all going South again with me, and until that time will—in fact, as long as I live—be treated as I treat all of my friends. . . . If, however, I should have to leave them before I have those in my family who would cherish them as I do (I am not yet married), I shall provide that the Daughters of the Confederacy may receive them and dispose of them as they think best. Indeed, I do feel the responsibility for the preservation of anything of so much historical value."

THE CROSS OF HONOR.

BY SALLIE WASHINGTON MAUPIN, BALTIMORE, MD.

Take thou this cross of bronze, aye, tell the story
Of our great "Cause." Undimmed, its glory
Is flung to all the lands of all the world,
While love uplifts the flag forever furled.

Guard thou the cross, O, you who bear in trust
This knightly emblem of a conflict just;
That all may know how many a dauntless son
Has willed that you may keep what he has won.

Love thou the cross brave deeds have forged for you
On bloody fields as ever Flanders knew.
Up to Valhalla sound their praise, and tell
Their deathless story, hail and farewell!

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7009 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

PLANNING FOR THE YEAR.

My Dear Coworkers: The unspeakable joy of meeting with you in convention and again seeing you face to face has been to me a source of deepest gratitude, and your hearty spirit of coöperation in all plans for the work a fresh inspiration to me to press forward in the noble cause for which we are organized. Unique in being not only the oldest patriotic organization in America, but in the *lines* of work for which we stand, unique in working not for the living, but to perpetuate the memories, the heroic achievements, and make of the green-covered mounds of our heroes shrines on to which we annually pay loving homage and tribute places our work apart from any other. When we realize that our convention just closed in New Orleans had representatives from sixteen States, with seven State Presidents in attendance, and from one Association—Huntington, W. Va.—twenty-one representatives, who came to learn and get fresh inspiration, then truly may we go forward in the joy of service. Begin now to make plans for our next convention, to be held in Memphis, Tenn., time not yet decided, and while the summer months bring rest from active work, plan to be in the march of progress and with banners aloft tell to the world that we are neither dead nor sleeping.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Never in the history of memorial work has the South shown a more glorious spirit of patriotism and loyalty to our immortal heroes, and where no memorial association exists, our U. D. C. rightly felt it a privilege to assist in making the day widely observed and a memorial worthy the cause.

JUNIOR MEMORIALS.

In conclusion, let me beg of you again to organize Junior Memorials where there are none. Bring in the young boys and girls who are old enough to march in parade. Let all work for this, and come with flying banners to our next convention, for in growth is life, inactivity means decay and death.

Let us even do more: Train the children from the cradle, have a Cradle Roll as do some of our Churches, for patriotism is next to religion. A recent article from a prominent Churchman truly says that if children are not brought into the Church before they enter their "teens," every passing year makes Church affiliation more unlikely.

Let us sow the seeds of patriotism in fertile soil. This is equally true of patriotic education. Let us tell the "story of

the glory of the men who wore the gray" and extol the beauty of the Southern Cross, keep it ever in evidence until the love of our Southland shall claim a devotion only excelled by the devotion to our God.

THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

Atlanta has just had a wonderful banquet launching in a big way the beginning of actual work upon the face of the mountain whereon is to be carved in immortal and majestic figures the great leaders whose names will go down in history as preëminent in modern warfare. Governors from each of the Southern States were either present or represented, and the four hundred guests that filled the great dining room of the Capital City Club listened entranced until the stroke of the midnight hour to one masterful address after another, visualizing the almost superhuman plans as outlined by Gutzon Borglum, the noted sculptor, who had vision to create the masterpiece that will make his name go "sounding down the ages." With the Hon. Hollis Randolph, a Virginia cavalier and a gentleman representing the best traditions of the old South, as President, and our invincible Nathan Bedford Forrest as Secretary and General Manager, whose optimism is contagious and whose unfaltering faith is compelling in its influence, we will yet see in mammoth figures upon this wonderful mountain sides carvings that will tell as no words can express the idols of a people and the ideals of the master carver carrying a story to future generations that shall place the South and her people forever among the noblest in sentiment, the highest in ideals, the bravest in heart and in purity of spirit, and abiding faith among the foremost of the earth.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our Memorial Association has lost a very valuable member in the passing away of Mrs. Rosa Marion Bowden, of Denver, Col. She was an honorary member of the Southern Memorial Association, as well as Honorary State President and State Historian for the Colorado Division U. D. C., and member of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. When a school girl at Richmond Female Institute she helped to make the first Confederate flag that was raised in Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Bowden won for her Division, U. D. C., six years consecutively the Mildred Rutherford Medal, offered to smaller Divisions and Chapters.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.

MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION IN DENVER COL.

REPORT FROM MRS. W. O. TEMPLE, EX-PRESIDENT C. S. M. A.,
OF DENVER.

The members of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, Denver, Col., are making good progress in their work of marking the unmarked graves of our Confederate veterans in the cemeteries here. Five neat granite markers, costing \$25 each, have been erected at the graves of the following: Henry Thomas Galbreath and James Nelson Bennett, in Crown Hill Cemetery; Henry Clay Kingsburg and Benjamin Brinker, in Riverside, and Virgil S. Wright, in Arimount.

This not only shows our respect and esteem for our veterans, but makes the work of locating these graves much more easy. Previous to the work of the C. S. M. A., it was impossible to find some of the graves without the assistance of the cemetery caretaker. Although we have funds on hand to mark these graves, we have been handicapped on account of not being able to obtain the data necessary for the inscriptions.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, 1474 U. D. C., of Denver, has donated \$25 for one marker. Our work is difficult, as we have no assistance outside of the faithful members, who meet each month under the able guidance of the President, Mrs. Sarah T. Boyd. We are determined to continue marking these neglected graves as fast as we can obtain the right data. We help pay each month the rent for the needy daughter of one of our veterans.

At our last meeting we voted to adopt, so to speak, some needy Southern family and help provide clothing, etc., for the children. There are many such to be found here. The Association felt that the \$75 we paid to help one of our veterans attend the reunion was money well invested, as he always refers to the trip as "the time of his life."

MISS MARY A. HALL—IN MEMORIAM.

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE U. C. V., C. S. M. A.

Read at Memorial Hour, New Orleans Reunion, 1923.)

Little gray jacket, and little gray woman—
Lay the sod softly over her breast—
Laden with memories, fragrant with service,
Like sweet faded petals a loved one has pressed.

Little gray jacket, and little gray woman—
Holding the largeness of life in her heart;
Yielding to none in the quest of her duty,
Breaking earth's thorns with their anguish and smart.

Making the sunshine wherever she ventured,
Giving a grieving heart hope for despair;
But we must leave her there—hero and woman—
Turning in sadness and breathing a prayer.

How we shall miss her when gray troops are marching
In glad reunion, with songs and with cheers;
How we shall watch for her tiny flag waving,
Just as it waved through the passage of years.

Tenderly bless her, you comrades who loved her;
Pause for a moment, you soldiers in gray.
Little gray jacket, and little gray woman,
Somewhere in heaven she's marching to-day.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. COLLIER'S WORK.

BY MRS. A. M'D. WILSON, PRESIDENT GENERAL C. S. M. A.

The meteoric literary success of Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier with her first volume of "Representative Women of the South," and the instant appreciation shown by a discriminating public, coupled with the fact that scarce a year had passed when Volume II found its way to the press, are evidences that honors come not slowly when real merit points the way.

The unusual literary genius of this brilliant writer is but one of her many accomplishments. To know Mrs. Collier as the few know her in her charming vine-clad cottage, where she reigns as queen, idolized by a devoted husband and two splendid sons, to whom the future beckons and points the way to attainments that shall add yet more gems to crown the coming years, is to catch a vision of the exquisite refinement and culture that bespeaks the heritage of the true gentlewoman of the Old South.

Gifted as an artist and as a talented musician, she finds time to draw around her young and old alike, and the fingers that fly so swiftly over the ivory keys to the melody of the olden songs are no less dexterous in the cuisine of the home, as from the daintily appointed table one finds epicurean feast in the dishes culled from the old Mammy's toothsome recipes. Then as the shadows lengthen and twilight falls, glimpse the group gathered around the crackling logs of the open fireplace, where "Mother" has ever been the boon companion, wise counselor, and inspirational spirit, and you find in truth the full meaning of the sweetest word in the English language, "Home," a home where the name of God is honored and his divine commands revered.

Truly may it be said of her whose pen has so busily and brilliantly painted for the world the sweetest word pictures of her beloved daughters of the South that human mind can conceive; "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

PRISON SCHOOLS.

A. P. Hoyle, of Newton, N. C., asks that some one will write of the schools taught at Point Lookout, Md., and at Elmira, N. Y., during the war. He says: "I was enrolled in the schools at both places, and spent many of my prison hours more pleasantly and more profitably because of the existence of those schools. At Point Lookout, as I remember, a man by the name of Morgan was at the head of the school. He was from South Carolina, and a bundle of energy, a live wire. A Mr. Watkins, or Watson, or a similar name, was a teacher at Point Lookout. I think he was from Mississippi, a dignified, scholarly gentleman. A large number of the prisoners were sent from Point Lookout to Elmira, and at that place a Mr. Davis managed that school; I think he was from Virginia. These schools were a blessing and helped us to bear the cruel starvation system practiced in these Federal prisons. Are any of those teachers living, which ones, and where? Tell us through the VETERAN what you know of those schools and prisons. At Point Lookout, my number on the school roll was 548."

"Though sad and lonely, still my fears I lay aside,
If I but remember only, such as these have lived and died."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Richmond, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton, Denver, Colo.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.
[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

NEWS AND NOTES.

THE SONS AT NEW ORLEANS REUNION.—The meetings of the S. C. V. at New Orleans were more largely attended, exhibited more activity and interest, and were generally of more moment and value than has been the case for a long time. There was a tendency in the newspaper reports to indicate a line of discussion and a form of division, neither of which existed at all. The work of the meeting was to the point and productive of good for the order. The elections resulted as follows:

W. McDonald Lee, Richmond, Va., Commander in Chief.
Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va., Historian in Chief.
Dr. W. C. Galloway, South Carolina, Commander Army Northern Virginia Department.
Ralston F. Green, New Orleans, Commander Army of Tennessee Department.
James F. Davenport, Oklahoma, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department.

The selection of an Adjutant in Chief is still in the air as this report is written as well as the location of the temporary headquarters city. Matters of great importance lie before the S. C. V. as the outstanding work of the coming year. Major Ewing presented the cause of the Manassas Battle Field Memorial before the New Orleans meeting with vigor and distinction, and this highly worthy enterprise will be our chief work for this year. The Stone Mountain Memorial with which Nathan Bedford Forrest, Past Commander in Chief, is associated in an official capacity, demands our interest, sympathy, and support. It is worth the utmost efforts of our organization, of all Confederate organizations, of all the Southern States, to see that this superremembrance, this towering and unique memorial, is pushed through the completion and left for all time as a mark of a people's devotion and pride which has no parallel on earth. In our history department the efforts to secure fair representation for the South in the Yale University Press historical moving pictures, to be used in schools as well as exhibited to the public on a scale equaling the presentation of "The Birth of a Nation," has borne good fruit, has produced most encouraging results, and stands as our most important work in this department for continued effort this year. Every year the work of the S. C. V. in its capacity of taking care of daily and current matters of interest and importance grows greater. This line of work, in all departments, is too varied for discussion here, but constitutes our most vital field of effort.

WASHINGTON CAMP'S GOOD WORK—The great work of Washington Camp S. C. V. in sending thirty-three Confederate veterans to the New Orleans reunion stands to the high credit of that splendid organization. Two Pullman cars were chartered, and these thirty-three veterans, with their wives and attendants, lived in these cars in great comfort throughout the whole trip. On the way down the party was given a great exception at Montgomery, Ala., Governor Brandon made an address of welcome, standing on the spot where Jefferson

Davis was inaugurated, and the U. D. C. and the S. C. V. took them on a ride about the city. A lunch was given them at the White House, and at night the city gave them a banquet. On the return, Mobile came to the front with special greetings for the party. A trip down the bay to Forts Morgan and Gaines was given the party, and a splendid lunch was served by Mrs. Stanley Finch, who is the sister of Commander Frank F. Conway, of Washington Camp. Commander Conway was chiefly instrumental in getting up this trip and in carrying the affair to its most successful conclusion, and in token of appreciation of this fact, at a meeting after the return to Washington, he was presented with an autograph album containing the signatures of all members of the delegation. Maj. E. W. R. Ewing was the eloquent spokesman for the party throughout the entire trip, making notable responses to the addresses of welcome and greeting.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.—A most interesting story was related to the editor recently by Mr. Isaac Ball, of Charleston, S. C. It seems that near the end of the war, when Sherman's advance had forced the evacuation of Charleston, among other forces occupying and patrolling this territory was a negro regiment from the North commanded by Colonel Beecher, one of the well known family of South haters which included Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. The pretensions of this family of people to excessive love for the negro and great interest in his welfare make the point of this story. This negro regiment, with its white officers, in a raid around the city came to the plantation of Mr. Ball's father, situated up the Cooper River some miles distant. This plantation was called "Limerick" in those days, and may be yet. At dinner, inspired by innate hospitality which embraced even the enemies of his country in its benefits, Mr. Ball sent to neighbor, Dr. Ben Huger, to secure some Southern wine for the refreshment of his officer guests. When this was poured and there was a moment of hesitation as though the party waited for a toast, one of the officers injected the remark that they should be very careful about drinking this wine, as it might be poisoned. To this Mr. Ball indignantly replied "Sir, we are not assassins. We fight desperately for our home and our rights, but we do not stoop to warfare such as that. It was then proposed by these officers, of whom Colonel Beecher, of this well known Beecher family who so loved the negroes, was the leader, although he did not personally make this proposal, that a negro sentinel, pacing along the hallway outside, should be called in and given a drink of the wine; and if he survived, then the officers would rise to the occasion and test this Southern hospitality. Indignant at this turn of the affair, Mr. Ball seized a glass of the wine and drank it down as proof of its harmlessness, and, thus reassured, the Northern officers spared the negro his "perilous" test, and the feast went on as merrily as it could under such circumstances.

SAM DAVIS.—Would you imagine that there are teachers among our Southern youth who do not know who Sam Davis was? Such is the case, and an example of it came under my notice very recently. These teachers were accomplished women teachers, not in remote country districts, but in grammar and high school grades of a considerable city—and they had never heard of Sam Davis!

A CROSS FIRE.—It is not only in matters of history that the North misrepresents the South. Recently Dr. Donald Armstrong, secretary of the National Health Council, urges the New England young man to stay away from the South, d

pieting it as a "malaria and hookworm ridden" section, with a "ten per cent continuous illness rate." Statistics and figures confound this statement, but reckless slanders against the South wot not of facts or figures and care less. Here are a few official statistics. In Virginia the white death rate per thousand is, in round figures without fractions, eleven, and the black rate is seventeen, while in Massachusetts the two rates are, respectively, thirteen and twenty-one. In South Carolina the rates are, per thousand whites, eleven, and of black sixteen, both lower than Massachusetts. North Carolina asserts that her death rate and illness rate are both lower than Massachusetts. The death rate in California and in Michigan is higher than in the South, yet a statement like Dr. Armstrong's goes forth on its way to work its injury, outstripping all effort to overtake it with the truth.

DO YOU LIKE THIS ONE?—The esteemed Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, in writing of the forthcoming unveiling of the busts of Lee, Lincoln, and Grant in one of the Northern so-called "Halls of Fame," calls them "The Trinity of Americanism." While these were doubtless outstanding figures in the War between the States, as a trinity of Americanism the structure seems lopsided to us. And it might be remarked, facetiously, of course, lest we raise a row, that the company appears a little mixed!

A CLOSING SHOT OR TWO.—In the Yale moving picture history work, we apparently have gone far. It seems now assured that we will have at least one representative Southern historical writer as "interpreter" for the South before the board of editors of "The Chronicles of America Picture Corporation," and this means much for us. The Confederate organizations need only see to it now that the vigilance which brought this about is not lulled into any sense of false security, and at the same time full justice be done the apparent effort on the part of the Yale University Press to be fair. Next month we hope to publish in full a letter, one of the last written by Lincoln, now preserved in a Buffalo library, which throws a strange light on the assertions and belief of many thousands who implicitly believe in Lincoln's good will toward the South at the close of the war. This is a recent find and will be of interest.

LEE AT LEXINGTON.

BY G. NASH MORTON, NEW YORK CITY.

The article in the January VETERAN under the above caption should be read by every Southerner. The simplicity of its conception and execution is worthy of the grand character which it so beautifully portrays.

The sketch recalled very vividly a remark I once heard from the lips of Maj. Richard M. Venable, who was a professor at Washington College under General Lee, and was thus brought into intimate relationship with the President. We were cousins and intimate friends, and he said to me one day in Baltimore: "Nash, as highly as I rated General Lee's judgment in the war, I must say that my estimate of that acuity of his mind was greatly enhanced by my association with him at Washington College. In handling difficult cases which came before the faculty, I never knew his judgment to be at fault. It seemed practically inerrant." This remark of the Major's came into my mind when I read the statement in the article referred to: "His patience and forbearance with those who were not trying to make the best of their opportunity were such that he would enter a plea for some student whom the faculty thought should be sent home. 'Let us try him a

little longer,' he would say; 'we may do him some good.'" Doubtless General Lee's well trained judgment saw under the wayward exterior of the youth something good that a wisely lenient treatment would bring out, hidden good that escaped the more superficial judgment of his associates.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, used to form an estimate of bad boys not essentially different from that attributed to General Lee. Some years ago at the Misses Masters' School at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., I heard an Englishman lecture on Dr. Arnold and Rugby. He said that on one occasion a teacher came to Dr. Arnold and said: "Doctor, So-and-So in my class is incorrigible. He is stupid, wont study, and, with it all, he is as stubborn as a mule." Dr. Arnold smiled and said: "I congratulate you, sir, on your splendid opportunity. Take that boy and make something out of him. It will show what is in you."

It is too often the case that in both schools and colleges a great light is smothered by the unwise treatment of a boy too hastily judged dull or bad.

IN THE FIGHT AT HELENA, ARK.

BY JEREMIAH BAKER, FRESNO, CAL.

I would like to say a few words about the fight at Helena, Ark., on July 4, 1863, the Confederates being under General Holmes.

My understanding is that he was ordered to go to the river and hurry the transports going up to Vicksburg; but he thought he would get more glory by taking Helena. So, on the morning of the Fourth, we moved on the pickets, first Pindell's Battalion of Sharpshooters, of which I was a member.

The first man killed was of my company, Will Todd. The brigade by that time had come up in line of battle.

The Federals had a center and two side lines with breastworks. My brigade was in the center, which was Parson's Missouri troops; Fagan was on our right, Hawthorn on our left. There was very heavy fighting against Fagan and Hawthorn, and they were repulsed. We, the Missouri troops, charged and went through the graveyard fort.

The Federals turned their right and left, and a fort they called "Curtis" and two gunboats on the center and we had to retreat, leaving our dead on the field, also our wounded. Besides, we lost two hundred prisoners.

We lost some good men. O, but it was a warm day, and as we retreated over the hills they poured shells into us. A brother of Will Todd, the first man killed, was killed as we came out.

We made nothing by that fight; so we guessed "Granny" Holmes, as many of the boys called him, found out he could not take a fortified place with a smaller number of men. But that was a mistake which goes with war.

I was paroled at Shreveport, La., in June, 1865. After we started down Red River on an old boat, we struck a snag about ten miles from Shreveport. Many of my comrades who had gone all through the war were drowned. I saved my life by swimming ashore, landing in a canebrake.

After many days I reached home with barely enough clothes to hide my nakedness, and no money.

I went to work, married, reared a large family, and educated them all; and have saved enough, I think, to keep me until I shall leave this world. I shall finish my fourscore of years if I live until next October.

With kind feeling to all old Confederates.

A CHICKAMAUGA PRISONER.

J. A. Templeton, who served with Company I, 10th Texas Volunteer Cavalry, writes from Jacksonville, Tex.:

"Fifty-nine years ago last October, I was in your city on my way from the battle field of Chickamauga to a Northern prison. I had some rough experience there at old Nashville, being one of the unfortunate prisoners who fell through the stairway at the Maxwell House, then known as the Zollicoffer Barracks. The building was in an unfinished condition, the stairs being the old-fashioned kind called winding stairs and reaching the fifth story from the ground floor. There were over a hundred prisoners gathered around the head of the stairs on the fifth, or top, floor, awaiting their turn to go down for the morning meal of fat meat and "gungerbread." Suddenly, without warning, the stairs, floor and all, gave way, the sleepers snapping off, owing to the immense weight, going downward with its human cargo until it reached the bottom. It was understood at the time that fourteen prisoners were killed outright. I myself fell on top of the mass of humanity and was rescued at the third floor from the top of the stairs. . . . Our prison experience lasted until May 4, 1865, at which time I walked out of the big gate fronting on Lake Michigan and going on to the mouth of Red River, where formal exchange took place May 26, 1865. This was the last personal exchange that took place between the North and South after four years of fighting. Our contingent of prisoners from the battle field of Chickamauga marched in at the big gate on October 4, 1863, hence I had nineteen months of experience in that noted prison almost to an hour. I wonder how many are now living who were inmates of that prison? Gen. John H. Morgan's command was there when we arrived in October. . . . I am now in my seventy-ninth year, and was unable to meet the old boys at New Orleans on account of failing health. Success to the VETERAN."

THE LAST SURVIVOR.

Henry M. Kibber writes from No. 1674 Boston Road, New York City: "I was a member of the Georgia Rangers, a company organized in Hawkinsville, Ga., and commanded by Capt. Orreb C. Horn, a Mexican War veteran. Our company was mustered into service in May, 1861, at Richmond, Va., and was one of the ten companies forming the Tenth Georgia Regiment. Our first colonel was LaFayette McLaws, later made a major general. The regiment was sent to reinforce General Magruder on the Peninsula, and stationed at Williamsburg, Va. Our colonel was Alfred Cummings, of Augusta, Ga. Captain Horn resigned a short time after we had been stationed at Williamsburg, and my brother, Charles C. Kibber, was elected captain. I was a sergeant. Our company was G, of the 10th Georgia Regiment. We were in the McClellan campaign of 1861 around Richmond, and fought in the battles of Seven Pines, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, and Williamsburg, later joining General Lee's forces in Virginia, and were engaged in the battles of Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, and Crampton Pass, in Maryland. I was taken prisoner in the latter engagement.

"I have lately been trying to ascertain if any of the members of my old company are living, and placed an advertisement in the Hawkinsville News. I am in receipt of a letter from a lawyer at Macon, Ga., who informs me that a most diligent search has been made, but no answer received, and it seems that I am the last leaf on the company tree. I was born in Macon, Ga., November 24, 1840. My brother Charles fought all through the war, and my younger brother, Dickson, was with Gen. Joe Wheeler at the end of the war."

NORTH CAROLINA IN THE CRATER BATTLE.

JOSEPH J. ALLEN, LOUISBURG, N. C.

As a North Carolinian, and wishing "honor to whom honor is due," I must commend the remarks of Capt. H. A. Chambers in the May issue of the VETERAN in regard to "The Bloody Crater" at Petersburg, July 30, 1864.

I was at that time a boy soldier, a member of Company K, 71st North Carolina Troops, and had just returned from Petersburg to Weldon and heard that explosion sixty miles away. As Captain Chambers says, "No historian mentions the fact that North Carolina took part in this battle," and I am surprised, because for devotion and adherence to duty the world has never furnished a parallel.

It is natural for man, or any animal, to strike at his adversary when that adversary can be seen, but those men were forewarned by the sound of their enemy's picks and knew what was coming, yet every one stood at his post of duty until blown into eternity, making no effort to get out of the way. Does history record such an instance of heroism?

The boy who "stood on the burning deck" pales into insignificance. One of my neighbors, an old Confederate, claims to have been the first man to hear the picks of the Yankees and called the attention of his captain. In all the late gatherings of the Confederate veterans, I have not yet heard a speaker class "The Crater" as one of the real battles of the War between the States, and when I am listening I always interject "The Crater," and seemingly to their astonishment.

My thanks to Captain Chambers.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

The Managing Editor of the U. D. C. volume, "The Women of the South in War Times," would report that only the new edition is being distributed, the same containing suggestions and representations made at the Birmingham convention, U. D. C. It is earnestly hoped that the several Divisions will make up the quotas assigned by the Director General, Mrs. R. P. Holt, at the earliest possible date prior to the 1923 convention.

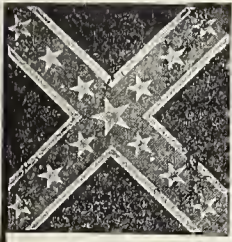
All Daughters, Veterans, and Sons of Veterans, and others in the various States, should send their subscriptions through the respective State Directors.

It will interest and encourage the loyal U. D. C. workers to know that sundry reports have reached headquarters showing that whenever these books have been placed in college libraries, they have been very largely used by the students; that at one metropolitan library the officials in charge informed your representative that the book was *more used than any volume they had on Southern history*.

REGIMENTS OF HOOD'S BRIGADE.

Comrade R. G. Holloway, of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., calls attention to a misstatement in the sketch of W. R. McClellan appearing in the "Last Roll" for April, which gives him as a member of Company F, 21st Texas Cavalry, Hood's Brigade. He says: "Hood's Texas Brigade was composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments and the 3rd Arkansas Infantry. I was a member of Company I, 4th Texas, and the company was made up and commanded by Capt. C. M. Winkler at Corsicana, Navarro County, Tex., in July, 1861, and at the surrender he was a lieutenant colonel in command of the 4th Texas, and first lieutenant N. J. Mills was in command of Company I, with I. W. Durin as second lieutenant, R. G. Holloway, fourth sergeant, and fifteen privates. I am also a member of Hood's Brigade Association, which some years ago published a history of the brigade."

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PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

"TAPS."

Day is done,
Gone the sun
From the lake,
From the hills,
From the sky;
Safely rest.
All is well,
God is love.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

"Mother, what else would you have me do?"

Asked he as he begged consent,
And mother, proud of the breed she bore,
Gave him to the regiment.

Above, in the blue-domed Court of God,
The Saviour of mankind bade
An Angel write at the mother's name,
"She hath given all she had."

"Mother, what else would you have me do?"

Asked he in the battle's tide.
And knowing his mother's answer, he
Went forth with the charge and died.

Above, in the blue-domed Court of God,
The Saviour of mankind bade
An Angel write at the soldier's name,
"He hath given all he had."

—Norman Shannón Hall, in the
Stars and Stripes.

WANTED.—Old used Confederate, also old U. S. postage stamps. George H. Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. Bertha Palmer Haffner, 342 Clay Street, Los Angeles, Cal., wishes to get the record of her father, Capt. Bay-
or Palmer, who was in the artillery service and was taken prisoner and spent fourteen months on Johnson's Island. She thinks he was in Cheatham's division. Anyone who recalls his service will please write to Mrs. Haffner.

A PAIR OF YANKEE PANTS.

BY ANNE ARRINGTON TYSON, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

He was a gallant lad so young,
A member of a college band,
When war clouds broke, in fury hung
Over our happy Southern land.

His home was one of plenty, ease,
Where pride and love e'er reigned supreme;
And life was sweet and all was peace;
Of warring strife he did not dream.

On to the front! On with the boys!
He went with courage, faith and truth;
He left behind his college joys;
Gave all he had, his ardent youth.

Though life was hard, yet, heart aflamed,
He fought the foe with all his might;
A rebel he, but not ashamed;
Aye, glad he was and proud to fight!

With little food and poorly clad,
His heart unflinching, staunch and true,
This gallant youthful soldier lad
Marched on and fought the long day through.

At night there was no downy bed
To rest tired limbs, close wearied eyes;
He lay upon the ground instead,
With nought above save God's own skies.

And when the glorious fight was done,
His heart was staunch and just as true,
Though he had lost and they had won—
And he wore Yankee pants of blue!

A pair of Yankee pants had he,
Spoil from a gunboat's Yankee store,
And captured on the Tennessee,
As it steamed up not far from shore.

A traitor he? No, God forbid!
Up in heaven, God saw and knew
The spirit in that body hid
By pair of Yankee pants of blue.

Anyone interested in mementoes of Henry Clay, please write to Mrs. F. M. Stewart, Sr., Gray, Jones County, Ga.

J. Polk Corder, of Marshall, Mo., who served with Company G, 49th Regiment Virginia Volunteers, John B. Gordon's Brigade, Early's Division, under Stonewall Jackson, A. N. V., would be glad to hear from surviving comrades.

Deafness

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Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

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Miss Cornelia Thompson, of Greensboro, Ala. (box 95), writes: "There was a charming song of the days of 1862-64 called 'The Hungry Lover's Serenade.' The only lines I now remember are these:

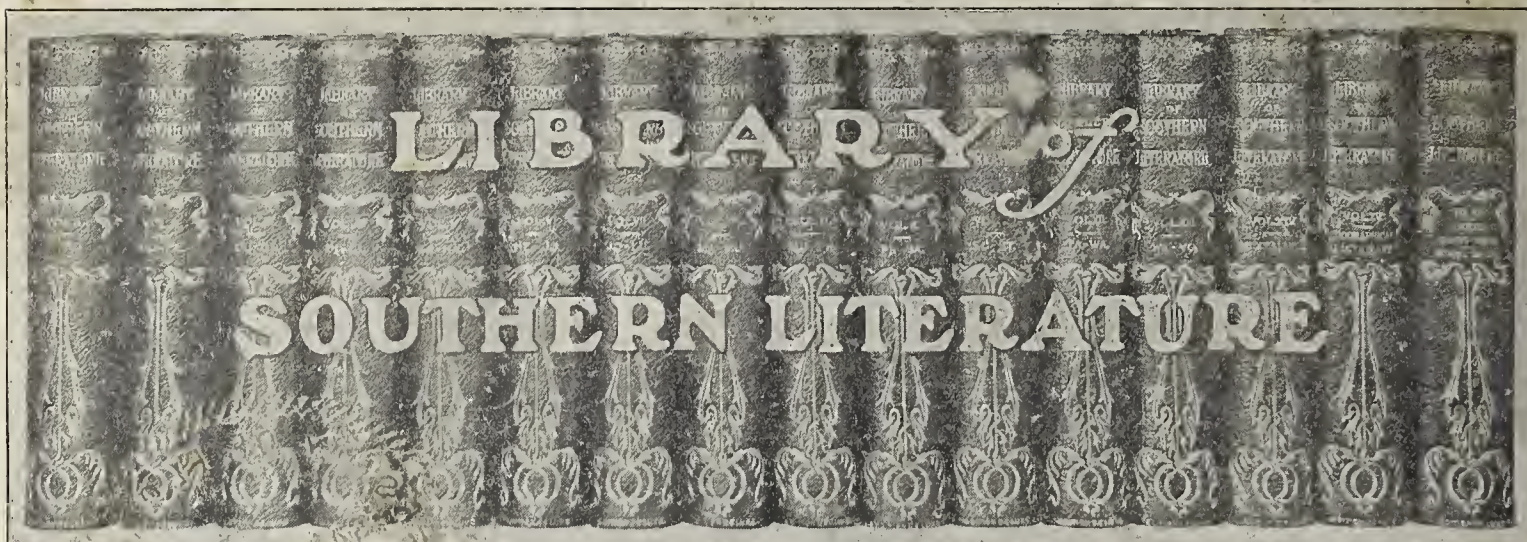
"The moon will be down before long,
love;
The night bird is singing her song, love;
How plainly she says, 'Mix it strong,
love.'
Open thy cupboard to me."

"If any reader of the VETERAN knows it, please send a copy for publication. I can reproduce the music."

Information is desired of the ancestors of Seth Ramsey, who was born in Culpeper County, Va., but moved to Kentucky and lives near Louisville. Anyone having a family tree of the Ramseys or who knows of a book written by a Mr. Curley on the Rays, Ramseys, and Browns will please respond to the VETERAN.

MANDY: "I've decided to leave mah husban'." HANNAH: "How come? Is you beginnin' to economize?"

LEONORE: "What is the cause of so many divorces?" ELIZABETH: "Marriages."

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EACH MAIL BRINGS COMMENDATORY LETTERS; ONE WILL SAY, "AN ORATION ON STONEWALL JACKSON IS ALONE WORTH THE PRICE;" ANOTHER, "FOUND AN ARTICLE FOR WHICH I HAD SEARCHED FOR YEARS;" ANOTHER, "THE WORK INSPIRED ME TO ATTEMPT WRITING A POEM WHICH WAS ACCEPTED BY A LEADING MAGAZINE;" ANOTHER, "MAKES ME PROUD OF MY SOUTHERN BIRTHRIGHT;" ETC.

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—Mrs. A. M. Barrow, State Regent, D. A. R., Pine Bluff, Ark.

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—G. L. Petrie, D.D., Charlottesville, Va.

"I have on my shelves no books that I prize more highly than these. And perhaps, being a Southerner, I may be pardoned if I say there are none of my literary books that I prize quite so highly."
—Millard A. Jenkins, D.D., Abilene, Tex.

"This is not only a splendid set of books from the standpoint of literature, but commends itself to me particularly as a patriotic labor in preserving the literary productions of Southern writers. I think your books should be in every Southern man's library."
—S. F. Horn, Editor The Southern Lumberman, Nashville, Tenn.

"Your achievement, then, is not only a library of Southern literature, but an authentic interpretation of that rare phase of civilization which produced the chivalric men and noble women of the South—an interpretation which ought to be an inspiration to this and other generations. And this invests the 'Library of Southern Literature' with an enduring value and unfailing charm."
—Rev. P. L. Duffy, LL.D., Charleston, S. C.

"As a memorial to my deceased wife, I have presented the U. D. C. Chapter of Cornelia, Ga. of which she was President, your 'Library of Southern Literature,' giving our history, poems, biographies, etc."
—Charles M. Neel, Cornelia, Ga.

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VOL. XXXI.

JULY, 1923

NO. 7



MEMORIAL WINDOW TO WOMEN OF THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH IN THE
RED CROSS BUILDING AT WASHINGTON, D. C. (See page 243.)

773.505
C798

MOSBY'S RANGERS.

The VETERAN's special offering of "Mosby's Rangers," by Williamson, a valuable and interesting work, is continued for July. Who has not been thrilled by the stories of the daring exploits of this famous command, yet how few really know what was accomplished by Mosby and his Partisan Rangers for the Confederacy. Get a copy of this book and follow them through those years of war. John J. Williamson has given their record in this handsome volume, illustrated; and it is now out of print, hard to find. The VETERAN has a few copies available now and offers them with the VETERAN one year at \$4.50, just a little more than the book alone would bring. Send in your order at once that you may not fail to get a copy.

"Christ in the Camp" is still offered with the VETERAN one year at the special rate of \$2.50, and it is a book that should be in every household.

Send order to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865. By his son, Richard L. Maury.

2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.

3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.

4. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Elizabeth Buford Philips.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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The best looking staff of ladies at the reunion in New Orleans was claimed by Brig. Gen. W. S. Jones, of Louisville, Ga. There were two hundred and fifty in General Jones's brigade at the reunion, and a band led by Captain O'Connor, of Augusta.

W. P. Sharrock, of Blake, Greer County, Okla., would like to hear from anyone who served in Company G (Captain Witherspoon), 3rd Confederate Regiment, under Gen. Joe Wheeler. He wants to apply for a pension and needs the testimony of some comrade as to his service.

Mrs. Lizzie Rook Galaway, of Alexandria, La., is seeking information of the service of her father, Benjamin Thornton Rook, who served with Company H, 8th Mississippi Cavalry, and was discharged at Gainesville, Ga. Would also like to learn something of her uncles, Daniel Rook, of Marshall County, Miss., who died of wounds, and Willie Isom, who was killed near Memphis, Tenn. Any information will be highly appreciated.

The army mule used to be described as "Without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."—*Exchange*.

J. A. Templeton, of Jacksonville, Tex., asks for a copy of Hardee's Tactics, as used in the Confederate army. Anyone having this for sale will please communicate with him.

J. E. DuBois, of Harrisburg, Ark., has a set of Pollard's "History of the War between the States," in four volumes, good condition, which he would like to exchange for President Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."

Making money doesn't make people better. Merely saving money doesn't make people better. Spending money upon ourselves doesn't make us better. About the only way you can deal with money so as to make you a better man or woman is to do good with it.

A patron of the VETERAN is anxious to find an account of the capture of Admiral Dewey at Port Hudson, which account was written by one of the Confederate survivors of that siege, and he thinks it was published in the VETERAN. Anyone who remembers the article referred to will please give the number and year in which it appeared. It was evidently shortly after the death of Admiral Dewey.

The daughter of William Garrison, who served in the Confederate army, would appreciate any information regarding his record. He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1835, his mother being Mary Hagar, a niece of Capt. Jonathan Hagar, who died at Hagerstown, Md., in 1762. William Garrison was attending school when the war began, but later enlisted, supposedly in Virginia. Address Mrs. Pearl McKee, 529 East Fourteenth Avenue, Denver, Col.

Dr. W. N. Holmes, of Macon, Ga. (556 Mulberry Street), is seeking information of the war service of his brother, John Parham Holmes, who was with a cavalry company organized in Hinds County, Miss., either at Jackson or Raymond, early in the beginning of the war; thinks it went out under Colonel Stockdale, but does not remember the company or regiment, and that it was connected with Mabry's Brigade when stationed at Port Hudson, La. Any information will be highly appreciated.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. }

VOL. XXXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1923.

No. 7.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

THE PASSING GRAY.

On June 27, at New Orleans, Gen. A. B. Booth, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V.

On June 29, at Louisville, Ky., Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer Jefferson Davis Home Association.

Sketches will appear later.

TRUE HISTORY.

A beautiful tribute to the Confederate soldiery was paid by Judge J. V. Williams in his address on Memorial Day in Chattanooga, and the VETERAN regrets not being able to publish it now. A paragraph is copied from this address in which he gave special emphasis to the importance of true historical record for the South. Of this he says:

"There are material things which we can also do to reverence the memory of the Confederate soldier. One is that we can see that his position is correctly written in history. The South is beginning to realize that it has been derelict in this respect, and our historians are beginning to appreciate the fact that this duty has too long lain in abeyance, and they see the importance of writing that history correctly before it is too late.

"How many of us subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN? It not only purveys the news and happenings of the Confederate organization and its auxiliaries, but from month to month it is the best living teacher of the part that the Confederate soldier played in the history of his country. Every son and daughter of the South who fails to give his or her support to this great publication is an enemy to himself and recreant in his duty to the South. We owe it to our soldiers to see that everything which can be done should be done to see that the South stands in proper light when posterity comes to judge our acts."

Put up the sword, it's day of anguish past;

Disarm the forts; and then, the war flags furled,
Forever keep the air without frontiers

The great free friendly highways of the world.

—Hinton White.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF GETTYSBURG.

Sixty years ago this month of July, 1923, was fought the battle of Gettysburg, its disastrous result a death blow to Southern hopes. Perhaps no battle of that war or any other has been so much written about, and the subject is not yet exhausted. Three articles in this number of the VETERAN give their individual value to the records of that battle and take us back through sixty years of peace to when

"A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled.
In blinding flame and strangling smoke,
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead."

And in this bitter thought, the South—

"A mighty mother, turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Remembering all her fallen sons."

MEMORIAL WINDOW TO WOMEN OF THE SIXTIES.

An interesting ceremony marked the dedication of the "Memorial Window to the Women of the North and of the South" in the National Red Cross Building in Washington, D. C., on May 18, 1923, this being the central panel of the great memorial window to the women of the sixties. The panel on the left was the gift of the Woman's Relief Corps of the North, that on the right was presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, while the central panel was the joint gift of the two great organizations. In the letter from Mrs. Schuyler, President General U. D. C., on page 269 of this number, is an account of the unveiling ceremonies.

"This central panel shows a Good Samaritan in armor—the Red Cross Knight—giving a healing draught to a wounded comrade, while above, as if in mirage, ride armored horsemen, some carrying spears, some white banners with the Red Cross, typifying the Red Cross in war riding side by side with the armies and succoring the wounded. The colors of this window are very rich and beautiful."

JUNE MEMORIES.

"Old Glory," born June 14, 1777.

Jefferson Davis, born June 3, 1808.

Out of rebellion came a nation,
From parent kingdom hewn;
Over this new-born country floated
A banner brave full soon.
"Old Glory," named for a dauntless spirit,
Born in the month of June.

Out of rebellion came a Chieftain,
Born in the month of June;
Soldier, statesman, captive, recluse,
From sturdy stuff outhewn.
Honor, suff'ring, hatred, rev'rence
Along his pathway strewn.

Memory claims some sacred altars,
Where loyal hearts commune.
"Old Glory" waves, an honored emblem,
From victor's clutch immune,
And grudges not a rose to Davis
In God's rose month of June.

—Elizabeth Fry Page.

GARIBALDI AND THE WAR OF SECESSION.

BY J. F. J. CALDWELL, NEWBERRY, S. C.

I dislike to criticize a brother Confederate veteran, but I feel it a duty to correct the statements in an article by I. G. Bradwell, of Alabama, in the June number of the *VETERAN*, to the effect that the Italian revolutionary leader, Garibaldi, enlisted a large number of Italians during the War between the States, organized them under the name of the Garibaldi Guard, and brought them to America; and that that body of troops joined McClellan's army and fought Lee's army in the battles around Richmond in June, 1862.

I cannot imagine how the writer came to believe such a story. I served in Lee's army from the day in which he took command of it, and down to, and including, the surrender at Appomattox; but I never heard even a rumor of the participation of Garibaldi in that war. There may have been some small body of Federal troops which assumed the name of the Garibaldi Guard, as various regiments or battalions or companies did in calling themselves such or such a legion or guard or battery; but I never heard of any considerable organized body of Italians, or any body of Italians, in the Federal army. Certainly, Garibaldi did not act in, or with, that army. Indeed, in the very month of June, 1862, when we fought and beat McClellan's army, Garibaldi was busy in Italy, having raised a considerable force in Sicily and invaded the Calabrian territory in Southern Italy.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, in those days, was entirely occupied in his great work to liberate and unite the people of his native Italy, and had not time to meddle in American affairs.

DEPENDS UPON WHOSE OX IS GORED.—The following comes from R. de T. Lawrence, of Marietta, Ga.: "As New York was one of the last of the colonies to accept the Constitution of the United States, and did so upon assurance of losing none of her sovereign rights, Governor Smith would appear to be quite within his privilege in insisting upon the reserved rights of his State; but it would seem to place New York in an anomalous position when it is recalled that she

joined in furnishing troops to subjugate and compel her sister States to relinquish the rights which they held under the same conditions that she claims for herself. It seems still true that men die, but principles live forever, to quote Vice President Stephens."

MRS. J. E. B. STUART.

Nearly threescore years after the death of her famous husband, Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart died in Norfolk, Va., on May 10, at the age of eighty-eight years.

The death of General Stuart in May, 1864, left his young wife, as brave as she was beautiful, to face the future alone, the only dependance of three small children. After the war was over she opened a girls' school at Staunton, Va., which she conducted successfully for many years. For the past thirty years she had lived in Norfolk at the home of her son-in-law, R. Page Waller. She is survived by one son, Capt. J. E. B. Stuart, U. S. A., retired, of New York City.

Quite a romance is woven about Lieutenant Stuart's courtship of the beautiful Flora Cooke, daughter of Col. Philip St. George Cooke, U. S. A., in charge of the post at Fort Riley, Kans., when that State was opened. Lieutenant Stuart was then connected with Fort Leavenworth, and when it was reported that the prettiest girl in the State was then visiting her father at Fort Riley, he contrived to be a messenger to Colonel Cooke, and there met her. The acquaintance quickly ripened into love, and they were soon married. She had been his wife ten years when the War between the States came on. Lieutenant Stuart resigned his commission in the Federal army and threw in his lot with Virginia, but her father, then Major General Cooke, retained his command with the Union forces, and she bade farewell to soldier husband and soldier father with a prayer that they would never meet in battle. But she was a soldier's wife and never wavered in her allegiance to the cause for which her husband was fighting. As the conflict swept across Northern Virginia, she would follow the trail of Stuart's Cavalry that she might be with him in the intervals of battle; and she was hastening to the side of her gallant husband after he was mortally wounded at Yellow Tavern in May, 1864, but he passed away before she could reach him. After the more than a half century, they are again united, and she rests by his side in beautiful Hollywood at Richmond, Va.

SURVIVORS OF GEORGIA COMMANDS.

J. E. F. Matthews, of Thomaston, Ga., sends this list:
Halloway Grays, Company E, 3rd Georgia Battalion, afterwards Company C, 37th Georgia Regiment: J. T. Blacklock, T. R. Kendall, E. J. Murphy.

Company D, 13th Georgia Regiment: W. L. Gordy, R. B. Reeves, E. B. Thompson.

Company K, 5th Georgia Regiment: P. C. King.

Company B, 2nd Battalion Sharpshooters: W. T. Newman.

Company I, 32nd Georgia Regiment: S. H. Brooks, D. W. Lewis, G. T. Morgan, J. Cad Ray, J. D. Tillman.

Company A, 46th Georgia Regiment: J. Arrington, J. B. Blount, Elijah Irvin, William Page, T. C. Pearce, K. D. Ruffin, Nat Self.

Company K, 3rd Georgia Reserves: A. W. Kersey.

Company F, 9th Georgia Reserves: T. A. Dallas, William C. Franklin, H. H. Howell.

Company E, 3rd Georgia Battalion Cavalry Reserves: John F. Redding, T. J. Starling.

THE FOLDED BANNER.

BY S. A. STEEL, MANSFIELD, LA.

Flag of the South, furl'd long ago,
How splendid is its fame!
How wide the range of its renown,
How bright its crimson flame!
From proud Virginia's battle fields,
Through to the Rio Grande,
The luster of its memory
Still glorifies our land.

Woven in honor's shining loom,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And consecrated by our prayers
To Him who reigns above,
This lovely banner rose to view,
And all unsullied fell;
But left a record which the South
Will never blush to tell.

The banner of that knightly race
Which, "since the days of old,"
Kept Freedom's consecrated fire
"Alight in hearts of gold;"
Who rode with Hampton's chivalry,
And followed Robert Lee;
And who, "though rarely hating ease,"
Yet died for liberty.

When tyranny dared touch our rights,
It blazed upon the breeze,
On mountain high and lowland wide,
And on the distant seas;
And rallying round its flaming folds,
The sons of freedom rose
In ranks invincible, and hurled
Defiance to our foes!

It waved above a thousand fields,
By valor sanctified;
And dauntless heroes when they fell
Embraced it e'er they died.
Brave women kissed its crimson folds,
When wrapped around their dead,
And pressed it to their breaking hearts,
Wet with the tears they shed.

Full half a century has passed
Since that bright flag was furl'd,
And still the echo of its fame
Is heard around the world.
Wherever war's dread tocsin sounds
And men go forth to fight,
They turn to where that banner waved
To catch its wondrous light;

To learn how Jackson led his men,
And how the noble Lee,
Though facing overwhelming odds,
Yet won the victory.
And shall we then forget the flag
That won such bright renown?
Or wear it as a priceless gem,
Set in our nation's crown!

If England honors Milton now,
And sets great Cromwell's bust
In hallowed fame, 'mid storied urns,
Beside her royal dust,
America will surely blend
The mighty fame of Lee
With all the story of her past,
And glory yet to be.

And with the fame of Lee entwined
This flag must ever stand,
The silent emblem of a faith
That glorified our land;
Reminder of stern Duty's voice,
That rules the noblest breast,
And when obeyed, though all is lost,
Can give the spirit rest.

And shall we cease to love the flag
Baptized with blood and tears,
And sanctified by all the ties
That to the heart endears?
Prove traitors to a mighty past,
And in oblivion hide
The memory of those we loved,
Who for our freedom died?

O ask the sun to cease to shine;
Ask night her stars to veil;
Ask of the winds no more to blow;
Ask ocean's tides to fail;
Ask rivers backward to return;
Ask mountains to remove;
But never ask the South to cease
This sacred flag to love!

But guard it with a jealous care,
Proud relic of a past
Whose splendid fame will stir men's hearts
As long as time shall last;
Relight the fires of liberty,
That gave this nation birth,
And keep them burning bright and clear,
While men shall dwell on earth!

"A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK."

"Word has been received from Washington, D. C., that James Harvey Tomb, Jr., has passed his entrance examinations for the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md. He is the son of Capt. William Victor Tomb, U. S. N., and a nephew of Capt. James Harvey Tomb, U. S. N. and grandson of Capt. James Hamilton Tomb, Confederate States navy."

This announcement will be of special interest to the old friends of Capt. James H. Tomb, of Jacksonville, Fla., one of the survivors of the Confederate navy, who writes that this shows he is as active in building up the United States navy in 1923 as he was in destroying it in 1863. His two sons have made fine records and are now commanding officers, and nothing less can be expected of the grandson with such examples before him.

CAPT. W. J. STONE—IN MEMORIAM.

Capt. William Johnston Stone was born June 26, 1841, in that part of Caldwell County, Ky., which later became Lyon County. His parents, Leasil and Nancy Killen Stone, were both born in Spartanburg District, S. C., and were brought to Kentucky in infancy. Thus he became heir to the Colonial and Revolutionary traditions which made that part of South Carolina distinctive.

Captain Stone was reared on a farm and had only the ordinary country school education of the ante-bellum boy. After the war he added to his store of knowledge both by books and by experience, until he was the peer of many men who had far more advantages.

At the age of twenty, in June, 1861, he began his service for the Confederate States by recruiting men, and went into camp at Bowling Green, Ky., about the 1st of September as a member of Company G, 1st Kentucky Cavalry. He was detached with his company and sent to Hopkinsville in October, 1861, seeing much active scout and picket duty between that place and the Ohio River. In January, 1862, he had pneumonia in an improvised hospital, but took part in the battle of Fort Donelson, February 14 and 15, and was not taken prisoner, escaping with others of his company.

After the exchange of other comrades in August, 1862, his company was reorganized. He was elected first sergeant, and was made drillmaster. The company applied for reinstatement in the cavalry service, and was placed in Gen. John H. Morgan's command, under Col. D. Howard Smith, until the disastrous raid into Ohio in July, 1863. Morgan was captured, but about three hundred of his men, of whom Captain Stone was one, escaped by swimming the Ohio River, which was at flood tide.

These men were reorganized with others and commanded by Col. R. M. Martin, the company being commanded by Capt. J. D. Kirkpatrick. After Morgan's escape from Columbus prison he was again in command and was ordered to move into Kentucky through Pound Gap in the Cumberland Mountains, and get in the rear of a heavy Federal force which was moving on Saltville, Va. By a successful movement they saved the salt works. With hard marching and fighting every day, they captured Hazel Green, Mt. Sterling, Winchester, Lexington, and Cynthiana, and the forces which held them, while still in advance of the Federal forces. On June 11, at Cynthiana, Captain Stone received his commission as captain from General Morgan, "for courage and gallantry in the execution of a most dangerous and difficult order in the battle of that morning." Captain Stone had several times been in command of his company, and had shown that executive ability which was a conspicuous quality of his later life.

On the 12th of June was fought the second battle of Cynthiana, in which, after a gallant charge, driving the Northern line half a mile, the Confederates were forced to retreat. Just here Captain Stone received a rifle ball through his right leg just below the hip joint, which resulted in the amputation of the leg some two months later. He lay on the field all day, and was removed to a church which had been turned into a hospital, where he was attended by Dr. Kellar, of the Confederate forces, and by good citizens of the town, a prisoner and a sorely wounded one.

He was not able to work until September, 1865, when he returned home and began the struggle to support himself and his aged father and mother. He studied law; but, owing to the age of his parents and their objection to his leaving them, he did not apply for license, and continued to farm.

In 1867, he was elected to represent Lyon and Caldwell counties in the legislature, and in 1875 he was elected to represent Lyon and Marshall counties, and was chosen Speaker of the House. In 1883, he was again a member of the legislature, and served as chairman of the Committee on State Prisons. As the result of his labors on this committee, the branch penitentiary at Eddyville was built, and the young convicts separated from older and more hardened criminals.

In 1884 he was elected to Congress from the First District of Kentucky, and was reelected for five terms. There he did great service in securing appropriations to improve the banks of the Mississippi River, also for a public building at Paducah, together with many improvements on the Ohio and the Cumberland rivers. He introduced into Congress the first bill ever written providing for the dissolution of trusts and making trusts unlawful, and also the first bill providing for the election of United States Senators by the people.

In 1899 he was a candidate for Governor of the State, and had he been nominated and elected, it is safe to say that Captain Stone, the gallant Confederate soldier and the courageous statesman, would have saved Kentucky from the darkest chapter in her history.

In 1910, after holding other offices in the United Confederate Veterans, Captain Stone was elected Commander of the Kentucky Division, with the rank of brigadier general, and kept this honorable place until his death, March 12, 1923. In March, 1912, he was appointed Examiner of Pensions, and in 1914, when the office of Commissioner of Confederate Pensions was created, he was appointed to this place, which he held with ability and administered with economy, justice,



CAPT. W. J. STONE.

and generosity until his last illness. The first year of his appointment the Attorney General of the State held the law unconstitutional. Obtaining consent of the Court of Appeals to argue the case, Captain Stone appeared for his department and for the veteran pensioners and successfully argued the case, being the only person not a lawyer to ever argue a case before that court.

He was married October 29, 1867, to Miss Cornelia Woodyard, of Cynthiana, who had been an angel of mercy in ministering to him as he lay on the battle field and in hospital. Their two daughters, Mrs. Sudie Snook, of Paducah, and Mrs. Willie Young, of Louisville, survive him. His wife died after thirty-nine years of married life, and on March 10, 1909, he was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, of Morganfield, Ky., who cared for him tenderly through his declining years, and who survives him.

Captain Stone lived a long and eminently useful life. Many joys and sorrows came to him, vicissitudes of fortune were his, but he met them all with unfailing courage, and lived a life that was successful far beyond the average human life. He was a member of the Baptist Church, a devoted Christian, a tender friend, a loving husband and father, an upright gentleman, an honest and efficient public servant, careful always of the name and the honor and the interest of his Confederate comrades, beloved and respected by men and women of all creeds and all political parties. It is hard to depict his noble character and distinguished service in general terms when the memory of his friends and associates is so full of concrete examples of his high ideals. He was the embodiment of all that was best in the Old South and a grand exemplar of the virtues and the ideals that are the heritage of the whole country.

For nine and fifty years he kept his long and true parole;
With steadfast mind and gallant heart was captain of his soul;
And through the marching years of peace embossed his battle
scroll
With manly virtues all his own, courage and self-control.

In his last tent he sleeps alone amid Kentucky's hills to-day;
Those western hills, a strong patrol, stand guard along the way
His comrades and commanders go with banners once so gay,
But drooping now, so slow they ride, the men who wore the
gray.

Hero in war and peace he lies, "the lion-hearted man,
Who wore his valor like a star, uncrowned"—Kentuckian
"Above his heart serene and still the folded stars and bars,
Above his head, like mother wings, the sheltering stripes and
stars."

[Mrs. W. T. Towler, Vice President Joseph H. Lewis
Chapter, U. D. C., Frankfort, Ky.]

GEN. THOMAS BENTON SMITH, OF TENNESSEE.

Of those choice spirits which made up the leaders and men of the Confederate army, there was none more daring, more gallant, more loyal than Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, of Tennessee, who not only gave four years of his young manhood to the cause of the South, but who, for over forty years of his later life, was in martyrdom because of an injury received in his service for the South. He was the last of Tennessee's Confederate generals, and the State honored him by having his body to lie in state in the hall of the House of Representatives, with a guard of honor; and there were held the last services before committing his body to the sacred soil within the shadow of the Confederate monument at Mount Olivet.

Thomas Benton Smith was the youngest of the general officers of Tennessee, and doubtless of the Confederate army. He entered the service at the age of twenty-three, enlisting as a private in May, 1861, as a member of Company B, 20th Tennessee Infantry, Joel Battle's Regiment, and was made its second lieutenant. His command took part in the battles of Rock Castle, Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Franklin, Nashville, and many other noted engagements. It was after Shiloh, where Colonel Battle was captured, that he was made colonel of the 20th Tennessee, which he led until he was made brigadier general in 1864. He was captured at the battle of Nashville when leading a desperate charge into the Federal lines, and it was while a prisoner there that he received the injury which clouded his life. He had been sent to the rear of the Federal lines, and was standing with some of his men who had been captured with him when a Federal officer approached and struck General Smith over the head repeatedly with his sword, notwithstanding the protest of the men with him, until the defenseless prisoner fell bleeding and unconscious. General Smith was attended by the Federal surgeon and sent to prison in Massachusetts, where he remained until after the close of the war. It is permissible to feel that retribution followed in the wake of the vindictive foe, for, in his last years, this officer, a Brigadier General McMillan, of Kentucky, on the story becoming known, was relieved of his official position in the G. A. R. Post in New Orleans and forced to surrender his membership; and it is told that he died in that city friendless and alone.

General Smith was a man of great personal magnetism, a born leader of men, none braver. In his report of the battle of Murfreesboro, General Breckinridge says: "Colonel Smith, commanding the Fourth Brigade, composed of the consolidated Tennessee Regiments and the 22nd Mississippi, was ordered forward and moved against the enemy in fine style." And Gen. William J. Hardee bears this testimony concerning Colonel Smith at the battle of Murfreesboro: "The 20th Tennessee, of Preston's Brigade, vainly endeavored near the river to carry a battery, and, after a heavy loss, including their gallant commander, Col. T. B. Smith, who was severely wounded, were compelled to fall back under cover." At the battle of Chickamauga he was again ready for duty, and at the opening of the Atlanta campaign in May, 1864, Colonel Smith was at the head of Tyler's Brigade, its gallant commander having been disabled. On July 29, 1864, he was commissioned brigadier general, his brigade embracing the 2nd, 10th and 20th Tennessee; the 37th Georgia; the 50th, 30th, and 37th Tennessee consolidated; and a Georgia battalion of sharpshooters. Throughout the battles of the Atlanta campaign, from Dalton to Jonesboro, General Smith led the old Tyler brigade and won new fame for himself and his command. He led it through the Tennessee campaign, taking part at Franklin, the siege of Murfreesboro, and at Nashville, on the fateful 16th of December, he was with his gallant men, fighting against overwhelming disaster until captured. General Bate said in his report that Smith bore himself with heroic courage, executing orders with zeal and alacrity.

There are now only two known survivors of Company B, 20th Tennessee, with which his career began as a soldier, Henry C. Guthrie, of Nolensville, Tenn., and R. S. Wright, Franklin, Tenn., both over their fourscore years. The survivors of the old 20th Regiment will miss the cheerful presence of their old commander when they next meet in annual reunion in Nashville, for these annual gatherings were to him most enjoyable, and he was always present to call the roll of his old company, which he could give from memory.

OVER THE STONE WALL AT GETTYSBURG.

BY IDA LEE JOHNSTON. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Many histories of the War between the States have been written giving credit alike to men on both sides of that awful conflict, men whose deeds of valor have handed down a halo of glory to their own memories and to their country. And yet, perhaps, the names of some of the most courageous will always remain unhonored and unsung.

The name of Lieut. John A. I. Lee, Company C, of the 28th Virginia Regiment, the first man in Pickett's Division to cross the stone wall in that unparalleled charge at Gettysburg, has never, so far as known, been so mentioned except in a historical sketch entitled "Craig's Share in the War between the States," published a few years ago in New Castle, Craig County, Va., by Chapter 121 U. D. C. The story, however, was told many times in my presence by Lieutenant Lee himself, and has been corroborated by several eyewitnesses; one of them, John J. Eakin, was still living when the sketch was published.

There is not more honor due the first man across that wall than the second or tenth, just a distinction, which justifies recognition.

The smallest county in Virginia, save one, shut out and in by her mountains, with no railroad facilities at that time, and with the smallest number of slaves to furnish a mercenary reason for fighting, Craig ranks with the foremost in the number of men furnished to the Confederate cause, over seven hundred having marched from her borders. Three whole companies (B, C, and K) went from this small county, two hundred and sixteen of that number belonging to Companies C and B of the 28th Virginia Regiment, and the remainder to Company K of the 46th. There was no battle from First Manassas to Appomattox fought by the Army of Northern Virginia in which Craig men did not face the enemy and leave a conspicuous record for the honor of their posterity.

In all great wars involving the destiny of nations, it is neither the number of battles nor the names, nor the loss of life that remains fixed in the mind of the masses; but simply the one decisive struggle which, either in its immediate or remote sequence, closes the conflict.

Of the hundred battles of the great Napoleon, Waterloo lingers in the memory. The Franco-Prussian War, so fraught with changes to Europe, presents but one name that will never fade—Sedan. In the great World War, Belleau Wood and Chateau Thierry mark the end of Prussianism and the beginning of democracy. In our own country, how few battles of the Revolution we can enumerate; but is there a child that does not know that Bunker Hill sounded the death knell of English rule in our land?

And now, fifty-eight years since one of the greatest conflicts of modern times was closed at Appomattox, how many can we recall readily of the scores of blood-stained battle fields on which our neighbors fought and fell? But is there one, old or young, cultured or ignorant, of the North or the South, who does not remember Gettysburg? All recall its first day's Federal defeat and its second day's terrible slaughter around Little Round Top; but in the third day, the charge by Pickett and his Virginians, we have the culmination of the War between the States. It took two terrible years longer for the North to drain the lifeblood of the South, but never again did the wave of hope and enthusiasm rise so gallantly high in our soldiers as when it beat upon the crest of Cemetery Ridge.

The charge of the noble Six Hundred, the fearful onslaught of the Guards at Waterloo, the scaling of Lookout Mountain

have all been handed down to us in song and story; but they are all pale beside the glory that will ever enshroud those heroes who, with perhaps not literally "cannon to right of them" and "cannon to left of them," but with a hundred cannon belching forth death in front of them, hurled themselves into the center of a great army and had victory almost within their grasp.

In order to understand how it was possible for Lieut. J. A. I. Lee, a youth of twenty-four, to be first of those gallant Virginians to follow their noble leader over the wall, we must go back to the evening of the 2nd of July, 1863.



LIEUT. JOHN A. I. LEE, C. S. A.

The victorious Southerners, fresh from their triumph at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, had entered the North carrying consternation and dismay to every hamlet. Their forward march was unopposed, and it was not until the 1st of July that they met their old foe, the Army of the Potomac, about two miles west of Gettysburg, Pa., and engaged there in battle. The Federal troops were literally

driven into and through the town, pursued by the victorious Confederates.

The second day's conflict was a terrible slaughter, and at its close the Federal army, although holding its position, was to a certain extent disheartened. Many of their best generals and commanding officers were dead or wounded, and scores of regiments and batteries were nearly wiped out. General Sickles's line was broken and driven in, and its position was held by General Longstreet. Little Round Top, the key of the position, was held only at a frightful loss of life.

The morning of the 3rd of July opened clear and bright, and one hundred thousand men faced each other awaiting the signal of conflict; but, except the pushing of Ewell from his position, the hours passed on, relieved only by the rumbling of artillery carriages as they were massed by General Lee upon Seminary Ridge.

General Lee ascended the cupola of the Pennsylvania College, in quiet surveyed the Union lines, and decided to strike for Hancock's center. Meanwhile General Pickett, with his three Virginia brigades, had arrived from Chambersburg and taken cover in the woods of Seminary Ridge.

What General Lee's feelings must have been as he looked at the hundred death-dealing cannon massed on Cemetery Hill, then at the fifty thousand men awaiting patiently in front and behind them, men whose valor he knew well in many a bitter struggle, and then looked at his own handful of brave Virginians—three small, decimated brigades—which he was about to hurl into that vortex of death, no one will ever know. Here were five thousand men waiting to achieve victory where only the day before ten thousand had been maimed or killed in the same futile endeavor.

Leaving the college, General Lee called a council of his generals at Longstreet's headquarters, and the plan of attack was formed. The attack was to be opened with artillery fire to demoralize and batter the Federal line, and was to be opened by a signal of two shots from the Washington Artillery. At half-past one the first gun rang out on the still summer air, followed a minute later by the second, and then came the

oar and flash of one hundred and thirty-eight Confederateannon. Almost immediately one hundred Federal guns responded, and the battle had begun. Shot and shell tore through the air, crashing batteries and tearing men and horses to pieces. The very earth seemed to shake and the hills to reel as the terrible thunder reëchoed among them. For nearly an hour every conceivable form of ordnance known to the gunnery of that period hissed and shrieked, whistled and screamed as it went forth on its mission of death, till, exhausted by excitement and heat, the gunners slackened their fire and silence reigned again.

Then General Pickett and his men—who have been called “the flower of the Southern army”—stood up and formed for the death struggle. He had three remnants of brigades, consisting of Garnett’s Brigade, the 8th, 18th, 19th, 28th, and 6th Virginia; Armistead’s Brigade, the 9th, 14th, 38th, 53rd, and 57th Virginia; Kemper’s Brigade, the 1st, 3rd, 7th, 11th, and 24th Virginia. Their tattered flags bore the scars of a core of battles, and from their ranks the merciless bullet had already taken two-thirds their number. In compact ranks they marched, their front scarcely covering two of General Hancock’s brigades, with flags waving as if for a gala day.

General Pickett saluted General Longstreet and asked: “Shall I go forward, sir?” It is said that Longstreet turned away his head, when Pickett, with that proud, impetuous air which was characteristic of him, exclaimed: “Sir, I shall lead my division forward!”

The orders rang out: “Attention! Attention!” and the men, realizing that the end was near, cried out to their comrades: “Good-by, boys! Good-by!” Suddenly sounded the final order from Pickett himself, as his saber flashed from its scabbard, “Column, forward! Guide center!” and the remnants of the brigades of Kemper, Garnett, and Armistead moved toward Cemetery Ridge as one man.

Soon Pettigrew’s Division emerged from the woods and followed in echelon on Pickett’s left flank, and Wilcox, with his Alabama Division, moved out to support his right flank, in all, about fifteen thousand men.

“It was nearly a mile to the Union lines, and as they advanced over the open plain, the ranks thinning all the time, Garnett’s voice was heard above the roar of battle: ‘Faster, men, faster! We are almost there!’ Then he went down among the dead with the faith of a little child in his heart,” says Mrs. Pickett, in her book, “Pickett and His Men.”

“There was a muffled tread of armed men from behind, then a rush of trampling feet, and Armistead’s brigade from the rear closed up behind the front line. Their gallant leader, with his hat on the point of his sword, took Garnett’s place. Closer and closer they drew to the foe, till there remained only a bleeding remnant.”

Garnett’s men, though led by Armistead, were still in the front rank, as on they rushed toward the stone wall where the Federal batteries were pouring forth their death missiles. A hundred yards away a flanking force came down on a run, halted suddenly and fired into the line a deadly storm of musketry, plowing great lanes through their solid ranks; but they closed up to “Guide center!” as if on dress parade. Pickett halted his division amidst a terrible fire of shot and shell and changed his direction. It is unexplainable how those men could have advanced a mile under the terrific fire of a hundred cannon, every inch of air being laden with missiles of death.

John J. Eakin, Company C, was the standard bearer of the 28th Virginia Regiment. Three times he was wounded, the third time so severely that he relinquished the flag into the

hands of a comrade named Graybill, who had advanced only a few steps when he was shot dead. Colonel Allen, commander of the 28th, picked up the flag which had fallen from Graybill’s hand and handed it to Lieut. John A. I. Lee. He had carried it only a few paces when its folds were riddled by bullets.

In splendid formation they marched bravely on till within range of the musketry. Then the blue line of Hancock’s Corps poured into their ranks a murderous fire.

With a wild yell Armistead pushed the remnants of his, Garnett’s, and Kemper’s brigades right up to the Federal lines. Without orders, for there was not much order then, Lieutenant Lee sprang forward and mounted the stone wall, waving the old flag which had heartened the men in so many battles. Just as he jumped over the wall, the flag was shot out of his hand and it fell backward across the wall.

Armistead, sword in hand, had gone over the wall, crying: “Come on, boys, come on.” They came, and laid hold upon eleven cannon. The second corps fell back behind the guns to allow the use of grape and double canister, and as it tore through the Confederate ranks at only a few paces distant the dead and wounded were piled in ghastly heaps. They were literally blown away from the cannon’s mouth, but the survivors did not waver.

Just before the dauntless Armistead was shot, he placed his flag upon a captured cannon and called to his men: “Give them the cold steel, boys!”

Then pandemonium reigned supreme. Men fired into each other’s faces; there were bayonet thrusts, cutting with sabers, hand-to-hand contests, oaths, curses, yells, and hurrahs.

Lieutenant Lee fell, wounded, just over the stone wall, and he was lying there still waving the broken flag and trying to break his sword, when a big burly German, belonging to a Michigan brigade, commanded him, sworn drawn, to surrender. A comrade of Lieutenant Lee’s, seeing his plight, dispatched the German with his bayonet. They were both captured, of course. Lieutenant Lee was sent to a Federal prison on Johnson’s Island, where he remained amid its horrors until the close of the war. The flag is still preserved in a Michigan museum as one of the trophies of the war.

When the undaunted Southerners saw the enemy running and leaving their breastworks unguarded, they supposed that Pickett’s Division had again been victorious; but it was only General Meade’s first line that ran, and it is common knowledge that he had seven others behind it.

Valor could do no more. The handful of braves had won for themselves and their division immortality, but could not conquer an army.

Pickett, seeing his supports gone, his generals—Kemper, Garnett, and Armistead—killed or wounded, every field officer of three brigades gone, three-fourths of his men killed or captured, himself untouched but heartbroken, gave the order for retreat; but, band of heroes that they were, they fled not. Amidst that still continuous fire they slowly, sullenly recrossed the plain, only a handful left of the five thousand.

Thus ended the greatest charge known to modern warfare. It was made in a most unequal manner against a great army and amidst the most terrific cannonade known in wars; and yet so perfect was the discipline, so audacious the valor, that had this handful of Virginians been properly supported they would, perhaps, have rendered the Federal position untenable and possibly have established the Southern Confederacy.

THE ALABAMA.

(Prize essay by Miss Ruby S. Thornberry, Jacksonville, Fla., for the Hyde Medal, 1922.)

When Admiral Semmes received instructions to take charge of the Alabama, he was at Nassau. He then bore the title of captain and was third in rank in the Confederate navy.

Proceeding to Liverpool on the Bahama, he arrived there shortly after the Alabama had sailed for the place of rendezvous, Island of Terceira. After a few days' stay at Liverpool, making his financial arrangements and gathering together as many as possible of the officers who had served on the Sumter, he left on the Bahama to join the Alabama as planned.

As he approached the vessel, he looked at her with no little interest, and it was with deep admiration, which later ripened into love, that he claimed his "sea bride." In describing her, he said: "She was a perfect ship of her class; her model was of the most perfect symmetry, and she sat the water with the lightness of a swan."

After everything was in readiness for a cruise, on a bright Sunday morning in August of the year 1862, the Alabama steamed out, the Bahama accompanying her. When the vessels were a league from land, they anchored and the christening ceremony, which was short but most impressive, took place. All the officers were in full uniform, the crew neatly dressed. After all hands had been summoned on deck, Captain Semmes, mounted on a gun carriage, read first the commission from President Jefferson Davis appointing him captain, then the order from Secretary of the Navy Mallory directing him to assume command of the Alabama, all standing with heads uncovered. While the reading was going on an observer might have seen two small balls ascending, one to the peak and the other to the main royal masthead; these were the ensign and pennant of the new man-of-war. The Alabama still carried the English flag, which was placed upon her in the shipyard where she was built, and bore the name "290," being the two hundred and ninetieth ship turned out by the Lairds of Birkenhead.

When the reading was finished, the captain gave a signal by waving his hand, a gun was fired, the halliards by which the balls were sent aloft were given a sudden jerk, which caused the flag and pennant to unfurl and float to the breeze. At the same instant, a quartermaster struck the English colors, and the "290" became the "Alabama," amid loud cheers from officers and men; the band played Dixie, the Bahama fired a gun and cheered the flag, and thus was the little warship christened.

The Alabama was a barkentine, 230 feet long, 32 feet in breadth, with a depth of 20 feet. She had a 300-horsepower engine, and an apparatus for condensing sea water and furnishing an adequate supply of fresh water at will. She was both a sailing and a steam vessel, and neither mode of navigation was dependent on the other. Her armament consisted of eight guns, six 32-pounders on broadside, two pivot guns amidship.

The Alabama proved to be a very fast ship, and none of the ships to which she gave chase were able to outrun her, not even the Contest, which was one of the most famous clipper ships known and which the Alabama captured after an exciting chase. The Alabama was also seaworthy; she passed through a most terrible cyclone in the Gulf Stream on October 16, 1862, which lasted over two hours.

Hoping to strike a blow at Bank's expedition against Texas, Captain Semmes sailed from the Island of Blanquilla for the

coast of Texas, but, arriving in the Gulf of Mexico several weeks before Banks was expected, he cruised around Cuba. A number of prizes were taken, and on the 6th of December, 1863, a California steamer was sighted by the lookout, but she was not the treasure ship Captain Semmes hoped to intercept. As the Alabama passed in the wake of the steamer, opera glasses were brought to bear on her, and she was being admired as a United States gunboat, when suddenly the Federal flag was hauled down and the Confederate hoisted. At the same instant, a blank cartridge was fired. The effect of the gun and change of flags caused a panic on board the steamer; men ran hither and thither and ladies screamed. The steamer not halting, it was necessary to use force, so aim was taken at the steamer's foremast, a part of which was carried away. This brought the vessel to a standstill. It proved to be the steamer Ariel, with five hundred women and children on board. The boarding officer reporting the state of alarm among the ladies, Captain Semmes's tender heart was touched, and he resolved to quiet their fears. Knowing the nature of the gentler sex, he sent for his handsomest lieutenant, had him put on his best uniform, select the best sword, loaned him his own new boat, and told him to go to the Ariel and coax the ladies into smiles. "O," said the young man, his air of coxcombery amusing the captain, "I'll be sure to do that, sir. I never knew a fair creature who could resist me more than fifteen minutes."

On his return, he related how the ladies, at first much alarmed, when he told them that he had been sent by his captain to assure them that the officers and men of the Alabama were not the pirates and robbers they had been led to believe, that they were in the hands of Southern gentlemen, and were perfectly safe, drying their eyes, crowded around him, and when he engaged in conversation with some of the youngest and prettiest, first one and then another asked for a button off his coat as a souvenir, so that he returned to the Alabama minus every button.

The Ariel being a kind of white elephant on his hands, Captain Semmes released her under ransom bond, Captain Jones, of the Ariel, stating that Mr. Vanderbilt, who owned the steamer, would regard it as a debt of honor. The bond was never redeemed.

The recapture of Galveston from the enemy changed Banks's plans. Captain Semmes had not heard of this, and it was only when he saw what looked like five steamers off the coast of Texas, and one of them firing on Galveston, that he learned Galveston was again in the hands of the Confederates.

He knew he could not engage five ships, each about equal to his own, and was undecided what to do, when the lookout announced that one of the steamers was chasing them. This was a new experience for the Alabama; she had hitherto done the chasing. Captain Semmes drew the steamer away from the rest of the fleet to a distance of about twenty miles, when the ships came within speaking distance of each other. He was asked by the stranger, "What ship is that?" Replying, "This is her Britannic Majesty's ship Petrel," the same question was asked the other ship. The reply came over the water: "This is the United States ship —," the name not being understood. The captain of the United States ship signifying a desire to send a boat to the Alabama, apparently to verify her claims as to being a British ship, Captain Semmes said he would be glad to receive them, but at the same time he had Lieutenant Kell to call out in his powerful voice through the megaphone, or trumpet: "We are the Confederate States steamer Alabama." With that the United States ship made ready for action, and in just thirteen

minutes after the firing of the first gun, the enemy hoisted a flag and fired an off-gun as a signal of surrender. As the ship was in a sinking condition, Captain Semmes sent all his boats to her rescue, and brought off the captain and entire crew. When the captain came on board the Alabama and surrendered his sword, it was learned that the ship which the Alabama had sunk was the Hatteras, Captain Blake.

On Sunday, the 19th of June, 1864, the Alabama was in the English Channel off Cherbourg. Captain Semmes, having summoned his crew, mounted a gun carriage as he did on the Sunday morning of the christening of the Alabama, and for the second time addressed them in a formal way:

"Officers and Seamen of the Alabama: You have at length another opportunity of meeting the enemy, the first time that has been presented to you since you sank the Hatteras! In the meantime, you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say that you have destroyed and driven for protection under neutral flags, one-half of the enemy's commerce, which, at the beginning of the war covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud, and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it. The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends. Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? [Here the address was broken into by the enthusiastic response from many voices of 'Never!' Never!'] The thing is impossible! Remember that you are in the English Channel, the theater of so much of the naval glory of our race, and that the eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young republic who bids defiance to her enemies whenever and wherever found. Show the world that you know how to uphold it! Go to your quarters."

The Kearsarge, the United States ship which she was about to engage, had some advantage of the Alabama in size, the range of her guns, and number of her crew, but the disparity was not so great that it might not have been overcome in a fair fight; but will anyone say it was a fair fight, this fight between a wooden and an ironclad ship, for the Kearsarge, although appearing to be a wooden vessel like the Alabama, was fully protected against shot and shell. Captain Winslow had hung all of his spare anchor cable over the midship section of the Kearsarge on either side and covered it with inch deal boards. Notwithstanding this, thirty minutes after the engagement commenced, the Kearsarge received what would have been her death blow if the rap on the percussion shell which the Alabama had lodged near her stern post, where the ship was unprotected by chains, had exploded, but the ammunition had become impaired by long exposure to the atmosphere.

After the fight had lasted an hour and ten minutes, and the Alabama had struck the Kearsarge many times, apparently without doing any damage on account of the shirt of mail it wore beneath its outer garment—to use the figure of two men fighting a duel—the Alabama was in a sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in her side and having made a large aperture through which the water poured rapidly. Although the ships were only about four hundred yards from each other, the Kearsarge fired five times at the Alabama after her colors were struck, and but for the good offices of the Deerhound, owned by Mr. John Lancaster, of Lancashire, England, more than half the crew would have perished. Ten brave men were allowed to drown, among them Bartelli, the Italian steward, of whom Captain Semmes was quite fond, and the surgeon, young Dr. D. H. Llewellyn, of Wiltshire, England, a grandson of Lord Herbert.

The Hatteras was sunk at night, yet all the officers and

crew, numbering over a hundred, were saved. The Alabama was sunk in broad daylight, the enemy's ship close by, and yet ten men were allowed to drown.

The Alabama did not fall into the enemy's hands. She fought and fought until she was mortally wounded and could fight no more, and then found her burial place not far from the place of her birth. There also, close to her remains, lies the sword of Captain Semmes, for, before casting himself into the sea from the sinking ship, he hurled his sword beneath the waves. Another sword, costly and magnificent, with appropriate naval and Southern devices, was presented to him by the officers of the British army and navy as a mark of appreciation of his valor and seamanship, and, at the same time, a beautiful silk Confederate flag, the work of her own hands, was presented to him by an English lady of rank.

The Alabama and Admiral Semmes are no more, but what was accomplished by the gallant ship, commanded by her most capable, kindly, and genial captain, will live in the hearts of the Daughters of the Confederacy and all true Southerners forever.

WHY THE BRIDGE WASN'T DESTROYED.

BY JAMES H. TOMB, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Special orders of Major General Jones, C. S. A., to Chief Engineer J. H. Tomb, C. S. N., to proceed to Augusta, Ga., for duty interesting torpedo boats:

"HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
"CHARLESTON, S. C, November 22, 1864.

"J. H. Tomb, C. S. N., having reported at these headquarters in obedience to instruction from Flag Officer Tucker, will proceed without delay to Augusta, Ga., and carry into execution the special instruction given him by the major general commanding.

By command of Maj. Gen. Sam Jones.

CHARLES S. STRINGFELLOW,
Assistant Adjutant General."

These orders were to cover the blowing up of the Oconee River bridge when it was thought General Sherman was advancing on Augusta instead of Savannah, and his instructions were verbal. I was to report to the commanding general at Augusta, who would furnish what I wanted and also transfer material later to the bridge.

When I arrived at Augusta, General Bragg was in command, so I was informed, and it was some days before I could get what I needed and have it transported to the river. We left Augusta in a large wagon containing our ammunition, etc. Major Dixon, of the Quartermaster Department, and a small guard went along. Arriving at a small place called Mayfield, we heard that General Kilpatrick was between Atlanta and the bridge. I sent the guard forward to see if it was clear, as I did not care to be captured with our layout, and as the guard never returned, I decided that they were captured and that Kilpatrick was on this side of the river, which I found out was so. Major Dixon and I decided it was best to try to return to Augusta to keep our ammunition, etc., so we struck off from the main road across the country, but got stuck in a branch. I sent Sergeant Johnson back to Mayfield to get two mules to help pull us out, and he returned with the information that the man in charge would not let him have them. I went back with him. The wife of the man was leading a horse, and she did all the talking, saying we were "just like Wheeler's cavalry, who took all the fodder for their horses and drank all the buttermilk." I found a bright-looking darkey and told him to go along with the sergeant and bring out those mules.

He did so, and was a great help in getting us out of the branch and back to Augusta. The *lady* told me that Joe Brown, the Governor, was a bigger man than Davis, etc. I felt like taking her along with the mules to Augusta, but the major said no, as we had the mules we could get along without the woman; besides, she might make trouble with the ammunition. She was certainly the limit, and the first and only woman I ever heard make a disrespectful remark about President Davis.

When we got back from the road, our commissary gave out, and we depended on forage. Along a sidetrack of the railroad, we saw a number of box cars filled with women and children, all refugees from other sections; we saw a piano in one end of a car and a cow in the other end. Yet they were all cheerful and confident we would come out victors. The women of the Confederacy were wonderful in every way.

About noon we struck a log cabin in the woods, and there were two small boys chewing sugar cane; the mother came to the door and Dixon asked if she could give us a meal, that we would pay for it, etc. Major Dixon and the sergeant both had overcoats furnished by the Yanks, and I also had on a blue overcoat, and she evidently took us for Yanks. She told the Major she had nothing but bacon. The Major said, "Tomb, that is a bright boy," and I said they each had something in them—cane juice. The mother heard the Major and came to the door, saying: "If you gentlemen will wait, I will fry you a chicken." *We waited.* The Major was a success. After crossing the Oconee bridge, General Kilpatrick turned toward Savannah.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 2.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMEY, ALA.

At this late date the only advantage that may be derived from the discussion of this great battle is to seek and point out the mistakes which were made during its progress and which resulted in the defeat of the Confederate army. In doing this no greater service will accrue than to point out and make clear the great obstacles which confronted that body of gallant men. Most writers have contented themselves with treating the battle from a military standpoint—that is, the movements and achievements of the armies as a whole, or the failure as a whole, and but little of the detailed facts have been given. A full description of the natural obstacles by which they were confronted and the great odds in men and material encountered by the Confederate army have not been fairly set forth. Many articles have been written by persons not in harmony with the Confederate soldiers. The eyes and brains of such were blinded by a thick dust of prejudice. Caustic prejudice has prevented them from treating the subject from an impartial view. None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.

Governed by their intense bias, such writers are incapable of discerning and promoting any fact that will redound to the glory of their brave opponents. In the eyes of such, Confederates are rebels and traitors and deserve no consideration. These writers have industriously distorted nearly every fact handled by them that would tend to add to the magnificent purpose and gallantry of the Confederate soldier. Possibly this writer is not free from the faults he is charging against others who have written solely of the virtues of the Federal soldiers and defamed the Confederate soldier. The one they eulogize as patriots in driving back the hated invader, the other is denominated a rebel, engaged in the illegitimate purpose of destroying the government. When the

first crosses the line of a State of the Confederacy, he is not a hated invader, but a patriot engaged in saving the Union, though he may kill the Southerner in his own home and appropriate his entire sustenance. Circumstances alter cases.

The purpose of the writer of this article is not to defame the Federal soldiers who opposed the Confederates at Gettysburg, nor to magnify or distort the facts as to the necessary efforts of the writer and his colleagues to surmount the huge natural obstacles encountered, and to overcome the immense odds which were launched against them at all points, but to give the facts as shown by the record. Under all the rules of the game, the Confederate army should have won the battle of Gettysburg. That there was blundering, or a failure of some one or more in authority to discharge their full duty, I have never doubted. This part of the subject will receive attention again.

For years after the collapse of the Confederate government, the surviving Confederate soldiers, as a whole, were too busy in efforts to repair their fallen fortunes and to provide for their dependents to devote time to establishing the facts concerning their great effort to set up a government for themselves. Besides, those who had overwhelmed them on the battle field, or their friends, were putting the thumbscrews to them, through their legislative halls, in their efforts to push them into the pit of destruction, subjecting them to bitter oppression by adventurers, familiarly known as "carpetbaggers," who held sway through power placed, by the forms of law, in the negro ex-slaves. This condition and period, however, contains ample material for a separate story.

It is on record from Colonel Oates, of the 15th Alabama Infantry Regiment, subsequently Congressman, Governor, and brigadier general in the United States army, that after the battle ended on the 1st of July, a little before sunset, General Lee, with Maj. Gen. Isaac R. Trimble, climbed into the cupola of Pennsylvania College, which stands in the northern suburbs of the town of Gettysburg, and surveyed the surroundings. He then ordered Trimble to find a practical road to carry the artillery around to the right, to which he proposed transferring Ewell's Corps during the night.

The Federal troops had fallen back to the commanding position known as Cemetery Hill, south of Gettysburg, and quickly showed a formidable front there. Ewell received a message from General Lee to attack it if he could do so to advantage. He could not bring artillery to bear on it, all his troops present were jaded by twelve hours of marching and fighting, and he was notified that Johnson's Division, which had not been engaged, was close to the town. With the latter he determined to seize Culp's Hill to his left, commanding Cemetery Hill.

Before Johnson reached the scene, however, a report reached Ewell that Federal troops were moving to outflank his left, and before he had completed his investigation of the report, and placed Johnson in position, the night was far advanced. He received orders from General Lee, soon after dark, to draw his corps to the right, in case it could not be used to advantage where it was; Lee stated that he thought from the nature of the ground, the position for attack was a good one on the west side. Ewell represented to Lee that Culp's Hill was unoccupied by Federal troops, according to the report of his scouts, and that it commanded the Federal position on Cemetery Hill and made it untenable. Under these representations, Lee decided to let Ewell remain.

In the meantime, during Ewell's delay to investigate the report that the enemy was moving to outflank his left, the

Federal general, Hancock, who had been dispatched to the field of activity by Meade, commanding the Federal army, cast his military educated eyes to Culp's Hill and Little Round Top, and quickly detected the importance of both positions, and immediately ordered Wadsworth's Division, of the First Federal Army Corps to take possession of Culps Hill; and, as soon as the Twelfth Federal Army Corps reached the scene, Early's Division of that corps was ordered to occupy Little Round Top.

Hence, when Johnson formed his division to move upon Culp's Hill, and sent a reconnoitering party to investigate conditions on that hill, they found it occupied, and the superior Federal forces encountered captured a large part of the reconnoitering party. Thus the night was spent in futile efforts of investigation, and Ewell decided, as day was breaking, that it was too late for any change of place. This was a fatal mistake. It resulted in extending the Confederate line to such length that it was impracticable to communicate with troops on other portions of the line, and any effort to do so was readily seen by the troops of the enemy. All the efforts of Ewell's Corps during the assaults of the second and third days of July were expended in futile efforts to scale the imregnable heights which confronted it.

Brig. Gen. E. Porter Alexander, of the Confederate army, says, in his excellent work, "Reminiscences of a Confederate," that "no orders whatever were given to Longstreet on the evening of July 1." This corroborates Longstreet's statement. On a reconnoissance of Col. A. L. Long, of Lee's staff, under instructions of General Lee, he found Cemetery Ridge occupied by a considerable Federal force. This condition being reported to General Lee, he decided to make no farther advance on the evening of the 1st of July. According to General Long, General Lee turned to Generals Longstreet and Hill, who were present, and said: "Gentlemen, we will attack the enemy in the morning as early as practicable." Lee does not refer to the time of giving orders for the movement and beginning of the attack in his report.

General Alexander further states that after Longstreet's column got under way, and was halted because of its exposure to the Federal signal station on Little Round Top, it caused the opening of the battle to be delayed for at least two hours. That the exposed point had been previously avoided by his artillery by turning through a meadow, leaves a strong inference that the column of infantry could easily have done the same thing and saved the lost time. But, after some delay, orders came to the infantry to countermarch and follow a road by the way of Black Horse Tavern. Longstreet disclaims being responsible for this delay, as the column was being conducted by the engineers of General Lee's staff.

The Sixth Federal Army Corps is credited with a record march of thirty-five miles continuously to reach the battle field. Pickett's Division and Law's Brigade of Hood's Division, both of Longstreet's Corps, are also entitled to credit for making continuous record marches to reach the battle field. The prompt manner in which the troops of both armies moved to the point of concentration, after the initial battle took place on the 1st of July, will always be looked upon with commendation by impartial students of the history of this battle. The two brigades of cavalry left on picket in the gaps of the mountains in Virginia by Stuart appear to have been the most tardy, because their commander failed to understand his instructions and consequently did not know what was expected of him.

In discussing Stuart's proposed movement to cross the Potomac River east of the Federal army, Longstreet said to Stuart: "Please advise me of the condition of affairs

before you leave, and order General Hampton, whom I suppose you will leave here in command, to report to me at Millwood, either by letter or in person, as may be most agreeable to him." From this request of Longstreet, it is evident he preferred Hampton should be left in command of the cavalry on picket in the Virginia gaps. This, of course, was because of Hampton's well known efficiency in the discharge of all such duties committed to his care. This writer has no doubt that it would have been better for the cause. No one was better acquainted with Hampton's efficiency than Stuart himself, and, hence, Stuart preferred to have him near and a part of his own expedition. Hampton, no doubt, would have left the gaps promptly on the disappearance of the Federal troops and followed the Confederate army, and, in all probability, would have reached the vicinity of the army in time to be of inestimable value to it. The troops were found by a messenger, sent by General Lee after the first day's battle, four days after the Federal troops had disappeared from their front, near Martinsburg, hardly more than a day's march from where they were posted, and did not reach the vicinity of the battle field until July 3rd, six days after the Federal troops disappeared from their front, and near the close of that great battle.

When the Confederate assault began late in the evening of the 2nd of July, Ewell's Corps was posted on the left of the Confederate line, Johnson's Division, of that corps, occupied its left and confronted the north and east of Culps Hill; Early's Division was in the center, his left connecting with Johnson's right and confronting the open space between Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill, and the north front of the latter; Rodes held position on Early's right, his line extending westward along a street of the town and part of it occupying Seminary Ridge. Hill's Corps was posted along Seminary Ridge, Pender's Division joining Rodes's right, forming a sharp angle and extending in a southerly direction along the high ground nearly parallel with the Emmitsburg road, and joining the left of Anderson's Division of Hill's Corps. Heth's Division of the same corps was held in reserve. When Longstreet completed his movement toward the Federal left flank, his left, McLaw's Division, connected with Anderson's right, his line following the high ground nearly parallel with the Emmitsburg road; Hood's Division, of the same corps, joined McLaws's right and continued the Confederate line which ended in Law's Brigade, posted on the extreme right of Longstreet's line, and right of the Confederate army. The whole of Hood's Division was confronted by the precipitous, rugged western slope of Round Top, the depression between Round Top and Little Round Top, and craggy Devil's Den, with its numerous and immense boulders.

Confronting the Confederate lines were Wadsworth's Division, of the First Federal Army Corps, and the Twelfth Army Corps, commanded by Slocum, holding the Federal right, Culps Hill and the space between Culps Hill and Cemetery Hill; Barlow's, Schurz's, and Steinwehr's divisions of the Eleventh Corps, commanded by Howard, and Robinson's and Doubleday's divisions of the First Corps on Cemetery Hill; extending thence south along Cemetery Ridge were the three divisions of Hancock's Second Corps. Confronting Hill and Longstreet along the Emmitsburg road was the division of Humphrey of the Third Corps, which connected with Birney's Division, of the same corps, by an acute angle at the Peach Orchard, the latter division extending back toward Little Round Top. The Fifth Corps was near by in reserve, and the Sixth Corps reached the field about the time the battle opened.

MORGAN'S LAST RAID INTO KENTUCKY.

BY G. D. EWING, FATTONSBURG, MO.

The month of May, 1864, was a stressful time in the history of the Confederate government. It seemed to be near impossible to much longer hold in check the vast armies which had been gathered by the Washington government from many quarters of the earth and welded into a heterogeneous composite of an army. But the leaders of the Confederate government were resourceful as well as being fully imbued with the spirit of liberty. The entire army, as also the people at home, was in full accord with the spirit of 1776. Much of the southern part of the country had already been overrun by the Federal armies, and there was danger of also losing Atlanta, Ga., and other valuable territory, which loss would menace the life of the Southern republic.

In order to check the farther advance of the enemy, President Davis had ordered General John H. Morgan, with his cavalry division, which was then near Abingdon, Va., to go through East Tennessee and reach the lines of communication and cripple them as far as possible. But Morgan asked permission to go through Kentucky in order to remount many of his men, and for the further purpose of obtaining recruits from that State, and to this request President Davis acceded.

I was a member of Company A, 4th Kentucky Cavalry, but some time had been transferred to brigade headquarters, with the rank of orderly sergeant, being in charge of the courier squad, and usually acting as an aid in carrying orders during battles. This was the first brigade of Morgan's Division; the second brigade was under command of Col. D. Howard Smith, both brigades being composed of Kentucky troops. We were living largely on blue beef and rice, without any of the necessary trimmings, and this was generously called half rations. Almost any change would be acceptable, but a trip through Kentucky was, of all others, most desired.

"Though the future was veiled,
And its fortunes unknown,
We impatiently waited
Till the bugles were blown."

The dismounted men of both brigades were placed under command of Col. Robert Martin, and numbered about eight hundred. Soon we were on the way to Wise County, Va., to enter Kentucky by way of Pound Gap, where there was a small command of Federals, who readily opened the way for our entrance to the home State—Kentucky. Our progress was necessarily slow on account of the dismounted men under Colonel Martin. Letcher County, Ky., was largely in sympathy with the South, and many of our men were from that and near-by counties; they were the best of soldiers. There was the home of fair women and brave men, and many other good things of life. We passed Whitesburg about the noon hour, and shortly thereafter a fine looking cavalier came to Colonel Giltner on the march and asked permission to pass our advanced guard, saying that he was the son of a widow who lived on the road and he wished to be with his people for a short time. The permit was readily given. I have not yet forgotten the exuberance of feeling which was manifested in the countenance of the fine young soldier as he rode away at increased speed. Some hours later we again saw him with two ladies, sitting near the roadside in the yard of their home. There had been quite a transformation in the appearance of our soldier comrade by means of a bath and a clean suit of clothes, which gave him more the appearance of a new recruit than a veteran. The older lady, evidently his mother,

was looking lovingly into the face of her boy, while the younger, his sister perhaps, was arranging his hair, which for lustrous beauty was something like that of young Absalom, son of King David. My next sight of this young man was under sadder circumstances.

Our march through the mountains was slow, owing to the men on foot and the bad roads. Mount Sterling was our first objective. Some of our scouts apprised Colonel Giltner that several Federal soldiers were at a near-by house of low repute, and he commanded me to take my courier body and go with this scout to capture these men. We soon had the little house surrounded and the three soldier visitors were our prisoners. They were from Indiana, and one of them, a bright young man, felt especially humiliated by being taken at such a place. From these men Colonel Giltner learned that there were three hundred soldiers at Mount Sterling under command of a major, and that there was also a lot of supplies and commissary stores at the place, which information was at once sent to General Morgan.

We reached Mount Sterling just as daylight was appearing, and this garrison put up a good fight, but their capture was soon effected. We lost two valuable captains in the fight, and it was generally believed that they were shot by citizens from their homes. Mount Sterling was noted for being the home of numerous bushwhackers. The Federals had a proportionate share of losses in that short fight. After our long march through the mountains, not having been feasted before we started, all commissary and other supplies captured were liberally used immediately, without much thankfulness to those furnishing them.

We rested for the remainder of that day, but late in the afternoon General Morgan took Colonel Smith's Brigade with him to Lexington, leaving Colonel Giltner's men and the dismounted troops to hold the place against the expected attack, Colonel Giltner remarking at the time of Morgan's departure that it was "a grievous mistake." It was known that General Burbridge had five thousand well equipped soldiers.

In our rapid advance on Mount Sterling the foot soldiers were left far in the rear, not reaching the place until late in the evening of our first day there. It seems that Burbridge had been ordered to advance into Virginia, presumably for the destruction of the salt works, and to damage the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad if possible. As soon as Morgan's advance into Kentucky was known, Burbridge was hastily recalled to assist in repelling this noted command of cavalry from the State. Just at daylight of the second day, Burbridge made his attack to recover Mount Sterling. By the aid of the citizens, he had flanked our guards and entered the town, our first intimation of his presence being the firing of his guns in the town. I was asleep, and first knew of it through Colonel Giltner's presence in my tent, and he directed me to go at once to Colonel Pryor, commanding the 4th Kentucky, and order him to stay the onslaught of the enemy until some formation could be made. I found that Colonel Pryor was wide awake to the situation, had his men in formation, and was making a bold stand to save the command from a great disaster. Burbridge had gained nearly all the brick buildings in the town, but seemed afraid to emerge from cover to attack us. Our loss in this second battle was very heavy, while we were unable to inflict like punishment on the enemy owing to their protection, we being without artillery. But our men held their exposed line without yielding a foot until ordered to fall back. About 10 A.M., Colonel Giltner ordered me to direct Colonel Pryor to withdraw his suffering

men. The 4th Kentucky was the most exposed, and consequently had the greatest loss. It was sad indeed to see so many of my old regiment killed or wounded, all caused by the oversanguine commander.

Our command was withdrawn without further casualties, and took the Winchester road to rejoin Morgan at Lexington. Before reaching Winchester, most of the foot soldiers had obtained horses. My horse, though a good one, had broken down, so, observing some horses in a pasture some distance away, I took two of my courier squad with me and proceeded to investigate the chance of being bettered by an exchange. We drove the horses to the barn lot and were looking them over when the owner came and demanded what we meant by driving in his horses. I told him that I was considering the propriety of trading my horse for one of his, and to this he responded that he had no horses to trade. I selected one of the best and soon had my outfit transferred, telling the old man that he was most benefited, as my horse when rested was worth much more than the one I was getting. Being a Kentucky farmer, he knew a good horse and seemed to be well pleased with the exchange, though he dryly remarked that after the war was over Morgan's men should become public administrators, as they could settle up a fellow's estate with so few questions.

At Lexington, General Morgan, with Smith's Brigade, had captured about eleven hundred horses which had been assembled there for the purpose of mounting a negro cavalry regiment, together with the equipage and all the trappings for the horses. It seemed to me that these fine Kentucky horses, with their intelligent instinct, would feel a degree of pride in carrying the chivalric cavaliers of Morgan rather than to be burdened with negroes, and not even representative class of that race. The change was creditable to the horses.

There was a fort in the suburbs of Lexington manned by negro troops under command of white officers, but we did not attempt to capture it, as it would not have justified the loss entailed upon our command by the effort. As the staffs of Morgan and Giltner were leaving Lexington, in passing through a grove of small locust trees, the guns of the fort, in easy range, opened fire on us, striking a tree about twenty feet above the ground, cutting it off. General Morgan was immediately under the tree and spurred his horse to avoid the falling top. He facetiously remarked that it seemed that the manners of the negroes had not been improved by Puritanical instruction, and no doubt their morals suffered in like proportion by evil associations.

We made a demonstration as though Frankfort was our objective point, but in reality it was Georgetown, where we were well received and cared for. About the middle of the afternoon we were again marching, this time on the Frankfort road. After going several miles, the columns were halted in the road for as much as one hour. A council of war was called by Morgan, quite a number of field officers taking part in this parley. It was here that the former plans were abandoned, having learned that large bodies of Federal troops had already reached Frankfort and other places had received large reinforcements, and it was decided to withdraw from the State as soon as possible. Returning to Georgetown, we took the road for Cynthiana, marching the rest of the day and all night to reach that place. Morgan had learned that there were as many as five hundred soldiers at Cynthiana and the usual good supplies. Upon ascending the hill on the west side of the town, it was seen that the troops were apprised of our coming and were going to defend the place.

It had been arranged at the council to move from Cynthiana to Augusta, thence to Maysville, and on to Big Sandy River, and into Virginia. But we had a fight on hand first at Cynthiana. The Federals made a good stand, but were soon all captured, with some losses on both sides. But here we learned that reinforcements, under Colonel Hobson, were momentarily expected from Cincinnati. As soon as the first fight was over, Colonel Giltner directed me to ride out on the railroad to a favorable place for observation and watch for the expected train with reinforcements. I had been at my point of observation only a short time when, some miles north, I saw black smoke arising as though from two trains running close together. I dismounted and concealed my horse in the bushes near by, and stationed myself in concealment where I could get something definite to report. There were two trains, the one in front coming in less than three hundred yards of where I was concealed, the rear train running up close to the first. As best I could I counted the coaches, and soon the men in blue began dismounting, almost as thick as bees from a hive at swarming time. I watched them for a short time so as to form an estimate of the number, then made haste to my horse and as quickly as possible reported to Giltner that I thought there were between 1,000 and 1,500 men. This rough estimate was not far from correct, as we ascertained by actual count afterwards that there were not quite 1,200 men. Giltner ordered me to go to Colonel Pryor, of the 4th Kentucky, and order him to form his men immediately to meet these new troops, who were under the command of General Hobson. The other units of the brigade were also notified.

General Morgan, with Colonel Smith's Brigade, had crossed Slate River so as to prevent their escape. It was Giltner's intention to so attack as to force them, in falling back, into the bend of the river, our wings resting on the river; with Morgan and Smith to guard the opposite side, their capture would be almost certain. The men were mostly ninety-day men, hastily gotten together by General Hobson to meet this special emergency, and they were without experience as fighting soldiers. The rapid onslaught and the wild rebel yell of our men was very different from the peaceful pursuits of their pastoral lives at home. General Hobson was an experienced and capable soldier, and had his seasoned troops of two thousand, which he expected soon, been on hand, the result might have been quite different. But our men steadily pressed them back into the bend of the river. With all chances of exit cut off, the trained mind of Hobson readily saw there was nothing for him but an unconditional surrender, which was soon accomplished. In this battle several of our soldiers were killed, but the losses with the old men unseasoned for war was much larger.

After the surrender of Hobson's men, I as had frequently been my habit, with one of the courier boys, filled our canteens with water and went over the battle field to as far as possible relieve the sufferings of the wounded and to properly lay the bodies of the dead that they might appear as natural as possible in *rigor mortis*. We attended to all alike, whether friend or foe. While performing this solemn duty, I noticed one of our men who had fallen in descending a depression in a charge upon the enemy during the last fight of the first day at Cynthiana. He was lying face downward, with hat off, which exposed his beautiful hair. I turned the body on the back and so placed it that his head would be higher than his feet, and in doing this I recognized in this boy my dying comrade, the handsome lad who only a few days before, on the headwaters of the Kentucky River, below Whitesburg,

had been with his widowed mother in the old home. He was still breathing, but unconscious, and as I washed his face with water from my canteen, his spirit took its flight. How vividly appeared the scene at his home as I had last seen him!

Our first day at Cynthiana, June 11, 1864, had been an eventful one, as well as a successful one on our part. We had captured more than fifteen hundred prisoners, besides a quantity of stores. Morgan's troops were armed with long-range Enfield rifles, while General Hobson's ninety-day men had guns much inferior. But the ammunition that we captured would not fit our guns. By some mistake the captured guns and ammunition were burned, and our almost constant fighting had well-nigh exhausted the ammunition for our Enfield rifles, which was quite disastrous in the next twenty-four hours. The men were almost worn out, and rested and slept as far as possible during the remainder of that day.

Near the middle of the afternoon, Colonel Giltner asked me to go with him to our picket line. I had known him for years before the war, and doubtless he talked with me in confidence more than is usual, considering the discrepancy in our official positions. He usually addressed me familiarly as "Ewing." As we started on this picket inspection trip, I noticed that he was more serious than usual, and he said to me: "Ewing, I very much fear there is a serious disaster not far ahead. General Morgan is a very likeable man, and a genius in raiding; but he is such an optimist. I have advised him to leave here at once, but he persists in remaining and fighting Burbridge's command with near-empty guns. In all probability, he will attack us by daylight to-morrow." We had made the rounds of the guard posts and had dismounted to rest our horses and ourselves, when General Morgan and some of his staff officers came up. Morgan asked Giltner if he had been out to the guard lines, and then said that he expected Burbridge would attack by early morning. Giltner replied that his men had no more than two rounds of ammunition per man, that he could not hold Burbridge long with so little ammunition, to which Morgan replied: "It is my order that you hold your position at all hazards; we can whip him with empty guns. The last was spoken with some asperity. He then left us. Morgan was an optimist and somewhat intoxicated with excessive enthusiasm; but he was a brave, generous man, held in high esteem by his soldiers.

Early the next morning, June 12, 1864, Burbridge made a rapid assault upon our lines. He was met with firmness, and thrown back with considerable loss. His force in men was nearly three to one. The second attack was soon made, and many of our men had but a single round with which to combat the foe. It was soon apparent to the enemy that our men were now helpless. Giltner ordered them to fall back slowly so as to maintain formation. But there was much confusion as they were falling back through the town in order to reach the bridge which spanned the river and led to the hills on the opposite side. Colonel Giltner ordered me to find Col. George M. Jessee's Battalion and direct him, as far as he could, to cover the retreat, his men not having used all their ammunition. In the *mélée* I finally found Jessee's Battalion, but Burbridge had gained the bridge. Our men were fording the river some distance below the bridge, but in easy range, and many of the men and horses were killed or wounded in the water. At this juncture I reached the river, and, seeing the distressful situation, I went nearer to the bridge held by the enemy. I had gotten a fine, spirited horse at Lexington, one of those intended for the negro troopers, and spurred him into the water, which was deep there. We both went under, but soon rose and swam to the opposite shore. As the horse

climbed the steep bank, the girth of my saddle broke and I was thrown violently down the bank, knocking the breath out of me. As soon as I recovered, I unsnapped my carbine rifle and threw it as far as I could into the river, intending to surrender. But just then Frank Miller, who was a clerk at brigade headquarters, came out of the water on a fine horse and insisted that I get up behind him. To this I demurred, fearing it would cause the capture of both; but he still insisted, and I soon was mounted behind him. The Federals were emboldened by our dilemma and came from the bridge, cursing us as rebels and demanding our surrender, but Miller pointed his empty pistol in their direction, which made them cautious, and in the meantime our noble steed was making good time. I was watching for a mount among the horses of our men lost in the river, and soon obtained a good one. I don't think that a showman could have mounted much quicker than I did on that occasion. My friend still would not leave me, and the persistent enemy was again right at us and could have easily captured us had they used the dash as our men did; but Miller's pistol and my gun sling looked formidable. We both had good racers and soon outdistanced our new acquaintances. We made our escape, but our command had suffered a serious and also a useless loss. The broken command was assembled as best it could be done. The two useless losses—that of the last day at Mount Sterling and at Cynthiana—were in both cases caused by excessive optimism taking the reins from cool and calculating military judgment.

THE ROMANCE OF A RICH YOUNG MAN.

(From the *New Orleans News*, data furnished by John K. Renaud.]

This is a romance of the War between the States, a romance musty with age, but eternally fresh in that it is the only romance of the sort that ever occurred in this country, or probably in any other.

In the early half of the past century a Mr. Ayers, of Chicago, entered the patent medicine business, and his name soon became well known throughout the country, and is still familiar to the older members of the present generation. So heavy was the sale of Ayers's preparations that he soon became rich, and when the war opened in the sixties he was one of the wealthiest men in Chicago. In the latter thirties of the past century he had married a Miss Copeland, a lady probably of Southern birth, and certainly one of Southern sympathies. The marriage was not a happy one, and the couple separated after the birth of a son. Mrs. Ayers, who resumed her maiden name, came to New Orleans to live, and when the war opened she and her son were regular guests of the City Hotel, a hostelry which stood on the corner of Camp and Common Streets.

When the war began Herbert Copeland, a youth of about twenty-two years, entered the Crescent Rifles, one of the first commands to leave the city for the seat of war. Young Copeland was popular with his comrades, and, as the war progressed, proved to be an efficient and gallant soldier. The Crescent Rifles, with the Orleans Cadets, the Louisiana Guards, the Shreveport Grays, and the Grivot Guards proceeded to Pensacola, where they went into training for actual hostilities. These companies had been mustered in with the expectation that they would form part of a regiment to be commanded by General Gladden, later killed at Shiloh. But his regiment was to be a regiment of regulars, and after the companies had been at Pensacola a short time, Gladden's quota of companies was made up of regulars, and the five

commands mentioned, afterwards Dreaux's Battalion, were told they were out of service. Captain Dreaux could not see this arrangement, and he marched his men to Pensacola, gathered together a few box cars, and proceeded to Montgomery, then the capital of the Confederate States.

The other companies followed as best they could, and, after a two-day stay in the Alabama capital, took a freight train and proceeded to Richmond. On the road to Richmond, the five companies were organized into a battalion and Charles Dreaux was elected colonel. The battalion took part in some of the small engagements at the beginning of the war, Colonel Dreaux being killed by a raiding party of the enemy as he was standing in a roadway only a few yards from the Yankee raiders, whom his command had been sent out to check.

The period of enlistment of the five companies having expired, they were released from the service, but again refused to accept discharge. A battery of field artillery was organized from the commands, under the captaincy of Mr. Charles E. Fenner, later Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and one of the notable citizens of Louisiana a decade or two ago. As is quite well known, this battery became one of the most celebrated batteries of artillery in the Confederate service.

Meantime New Orleans had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and Mr. Ayers came to the captured city, either on a business trip or for pleasure. He stayed at the City Hotel, and one evening he noticed a lady seated in the lobby, and in an excited voice he asked the clerk who she was. The clerk replied that she was a regular guest of the hotel, and that she was a Mrs. Copeland. Ayers was satisfied she was his former wife, and he entered into conversation with her, and found this to be really so. They had a number of conversations, became reconciled, and resumed their marital relations. Ayers asked his wife what had become of their son, and she told him he was in the Confederate army, and would remain in it until the end of the war. "He must not," said Ayers, "I must have my boy." He and his wife soon afterwards went to Washington, where the influential and rich Chicagoan made the necessary arrangement with the War Department and proceeded South, and, after devious travel, reached Sherman's army, then engaged in the siege of Atlanta.

After a somewhat brief service in Virginia, the newly organized battery of field artillery, now known as Fenner's Battery, was assigned to the Army of Tennessee and joined the Army of the West. On the organization Herbert Copeland had been made a sergeant, and was given command of a gun. He proved to be an efficient and gallant section commander, and as popular with his comrades as he was gallant in the field. Through the various campaigns of the Army of Tennessee, Fenner's Battery followed the trail of fire and blood, taking an active part in all the engagements in the West, and finally found itself before Atlanta under Johnston, keeping the army of Sherman at bay.

During a lull in the fighting the men of the battery had noticed a flag of truce approach the Confederate lines, and later saw something of a gathering about the tent of Captain Fenner. They approached the tent, and through the opened flap were spectators of an unusual scene. Captain Fenner had sent for Sergeant Copeland, and handed him a sheaf of papers, which the sergeant was busily engaged in reading. Finally he finished his reading and, saluting his commanding officer, said: "This is news to me, Captain. I believe my mother is in New Orleans, and as for my father, I never knew him, and always thought he was dead. If he and she are at Sherman's headquarters, I know nothing of it. The other

information in the papers does not interest me. I am in the war to stay until the end."

The papers revealed the fact that, leaving Washington, the Ayers, husband and wife, had sought out General Sherman and asked his good offices in securing the release of their son from the Confederate army. "I am quite ready to do everything in my power," said the Federal general, "to get out of the hostile army any active soldier engaged in it." Authority from Washington was shown Sherman authorizing him to use any means he thought proper in the way of exchange to secure the release of young Copeland from the service, and the flag of truce was sent out to effect arrangements.

Knowing that the Confederates were sadly in need of skilled munition workmen, Sherman proposed that he exchange one of these prisoners for young Copeland, who was to be placed in charge of his parents and not be expected to take any part in the war on the Federal side. The Confederate military authorities demanded that two munition artificers be exchanged for Copeland, and this the Federal general agreed to. But the plan came near frustration by the attitude of young Copeland, who declared he would not leave his command. Captain Fenner advised him that he would be doing the Confederacy a service by agreeing, arguing the need for men who were acquainted with the manufacture of munitions. Still refusing his consent, Copeland held out, and the enlisted men of his command pleaded with him, saying that in Chicago, with his father's means at his command, he could be of great assistance to Confederate prisoners in the North, and probably be of more value to the cause in Chicago by assisting in getting Confederate prisoners through the lines than he could be in the field. Copeland declared he cared nothing for his father's wealth, and that he was determined to see the thing through. Finally he was turned over to his messmate, a good pleader, who took him in hand.

"Copeland," said he, "you are a good enough soldier, but, after all is said, there are better gunners, and you are not as much needed in the field as munition workers are at the works. It is your duty to accept the terms offered. As you know, your commanding officer and all your comrades favor your acceptance of the plan, and it is clearly your duty to do so. You can still remain a Confederate and work for the cause and render better service at Chicago than you can in the field. Besides, we all know that the war is about over. Johnston cannot hold Sherman in check, and the Yankees are recruiting fresh forces throughout the world. The end is here, and you must accept the exchange."

Finally, though still in doubt as to the propriety of the act, Copeland accepted the terms, and the exchange was effected. When Copeland left his comrades and his command to join his father and mother at Sherman's headquarters, his face was a picture of gloom, and there were tears in his eyes when he shook hands with his comrades, who were never to see him again. He left with his father and mother for Chicago, but, so far as known, none of his comrades ever heard from him again. Never quite satisfied of the propriety of his action, and actually forced by his fellows to take a position of which he was ashamed, after the war Copeland, now Ayers, made no attempt to get into communication with his former friends, and they were not in position to get in touch with him. Whatever became of him is not known, but the surviving members of Fenner's Battery (there are not many of them left) still hold him in affectionate regard, and would be glad to hear something of his career subsequent to the siege of Atlanta.

So far as known, the following are the only surviving mem-

bers of the celebrated battery, all of them residents of New Orleans, expect the Rev. Nowell Logan, who is rector of the Episcopal Church at Pass Christian, Miss.: Frederick Ernest, John K. Renaud, E. A. Brandao, J. W. Noyes, George Mather (the only Confederate in the city, so far as known, whose mother is still alive), H. Gibbs Morgan, Rev. Nowell Logan, and P. C. Clark, J. L. Pierson, J. B. Cooper, A. Britton.

LOSSES OF THE ELEVENTH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

BY BAXTER M'FARLAND, ABERDEEN, MISS.

Soldiers of the 11th Mississippi Regiment have known for over fifty years that the official reports (contained only in medical returns) of its losses in the battle of Gettysburg on July 3, 1863, are inaccurate and incomplete. As there given, the casualties were thirty-two killed and one hundred and seventy wounded.

The purpose of this article is to record in detail the losses sustained by each company of the regiment in that world-famous battle and to give more general publicity to facts shown by the official reports of commanding officers in the battle, which are of much importance to the truth of history relating to the Eleventh and other commands that day on the "left."

When the 11th Mississippi left home in April, 1861, I was a member of Company H of the regiment, and was with it as first sergeant and lieutenant until about the 1st of June, 1863, when I was promoted and transferred to the Army of Tennessee; and though I was not with the 11th Regiment at Gettysburg, I knew its members—many were college mates—and have kept more or less in touch with most of the survivors since the war closed. I have thoroughly searched every source of information, carefully weighing it all, and am quite sure that the casualties herein given are practically correct, if anything under rather than over the real losses.

The 11th Mississippi Regiment was in Davis's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, but was left at Cashtown, Pa., to guard the division wagon trains and did not rejoin the brigade until the night of the 2nd of July. The losses here given were, therefore, all sustained in the battle of July 3.

The charge on Cemetery Ridge was made by Pickett's and Heth's divisions, aligned in front with supports. Pickett's Division of three brigades was formed with Kemper on the right, Garnett on the left, in front, and Armistead in support; Wilcox's and Perry's brigades being ordered to move on his right rear. Heth's Division, Brigadier General Pettigrew commanding, on Pickett's left, was formed in the following order: Archer's Brigade, Col. B. D. Fry commanding, on the right, and Brockenbrough's Brigade on the left of the division; Pettigrew's Brigade, Colonel Marshall commanding, in the right center, and Davis's Brigade in the left center. Heth's Division was supported by Scales's and Lane's brigades, Maj. Gen. Isaac R. Trimble commanding, on its right rear.

Davis's Brigade was formed with the 55th North Carolina on the right and the 11th Mississippi on the left, with the 2nd and 42nd Mississippi regiments in the center.

The line of advance was not parallel with the enemy's line, which receded toward its rear, forming an angle; furthermore, there was a bend to the west in Seminary Ridge, behind which the troops were placed for protection before the advance, and when the column moved up to the crest of the Ridge and began the assault, Pettigrew's Division, especially its supports, had much farther to march under fire to reach the enemy's works in its front than did the division

upon the right and its support; but in compliance with orders they "spread their steps" (as Gen. Longstreet states in "From Manassas to Appomattox"), moving rapidly, and soon gained correct alignment with Pickett's Division, but still having farther to go than had that division on account of the angle in the enemy's line. The bend to the left in the line above mentioned gave rise, doubtless, to the error that Pettigrew's Division, or part of it, "supported" Pickett's Division in the charge, the left of Pettigrew's Division bending back as if in echelon, in conforming to the lines of the Ridge.

Pettigrew's Division, when ordered forward, ascended to the wooded crest of Seminary Ridge and began the advance over the open plain, its supports following upon its right rear. General Davis states that when about three-quarters of a mile from the enemy it came upon a post-and-rail fence, its left then being "perpendicular to the (left) front" of Howard's 11th (Federal) Corps, Maj. T. W. Osborne commanding batteries of Howard's Corps, when the left of the division, received a diagonal fire from at least thirty-two guns of these batteries massed upon Cemetery Hill; but, clambering rapidly over the fence, quickly restoring the somewhat disordered alignment, it had advanced but a short distance farther when all the batteries of the enemy upon the front and right opened upon the assaulting column with seventy-five or eighty more guns. After this converging artillery fire from front and both flanks, the division moved steadily on, passing over several other post-and-plank fences, past the Emmitsburg road, at or near which the left brigade of Pettigrew's Division was broken and driven back, leaving Davis's Brigade, especially the 11th Mississippi Regiment on its left, to bear alone the storm of death-dealing missiles from Osborne's thirty-two or more guns, and a deadly flanking musketry fire from the left, besides that from the front and right of all arms, until it reached the wall.

In advancing, the assaulting column, as its ranks rapidly thinned, steadily closed, Pettigrew to the right upon Pickett, the division of direction, the latter to the left, as the line constantly shortened, to preserve the relative alignment as to the indicated point of attack, the "copse of wood" near the salient.

The retiring of the left brigade of the division and the rapid contraction of the lines enabled the enemy to concentrate the whole of his fire, front and flanks, in ever-increasing volume upon the oncoming Confederate column as it boldly advanced, until it became appallingly destructive, and only a few of the heroes in gray passed through it unscathed to the stone wall. To fill out the line when Brockenbrough was driven back, Lane's and Lowrance's brigades, under orders from General Longstreet to General Trimble, moved obliquely from the rear to the left front until the right of Lowrance's Brigade "touched the wall"; but because of the diagonal direction, followed its left, and Lane's Brigade did not reach the wall. But General Lane states that his brigade was within a few yards of it when they fell back; that "Lowrance's Brigade and my own took position on the left of the troops still contesting the ground"; and that, suffering from a heavy artillery fire from his right and an enfilading infantry fire on his left, he withdrew his brigade, "the troops on my right having already done so." Major Engelhard states that the division (Trimble's) moved rapidly up, connecting with troops on the right still fighting, and that the division moved in an oblique direction, as does Lowrance.

When within musket range of the wall, General Hayes, commanding a Federal division, states that his men "in four lines rose up behind our wall" and poured terrible volleys into

the thinned ranks, which was returned by Davis's Brigade as it steadily pressed on, firing as it went, then charging with a yell, the few undaunted survivors impetuously rushed through the "hell of fire" of all arms to and near the wall, continuing the battle there at close quarters for a short time in front of Smyth's, Bull's, and part of Carroll's brigades.

Col. F. M. Green and Maj. R. O. Reynolds, the only field officers present, were wounded. All the captains save one, who is said to have been wounded, and nearly all the lieutenants and noncommissioned officers present were killed, wounded, or captured; the brave color bearer, Billy O'Brien, was killed near the wall, and the colors were planted upon it by private Joseph G. Marable, later lieutenant in Company H, and both were captured. Capt. W. T. Magruder (brother of Major General Magruder), Acting Adjutant General of the brigade, was killed on the wall; Capt. Thomas C. Holliday (who succeeded Captain Magruder as Acting Adjutant General of the brigade and was killed May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness), of the brigade staff, was wounded, and it has been stated that another member of the staff was wounded. Captain Magruder was killed upon the wall near the Bryan barn while cheering the men over the wall. After a short and bloody struggle to carry the works, the few gallant survivors, realizing the utter hopelessness of the unequal conflict, were ordered to retreat, and made their way back under a deadly fire to the position from which the charge began, where the very few officers were busily engaged in restoring order and the surgeons in sending to hospitals the wounded (many of whom escaped to the rear), in anticipation of an attack by the enemy, until the night of the 4th, when the army began a retrograde movement, and for many weary days there was no time or opportunity to ascertain the losses. The hasty company lists forwarded to become the basis of the routine casualty returns of the Medical Department were, under the circumstances and conditions surrounding the regiments of the brigades, admittedly inaccurate and incomplete, but were allowed to stand, imperfect as they were, and were soon lost sight of in the pressure of other great events.

The unfortunate absence of the usual official statements of casualties and the overwhelming evidence of the inaccuracy of the medical returns, has impelled a resort, in part, to other evidence, that of participants, verbal and written, which is original testimony of the highest nature, to give the 11th Mississippi Regiment what it is justly entitled to and richly deserves, a correct statement of its losses in one of the greatest battles of the world to hand down to posterity along with those passed down by other gallant participants, albeit in a different form.

Hon. James M. Griffin, of Company H, when nearing the wall, firing as he advanced with his company, had just fired and rammed home a cartridge when the gallant color bearer of the regiment, Billy O'Brien, fell dead at his feet, and Griffin stooped to pick up the flag, but Joe Smith, of the same company, seized it first and raised it; Griffin made a few steps forward and, while in the act of capping his gun, was severely wounded in the foot by a fragment of shell from a gun on Cemetery Hill. Joe Smith fell wounded about the same time, when William P. Marion, of the same company, picked up the flag and had gone on a step or two, when he was killed. Then Joseph G. Marable, of the same company, raised the colors and planted them on the wall, falling against it as he did so, stunned, but not much injured, and presently he and the flag were captured; he afterwards escaped from prison with W. D. Ried, first sergeant of Company H, wounded within ten feet of the wall and captured, they having

many adventures and "hairbreadth 'scapes" before getting back to the regiment. Griffin, while lying wounded on the field saw through the smoke Pickett's Division on his right as it charged, the ground where he fell being the highest. He was taken with two others of Company H in an enemy ambulance to a hospital of General Hayes's (Federal) Division, where they found Col. Hugh R. Miller, commanding the 42nd Mississippi Regiment, mortally wounded, and his son; Colonel Miller died a few days later. Griffin's foot was amputated, as was the arm of one of his companions, Robert B. Marion, wounded near the wall. He states that many of the regiment were killed and wounded near the place where he fell, and that along there and to the wall perhaps was the most fatal part of the line of advance, as do many others.

A comparison of the killed and wounded of the 11th Mississippi with those of the regiments in Pickett's Division, as given in the medical returns, shows that the killed and wounded of the Eleventh exceeded that of any of the fifteen regiments in Pickett's Division. The 11th Mississippi lost, killed, 32; wounded, 170. The 38th Virginia lost, killed, 26; wounded, 147; and the 57th Virginia lost, killed, 26; wounded, 95. The last two were in Armistead's brigade; the 24th Virginia, in Kemper's Brigade, lost, killed, 17; wounded, 111. These were by far the greatest losses in killed and wounded in any of Pickett's regiments; those in the remaining twelve regiments are much less. The aggregate killed and wounded in Garnett's five regiments, omitting staff, etc., is 324; the aggregate 11th Mississippi is 202; aggregate Kemper's five regiments, staff omitted, 462; aggregate Armistead's five regiments, staff omitted, 574; aggregate Pickett's fifteen regiments, staff omitted, 1,360; average to regiment, 90 $\frac{2}{3}$.

Placing Pickett's force at 4,900, the percentage of casualties was 27 $\frac{2}{3}$, exclusive of field and staff, and the average casualties of the fifteen regiments was slightly less than ninety-one to the regiment; while the casualties of the 11th Mississippi (202), was 58 per cent. The casualties of the 11th Mississippi were nearly two-thirds as many as the entire five regiments of Garnett (324); were over half as many as the five regiments of Kemper (462); were over one-third as many as the five regiments of Armistead (574); and were over one-seventh as many as the casualties in Pickett's entire division (1,360). The losses of the 11th Mississippi and Pickett were all sustained on July 3.

Lane's Brigade, five regiments, on the 1st and 3rd, lost, killed, 41; wounded, 348; total, 389; Lowrance's Brigade, five regiments, on the 1st and 3rd, lost, killed, 102; wounded, 322; total, 424. Davis's Brigade lost, on the 1st and 3rd; 2nd Mississippi, killed, 49; wounded, 183; 42nd Mississippi, killed, 60; wounded 205; and 55th North Carolina, killed, 39; wounded, 159; and 11th, Mississippi, on July 3, lost killed, 32, wounded, 170, total, 202, in one day; brigade total, 879, killed and wounded.

The 2nd and 42nd Mississippi and the 55th North Carolina, of Davis's Brigade, had been in the battle of July 1 and had suffered heavily in killed and wounded, and the 2nd Mississippi lost its left wing, under the gallant Maj. (later lieutenant colonel) John A. Blair, in a railroad cut, where they were surrounded and compelled to surrender seven officers and 225 men, according to the report of Colonel Dawes, of the 6th Wisconsin, in command of the enemy troops. It has been stated that the 2nd Mississippi, because of that and other heavy losses in the battle of the 1st, had only 60 men in the battle of the 3rd; Archer's Brigade, on the 1st lost General Archer and many men captured, besides many killed and wounded, and was very much reduced when it went into battle on the 3rd. This is true of Pettigrew's

Brigade, under Marshall, the 26th North Carolina having lost over half on the 1st; Lane's and Scales's brigades also suffered heavily on the 1st; Pickett and the 11th Mississippi alone were fresh.

Company casualties were as follows: Company C went into the battle with an aggregate of 29; killed, 9; wounded, 12, including Capt. George W. Shannon, First Lieut. William Peel (captured and died in prison), Second Lieut. George M. Lusher (captured), and Third Lieut. George F. Cole; captured unwounded, 4; total 25; escaped unwounded, 4.

Company D: aggregate in battle, 55; killed, 15; wounded, 26; captured unwounded, 5; total, 46; escaped unwounded, 9.

Company E: aggregate in battle, 37; killed 15; wounded, 20; captured unwounded, 1; total, 36; escaped unwounded, 1. Captain Halbert and Lieutenants Mimms and Goolsby were killed, and Lieut. W. H. Belton was severely wounded and discharged.

Company F: aggregate in battle, 34; killed, 9; wounded, 17; captured unwounded, 4; total, 30; escaped unwounded, 4; Capt. Thomas J. Stokes was wounded close to the wall and captured, Lieutenant Featherston was killed, and Lieuts. Charles Brooks and Woods were captured.

Company G, Skirmishers: aggregate in battle, 24; killed, 4; wounded, 8; captured unwounded, 10; total 22; escaped unwounded, 2. Captain Nelms was wounded, and Lieutenant Osborne killed, the only officers present.

Company H: aggregate in battle, 37; killed, 12; wounded, 16; captured unwounded, 5; total, 33; escaped unwounded, 4. Capt. J. H. Moore and Lieut. T. W. Hill were killed, and Lieut. R. A. McDowell was captured inside the works, all the company officers present. Private Joseph G. Marable, after planting the regimental flag upon the wall, was captured.

Company I: aggregate in battle, 45; killed, 14; wounded, 25; captured unwounded, 3; total, 42; escaped unwounded, 3. Capt. Baker Word was wounded, Lieut. W. P. Snowden was wounded near the wall and captured, and Lieut. William H. Clopton was wounded and captured.

Company K: aggregate in battle, 39; killed, 9; wounded, 20; captured unwounded, 3; total, 32; escaped unwounded, 7. Capt. George W. Bird was killed while cheering his men over the wall, and Lieuts. John T. Stanford and A. G. Drake were wounded, all the officers present.

Company A (University Greys) and Company B (Coahoma Invincibles), the former the right, the latter the left company of the regiment, have furnished least data; but it appears from information obtained that the two had an aggregate in battle of 50; that of these there were killed, 16; wounded, 22; captured unwounded, 6; total, 44; escaped unwounded, 6. Lieut. William A. Raines, Company A, was killed; Lieut. A. J. Baker, same company, was wounded twenty feet to the left of the "Bryan barn," within ten feet of the wall, and was captured; Lieut. John V. Moore, the only other commissioned officer of the company present, escaped. This company was composed of students at the University, who came from all parts of the State, a few from other States. Lieut. David Nunn, of Company B, was killed, and it is believed Capt. George K. Morton, same company, was badly wounded, and that both are included in the casualties of that company.

The ten companies had in battle an aggregate of 350; killed, 103; wounded, 166; captured unwounded, 41; total company casualties, 310; escaped unwounded, 40; besides field officers. The mortally wounded are included with the killed. Some supposed at the time to be missing and since ascertained to have been killed or mortally wounded, are like-

wise included with the killed; others supposed to be missing and since ascertained to have been wounded and captured, are included with the wounded. Commissioned officers, whether named or not, are included in the casualties under the proper head.

All these casualties, except two killed and perhaps a few wounded during the cannonading that preceded the charge, were sustained in less than two hours, amounting to about 89 per cent of the company aggregate present upon the battle field.

CAMP JACKSON PRISONERS.

BY WILLIAM BELL, ST. LOUIS, MO.

On May 6, 1861, the companies belonging to the Missouri State Guard were ordered by Governor Jackson into the usual arsenal camp of instruction.

The Minutemen had been mustered into the Guard and constituted the 2nd Regiment, under command of Col. John A. Bowen. The National Guard, or Engineer Corps, to which I belonged, was attached to that regiment. The 1st Regiment was commanded by Col. John Knapp, the brigade by Gen. D. M. Frost. The brigade, in addition to the commands named, contained a battery commanded by Captain Guibor, and a troop of cavalry (dismounted) commanded by Capt. Emmett McDonald.

The camp was established in Lindel's Grove, situated on the south side of Olive Street, east of Grand Avenue, and was named Camp Jackson in honor of the Governor of the State. During the day the camp was constantly filled with visitors, mostly those with Southern sympathies, which included nearly all of the best people of the city. Captain (afterwards General) Lyon, in the temporary absence of General Harvey, was in command of the Federal troops. They were stationed in and about the arsenal, and numbered about 10,000, mostly homeguards, so called, but there were some regulars. These so-called home guards were almost entirely Germans, who formed political clubs, called "Wide Awakes," during the presidential campaign of 1860. They were organized and drilled as military in order that they might easily be converted into soldiers to fight against the South and the Southerners, whom they hated. This change into soldiers had been effected. Lyon, taking advantage of the temporary absence of General Harvey, thinking to gain some glory for himself, decided to capture Camp Jackson.

On the morning of the 10th of May, with six thousand of his German troops and his regulars, he surrounded and captured our camp and our force, numbering six hundred and twenty, mostly boys like myself. After we had surrendered to the greatly superior force and were out on Olive Street between files of soldiers, the Dutch opened fire upon us. At that time there was a high embankment on the north side of Olive street. This was filled with civilians, merely lookers on. The fire of the Germans was defective—too high. We escaped, but twenty-seven civilians were killed. They also killed one of their own officers who was mounted, which placed him in line with their fire.

This was the great battle of Camp Jackson, which our German fellow citizens still delight in celebrating. Six thousand armed soldiers against six hundred and twenty disarmed prisoners and a crowd of men, women, and children, entirely defenseless. In addition to the killed, there were more than sixty wounded, all civilians. Instead of a glorious victory as they claimed, it was a brutal massacre. The Minutemen mentioned was an organization of prominent citizens in opposition to the "Wide Awakes."

Just before starting on our march as prisoners, word was secretly passed through our columns that the citizens would make an attack on the Home Guards as we passed the Planters House on Fourth Street, and the order was for us to fall flat on our faces in the street when the firing commenced. This attack was avoided by taking us by a different route. We were marched through the German part of the city, where the entire population turned out, and men, women, and children cursed and abused us for everything they could think of, and would have massacred us, I have no doubt, but for the fact that we were guarded by regular troops of the Federal army. Arrived at the arsenal, we were crowded into one large room, where we could not sit down, much less lie down. Fortunately for the members of our company, Captain Hequembourg, who had been a member of the company, but was then an officer in the Federal army, had us moved to another building where we were less uncomfortable. We did not know at first the object of our removal. We were taken out in small squads. As the squad I was in reached the door, we heard volley firing out in the grounds, and the report was spread that we were being marched out to be shot. With this report in mind, I thought I was justified in telling an untruth when asked by the Federal officer, before leaving the building, if I had any weapons concealed about my person. I answered that I had not, although I had a pistol in my inside jacket pocket, and was determined to use it if the rumor that we were to be shot was true. Fortunately, it was not true, and we were marched into the other building. We afterwards learned that the firing was in obedience to an order requiring the Home Guards to discharge their loaded guns to prevent their being used on us.

The following day we were paroled, the terms of which required that we remain within the limits of the city until exchanged. We did not take the oath of allegiance, as some accounts state. General Frost surrendered his command to overwhelming numbers, but under protest, claiming that a Federal force had no right to capture a State force under the existing circumstances. To test this question in the courts, one of our officers, Capt. Emmett McDonald, declined to give his parole, remaining a prisoner. The case was soon tried in a court in Illinois, which sustained the position of General Frost. After this decision, many of our officers and men disregarded their parole and went to the Southern army. Others of us, including General Frost, awaited exchange. The Federal authorities, not wishing to take the risk of a conflict by again sending us through the German portion of the town, sent us by boat, the *Isabella*, Capt. John P. Kaiser, to the city. This was very fortunate, as about the time we left the arsenal a Federal regiment was passing through the city, and, as they were marching from Fifth Street west on Walnut Street, a pistol was fired into their ranks from the steps of a church at the corner of those streets. The soldiers became panic stricken, turned, and fired at the crowd filling the streets, and then ran west on Walnut Street. Fortunately their aim was defective; the balls, passing over the heads of the people, were imbedded in the walls of the buildings lining the street. Men, infuriated at this outrage, pursued the soldiers, picked up guns they had thrown away, fired into their ranks, and killed and wounded many.

Fortunately, as I have said, we had left the arsenal on a boat for the city when the news of this street fight reached the arsenal, otherwise the Federal authorities, if they had tried, which is doubtful, could not have prevented the Home Guards from killing us all.

The following day was known as "Black Sunday," from the fact that a report became current that the Home Guards and their German friends were going to sack the city. So gener-

ally believed was this rumor that thousands of citizens left the city on steamboats and such other conveyances as could be obtained. General Harvey, who had just returned to the city and had resumed command of the Federal troops, issued a proclamation saying he would open with artillery on any hostile mob that might attempt to enter the city, and for this purpose he had a battery stationed on Fourth Street, at the corner of Elm. His firmness, no doubt, prevented serious trouble and in a few days restored order and confidence, when those who had left returned to the city.

General Lyon and his supporters had General Harvey removed, after which, until the close of the war, the city was under the most radical rule and all sorts of outrages of frequent occurrence. In September, General Price, with a force of 4,500 men and seven pieces of artillery, attacked Colonel Mulligan and his command of regulars in an entrenched position, at Lexington, Mo. After a few days' fighting, he captured Mulligan and his entire command of 3,500 men, also quantities of stores and supplies of every kind. In addition to these, he recovered the great seal of the State, the public records, and nearly a million dollars in money which had been taken from the Lexington bank by order of General Fremont. The money he returned to the bank.

It was Mulligan's command for which the Camp Jackson prisoners were exchanged. We were sent South December 2, 1861, on the steamer *Satan*. We were anxious to get to Price's army as quickly as possible. It was then at Springfield, Mo., and we were greatly disappointed when we found we were to be sent by river instead of more quickly by rail, as we feared General Price would capture St. Louis before we could get to him. We were also greatly disturbed by a rumor that we were being sent to Cairo to work on the Federal fortifications about that city. We numbered about one hundred men, under the command of General Frost.

Our parting from friends would have been sadder could we have foreseen the years that would intervene before meeting again, and the dangers and hardships that would fill those years. But could all of this have been known, I do not think it would have deterred one from doing what he considered his patriotic duty. The Federal guard was commanded by Captain Hequembourg, who befriended us while prisoners at the arsenal.

We were in high glee, particularly when we left Cairo, where we stopped for only a short time, for Columbus, Ky., the Confederate outpost. It was a warm, bright day as we approached Columbus, with a flag of truce flying from our flagstaff. As we got within a few miles of the city, we saw from the upper deck of the boat, where we were all congregated, a puff of smoke from a high point above and overlooking the city, and then heard the report of a gun, the signal for the Federal boat to halt, which immediately and hurriedly obeyed the command by casting her anchor. In a very short time we saw approaching us from Columbus one of the finest of the floating palaces for which the lower Mississippi was famous at that time. From her flagstaff floated the Confederate flag. Every deck was crowded with officers in the beautiful and gorgeous uniform of the Confederate army, worn in the early part of the war, and a fine band of music was discoursing Southern airs. What could have been more inspiring to the young boys who had come so far to get into the Southern army? After much cheering and embracing, we were transferred to the Confederate boat, which returned with us to Columbus. This was our reception into Dixie, where our real soldiering soon commenced, and ended with the surrender of the Trans-Mississippi Department, the last to surrender. My brother John, two and a half years older, was with me.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Yes, it is well! The evening shadows lengthen;
Home's golden gates show on our ravished sight;
And though the tender ties we strove to strengthen
Break one by one, at evening time 'tis light."

JUDGE A. T. ROANE.

Judge Archibald T. Roane, who died at his home in Grenada, Miss., on April 27, 1923, came of a long line of ancestors notable in affairs of statesmanship and war. His grandmother was a "Campbell of Argyle," and his grandfather, Governor Archibald Roane, of Tennessee, was a soldier of the Revolution; his father, Andrew Roane, was an officer in the Mexican war. When the War between the States came on, Archibald Roane enlisted in the Confederate army and served his loved Southern cause in Virginia with the 17th Mississippi Regiment, Longstreet's Brigade, and was then with Forrest's Cavalry until after the battle of Selma, Ala. Entering the service as second lieutenant, he was later made captain, and just as the war was closing he was recommended for a major's commission by General Forrest, who had seen him handle a difficult situation.

With the close of the war there were still other battles for him where hard issues were to be decided. In the "Black-and-Tan" Legislature of Mississippi in Reconstruction days he worked tirelessly for white supremacy, and was one of the notable "thirteen" who delivered the State from radical domination. Throughout the years since he was ever awake to the best interests of his country and people, taking pride in his position and the service he could render. He lived through hard times. Coming back from the war, he found his home burned, his father, a practicing physician, broken in health; so upon him devolved the support of the four sisters and two younger brothers. He gave them his best, and sought to inspire them to a life worth while. He studied law while working hard as a merchant, was admitted to the bar, and in his profession attained eminent success, a number of times being honored by his fellow men with public trust. He served three terms in the lower house of the State legislature, and two in the Senate, and one six-year term as Circuit Judge.

The motto of his Scotch ancestors, "Faithful," was fully exemplified in every relationship of life, even "unto death," and he looked forward joyfully to the promised "crown of life."

COMRADES AT HIGGANSVILLE, MO.

During March, 1923, the following deaths occurred at the Confederate Home of Missouri: J. B. Caldwell, 88; served in Comer's battery. M. C. Hubbard, 83; served in Company C, 2nd Missouri Infantry. Richard Pickett, 85; served in Wade's Battery. Williams Evans, 80; served in Company B, 6th Missouri Infantry. John W. Cayton, 80; served in Company B, 6th Missouri Battalion.

CAPT. JOHN W. CLINEDIST.

On May 12, 1923, Capt. John W. Clinedist, commanding the Neff-Rice Camp of Confederate Veterans, died at his home in New Market, Va., in his eighty-sixth year. He was the oldest child of Jacob and Anna Karg Clinedist, and was born at Brownsburg, in Rockbridge County, Va., on October 10, 1837. His parents later removed to Woodstock, in Augusta County, where his father and uncle were well known vehicle manufacturers, and later still his father established the same business at New Market.

When the Tenth Legion Artillery was sent to Charlestown in December, 1859, by order of Governor Wise, to do guard duty in connection with the trial and execution of John Brown, John W. Clinedist was a member of the company which went from New Market under Capt. M. M. Sibert. And when the War between the States began, Comrade Clinedist went to Woodstock and enrolled with the Muhlenberg Riflemen. Shortly afterwards he contracted typhoid fever, and after his recovery he was put in charge of the ambulance department in Richmond.

After the war he returned to New Market and continued the business established by his father until he was eighty years old. In the products of his plant were incorporated the best materials, skilled workmanship, and intelligent supervision, so that a vehicle from that manufactory was accepted all over the country as first class. Comrade Clinedist also filled positions of honor and trust, having served as councilman and mayor of New Market; and in addition to commanding the Camp of Confederate Veterans, he was on the staff of the Commander in Chief U. C. V. He was a devoted member of the Lutheran Church, in which he served as deacon. He never married, and is survived by two sisters and two brothers. He was widely known throughout the Valley and Eastern Virginia, and his many friends mourn his passing.

CAPT. JAMES D. HOLLISTER.

Capt. James Drew Hollister, who died at the home of his daughter in Winston-Salem, N. C., on June 4, was a native of Richmond, Va., born there in 1838, his parents removing to Raleigh, N. C., when he was a boy of six. His ancestors were of Revolutionary fame and intermarried in the most famous families of that period. The first Hollister came over in 1630 and married the daughter of Robert Treat, who was the first Governor of Connecticut and a famous Revolutionary soldier. The father of Captain Hollister was president of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, and Captain Hollister, as a young man, was General Manager of the Florida Southern Railway, later holding the same position with the Interlachen, Jacksonville, and Ocala Air Line Railway Company.

Captain Hollister organized the first company that left Raleigh in 1861, which became Company K of the 14th North Carolina Regiment, with which he served until discharged for more essential service with the railroad.

In 1860 Captain Hollister was married to Miss Mattie E. Harris, daughter of Mayor Harris, and is survived by a daughter, Mrs. S. F. Pierce, of Winston-Salem; a granddaughter, Mrs. Linwood Williams, of Nashville, Tenn.; and a grandson, John W. Pierce, of the R. J. Reynolds Company.

Captain Hollister had been a devoted worker in the Baptist Church since a young man, a deacon and Sunday school superintendent, and always a friend and helper to young pastors. He was highly educated and a deep student of the Bible. He never tired in the work of his Master.

On April 1 he had reached the age of eighty-five years.

WILLIAM ROBERT GARNETTE.

William R. Garnette answered the last call to taps in Seattle, Wash., November 26, 1922, in the eighty-second year of his age.

Comrade Garnette was born in Owen County, Ky., June 13, 1841.

He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, joining the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, and was with Morgan on his famous raid through Ohio. He was severely wounded in 1863, which later caused his discharge from service.

Some years after the war, Comrade Garnette went to Odessa, Mo., where he met and married Miss Sarah A. Rear-don. To them one child was born, a daughter, who is now Mrs. Charles Taylor, of Seattle, Wash., with whom he made his home during his last years.

His remains were sent to Hot Springs, Ark., to rest beside his wife, who had preceded him in death.

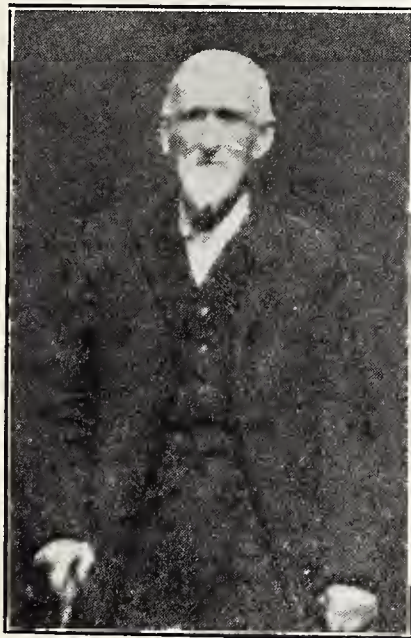
[W. G. McCroskey, Commander John B. Gordon Camp U. C. V.]

JESSE AUSTIN HOLMAN.

After a brief illness, Jesse Austin Holman answered the last roll call on May 27, 1922, at his home in Comanche, Tex. He was born in Fayette County, Tex., June 4, 1842, a son of George T. and Nancy Burnam Holman, and a grandson of Capt. Jesse Burnam, of Texas history fame. He graduated from the school at Independence, Tex., in June, 1861, and in August enlisted as a private in Company F, 8th Texas Cavalry, and was reported present at the last roll call of the company, February 28, 1864, as a sergeant. With thirteen others of the 8th Texas Cavalry, he was captured on December 31, 1862, at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and confined in Camp Douglas, Chicago, Barracks No. 1, White Oak Square. He was exchanged at City Point, Va., April, 1863. His company was first under General Terry and then under General Forrest through all his campaigns, yet Comrade Holman was never on sick leave or in a hospital. Some of his company were not present when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., and afterwards they started to Texas, but, upon learning that the Mississippi was very high, they went before an officer at Tuscaloosa and asked to be paroled. His company was captured by the 2nd Regiment Illinois Cavalry, and paroled, May, 1865.

Returning to Texas, Comrade Holman took charge of the old plantation, his father having died shortly before the close of the war.

He married Miss Mary Folts, and moved his family to Comanche, Tex., in the fall of 1882, where he engaged in the real estate business. Retiring from business a few years ago, he took much interest in building his home. He was one of the best-informed men of the town, a true type of the Southern gentleman, a devout Episcopalian. He leaves his wife, four daughters, and three sons.



WILLIAM ROBERT GARNETTE.

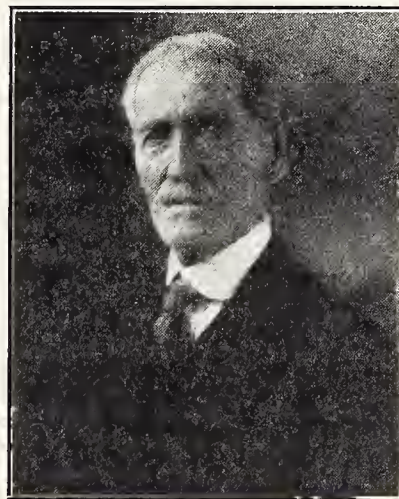
COL. WILLIAM F. BEASLEY.

Col. William Fessenden Beasley, who entered into rest in April of this present year, was born at Plymouth, N. C., in 1845. Sixteen years only had passed over him when the advent of the war drama came upon the South in the spring-tide of 1861. Despite his immaturity, the early stages of the conflict found him in the forefront of the array, and there he remained until "the war drum" throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled," April, 1865. Our youthful soldier played an honorable part in the Seven Days' campaign in front of Richmond, June, 1862, and in the first Maryland campaign during the following September, including Antietam and the capture of Harper's Ferry by Jackson on the fifteenth of this historic month. At the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, he received a severe wound, was for a season confined to the hospital, and most kindly watched over by a devoted Virginia family in Richmond. By a strange but exultant irony of fate, Colonel Beasley took part in the recapture of his own home, Plymouth, N. C., in April, 1864, by Gen. R. D. Hoke, one of the most brilliant and skillful of Confederate achievements—town, garrison, (several thousand), and supplies all falling into our hands. In addition to his eminently honorable record, as a colonel of junior reserves, he was the most youthful of those who attained this rank in the army of the Confederacy, being only twenty when the end came. Inflexible in his fidelity, impenetrable to delusion or sophistry, "he never paltered with the eternal truth," but remained until the last a noble and heroic type an illustration of the peerless South which fell at Appomattox.

[Henry E. Shepherd.]

ANDREW JACKSON REYBURN.

A shadow was cast over the hearts of many friends and the old comrades of John B. Gordon Camp U. C. V. by the passing of Andrew J. Reyburn, who died at his home in Seattle, Wash., on February 9, 1923.



ANDREW JACKSON REYBURN.

He was a fine type of the old Southern gentleman, gentle and thoughtful, firm and true in his friendship, and a firm believer in the cause for which he fought.

Born in Washington County, Mo., October 10, 1840, he enlisted in the Confederate army, joining the 9th Regiment Missouri Infantry (Bull Tigers) under General Parsons.

He was severely wounded on the 4th of July, 1863, at the battle of Helena, and was discharged from service after Lee's surrender.

He was married to Miss Harriet F. Bruce at Mountain, Mo., and to this union four children were born, two surviving him, M. B. Reyburn, of Santa Barbara, Cal., and E. J. Reyburn, of Seattle Wash., with whom he resided after the death of his wife in 1889.

We laid our comrade to rest under a bank of flowers beside his wife in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Seattle, realizing that we, his old comrades, must soon meet him beyond the river.

[W. G. McCroskey, Commander J. B. Gordon Camp U. C. V.]

JUDGE STAN C. HARLEY.

The death of Judge Stan C. Harley, at Arkadelphia, Ark., brought a distinct loss to his community and county, of which he had been one of the most useful and valuable citizens since the War between the States. Twice he had held the office of county and probate judge, and at all times had shown a patriotic interest in the welfare and advancement of the country. He had a most remarkable memory, and was not surpassed in historical knowledge of his county and State, and especially was he interested in the history of the War between the States, in which he had taken such an active and gallant part; and in later years he had compiled much data on that history and his brave comrades of the gray.

Enlisting in the Confederate service on June 3, 1861, he served as a member of Company C, 6th Arkansas Infantry, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, in the Army of Tennessee, and was honorably discharged on June 1, 1865.

Judge Harley was born December 7, 1843, in Marshall County, Miss., and went to Arkansas in 1858, locating at Princeton. He was married there in 1867 to Miss Harriet Cheatham, who died in 1906. His second marriage was to Miss Emma Paisley, of Gurdon, in 1910, and she survives him with five children of the first marriage—three daughters and two sons—also fifteen grandchildren.

Judge Harley had long been a faithful and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, which he had joined in 1866, and after the funeral services within its hallowed portals at Arkadelphia, he was laid to rest in the Dobyville Cemetery.

WRIGHT CLARK.

After an illness of several months, Wright Clark died at his home in Sherman, Tex., on January 11, 1923, aged seventy-nine years. He was born June 12, 1843, in Daingerfield, Tex., and enlisted in the Confederate army at Mt. Pleasant, Tex., on October 5, 1861, as a member of Company D, 9th Texas Infantry. He was in a number of battles in Georgia, in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., Corinth, Miss., and Chickamauga; he was never wounded. He was honorably discharged on May 19, 1865.

In 1872, Comrade Clark was married to Miss Florence Easley at Sulphur Springs, Tex., and of this union there were six children—two sons and four daughters. His wife died in 1891, and in 1895 he was married to Miss Fannie Elmore, who survives, also three daughters—Mrs. Alta Johnson and Mrs. Mary Brown, of Sherman, and Mrs. Myrtle Settle, of Dallas—and two grandsons.

He was a member of the Methodist Church at Sherman for more than thirty years, and was also a member of the Mildred Lee Camp U. C. V., of Sherman, since its organization.

Clothed in his Confederate uniform, which he loved so well, he was laid to rest in West Hill Cemetery to await the resurrection morn.

COMRADES AT BAY CITY, TEX.

Commander J. C. Carrington reports the deaths of the following members of E. S. Rugely Camp, No. 1428 U. C. V., at Bay City, Tex.:

Capt. John Floyd Lewis, Commander of the Camp, died early in April widely mourned.

On December 14, 1922, a valued member was lost in the death of D. O. H. Coston, then Adjutant of the Camp; and Comrade Adam Braden passed away on the 24th of the same month.

JESSE WRIGHT.

The following was taken from memorial resolutions passed by Camp No. 8 U. C. V., of Memphis, Tenn.:

Jesse Wright, was born April 7, 1844, died January 7, 1923.

On September 16, 1874, he was married to Miss Virginia C. Hurt, and to them eight children were born, three surviving him, a son and two daughters. In May, 1896, his wife died, and in January, 1898, he was married again to Miss Lou Bateman, who died in April, 1904.

He belonged to the Methodist Church, and was a devout and consistent Christian, a man of high ideals. He was a Mason, a Knight of Pythias, and an Odd Fellow. He was one among the few who received a fifty-year jewel medal from the Odd Fellows.

Comrade Jesse Wright was a man of high character and integrity, faithful to any duty imposed upon him.

The way we knew him best was in our association with him as a member of Company A, Confederate Veterans. He was much loved by all in the company. He was a good, a faithful comrade, one of the most faithful we had in the company.

[Committee: W. R. Sims, J. P. Hogan.]

CHARLES D. PARKER.

Charles D. Parker, Commander of R. E. Lee Camp No. 485 U. C. V., at Hampton, Va., died in that city on March 19. He was born in Halifax County, N. C., November 24, 1847, and entered the Confederate service in 1862 as a courier for Capt. William Brown in North Carolina, later being transferred to the quartermaster's service, and did valuable work for the cause in that branch of the service until Johnston's surrender in North Carolina.

After the war Comrade Parker was in various employments until 1892, when he settled in Hampton as a merchant and expert mechanic on firearms. He joined the R. E. Lee Camp many years ago, and since 1913 he had served as its Commander. His store was headquarters for the Camp, and his services in behalf the Camp and comrades were always ready and willing. He was a member of the equalizing tax board of the county, a member of the Order of Odd Fellows for fifty-nine years, and of the Knights of Pythias. He was twice married, and leaves a wife and one son, two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

[J. R. Haw, Adjutant.]

R. P. DIGGS.

Robert Pleasant Diggs, who served with Company C, 5th Tennessee Infantry, Strahl's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, died at the home of his only daughter, Mrs. E. T. Hall, in Memphis, Tenn., on May 27, after a long illness, at the age of eighty-seven years. The family had only recently moved from Nashville to Memphis, and "Uncle Bob," as he was called, was a member of the Fitzgerald Camp U. C. V. at Paris. He was laid to rest with the burial service of his Camp, attended by his comrades and any friends and relatives.

[W. D. Poyner, Commander; P. P. Pullen, Adjutant.]

JAMES M. SNOWDEN.

On March 26, 1923, James M. Snowden, a member of the Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316 U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., answered to the last roll call. He was born July 6, 1846, and enlisted at the age of sixteen in Company A, Capt. I. N. Deaderick, with McGee's regiment of cavalry, and made a good soldier. The writer was his orderly sergeant and never heard him complain. His horse was killed in the first fight of the company.

[W. P. Brown.]

A. L. BREVARD.

A. L. Brevard was born in Wilson County, Tenn., February 10, 1842, and died at his home near Union City, Tenn., June 15, 1920. He was of French Huguenot descent, his ancestors being of those who espoused the cause of Protestantism under the leadership of Henry of Navarre. After the massacre of St. Bartholomew, they fled from France and found refuge in North Carolina, his later ancestors coming to Tennessee. One of those ancestors was a signer of the first Declaration of Independence of the American colonies—known as the Mecklenburg Declaration—and all were distinguished patriots in the early struggles for liberty.



A. L. BREVARD.

In the very beginning of the War between the States, A. L. Brevard enlisted in the 5th Tennessee Infantry, and served with bravery until the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina. In 1873 he was most happily married to Miss Sallie Malone, who survives him.

Gallant and faithful in war, Comrade Brevard was equally so in peace. Gentle, modest, and unassuming in every walk of life, conscientious in his dealings with his fellow men, endowed with a high sense of honor, no truer patriot ever served a State. In every way his life exemplified those religious tenets which prepare the soul for eternity.

In the eventide of a beautiful life, he passed away as quietly as he had lived—"like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

GEORGE W. LANKFORD.

Confederate comrades and friends have been called upon to pay the last sad rites to our esteemed and beloved comrade, George W. Lankford, at his beautiful and hospitable home in Marshall, Mo. He was the son of Jesse and Nancy Garrett Lankford, reared in Saline County, and was well and favorably known by the people of his county.

When the War between the States broke out, he cast his lot with most of his people for the Confederacy, enlisting in the brigade of the gallant Joe Shelby, serving four long years in that bloody struggle. Returning home after the surrender of the Confederate army, he was elected circuit clerk of the county and served in that capacity for several years. He served as member of the Board of Managers of the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo., and no man took a deeper interest in it than he, nor looked after his unfortunate fellow soldiers better. It was part of his life work.

Few comrades were held in higher esteem than Major Lankford; kind and simple in his manner, not demonstrative, but strong in his attachments.

He leaves a wife, who shared his affections for many years and in whose sorrow all of us old veterans share. He and his good wife went with us to New Orleans, and it was an occasion of much pleasure to him; but very soon after his return he fell into his long sleep. *Requiescat in pace.*

[C. Y. Ford, Odessa, Mo.]

LEMUEL S. WOOD.

After a long illness, Lemuel S. Wood, highly esteemed citizen of New Bern, N. C., died there in March, 1923. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and three sons.

Comrade Wood was a native of Craven County, born May 8, 1842, and there spent his entire life. In 1861 he enlisted in Company K, 2nd North Carolina Regiment, and served with his unit until it was captured by Northern troops at Kelley's Ford, Va., November 6, 1863.

His war record was as brilliant as that of any soldier who fought in the War between the States. Enlisting as a private, he was promoted to sergeant in May, 1863, after having gone through severe service. After the war he became a lieutenant in Company C of the State Guard and held that commission until the organization disbanded.

From the records of Camp New Bern, No. 1162 U. C. V., it is found that he was with the 2nd North Carolina Regiment in every skirmish and battle in which it was engaged until November, 1863, including the seven days fighting around Richmond, first Maryland campaign, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

He was at Chancellorsville with Stonewall Jackson when the latter was mortally wounded.

In civil life Comrade Wood was known universally as a man of excellent character, honorable in all things, and possessed of a genial personality. He had many close friends among both old and young, and by them he was held in highest esteem. Notable always about him was his love of anything Southern. The cause for which he offered his life and for which he fought so valiantly was always dear to him.

EDWARD WALTON.

Edward Walton, son of Nathaniel and Evelyne Paine Walton, was born June 27, 1847, at "Rose Cottage," near Cartersville, Cumberland County, Va., and died April 7, 1923, at "Penrith" in Cumberland County. He was married to Miss Rebecca DePriest on November 18, 1875, who preceded him in death nearly twenty-four years. He is survived by two sons and four daughters and seven grandchildren. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and served as steward for many years.

Comrade Walton enlisted in the War between the States in April, 1864, under Capt. Frank D. Irvin, who organized a force to resist Wilson's raid and prevent him from destroying the High Bridge across the Appomattox River near Farmville, Va. On advancing from the High Bridge to Amelia Courthouse, they found the enemy had retired, badly defeated by the Southern troops. Captian Irvin, therefore, disbanded his squad. In a few days Edward Walton reported to Colonel Walker, then in command at the High Bridge, and he served as mounted courier for Colonel Walker and his successors, Colonels Scott and Booker, until September 10, 1864, after which time he was transferred to Company D, 39th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry. He was bodyguard for Gen. R. E. Lee, and remained on duty at General Lee's headquarters and at the telegraph office in Petersburg, Va., until April 1, 1865, when he was detailed to go home for a fresh horse. In the meantime Richmond and Petersburg were evacuated. He attempted to reach General Lee at Farmville, but was cut off by the enemy near that place. He then started for Danville, Va., intending to report to General Johnston, but after going into North Carolina some distance, he heard of General Johnston's surrender. He retraced his steps and arrived at home in Cumberland County, Va., about three weeks after General Lee's surrender.

GEORGE T. SHOWER, M.D.

After an illness of some weeks, Dr. George T. Shower died at his home in Baltimore, Md., on February 2, 1923. He was a son of Adam and Mary Ann Shower, born in Manchester, Md., August 20, 1841. His mother was a daughter of Rev. Jacob Geiger, who for nearly thirty years was pastor of the Manchester charge. His grandfather, Maj. John Adam Shower, was one of those in command of the American army at Bladenburg, Md., which helped to defend Washington and Baltimore in the War of 1812; and his great-grandfather, Capt. John Shower, was on General Washington's staff during the Revolutionary War.

Reared in a Christian home, George Theodore Shower in boyhood united with the Reformed Church and was throughout life a devoted follower of Christ. He was educated in Manchester Academy and Franklin and Marshall College, receiving his A.B. degree in 1860. During the War between the States he was a private in Company D, 1st Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., from Gettysburg to Appomattox.

After the war he engaged in business, chiefly railroad construction, but on account of his health changed his vocation to teaching. Later he entered the Hahnemann Medical College, of Philadelphia, receiving his degree there in 1882, and at the age of forty-one began the practice of medicine in Hampden, now a part of Baltimore. From 1892 to 1908 he was connected with the Southern Homeopathic Medical College at Baltimore as lecturer, professor, and dean, at the same time continuing his practice, which he gave up ten years ago, though still seeing patients at his office up to his last illness.

Besides his work as a physician, Dr. Shower was a spiritual leader in his community. It was largely through his efforts that Trinity Church, Baltimore, was founded in 1884, and, from a human point of view, he had been its mainstay and support, serving from its organization as elder and treasurer, and, in the absence of the pastor, he most acceptably filled the pulpit. In his ministrations as a physician, he oftentimes became the spiritual adviser of his patients. In his daily walk and conversation, the spirit of Christ was manifest. His aim in life was not to make money, but to be of service to his fellow men, and that service was well rendered. He was a cultured Christian gentleman, of kindly disposition and many excellent qualities, an interesting conversationalist, and delightful companion. Truly, he was a "beloved physician," beloved for his own personal worth and for the good he did, and his influence extended beyond his own community. He took an interest in the Church at large, and acted as treasurer of the Church Extension Society of Baltimore during the twenty-five years and more of its history.

Dr. Shower was married in 1890 to Miss Ida M. Leslie, of Loudon County, Va., who died in September, 1895. He rests in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore.

T. C. PEARCE.

T. C. Pearce, who died on June 8, 1923, was born in Upson County, Ga., March 31, 1835. He enlisted in Thomaston, Ga., in the spring of 1862, as a member of Company A, 46th Georgia Infantry, and served until the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. He was wounded at or near Missionary Ridge, and sent to the hospital in Atlanta, Ga., in 1864. He did not recover from this wound until 1866. He had been on the Confederate pension roll of Upson County, Ga., since 1915.

[J. E. F. Matthews, Thomaston, Ga.]

DR. RICHARD N. PRICE.

Dr. Richard Nye Price, born at Elk Garden, Russell County, Va., one of the ten children of John Wesley and Mary Miller Price, died at his home in Morristown, Tenn., on February 7, 1923, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. Early in life he was converted, and in 1850 joined the Methodist Church. His religious life he began in the humble capacity of the circuit rider. He accepted whatever was given him to do and did it with his might, and every position filled was impressed with his personality and intellect. He was a member of many General Conferences, and in them, as elsewhere, was a commanding figure. For more than half a century his influence through religious channels was great all over the South, and honors justly won were his even before his retirement from active pastoral life. He founded the *Holston Methodist* in 1871, and was its able editor for some thirty years; was a contributor to the *Nashville Christian Advocate* and to many other periodicals. As an educator, he was President of the Holston Conference Female College, Professor of Mathematics in Emory and Henry College (of which he was an alumnus), and instructor in various chairs in other institutions of learning. He never sought fame or high honors, but as an editor, educator, and historian, he made an enviable reputation.

His soldier life began with his joining Zeb Vance's "Rough and Ready Guards" when the war came on in the sixties. Later his company was incorporated in the 26th North Carolina Regiment, and, after service as a private, he was chosen to be its chaplain. In the Spanish-American War he was chaplain of the 4th Tennessee Regiment of Volunteers, and the soldiers loved him with rare devotion. He also served as chaplain for many years of the W. B. Tate Camp of Confederate Veterans at Morristown, and his heart was ever loyal to the Confederacy and the South's just cause.

In 1855, Dr. Price was married to Miss Ann E. Vance, a member of the noted Vance family and a sister of Hon. Zebulon Vance, and to them were born ten children, two daughters and two sons surviving him.

[Mrs. J. S. C. Felknor.]

KENTUCKY COMRADES.

The following deaths were reported by B. F. Day, of Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

Joseph Cobb, who was orderly sergeant of Company G, 10th Kentucky Cavalry, commanded by Col. Ed Trimble, killed at Saltville, Va., in 1864, died at his home near Frenchburg, Menefee County, Ky., on February 1, 1923, aged eighty-three years. He served through the war as a brave soldier and in peace was a law-abiding citizen, a Christian gentleman. He was a native of Owen County, Ky.

On March 24, 1923, George W. Sexton, jailer at Menefee County, Ky., died at the age of eighty-four years. He was a member of Capt. Sam McCormick's company of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, commanded by W. C. P. Breckinridge, and was in all the campaigns and battles of that active cavalry regiment. He was a native of Bath County, Ky., a good man, soldier, citizen, and officer.

ALABAMA COMRADES.

The following members of Egbert J. Jones Camp, No. 357 U. C. V., of Huntsville, Ala., passed away during the past twelve months: W. L. Christian, Dr. J. C. W. Steger, J. S. Neil, John Russell, Chaplain G. M. Gipson, and J. W. Blake-more.

HARVEY McVEIGH.

As a warrior wraps about him his army blanket and lies down to restful sleep, so quietly the spirit of Harvey McVeigh left the warfare of earth with its shadows and trials, to enter upon the rest that is eternal in the presence of his Maker, Saviour, even God.

The message to "come up higher" was answered April 11, 1923, from his beautiful country home, "Gratton Hall," surrounded by devoted wife, loving children, sons and daughters who rise up and call him blessed, and a baby grandson, the joy of his life in his declining years.

Harvey McVeigh was born in Alexandria, Va., December 20, 1844. On November 28, 1871, he was married to Mary K. Richardson, of Richmond, Va. Their union was a very happy one, extending over nearly fifty-two years of close companionship. She survives him with four sons, three daughters, and two grandsons.

He volunteered in the Confederate army in 1863. His father offered to get a substitute for him, but this he declined and was often heard to say he never regretted having taken up arms in defense of his country, and, as he advanced in years, was more than ever convinced the cause for which he fought was right.

He was a member of Company D, 4th Virginia Regiment, General W. C. Wickham's Brigade, Gen. Fitz Lee's Division, Gen. Jeb Stuart's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. He never reported sick or had a furlough (except to get a new horse).

Mr. McVeigh was a most hospitable Christian gentleman of the Old South, an agreeable conversationalist, and told his army experiences in a very graphic and interesting way.

His eyes always twinkled merrily when he told of the risks he and his companions ran in order to visit young ladies in near-by towns.

Once while on courier post he had a fine pair of boots stolen from him while he slept and had to carry dispatches for several days in his sock feet.

He, with others, was kept a prisoner in a tobacco warehouse pending being sent to Point Lookout, and Lieutenant Belger, of the 3rd United States Regulars, gave each of them a ten-dollar greenback, saying he knew they would find it useful. Later they were paroled and his parole was one of his cherished possessions at the time of his death.

Having learned that the United States Congress had appropriated large sums to pay Confederate soldiers for horses taken in service in violation of terms given by General Grant, he put in a claim and after some time received \$137. His horse was named, by a young lady of White Post, Va., "Fairy Belle." His Cross of Honor was pinned on him at Culpeper Opera House by Captain Hill's sister, Miss Cora Hill.

[Mrs. V. E. Austin.]



HARVEY M'VEIGH.

MAJ. JAMES W. DENNY.

Maj. James W. Denny, Lee's gallant, heroic, and trusted aid, who entered into rest during April, 1923, was born in Frederick County, Va., in 1838. He was one of the noble order idealized by Dr. Ticknor in his immortal creation, "The Virginians of The Valley":

"The knightliest of the knightly race,
That since the days of old
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold."

His scholastic training was received at the University of Virginia, 1855-1859; two years were devoted to educational labor in the capacity of teacher, and the first throbbing of the war drum, April, 1861, found him in the forefront of the array serving in a command of Virginia cavalry. In process of time he became attached to Lee's military household in more than one relation, being especially in demand in serious emergencies or critical situations when absolute self-control, invincible courage, rare intuition, and penetration were the vital elements that assured the attainment of success. Upon one supreme occasion he was entrusted with the delivery of an order which compelled him to pass between and through the two contending lines of fire, yet despite the desperate character of the task, the end was accomplished and the dispatch delivered. Major Denny's exalted privilege was the possession of Lee's implicit confidence and regard. His attitude toward our chief was rather that of a friend than an inferior or mere employee. As the general was studying the topography of a region of country with reference to impending campaigns, young Denny would accompany him on these expeditions: "Ride along by me, Denny." "Have some of my lunch, Denny," he was accustomed to remark to his youthful attendant.

"As the greatest always are, in his simplicity sublime."

Among his most hallowed treasures was an autographed copy of The New Testament presented to him by General Lee at Appomattox. In 1868 Major Denny established himself in Baltimore and achieved a marked and eminent success in the profession of the law. He had no children. Mrs. Denny died in 1911.

[Henry E. Shepherd.]

ADOLPHUS V. TOMME.

Adolphus V. Tomme was born September 8, 1832, in Harris County, Ga., and died March 11, 1914, at Alexander City, Ala.

He enlisted in Wheeler's Division of Cavalry, 3rd Georgia Regiment, April, 1861, and served four years, returning in June, 1865.

He first served as courier to General Wheeler and also for Major McCarthy. Later he was transferred to captain of the wagon train, where he remained until the end of the war.

He was married to Miss Sarah Ann Hendricks. Four children were born to them, a son and three daughters. His daughters are all now living at Alexander City, Ala., his son at Birmingham.

His wife died in 1881, and his second marriage was to Mrs. Mary Ann Overby.

He spent his life after the war as a planter and miller near Alexander City, Ala.

He was a brave and patriotic soldier, a true and loyal citizen, and a pure and humble Christian. His love and devotion to the Confederate cause was earnest and sincere.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*

520 W. 114th St., New York City

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 MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala...*Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: After an absence of nearly two months, I am back at work, and I might say hard at work, as the accumulation of mail was very great. But before entering into the real message of this letter I want to express to the many Divisions and Chapters all along the line that I have visited my deep appreciation of the many courtesies and kindnesses extended to me. I fully realize that I shall not be able to reach each and every one who helped to make this trip so memorable (for there were flowers, and flowers, and still more flowers strewn along the way), therefore, I am taking this opportunity to convey to all my friends the depth of my gratitude, for life is richer and fuller for the contributions that they have made to fill it with joy and happiness.

Some of the delightful incidents of this trip were my visits to Gulfport, Biloxi, and Mobile; it seemed a coincidence that at each place an event of importance was being celebrated. On the way to the Tennessee convention it was my privilege to stop at Wheeler, the home of our celebrated Confederate leader, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, where his two daughters are carrying on, in that historic spot, the plantation life of former days. Miss Annie Wheeler gave me during this visit a rich experience in a drive to Muscle Shoals, where I was entertained by the Florence Chapter, en route to Corinth. Here I stopped over for a day, and through the courtesy of Mr. Duncan, the author of the little classic, "Recollections of Thomas D. Duncan," who arranged a trip to Shiloh, I experienced one of the most wonderful days of my life. I placed upon our monument to the Confederate dead a wreath of flowers in your name, and a similar tribute was laid at the foot of the Iowa monument, since there was no monument to all the dead of our opponents, and I was soon to unveil the Red Cross Window in Washington jointly with the National President of the Woman's Relief Corps G. A. R., a resident of this State.

Memphis, Jackson, and Nashville extended to me the most lavish hospitality as your President General, all of which I recognized came as honors to this great organization.

Conventions.—It was my privilege to visit three Division conventions—Louisiana, Alabama, and Tennessee. I was deeply impressed with the amount of local work carried on by the Chapters for the benefit of the veterans, their widows, memorial scholarships, monuments, parks, and highways; also large undertakings by the Divisions which showed an amount of work never fully reported to the general organization. Tennessee alone is building a Confederate Memorial Hall at the George Peabody College for Teachers at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, twenty thousand of which is already in hand, besides having a Memorial Scholarship to Admiral Semmes in process of completion. It is easy to discern with these large undertakings and heavy burdens that the work of the general organization is not clearly perceived by many of

the members who attend the Division conventions, but who are not present at the general conventions; it was therefore my endeavor to bring before the delegates the fact that we had our Chapter, Division, and general obligations to meet, for they had been undertaken by the vote of their representatives in convention assembled. In every instance the Divisions responded with most liberal pledges, showing that they were willing to assume their share as soon as they clearly understood their position; and so I feel that certain of our obligations will be fully met before the expiration of this administration.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN.—I regretted to find so few of our members subscribing to our official organ; it is the only means of communication between the President General and her Daughters, and it would seem that each member who is a subscriber would make it her personal business to help arouse an interest in this magazine, for this message does not reach those who are not subscribers, and unless I can secure your coöperation there is no possible way of increasing the circulation of this valuable agency in the promotion of our work. *Will each subscriber do her very best to obtain one more subscriber?*

Foreign Libraries.—An appeal has come from the American Library in Paris for literature on colonial architecture. I have learned that there is a recent publication by Dr. Fiske Kimball, of the University of Virginia, "Domestic Architecture of the American Colonies and of the Early Republic," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, price, \$12.50. We would deeply appreciate this gift if any member desires to contribute it. Last year a fund was donated for a Memorial, and the Chairman on Foreign Libraries, Miss Elizabeth Hanna, 47 East Thirteenth Street, Atlanta, Ga., has suggested that we have a general memorial to the "Heroes of the Sixties," where members may place memorial volumes in memory of their Confederate dead. This suggestion should surely meet with a response from our organization.

Revision of the By-Laws.—At the general convention in Birmingham last November, it was decided to have a revision of our By-Laws; as there is a Standing Committee on State Constitution and By-Laws, it seemed wise to make this committee serve as a Special Committee for the revision. With this thought in mind, the same committee was added to the list of "Special Committees;" but I regret to say that the printer did not realize that it should appear as both a "Standing" and a "Special Committee," for I find that in the "Minutes" of the Birmingham convention this "Standing Committee" has been omitted. I would like to remind all Divisions and Chapters desiring to make any suggestions for the revision to send them at once to Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Chairman, 409 West Washington Street, Greenwood, Miss., in order that she may incorporate those of which she approves in the text of her revision. As this will be a very difficult task, I beg your early and prompt coöperation.

Jefferson Davis Highway.—With all the enthusiasm and interest centered upon improving the roads of the rural districts, it should not be difficult to secure the coöperation of every Daughter in promoting the Jefferson Davis Highway, of which Miss Decca Lamar West, "Minglewood," Waco, Tex., is chairman. This committee has had printed ten thousand maps, and any Chapter may secure one by writing to Miss West. They are most interesting and necessary in order to promote the work, for without them it is impossible to know the route of this highway through the different States, and I have discovered, during my visit South, that our route has been appropriated by many other organizations for the promotion of good roads. I also learned that our members are actively engaged in assisting these highways, unconscious of the fact that their own organization is working to complete this memorial in honor of President Davis, thus defeating their own undertaking. Can I not appeal to your loyalty to coöperate with us in this most important matter?

Jefferson Davis Monument.—The new Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans, General Haldeman, who is Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, brings a new interest to this work. Many States have paid up their full pledges made at the last Convention, but this leaves us with a large amount still to be raised in order to begin work anew. If you could only realize how anxious General Haldeman and I are to complete this monument, I believe every Daughter would double her contribution. We cannot, until this monument is done, make the world believe that we hold Mr. Davis as typifying the cause of the Confederacy. It rests with us what others think of the South's part in the War between the States, for this monument stands, as does that of Washington in the Capitol of the nation, for the *President of the Confederacy*.

Railroad Rates to the Convention.—In a letter just received from the Chairman of Transportation, Mrs. Allen, I am informed that the certificate plan will be granted by the railroads for the convention in Washington. The rate will be one and one-half fare, provided the members secure the certificates when purchasing the tickets, but it will be necessary to present not less than two hundred and fifty certificates; therefore, it is imperative that every member, no matter how close her residence to Washington, make requisition for the certificate, in order that all may enjoy the benefit of this reduction. As I said in my April letter, this is to be our thirtieth convention, and everything should be done to make it an epoch in our history. Coöperation and interest are necessary to achieve this much-to-be-desired end, and we want every woman who can attend to come, for she will receive all the courtesies, whether she be a delegate, alternate, or simply a visitor. She should secure her hotel accommodations early, and in order to facilitate this, the list of hotel rates will be found in this issue of the *VETERAN*.

Red Cross Window.—To quote from the *Red Cross Courier* of May 26, 1923, the dedication of the Memorial Window in the Red Cross Building at Washington was an "epochal occasion." "A representative gathering of Northern and Southern women filled the Assembly Hall for the historic and epochal occasion. Dr. Thomas E. Green, Director of the Red Cross Speaker's Bureau, welcomed the members of the two bodies in the name of Chairman John Barton Payne, who is absent in Mexico on a governmental mission. Dr. Green conducted to the window Mrs. Marie L. Basham, National President of the Woman's Relief Corps, and Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The occasion was the unveiling, in the main Assembly Hall, of the third and last of a group of magnificent

stained-glass windows, the joint gift of the women of the North and of the South. The two leaders of their great organizations stood before the huge American flag covering the window. Each pulled an opposite end of the crossed cord, which brought down the flag, unveiling the beautiful illuminated window, depicting an ancient Red Cross knight, in the midst of battle, stooping to aid a wounded comrade." The window was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. James Darlington, Bishop of Harrisburg, on the twenty-fourth anniversary of the first Peace Conference held at the Hague, May 18, 1899. The Marine Band furnished the music for the occasion, and, after the "Star Spangled Banner," the benediction was delivered by the Rt. Rev. William F. McDowell, of Washington. This closed a beautiful and most impressive service and completed the unveiling and dedication of the three windows which compose this imposing group.

Hall of Fame, New York City.—On May 22, 1923, it was my privilege to participate in the unveiling of the Lee bust placed in the Hall of Fame by the New York Division of the U. D. C. This is unique in that it gives a Division, organized in a Northern State, an opportunity to erect a memorial in honor of a Confederate soldier, the place being provided by the State itself. The ceremony, which occurred under a most auspicious sky, was arranged by the university authorities in accordance with the custom heretofore used. The bust was unveiled by General Lee's grandson, Dr. Bolling Lee, after having been presented by the New York Division Chairman, Mrs. R. W. Jones. A stirring address was delivered by Martin T. Littleton, Esq., President of the New York Southern Society. The enthusiasm and applause which greeted the drawing of the Confederate flag during the playing of "Dixie" indicated that those present were great admirers of General Lee, for although there were many other busts unveiled on this occasion, none brought forth the spontaneous burst of admiration from the audience as that of General Lee.

In Memoriam.—It was with the deepest sorrow that I learned of the great loss to the organization of its Honorary President and former Treasurer General, Mrs. C. B. Tate, who had rendered for many years signal service to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. During a period of five years she gave unstintingly of her time and energy to the Treasurer's work, served on many committees, and at the time of her death was a member of the Central Committee of the Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington, Va. I do not feel that it is within my province to recount her services to her own Division, for Virginia will claim this privilege on behalf of this distinguished woman, but, to those who knew her well, it has covered the entire period of the life of the organization, for she was its distinguished President, and later Treasurer, finally serving as Custodian of the Lee Chapel for the Virginia Division. A woman of rare personality, forceful character, and splendid judgment, she was a leader in all departments of life, both in the Division and the general organization. Her friendships were slow in making, but, once formed, her loyalty was unflinching. To her bereaved family we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

The last of a distinguished line of women who shared through those trying days of 1861-65 the companionship of the great leaders of the Confederacy has passed to her reward. In the death of Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, the South closes one of its pages in history, as she was the last surviving widow of a member of General Lee's staff. That no flower could be purchased on the day of her funeral in the city of Richmond is sufficient comment to indicate the admiration and devotion in which she was held. This is an unprecedented tribute to a life that has left a lasting impression upon its generation.

News has come to us of the death of Mr. Crenshaw, the husband of our Custodian of Flags and Pennants, and in her deep sorrow she knows that the sympathy of the entire organization goes out to her. In speaking of Mr. Crenshaw, editorially, the Montgomery paper says: "Withal, he was modest and unassuming. He made no loud claim or boast in the world. He, therefore, must be judged by his action, not his words. It can be said of him, as once said of another successful business man, he possessed a quality which, while it had not the brilliancy of the sun, had the fixity of the stars."

Faithfully and fraternally yours.

LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, General U. D. C. Education Chairman, requests the publication of the following:

"The value of the May Roy McKinney Loan Scholarship for 1923-24 is \$375 (see Circular No. XXV, issued by the Committee on Education); \$200 has been granted the young lady who held this scholarship in 1922-23, and the remaining \$175 will be granted as a loan for five years without interest to either a young woman or man.

"Chairmen of Education will please note that loans from the Hero Fund may be granted to either men or women; to date the chairman has received only applications from men."

* * *

Mrs. J. O. Sturdivant, Past Corresponding Secretary, reports the Alabama Division convention, held in Anniston May 1-4, to have been from many standpoints the most successful and delightful in the history of the Division. The city and its people were lavish in their hospitality—dinner parties, teas, luncheons, and automobile drives being given to delegates and guests. The convention was doubly fortunate in having among its honor guests the President General U. D. C., Mrs. Schuyler, and the First Vice President General, Mrs. Harrold, the former making an address on opening night and the latter on Historical Evening. Mrs. E. L. Huey, during her two years as President, has signed 1,160 certificates for new members. Sixteen new C. of C. Chapters were reported by her at St. Louis, and several have been organized since that time. Nine new Chapters have been added to the Division roster.

Four additional endowed scholarships were reported. Miss Mary Lou Dancey, of Decatur, gave two, one in memory of her mother and the other in memory of an aunt. These, for \$1,250 each, are invested with the State of Alabama and are bearing interest at 8 per cent.

The sales from "True and Tried Recipes" compiled by Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, amounted to more than \$2,800 for the past year, giving two scholarships and several hundred dollars toward a third. One of these is named for a prominent Alabama veteran, "Lewellen H. Bowles," and the other is named the "Helen Bashinsky Case" Scholarship. Alabama's endowment fund for scholarships is now about \$16,000.

The Forrest Memorial was completed this year, a handsome monument marking the spot where General Forrest surrendered in Gainesville, Ala. A bill has been introduced in the Alabama legislature to appropriate \$10,000 for a monument at Gettysburg. Decatur and Ashville have recently completed and unveiled handsome monuments at a cost of \$3,000 each.

The Division presented Mrs. Huey with a silver pitcher and goblet in token of its love for her and appreciation of her untiring efforts during the two years. Ozark will be hostess city for 1924.

OFFICERS OF ALABAMA DIVISION U. D. C., 1923-24.

Mrs. C. S. McDowell, Eufaula.....President
Mrs. Jessie McClendon, Dadeville....First Vice President
Mrs. Key Murphree, Troy.....Second Vice President
Mrs. Hugh Merrill, Anniston.....Recording Secretary
Mrs. T. M. Brannon, Eufaula.....Corresponding Secretary
Mrs. Stonewall Boulet, Mobile.....Treasurer
Mrs. Joseph E. Aderhold, Anniston.....Historian
Mrs. J. B. Stanley, Greenville.....Registrar
Mrs. C. D. Martin, Jacksonville.....Recorder of Crosses
Mrs. E. Louis Crew, Goodwater.....Director C. of C.
Mrs. John A. Lusk, Gunterville.....Chaplain

* * *

In writing of the recent semiannual Executive Board meeting of the Arkansas Division, Mrs. William Stillwell says:

"After the reports were disposed of, the members of the Board spent much time in discussing ways and means for having a Confederate History of Arkansas written and published, this to embrace Reconstruction days and to end with the close of the World War. This work is now well under way, and the Division President, Mrs. Gill, is doing everything possible to have the undertaking completed during her term of office."

(The editor has received a copy of the questionnaire prepared by the Historical Committee of the Arkansas Division, the purpose of which is to acquaint the school children with what has been done by the South in the building of the nation. This was mentioned recently in these columns, and the plan heartily commended. The questionnaire well merits the commendation.)

* * *

Mrs. Chester A. Garfield, Correspondent from California, writes concerning the Division convention held in May:

"California Division met in its twenty-third annual convention in Berkeley, at the Claremont Hotel, a place admirably adapted to its entertainment and typical of Southern atmosphere, its wide verandas, palm trees, and verdant, sloping lawns luxuriantly like 'way down South.'

"Reports of Chapters showed earnest and productive work, ample enthusiasm, and gratifying progress. One new Chapter at Pasadena was completely organized, and others were reported in the process of establishing themselves.

"Aid to the remaining veterans was the keynote of the convention, and, at the suggestion of our Mrs. C. C. Clay, a fund was made up from the floor, which quickly reached \$500. She also was responsible for a committee which will at once investigate the matter of providing a home for these loyal men, now long past the point of participating in the rush and business affairs of to-day, a home from which, when the last call comes, they may be borne in honor, not to a potter's field, but to rest in peaceful cemetery plots owned by Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy.

"California Division will meet in Visalia, 1924."

The following officers were elected for the next year:

Mrs. Frank Elmer Ross, Riverside.....President
Mrs. Fred A. Swanberg, San Francisco..First Vice President
Mrs. Ada B. Stocker, Los Angeles..Second Vice President
Mrs. David L. Morgan, Los Angeles...Recording Secretary
Mrs. Josie L. Price Long Beach..Corresponding Secretary
Mrs. Charles G. Poland, San Francisco.....Treasurer
Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglas, Los Angeles...Historian
Mrs. W. J. Murphy, Berkeley.....Registrar
Mrs. George H. Stovall, San Francisco..Recorder of Crosses
Mrs. R. L. Cannon, Los Angeles.....Custodian of Flags

In Tampa, May 1-4 inclusive, the Florida Division held its most largely attended convention in its history the voting strength being 127. Miss Agnes Person, Division President, of Orlando, presided.

Plans, as announced in this column last month, were carried out *in toto*—entertaining delegates at the Hillsborough Hotel, holding sessions in banquet hall of same, social attentions in the form of teas, luncheons, receptions, and drives.

All Chapters showed decided increase in membership, Pensacola winning the prize for the largest increase. More money was raised during the past year for U. D. C. purposes than ever before. Florida was the first Division to complete its quota for the Jefferson Davis Monument when the per capita was fixed at 25 cents. The Division's continued interest is manifest this year in its contribution of \$1,000 to this fund.

The convention authorized the appointment of a committee to further plans in the interest of Florida's candidate for President General at the convention to be held in Washington, Mrs. Amos H. Norris, of Tampa. Mrs. H. O. Snow, of Tampa, is chairman, with a member from every Chapter in the Division.

Mrs. J. R. Medlin, of Jacksonville, was elected Treasurer to succeed Mrs. J. C. Blacker, she being the only officer whose term had expired. The next convention will be held at Fort Myers, Letitia Ashmore Nutt Chapter being hostess.

* * *

From the Missouri Division, Miss Virginia Wilkinson writes this month:

"For several years June 3 has been Home-Coming Day at the Confederate Home in Higginsville. This year Daughters and friends from all parts of Missouri gathered there to meet and visit with the veterans and their wives, in celebration of Jefferson Davis's birthday. Crosses of honor were bestowed, and a picnic dinner served on the beautiful grounds of the Home.

"Dixie Chapter, No. 1647, Kansas City, will soon have ready the handsome picture of Gen. Joseph Shelby, C. S. A., to present to the 110th Engineers Armory in Kansas City.

"For the past year every veteran in Kansas City whose birthday was known has been remembered by the Dixie Chapter on his anniversary with a note of congratulations and a birthday present, usually linen handkerchiefs. This has been a great delight to the veterans, and they appreciate these tokens of love very deeply.

"Missouri Daughters have been called recently to mourn the loss of two of their beloved members, both of the Stone-wall Jackson Chapter of Kansas City, Mrs. R. E. Wilson, first President of the Missouri Division, and Mrs. Harriet Rigney, a former Chaplain of the Division.

* * *

Memorial Day, May 10, was generally observed throughout South Carolina, as will be seen from the report for the month sent by Miss Loryea:

"For an hour or more, busy South Carolinians turned from their affairs to honor those 'who have crossed the river' and to honor, too, the living, 'the thin gray line.' Many beautiful tributes were paid these gallant men. Dr. W. S. Currell, dean of the graduate school in the University of South Carolina, in his address at Elmwood Cemetery, Columbia (the observance being under the auspices of the three local Chapters and the 'Girls of the Sixties') declared, that 'strewing flowers on the graves, a beautiful custom though it is, is not tribute enough.' He urged upon his hearers the necessity of vindicating, whenever the occasion offers, the cause for which our fathers fought and died.

"In many places, after the memorial exercises, dinner was served to the veterans by the Daughters. In others, they were given automobile rides, free tickets to moving picture shows, and Chautauqua entertainments. The school children joined in the exercises, helping with the singing, decorating the graves and monuments. In Abbeville, about eight hundred children marched under Confederate colors, each bearing a floral offering. After singing 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' they placed the flowers on the Confederate monument, covering it as high as they could climb. In Newberry, the exercises began with a parade of hundreds of school children, who strewed flowers in the pathway of the veterans.

"At many of the celebrations, the beautiful prayer composed by the late Bishop Ellison Capers for Memorial Day, was used. The exercises, in many places, included also the veterans of the World War—under one flag to-day.

"The Calvin Crozier Chapter Prize of ten dollars in gold, offered by the Calvin Crozier Chapter U. D. C., Newberry, to the student in the young women's colleges of the State writing the best essay on 'The South, the Preserver of Pure Americanism,' was won by Miss Lallah Stevenson, a Junior at Columbia College, Columbia. Miss Stevenson won the ten-dollar prize last year for the best essay on 'Matthew Fontaine Maury.'

"The John C. Calhoun Medal, offered by Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton, Historian General, to the student in the Junior class of the University of South Carolina or the Citadel or of Clemson College writing the best paper on the subject, 'John C. Calhoun, South Carolina's Exponent of State Rights,' was won by Gus C. Wofford, of Clemson College.

"The South Carolina Highway Department is coöperating with the Division Committee in charge of that part of the Jefferson Davis Highway passing through this State. The daily papers of June 3 carried officially for the first time this designation for Route No. 12 in the weekly Highway Report."

* * *

From Mrs. W. J. Morrison, of Nashville, Recording Secretary of the Tennessee Division, is report of a most successful and enjoyable convention at Dyersburg, Tenn., May 8-11, all delegates being guests of the John Lauderdale Chapter, hostess of the occasion. Many beautiful courtesies were extended by the Chapter and people of the city, and the cordial welcome greeting extended on the opening evening, May 8, voiced the spirit of true hospitality. Presiding at this occasion was Mrs. D. W. Moss, President of the John Lauderdale Chapter, who gave its royal welcome. Hon. C. L. Claiborne spoke for the Confederate veterans, Miss Novella McCaleb gave greeting for the Children of the Confederacy, Major L. E. Carne for the city, and Capt. Jerre Cooper for the American Legion Post. Honor guests of the convention were the President General U. D. C., Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, and ex-President General Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Kentucky, who were presented on this evening. Their presence was inspiration throughout the convention.

The business sessions, beginning Wednesday morning, were presided over by the President, Mrs. W. M. Goodman, of Knoxville, and the showing made of work accomplished during her administration was creditable to the Division. Reports by chairmen of the different committees gave the status of work undertaken, and appeals for additional contributions had generous response. The Admiral Semmes Scholarship is an important undertaking of the Division, and effort will be made to complete it this year that some worthy boy may through it secure an education. Mrs. Percy Patton, of

Memphis, is chairman of that committee. The memorial to the soldiers who fell at Fort Donelson—Mrs. H. N. Leech, of Clarksville, Chairman—will also be pushed to completion. Mrs. W. Mark Harrison, of Nashville, Chairman of the Highway Committee, urged the planting of trees along the highways of the State as memorials to leaders in the U. D. C. work as well as to soldiers of the World War. It was interesting to know that the Jefferson Davis Highway goes through Dyersburg, and a magnificent part of the road has been completed to Newbern. Mrs. Joe Wells stressed the importance of Chapters securing the records of the World War soldiers of their respective counties. The importance of a Chair of Southern History in a leading school of the South, that teachers might be sent out properly informed on the history of this section, was strongly brought out by Miss Jennie Lauderdale, of Dyersburg. For the Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington, Va., an eloquent appeal was made by Mrs. Schuyler, and liberal response was made in pledges to this work. Mrs. McKinney is chairman of that committee.

Historical Evening was an interesting occasion, directed by Mrs. E. O. Wells, Historian of the Division. Addresses were made by Mrs. McKinney and Mrs. Schuyler, the former giving a splendid presentation of the life of Jefferson Davis. To the Joe Wheeler Chapter, of Stanton, was awarded the banner for the best historical work of the year, and the medal given to a high school pupil for best essay went to Mary Henderson, of Jackson.

Friday sessions were given to unfinished business, election of officers, etc. A resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution to the effect that an officer of the Division may be elected to another office did not pass, but a motion carried that the retiring President appoint a committee to revise the constitution to accord with that of the general organization. Another proposed amendment for a change in the time of meeting was withdrawn after the President General stated that at the Washington convention in November there would be proposed a grouping of Division conventions that would make it more practical for the chief executive to meet with them.

Memorial Hour, directed by Mrs. T. A. Hisey, Poet Laureate of the Division, revealed a pathetically long list of those whose work had ended, forty-one members having been lost to the Division since the convention of 1922. A special tribute to Mrs. C. C. Dawson, beloved member of the Dyersburg Chapter, was read by Miss Martha Hamilton.

Officers for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. Embry Anderson, Memphis; Vice Presidents, Mrs. D. W. Moss, Dyersburg, Mrs. F. C. Yearwood; Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. J. Morrison, Nashville; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. F. F. Sholes, Memphis; Treasurer, Mrs. W. F. Milspaugh, Nashville; Registrar, Mrs. Telfair Hodgson, Sewanee; Historian, Mrs. E. O. Wells, Chattanooga; Flag Custodian, Mrs. J. A. Long, Springfield; Director C. of C., Mrs. Will Pierson; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Fenton Moore, Chattanooga; Poet Laureate, Mrs. T. A. Hisey, Morristown; Press Representative, Miss Libbie Morrow, Nashville; Chaplain, Mrs. William Hume, Nashville.

This report is not complete without mention of the many social courtesies extended, which began with a picnic lunch on Wednesday at the beautiful home of Mrs. J. N. Parker, followed by an auto ride about the city and its environs, with a reception by the John Lauderdale Chapter in the evening; on Thursday the local Knights Templar complimented the delegates with a luncheon, the Woman's Club entertained with a tea at the home of Mrs. H. Y. Darnell, and a dance

was given at the clubhouse that evening. The luncheon given by the John Lauderdale Chapter on Friday concluded the series of delightful entertainments.

CONVENTION RATES.

For the Washington convention in November the following hotels will be convenient. The rates given are by the day, and European plan only.

Willard Hotel, Convention Headquarters.—Single room, without bath \$3.00; with bath, \$5.00 to \$7.00. Double room, without bath, \$5.00; with bath, \$7.00 to \$10.00. For cot placed in room, \$2.00 extra.

The New Ebbitt.—Opposite convention headquarters. Single room without bath, \$2.50; with bath, \$3.50 and \$4.00; double room, without bath, \$2.00 each person; with bath, \$3.00 each person.

The Washington Hotel.—One block from convention headquarters. Single room, \$5.00 to \$7.00; two persons in room, with double bed, \$7.00 and \$8.00; two persons in room with twin beds, \$10.00 and \$12.00. Every room has a private bath. \$2.00 extra for cot placed in room.

The Raleigh Hotel.—Two blocks from convention headquarters. Single room, without bath, \$3.00 and \$4.00; with bath, \$4.00 to \$7.00; double room without bath, \$4.00 to \$6.00; with bath, one bed, \$5.00, to \$8.00; with twin beds, \$7.00 to \$10.00; Parlor suite, \$12.00 and \$15.00. \$2.00 extra for cot placed in room.

The Shoreham Hotel.—Three blocks from convention headquarters. Single room, without bath, \$3.00; with bath, \$5.00 to \$7.00; double room, without bath, \$5.00; with bath, one bed, \$7.00 and \$8.00; with twin beds, \$10.00. \$2.00 extra for cot placed in room.

The Hamilton Hotel.—Four blocks from convention headquarters. Single rooms, each with bath and shower, \$5.00 to \$8.00; double rooms, each with bath and shower, \$8.00 to \$12.00; sitting room, double bedroom, and bath, \$22.00.

The Powhatan Hotel.—Five blocks from convention headquarters. Single room, without bath, \$3.00 and \$3.50; with bath, \$4.00; double room, without bath, \$5.00; with bath, \$5.00 to \$7.00 \$1.50 extra for cot placed in room.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General.*

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1923.

Pope's Campaign, 1862.

General Pope aggressive near Washington.

Jackson sent against him; Cedar Run, August 9; Confederate victory.

Second Manassas, August 29, 30, 1862.

Lee and Jackson victorious.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1923.

Jefferson Davis: United States Senator, 1857-1861.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER..*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUMMER WORK.

My Dear Coworkers: The summer season is with us, and to many it brings a period of rest and relaxation from the activities of the busy winter months. But to many rest is only a change of occupation, and to such as have the spirit and energy to "carry on," some suggestions which have recently been made whereby industrious spirits may "make hay while the sun shines" are given for your consideration, not a prize for largest increase in membership.

Those attending the New Orleans convention will recall the prize of \$20 in gold offered by the President General for the largest increase in membership in any one Association, and that no better time could be selected than the warm afternoons during the summer season. Do not come to the convention to report a paltry few, but make the number of new members really worth while and a cause for gratification both to yourself and to the donor of the prize.

Let me urge that you make your meetings attractive and interesting; in no other way can you secure the support and coöperation of your membership. A report of a most delightful meeting held at Huntington, W. Va., at the home of Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey, State President and President of the Huntington Memorial Association, has recently been received and brings the charming story of an original plan to sweeten and cheer the older members of the Association that is worth passing on to you. A dear old lady past ninety years of age was made the honoree, and the decision to crown her with a laurel wreath, having as her maids of honor a number of friends all past sixty years of age, met enthusiastic approval from the three hundred members. The throne room was lavishly decorated with white and green, the coronation chair, a thing of beauty, all covered in white snowballs; and as the Queen was escorted to her throne, a chorus sang softly, and baby hands dropped flowers in her pathway as she passed to her coronation, followed by her maids of honor. A delightful short program followed the coronation, then delicious refreshments were served, and when the dear old lady was leaving for home, her face made beautiful in its happiness, she said: "I came feeling that I was ninety years old, but I am leaving feeling that I am only sixteen." Moral: Do something to make some older hearts happier.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

That the Jefferson Davis Monument may be completed this year is the heart's desire of all who love and revere the memory of the South's only President, the vicarious sufferer of all the Southland. Let us Memorial Women work as we have never worked that the money may be in hand before the close of

the year. Our honored U. C. V. Commander in Chief, General Haldeman, is also Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, and we want him to feel that we stand as a unit back of the effort, and that no association will come to the Memphis convention and reunion without having a good report of faithful stewardship. Mrs. William A. Wright, the General Chairman, has been unceasing in her efforts. She has just sent in another \$500 to the committee, and has begun an attempt to add \$500 more before the convention in 1924.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR RAISING MONEY.

Just a few members of the Girls' Friendly Society in a Western town cleared between \$300 and \$400 by making and selling the tissue paper sweet peas, which sell for twenty-five cents a dozen. No easier or pleasanter work could be undertaken, and anyone desiring to do this beautiful work, and at the same time raise money for the Jefferson Davis Monument, can secure the patterns and directions by applying to your President General. In another city thirty-five ladies volunteered to raise \$12,000 to pay off a Church debt. Each lady pledged herself to give one day, or part of one day, each week, when all would meet together and sew, making any article for which orders could be secured. In three years, nine thousand hand-embroidered handkerchiefs were made and sold, bringing from \$1 to \$1.50 each, and the \$12,000 was raised. A little country community, twenty miles from a city, with not more than fifteen families belonging to the community Church, raised \$1,200 in one day by serving a turkey dinner and selling delicious home-made sausage, for which they had created a demand by making the very best sausage, and serving the hundreds of people, who eagerly embraced the opportunity of paying a dollar a plate for a good home-cooked dinner.

IN MEMORIAM—MRS. VIRGINIA RICKETTS.

With the spring buds just bursting into new life, our dear Mrs. Virginia Ricketts passed on into the life eternal, a Confederate mother past ninety-six years of age, and one to whom the C. S. M. A. had the privilege of presenting the Gold Bar of Honor. The Huntington Chapter has lost one of its most loved members and the C. S. M. A. one of its most prized and cherished jewels. May the sweet influence of her beautiful life fall as a mantle upon the friends whom she loved and the Association which she honored with her precious benediction. To her loved ones our tenderest sympathies are extended.

Atlanta Memorial Association, under the able leadership of Mrs. William A. Wright, keeps active and much alive. A recent rummage sale netted \$40 for the Jefferson Davis

Monument. This was preceded by a card party which added \$75 to the fund. And so it goes with those who love the cause and are willing to work for it.

Will not some Association send to your President General items for our C. S. M. A. page? Let us keep in touch with each other during the coming months.

Ever faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General.*

ORIGINAL ACTS OF CONFEDERATE STATES.

So many valuable papers were lost, stolen, or destroyed in the breaking up of the Confederate government that a complete record of its operations could hardly be made. The story of the Great Seal of the Confederacy shows how many valuable records went into alien hands, and the following, from the Greenville (S. C.) *News*, tells of other records which should not be lost. While the Acts of the Confederate Congress are available as a printed record, these original papers should be placed in some Confederate museum for preservation. The article is given in part:

"Records of the Confederate States government from the beginning of hostilities in 1861 until the dark days of 1865, now in the possession of Dr. D. S. Ramseur, of Blacksbury, S. C., contain first-hand information which makes them of untold value.

"The records, contained in a huge leather-bound book entitled 'Register of Acts, C. S. A.' give a complete record of every act passed by the Confederate congress. The acts contain the signature of Jefferson Davis, President of the short-lived nation, and of his private secretary, Burton N. Harrison.

In addition to the leather-bound register of acts, Dr. Ramseur has the original papers containing many of the secret acts of the government. Among these is the act authorizing the congress of the Confederate States to meet elsewhere than in Richmond. This act was passed in 1864, and was brought about by the invasion of the Federal forces, making it possible that Richmond would fall into the hands of the invaders. . . .

"The papers have been in the family of Dr. Ramseur since the early seventies, having been purchased by the late Benjamin F. L. Logan, former sheriff of Cleveland County, N. C., from a Professor Turner, of Shelby, N. C., who conducted a military school in that city. . . .

"Mr. Logan was informed that the records were found near Charlotte, and doubtless they were either lost or abandoned by members of President Davis's cabinet in making their way south in 1865. It will be recalled that the last cabinet meeting of the Confederacy was held in Abbeville.

"The register contains a record of eight hundred and thirty-seven acts passed by the Confederate States government. The last recorded act is of March 18, and is entitled 'An act to amend the tenth section of the act entitled an act to organize forces to serve during the war.' The signature of A. R. Lamar, clerk, follows the last entry.

"Almost without exception the acts contain the signature of President Davis. However, the proposal to exempt from postage letters and papers intended for soldiers does not contain the signature of President Davis, indicating that he might have vetoed the bill.

"That the Confederate States government was confronted with a huge task in shaping its policy is shown by the large number of acts passed during the early days of its existence. A total of four hundred and eleven bills were passed prior to February 17, 1862, according to the number contained in the

register. No other session of congress contained any such number, the second largest number being one hundred and forty bills, passed in the session which adjourned February 17, 1864.

"The trying conditions under which the legislators existed is indicated by the more stringent laws passed as the struggle continued. The record of the various bills reads almost like a history of the great struggle, and reveals the necessity for more stringent measures which the legislators believed existed at that time.

"A portion of the secret acts of the government were stolen many years ago, and efforts to locate them have been without success."

HEROES WHO WORE THE GRAY.

BY MISS SARAH RUTH FRAZIER, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

(Thoughts evoked by a Confederate reunion parade Dedicated to my father, Capt. S. J. A. Frazier.)

How dear to my heart is the Stars and Bars,
As it gently unfurls and swings to the breeze.
No grander emblem of a loftier cause
Was ever unfurled 'neath Southern skies,
For the cause, the hallowed principles,
For which Jackson, Stuart and Johnston
With such deep devotion and tender consecration,
Gave up their lives on the crimson field of battle,
Still lives in the hearts of men, and will live
Until the tides of time flow back into the sea of eternity;
And not one lonely private sleeping the long sleep
In his dreary grave on the field of honor is forgotten.
Nor has he shed his blood in vain, for to-day,
Comrades, they march with us in shadowy form,
The hosts in gray who have passed over the river.
They are with us always in the aisles of memory,
But to-day they take their places in rank and file,
The Spirits of '61, gay, deboniar Stuart,
Noble Jackson, dashing Pelham, heroic Zollicoffer,
Peerless Lee, and that "Wizard of the Saddle," Forrest!
And not one cheer and not one tear is lost
To the men who wore the gray, the Spirits of '61,
Who march with us to-day in martial array.
So give them a right royal welcome,
The dauntless ones, the deathless ones, who wore the gray!

GOOD SAMARITANS.—The following from Mrs. Virginia Barnes Woods, of Monticello, Ga., will be of special interest to Terry's Texas Rangers: "In reading in the *VETERAN* an article by R. L. Dunman, one of Terry's Texas Rangers, I was reminded of the time when some of them made my father's home their headquarters. If I remember rightly, their names were Bill Kyle, Bill Lynch, Felix Kennedy, and Captain Shannon. My brother, Homer Barnes, was with the 4th Georgia Regiment. He was wounded and came home to stay until he recovered, but he didn't go back to his company, joining the Teks Rangers instead, and was with them to the close of the war. Emmet Lynch was wounded in the hand and came back to our home, and my mother dressed his wound until he got well. Two of the Texas boys married our Georgia girls—a Mr. Moore marrying Mettie Allen, and a Mr. Johns capturing Emma Clark. I married a Confederate veteran, J. G. Woods. Perhaps some of those Texas boys are living and will remember my father and mother's hospitality. They thought a great deal of the Texas boys. Only my sister and I are left of the family."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Richmond, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton, Denver, Colo.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.
[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.—The "secession of New York," as some call the proposed (at this time of writing) nullification of the prohibition laws in that State, is in line with the trend of the times. Dr. Langdon Mitchell, noted son of a noted father, Dr. Weir Mitchell, in a recent lecture in Virginia, pointed out the determination of the Californians as regards the Japanese question, and the extreme probability that they would go to any extreme, to the very point of war, to uphold their contentions. In a smoking car recently, a New York man bitterly assailed several Southerners for the stand of the States regarding prohibition and the Eighteenth Amendment. "What have you people down there got to do with what we do up in New York State?" he demanded; and the Southerners answered: "What a pity that was not your attitude in 1861; it would have saved a lot of blood and treasure." Can these things be assertions of the axiom, "Be sure your sins will find you out?" Is it retribution? At any rate, all over the North and West now there is strident appeal to the doctrine of State rights, which doctrine they stamped under foot in the sixties, denounced as treason, and ground under the heel of military oppression! Verily, the mills of the gods continue to grind.

SOME CROSSINGS AND DOUBLE CROSSINGS.—Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, Washington crossed the Delaware, and Napoleon crossed the Alps, while Lincoln crossed his fingers when, in his first inaugural address, he announced: "I have no desire to interfere with the institution of slavery, and I have no right to do so did I so desire." A little later came the Emancipation Proclamation!

NO COMMENT NEEDED.—In the *Outlook* there is an able article by Henry W. Jessup on a subject which does not concern this magazine, but there occurs in the article the following expression: "The Constitution which I swore to uphold was one developed along its original lines of upbuilding a national government for national service, but which was framed with the explicit reservation to the States of their original powers to regulate their own internal affairs."

This expression of his is made interesting when read in connection with the following comment on him in the *Outlook*: "Henry W. Jessup is a well known New York lawyer, and is grandson to the William J. Jessup, of Pennsylvania, who presented to the Chicago Republican convention the platform upon which Abraham Lincoln was first elected."

NEWS OF THE CAMPS.

Virginia.—General R. M. Colvin, Commander of the Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans of Virginia, has been doing good work in the reviving and organization of S. C. V. Camps. Largely instrumental in reviving interest in Harrisonburg, he reports that "D. H. Lee-Martiz Camp" there has sixty-five paid-up members, that the personnel is splendid,

and that the future of this Camp seems bright. Edward C. Martz is Commander and George E. Shae is Adjutant.

Texas.—Elgin H. Blalock, who did such efficient work in the ranks of Washington, D. C., Camp S. C. V., has transferred his efforts to Texas, and it is evident he is appreciated there, for he is immediately made Adjutant of the Camp in his home town, Jacksonville. The officers of James H. Hogg Camp S. C. V., No. 951, of Jacksonville, Tex., recently elected, are as follows: C. C. Nicholson, Commander; W. M. Harris, First Lieutenant Commander; C. F. Adams, Second Lieutenant Commander; Elgin H. Blalock, Adjutant; C. L. Newburn, Surgeon; John B. Guinn, Quartermaster; J. M. Newburn, Chaplain; Samuel H. Lane, Treasurer; Fred J. Fry, Color Sergeant; Allen Earle, Historian.

This Camp has inaugurated a move for permanent Texas headquarters, and a committee of this Camp is conferring with other Texas S. C. V. organizations with this end in view.

South Carolina.—Mrs. R. D. Wright, of Newberry, S. C., editor of the U. D. C. Department of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and one of the leaders of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, writes of the establishment of a good Camp of Sons at her home town. While she does not say so, it is mainly due to her efforts that this happy result has been achieved. Among the members of this Camp are the editor of the local paper, all the ministers of the town, and the Congressman from that South Carolina district. The officers are: Elbert H. Aull, Commander; Lewis Boozer, Adjutant; J. N. McCaughrim, Historian.

"The Rebel Yell."—The Confederate soldier brought into being the most distinctive war cry of all the fighting forces of all times. The rebel yell embraced so much, meant so much, typified so much, that it can better be described in the following quotation from a most eloquent Memorial Day address delivered some years ago by Dr. Joseph B. Dunn, a Virginia Episcopal minister: "Jackson," says Dr. Dunn, "freed the pent up feeling of the South when he gave the order at Manassas: 'Charge! and yell like furies!'"

At that thrilling moment was born the war cry of the South. So weird was it that it seemed at times to mingle in the noise and confusion of a battle field and to become a spiritual thing, a Voice, a Sound, described by one as the voice of the "Fierce South, cheering on her sons!" Dr. Dunn says of the rebel yell: "There burst upon the ear of earth that wild yell, more awful than the noise of hissing ball or screeching shell. He who shall be able to analyze aright the 'Rebel Yell' will be the one who can tell the true story of the war. There was in that sound something of the shrill horror of the boy's fierce play of Indian warfare; something of the exultant shout to hounds when the deer breaks cover; something of the wild laughter of reckless youth that mocks at death; something of the growl of hunted beast whose lair has been invaded; and then the deeper tones of that wordless rage of the strong man as he leaps to guard the threshold of his home. Every instinct of the man was clamorous for expression; the primitive inheritance of animal kinship; the abandon of undying youth; and the highest reach of that English civilization whose simplest expression is in the saying: 'The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the crown; the storms may enter, the rain may enter, but the king of England cannot enter, all his forces dare not cross his threshold!'"

Our Great Days.—Washington Camp S. C. V. took active part in the celebration of Jefferson Davis's birthday, which was held under the auspices of the District of Columbia

Daughters of the Confederacy. Commander Conway made a speech of greeting and the benediction was said by the Chaplain of Washington Camp, Rev. Andrew Bird. Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida, was orator, and his speech was a convincing eulogy of Mr. Davis, whom he described as "one of the outstanding figures of all time." In urging that the facts of our history be known, Senator Fletcher stated this was "not for the purpose of creating animosity, but that animosity should be done away with through the knowing of facts."

The Louisville Incident.—The story which the dispatches tell of that Memorial Day incident in Louisville is an unfortunate one, yet it is instructive and may do some good. A person described by the *Greensboro News* as a "narrow-minded and dwarf-hearted Union veteran" was in charge of the parade and refused to allow the Confederate veterans, who had been invited to participate, to have a place in the line of march if they carried their flags. As a matter of course, under such conditions, the Confederates withdrew. This incident is disagreeable, but it should not be so surprising. On all occasions, practically, where the Northerner bridges the bloody chasm or assumes a hands-across-the-sea friendly attitude, there is always the implied understanding that the South must approach such occasions and participate therein in the attitude of a repentant and erring sister. The North will go so far as to state, "You did what you *thought* was right," but, having said this, their limit is reached. It might be well for our people, self-respecting and with truth and justice on their side, to analyze these "get-together" ceremonies with more care. There is generally a trick in it.

Our Histories.—We have just read a high school "History of the United States" by Hall, Smither and Ousley, which is a very admirable production and well worth consideration by any and all Southern school boards and departments of education. The scandal connected with the wholesale teaching of Northern-inspired lies against our own people to our own children is of such recent date as to be familiar to all. The evil, while greatly improved, through the efforts of our Confederate patriotic organizations, is not yet entirely corrected. It is evident there is in the minds of the superintendents of public education in our Southern States, our State officials, and those who have to do with selecting school histories the idea that the Confederate patriotic bodies, when they make protest and recommendation regarding these matters, are a little outside their proper boundaries and scarcely entitled to serious consideration. Yet we should remember that these very educational authorities allowed this false and slanderous teaching of history to our children to go on unchecked for years, and there was no turn for the better until that turn was *forced* by the United Confederate Veterans, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Recently the recommendations of the history departments of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Confederate Veterans regarding a history used in Virginia were totally ignored by the educational authorities of that State, and we hear more recently of a splendid Southern history turned down in Arkansas and the adoption of a Northern book. Our Confederate organizations must take more note of these things and stand more solidly behind their history departments before their recommendations will be heeded as they should be and before these evils can be eliminated from our Southern schools.

"SINGING FOR HIS SUPPER."

In response to the request of Miss Cornelia Thompson, of Greensboro, Ala., in the June VETERAN, W. J. Brown, of Jackson, Miss., sends the following as

"THE HUNGRY LOVER'S SERENADE."

"All lonely and dreary's the street, love,
The watchman's asleep on his beat, love,
I'm dying for something to eat, ove,
Come open your cupboard to me.

My feet are all wet with the dew, love,
There's nothing so nice as hot stew, love,
Get up and make it O, do, love,
And open your cupboard to me.

The moon will be down before long, love,
The night bird is singing his song, love,
How plainly he says, 'Mix it strong,' love,
And open your cupboard to me.

The chickens are crowing for day, love,
And I must soon hasten away love,
Come list to your lover's last lay, love,
And open your cupboard to me."

"Now, this reminds me of an incident which happened directly after the war. General Osterhaus was at that time in command of the Federal garrison at this place and had his headquarters in the Governor's Mansion. A number of us boys, after returning home, had formed a string band for serenading purposes, and one night, while serenading one of our citizens who lived just opposite the Mansion, we chanced to sing the 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' and wound up with the above song, which generally brought cake and wine. But just as we were about to finish we were surprised by a corporal's guard of Federal soldiers (negroes), who placed us under arrest and marched us across the street to Osterhaus's headquarters. We thought we were good for the guardhouse, but on our way across the street one of the boys whispered to me: 'You must get us out of this.' When we were mustered into General Osterhaus's presence he began on us with a very severe reprimand for singing 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.' Immediately there popped into my head the parody on this old song, so I said to him: 'We were not singing the "Bonnie Blue Flag."' The boys looked at me in astonishment, and so did Osterhaus. I said to him. 'General Osterhaus, to prove what I said is true, if you will listen I will sing that song for you. So I sang:

"We're a band of dry old rummies,
And natives to the soil;
Who occasionally take a tod or two,
And always according to Hoyle.

Chorus.

Then hurrah, hurrah, for a little old rye, hurrah.
Bad luck to the man with the barney blue flag,
That broke up the demijohn bar.

As long as Georgia applejack
Could be had for Confederate trust,
We met like hospital nurses for
A rollicking, rare old muss.

But when our supplies were cut off
The cry rose near and far,

Bad luck to the man with the barney blue flag,
That broke up the demijohn bar.'

"I saw a change come over the General's face; calling a staff officer, he whispered something to him. The officer immediately retired, and we did not know what was coming. In a short while, however, the officer returned, when General Osterhaus arose and invited us to follow him. As we entered the dining room, he said: 'Gentlemen, the joke is on me,' and set us down the champagne and cake. This was a double surprise, and you can bet we never sang the 'Bonnie Blue Flag' again in that neighborhood."

A copy of this old song was also sent by Mrs. J. S. Alison, of Benton, La., with practically the same words, but she gives these additional lines as the second stanza.

Some biscuit, some jelly and jam, love,
A slice of cold turkey and ham, love,
For devilish hungry I am, love,
Then open thy cupboard to me.

ON DUTY AT PETERSBURG.—J. W. Lokey, who served with Company B, 29th Georgia Regiment, writes from Byars, Ga.: "I was very much interested in the account of the 'Bloody Crater' by Capt. H. A. Chambers, published in the May number of the *VETERAN*, and would like to tell what I know as to where the mine was put under our works. Our brigade (Benning's) occupied just to the right of the battery for four days and nights some four weeks before the blow up. I think it was about two hundred yards from our works to the Yankee breastworks. It was so close that no pickets were kept between the two lines. At night each company was divided into three reliefs, and there was firing all night to keep the Yankees from advancing on us in the dark. No man could expose his head above the breastworks without having a ball put through it by a sharpshooter. I saw one of the boys of my company put his hat on his ramrod and slowly raise it till the crown was above the works, and zip! a ball passed through it. General Lee knew the Yankees were tunnelling under our works at this place. While we were on duty here, I went up to the battery and found some men digging a square well. Thinking it a strange place for a well, I asked why they were digging there, and they told me it was not a well, but a sounding pit; that they were expecting the Yankees to undermine them. Soon after being relieved from duty here, our division (Field's) was transferred to the north side of James River. The sounding pit referred to was twenty feet deep. The *Richmond Dispatch*, in giving an account of the blow up the next day, said the tunnel under our works was thirty-five feet from the top of the ground, so that it was fifteen feet below the bottom of the well. It was thought that the Yankees went much deeper than they intended. If they had tunnelled into the bottom of the well, our men would have thrown shells down in the well and stopped their tunnelling."

GOOD ADVICE.—Polk Miller, that prince of entertainers, used to tell the story of his departure "for the seat of war" in this wise: His company was leaving for the front, and loved ones and friends had assembled at the station to see them off. After his "white folks" had about all taken leave of him here came his old black mammy, with tears streaming down her dusky cheeks, who said: "Good-by, Mars Polk. If dem Yankees gits atter you, you jes' run lak everything."

OVER THE OLD LINE OF MARCH.

From George W. Grigg, Maple Rise Farm, Greenville, Ill.:

"You will perhaps be surprised by this letter, as I was a Federal soldier and visited your city last winter and many other towns and cities that I was in fifty-eight years ago. I stayed in Nashville one night, passing on to the battle field of Franklin in order to be there on November 30, the anniversary of that bloody drama of 1864. There I found Capt. W. W. Courtney, of Confederate fame, who showed me all courtesy and civility. We went to the Methodist church on the 30th, and we also went over the battle field, where 7,000 brave Federals and Confederates lost their lives for what they thought was right. I stood upon the spot where the gallant Gen. P. R. Cleburne lost his life. I also had marked attention from the mayor of Franklin and others—in fact, was treated well by every citizen of Franklin I met.

"I went on South, but not so hastily as I went on December 1, 1864, toward Nashville, crossing the Harpeth at 3 A.M., playing the rôle of William the Conqueror that is, burning the bridges behind us as he did in burning his ships. I stopped at Spring Hill, where some Federals lost their lives, and perhaps some Confederates too, and the next day went on to Columbia, and was the recipient of the same fine hospitality by Captain O'Neal and Private Underwood. I must say that I also appreciated the attention that the Columbia ladies gave me, two of them escorting me to an entertainment of the Elks; and later one of those ladies took me to see a fine bridge which spans Duck River, the stream which the retreating Federals crossed on pontoon bridges in 1864—I'll give it another name which I think appropriate, "The Bridge of Sighs"—for we were on our way to Franklin and Nashville, where many sighs and groans were uttered by brave, dying men.

"Well, I passed on as a Shiner to Pulaski, and there found Major Abernathy just as kind as those other Confederates. He showed me the statue of Sam Davis, and told me that General Dodge, who had Davis executed, gave a large contribution to the monument in Nashville.

"Passing on to Huntsville, Ala., I found Col. C. F. Nolen with his unbounded courtesy. He served as a private under General Forrest, but has been honored by the title of "colonel" just as I have. One of the Huntsville papers gave me a great write-up, as was also done at other towns. (I neglected to say that I visited the cemeteries at Franklin and Columbia.) From Huntsville I turned back to Nashville that I might be there on the anniversary of the bloody conflict of the fifteenth and sixteenth of December, 1864. In Nashville I found Privates Holmes and Scales very attentive, and I must not forget "Major General" John Hickman. I went out to the Nashville battle field, and it rained on us nearly all the time, as it did fifty-eight years ago on the date of the battle. We visited the Overton mansion, which was General Hood's headquarters. I tried to find the spot where the daring and intrepid Gen. P. Sidney Post fell from his horse, as the 59th Illinois was placed in the van as Cæsar placed his favorite legion—viz., the 10th, with four Ohio regiments behind us, together with a Pennsylvania battery next, to charge against the Floridians and Alabamians, as I have read; and one man, as he passed to the rear as a prisoner, told me that he belonged to the 38th Alabama Regiment; but we failed in that gallant charge, not being supported by reinforcements.

"On the next day, I went to the Presbyterian Church in Nashville, and the minister, Dr. J. I. Vance, told me that on the night after the bloody fighting at Nashville this very church was filled with the wounded of both armies."

THE PRISONER'S LAMENT.

My home is on a sea-girt isle
 Far, far away from thee,
 Where thy dear form, thy blessed smile,
 I never, never see.
 I rest beneath a Northern sky.
 A sky to me so dreary,
 I think of thee, dear one, and sigh,
 Alone upon Lake Erie.
 Alone, alone upon Lake Erie.

The winds that waft to others joy
 But mock me with their breath;
 They waft a perfume to destroy,
 They sing a song of death.
 The waves that dash against the shore
 Keep angry watch at night;
 They wash beneath my prison door,
 Are always, in my sight,
 Alone, alone upon Lake Erie.

No more I hear my loved one's voice,
 No more her form I see;
 No longer does my heart rejoice,
 No longer am I free.
 I lay me down at night to sleep
 With aching heart and weary
 With wind and wave my watch to keep,
 I'm cast upon lake Erie,
 Alone, alone upon lake Erie.

This poem was written by Dr. V. Beecher while a prisoner at Johnston's Island, Lake Erie, and the words were afterwards set to music, also composed by him. The request for a copy of this poem was responded to by Mrs. Elizabeth S. Bogle, of Lenoir City, Tenn., and Mrs. Howard B. Hall, of Cheriton, Va., who made the request, sends a copy for the *VETERAN* that others may become acquainted with the poem.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Reported by Mrs. R. P. Holt, Chairman, Rocky Mount, N. C.: Since the July report, Ohio has sent in orders for eleven copies of "Women of the South in War Times," this State now lacking but nine copies of their quota, which will doubtless soon be taken. Mrs. P. V. Shoe, Ohio's Director, deserves great credit. During 1922 only ten copies were placed by this Division, as compared with the forty-one orders up to date for 1923.

The Pee Dee District, of South Carolina, deserves special mention, as every Chapter in the District has bought ten copies, and some of them even more.

New York has sold over half of her quota. Now, can we who live in our dear old Southland afford to let our sisters of the Western and Northern Divisions complete their part of our pledge and we not do so? I hope before August that I may be able to report many Divisions to have completed their quotas.

Since last report the following has come in for the publicity fund, either to me or to Mr. Andrews: E. V. White Chapter, Poolesville, Md.; Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, Hagerstown, Md.; Baltimore Chapter No. 8; Pittsburgh Chapter—\$1.00 each; West Virginia, \$3.00; Washington Division, \$2.00; North Carolina, \$10.00.

If the Daughters of the South realized the real good *our*

book is doing, I feel sure they would be more diligent in placing it, not only in all the homes of their communities, but in as many homes in the North and West as possible, for in so many places where the South has never been understood this book gives them an entirely different view of the issues involved. It also reflects credit upon the women of the South, both of the past and present.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS D. DUNCAN."

In giving his recollections as a Confederate soldier in book form, Thomas D. Duncan, of Mississippi, has not been actuated by any hope of gain in a financial way, but sends it forth in love for his comrades and the cause for which he fought. It is his idea to place this book with the different Confederate organizations in the Southern States and let the proceeds go to some memorial to the Southern cause—perhaps a Confederate hospital and sanitarium, dedicated to God and humanity. In reviewing this book, Miss Elizabeth Hanna, General Chairman Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books, U. D. C., says:

"The Recollections of Thomas Duncan, a Confederate Soldier' is a recent publication of more than usual interest. 'Now in my seventy-sixth year,' says Mr. Duncan, 'in the calm twilight of life's evening, I am capable of recording without prejudice or passion my impressions of that most heated era of our country, whose momentous events—sad, tragic, glorious—represent the summit of dramatic interest in all my years.'

"In April, 1861, at Corinth, Miss., he enlisted in the Confederate army, being then of 'a very tender age.' He was first enrolled in the Corinth Rifles, but later was transferred to the cavalry and became an active participant in the wonderful campaigns of Gen. Nathan B. Forrest. He took part in the battles around Forts Henry and Donelson and was present on the field of Shiloh, at the battle of Corinth, of which he gives a graphic description, in the various cavalry raids in West Tennessee, and in the battle of Chickamauga. He tells of the sufferings of the Southern soldiers, unused to the privations of camp life; of his own narrow escape from death in battle; of the horrors of reconstruction; but these sorrowful topics are enlivened by many amusing anecdotes and stories of interesting experiences.

"This book is well fitted for use as a supplementary reader in schools, and should also find a welcome place in every up-to-date library. It is one of the books for which the President General, U. D. C., solicits special interest."

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Contributed by Charles Edgeworth Jones, Historian Camp No. 435 U. C. V., Augusta, Ga.: "To the best of my knowledge, this list now comprises three members—Brig. Gen. John V. McCausland, Point Pleasant, W. Va.; Brig. Gen. Felix Robertson, near Waco, Tex.; Brig. Gen. Edmund W. Rucker, Birmingham, Ala. During the greater part of the War between the States, the last named served as colonel of the 1st Tennessee Legion of Cavalry, but for some months before its close he officiated as commander of a brigade in Forrest's Cavalry."

GEORGIA STATE REUNION.—Maj. Gen. A. J. Twiggs, commanding the Georgia Division U. C. V., through Adjutant Gen. Bridges Smith, Macon, Ga., has issued a call for the assembling of comrades at Rome, Ga., September 12 and 13.

—PETTIBONE—



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PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

RUTS.

The world is full of ruts, I say,
Some shaller, and some deep;
An' every rut is full of folks as
High as they can heap.

Each one that's prowlin' in the ditch
Is growlin' at his fate,
An' wishing he had got his chance
Before it was too late.

They lay it all on some one else, or
Say 'twas just their luck;
They never once considered that 'twas
Caused by lack o' pluck.

But here's the word o' one that's lived
Clean through from soup to nuts;
The Lord don't send no derricks 'round
T' hist folks out o' ruts.

—Exchange.

MONEY IN OLD LETTERS.

Look in that old trunk up in the garret. It may contain some old letters. Old used Confederate and old United States postage stamps up to 1890 are valuable. Please be sure to leave the stamps on the envelopes, as I pay more for them that way. Write me what you find.

GEORGE H. HAKES.

290 Broadway, New York City.

THE RESULT.—The stingiest man was scoring the hired man for his extravagance in wanting to carry a lantern in going to call on his best girl. "The idea," he scoffed. "When I was courtin' I never carried a lantern; I went in the dark." "Yes," said the hired man, "and look what you got."—Exchange.

A WILLING COW.—Dealer (bargaining for the cow): "How much milk does she give?" Farmer (warily): "I don't rightly know, sir. But she be a darned good-natured cow, and she'll give all she can."—Canadian American.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

(London, England, 1448.)

A house of glass shall come to pass,
In England, but alas!

War will follow with the work
In the land of the Pagan and the Turk;

And State and State in fierce strife
Will seek each other's life.

But when the North shall divide the South,

An Eagle shall build in a Lion's mouth.

Carriages without horses shall go,

And accidents fill the world with woe.

Primrose Hill in London shall be,

And in the center a bishop's see;

Around the world thoughts shall fly

In the twinkling of an eye.

Water shall yet wonders do,

Now strange, shall yet be true;

The world upside down shall be,

And gold found at the root of a tree;

Through hills man shall ride,

And no horse or ass be by his side,

Under water men shall walk,

Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk;

In the air men shall be seen,

In white, in black, in green;

Iron in the water shall float;

As easy as a wooden boat.

Gold shall be found, and found

In a land that's not now known.

Fire and water shall more wonders do;

England shall at last admit a Jew;

The Jew that was held in scorn

Shall of a Christian be born.

Three times three will lovely France

Be led to dance a bloody dance;

Before her people shall be free,

Three tyrant rulers shall she see;

Three times the people rule alone,

Three times the people's hope is gone;

Three rulers in succession see,

Each springing from a different dynasty;

Then shall the worser fight be done,

England and France shall be as one.

—The Canadian American.

UNBIASED HISTORY

A plea for the unbiased teaching of history in schools as one of the best means for promoting world peace was voiced by Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador in the United States, addressing the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia.

"Let the history which is taught be fair to all the nations concerned," he said, "fair to those who once were enemies, but not too fair; fair to our forefathers, but not too fair."—The Canadian American.

Deafness

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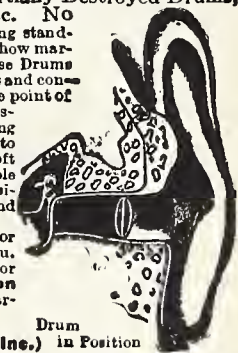


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MY LEGACY

The little tree I planted out,

And often muse upon,

May be alive to grow and thrive,

And out into the sunlight strive,

When I am dead and gone.

So it shall be my legacy

To toilers in the sun;

So sweet its shade, each man and maid

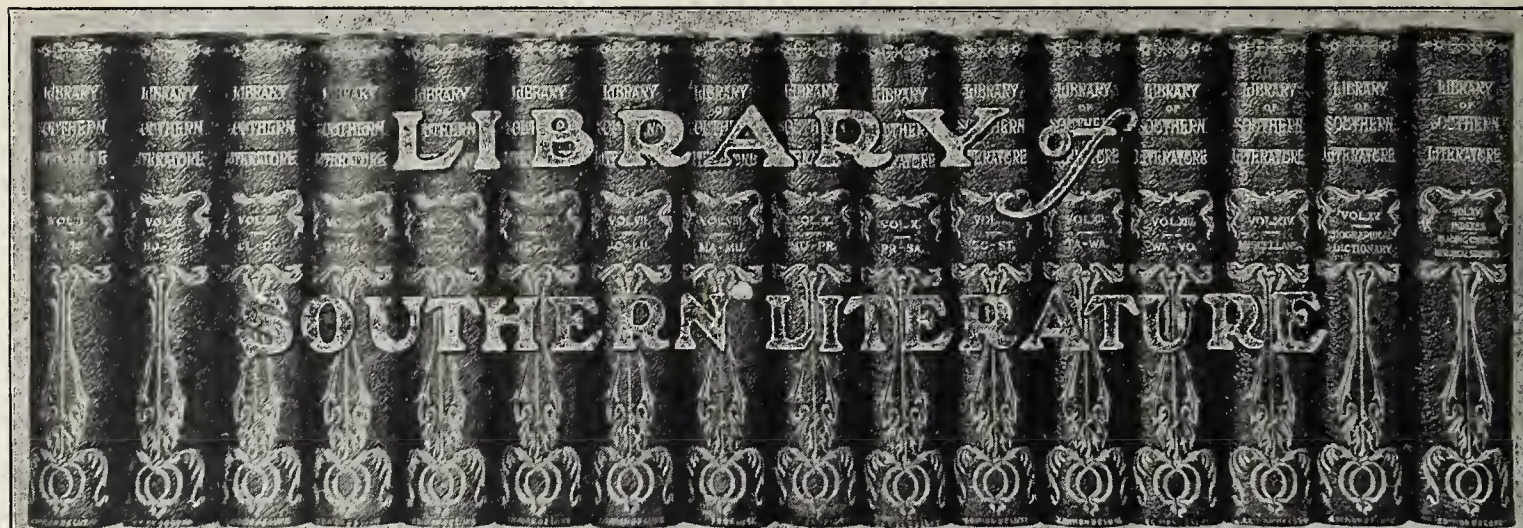
May be induced to take a spade

And plant another one.

—Ethelwynn Wetherald, in Canadian American.

Survivors of the cavalry company organized and equipped by Capt. Joseph Selden at Uniontown, Ala., in the early part of the war are asked to communicate with Miss Julia Selden, No. 308 East Main Street, Spartanburg, S. C., who needs the signatures of some members to her application for membership in the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

BEEKEEPING IN TENNESSEE.—Tennessee ranks second in the number of farmers keeping bees in the United States. Tennessee has more beekeepers to the square mile than any other State in the Union.—Exchange.

**Editors in Chief**

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of Virginia

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University of Virginia

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Historian

EACH MAIL BRINGS COMMENDATORY LETTERS; ONE WILL SAY, "AN ORATION ON STONEWALL JACKSON IS ALONE WORTH THE PRICE;" ANOTHER, "FOUND AN ARTICLE FOR WHICH I HAD SEARCHED FOR YEARS;" ANOTHER, "THE WORK INSPIRED ME TO ATTEMPT WRITING A POEM WHICH WAS ACCEPTED BY A LEADING MAGAZINE;" ANOTHER, "MAKES ME PROUD OF MY SOUTHERN BIRTHRIGHT;" ETC.

"It has often been discussed as to the lack of Southern literature in our homes, and I was delighted to know of the "Library of Southern Literature," and immediately placed my order. The service of the University in collecting it after years of hard research, and the patriotic publishers in offering it to the people should be appreciated and supported."—*Mrs. A. M. Barrow, State Regent, D. A. R., Pine Bluff, Ark.*

"It is a very attractive publication. The locality represented, the eminent persons whose lives are sketched, and the distinguished writers who have recorded these fascinating memorials combine to render this work immensely valuable and exceedingly interesting."—*G. L. Petrie, D.D., Charlottesville, Va.*

"I have on my shelves no books that I prize more highly than these. And perhaps, being a Southerner, I may be pardoned if I say there are none of my literary books that I prize quite so highly."—*Millard A. Jenkins, D.D., Abilene, Tex.*

"This is not only a splendid set of books from the standpoint of literature, but commends itself to me particularly as a patriotic labor in preserving the literary productions of Southern writers. I think your books should be in every Southern man's library."—*S. F. Horn, Editor The Southern Lumberman, Nashville, Tenn.*

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"As a memorial to my deceased wife, I have presented the U. D. C. Chapter of Cornelia, Ga. of which she was President, your "Library of Southern Literature," giving our history, poems, biographies, etc."—*Charles M. Neel, Cornelia, Ga.*

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VOL. XXXI.

AUGUST, 1923

NO. 8



THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL

[Work on the great Stone Mountain Memorial was inaugurated, with imposing ceremonies, during the month of June. The upper view here gives shows the north face of the giant monolith on which will be carved figures of the leaders of the Confederacy and soldiers representing the different branches of the service. The lower illustration shows a group of cavalry as it will appear when carved in the stone.]

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BOOK OFFERING FOR AUGUST.

The following list of books will be of special interest in the offering of a number that are now very scarce and difficult to procure. In sending order, give second and third choice that you may not miss some of them.

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis. Two volumes.....	\$10 00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two volumes.....	8 00
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Life of Stonewall Jackson. By a Virginian. 1863.....	2 50
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Four Years with Mars Robert. By Maj. Robert Stiles.....	3 50
Destruction and Reconstruction. By Gen. Richard Taylor.....	4 00
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke.....	5 00
Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	3 00
Military Records of General Officers C. S. A., with 108 portraits (etched and engraved, in large folio portfolio), 1898. By Charles B. Hall. Fine condition.....	15 00
Southern Generals, Who They Are and What They Have Done. New York. 1865.....	2 50
Scraps from the Prison Table. By Col. J. Barbieri. Offered in connection with an album containing autographs of 1,200 Confederate officers imprisoned on Johnson's Island, including Generals Trimble, Tilghman, and others. Rare and valuable.....	15 00
Life and Campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Jordan and Pryor, 1868. Illustrated.....	5 00
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Advance and Retreat. By Gen. John B. Hood. Half morocco.....	4 00
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History of Confederate Navy. By J. T. Scharf.....	4 00

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William M. Dunn, Jr., of Clarita, Okla., would be glad to get the address of any survivors of Capt. John C. Dunn's company, organized near Athens, Henderson County, Tex. Captain Dunn was killed at the battle of Pea Ridge, or Elkhorn, near the Missouri and Kansas line. His company and regiment are not known.

Mrs. Flora Ellice Stevens, of Kansas City, Mo., noted writer of classic poems, has nearly completed another long Southern poem which she thinks will equal her "Lee, an Epic." It contains much of the surrender, and also of Southern women. When this is published, she plans to write a drama on Stonewall Jackson.

Any survivors of Company E, 2nd Texas Regiment, will please communicate with John T. Holder, of Geneva, Fla. (Box 127), now in his eighty-first year, who is trying to locate the grave of his brother, William Holder, who enlisted at Galveston, Tex., September 5, 1861, and was sergeant, lieutenant, and at last captain of Company E; was taken prisoner and paroled at Vicksburg, Miss., July 4, 1863. He returned to his command and was accounted for to January 1, 1865; no later record. It seems that he died while staying with a friend in Texas, and was buried there. Any information will be appreciated.

Mrs. Fannie Jobe McGuire, Birmingham, Ala. (3220 North Twelfth Avenue), wishes to learn the names of the fifteen men who surrendered with Morton's Battery, of Forrest's Cavalry. Her father, William L. Jobe, was one of them, though he was at home sick at the time of the surrender. She also asks if Rice's and Morton's batteries were sent to Columbus, Miss., in October, 1862, to guard the arsenal which was moved there from Memphis.

M. Deady, of Cleveland, O., writes: "After the battle of South Mountain, Md., I was detailed with the burial squad, and in our work of laying away our comrades we came across a young Confederate officer on whose coat was pinned a slip giving the name, 'Capt. H. C. Hyers (or it may have been Myers), Mad River Lodge, North Carolina.' We buried him, and I cut the name on a piece of board at the head of his grave."

Mrs. M. E. Files, Santa Ana, Cal. (1405 West Second Street), is trying to establish the war record of her father, Jesse P. McCain, who was born in Mississippi, but went to Texas as a boy, and doubtless enlisted in some Texas command. Any surviving comrades will kindly give her any information possible of his service in the Confederate army. He had lived in Navarro County, and also in Dallas after the war.

J. W. Lokey, of Byars, Okla., calls attention to errors in his little article in the VETERAN for July, page 277, by which he was connected with the 29th Georgia Regiment instead of the 20th Georgia, and also located at Byars, Ga., when he lives in Oklahoma. We can only put the blame on the printers.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1923.

No. 8.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1

Dear Comrades: In the death of General Booth, the call has come to a man who, as a soldier in the War between the States, gave loyal service to the cause of the Confederacy, and, throughout the years which have passed since the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, he has rendered most efficient, valued, and valuable service to our organization. His loss is one that will come home to every Confederate veteran, and especially does it strike with signal force upon the Commander in Chief of the organization.

Gen. A. B. Booth, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, gave his life through devotion of service to his comrades, and there is no man in our organization at this time whose loss would be more keenly felt and deeply deplored by our entire organization. I consider it a sacred duty to continue in charge at the headquarters at New Orleans the widowed and devoted daughter of General Booth, Mrs. Winnie Booth Kernan. She has been for his years of service a great help to her father and fully understands the duties which will devolve upon her in the conduct of the New Orleans office and greatly needs the meager amount which she will receive for conducting the office. I believe that my continuation of her in charge of that office will meet with the hearty approval and indorsement of my comrades. She relies upon the fees of that office to which she will be entitled for the support and maintenance of herself and two children, and I do only that which is right and which is due her and her father in continuing her in charge of the New Orleans headquarters.

W. B. HALDEMAN,

Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans.

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 30, 1923.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

Comrades: Our organization is fortunate in its Commander in Chief having secured for Adjutant General and Chief of Staff Gen. I. P. Barnard, of Louisville, Ky., a Confederate veteran true and tried, without blemish or stain upon his record as a soldier during the War between the States; a citizen of high standing in Kentucky; a business man who, as such, has no superior; devoted to the interest of our organization and whose means enable him to expect no fee or

moneyed compensation from the office. He is now in full possession of mental and physical qualifications for the duties of the office which he has been called upon by your Commander in Chief to fill. He will bring to it a fitness that will fully justify the selection and appointment made by me. Only fifteen years of age when he entered upon his duties as a soldier, he is now rounding out his seventy-seventh year, and I bespeak for him the hearty support of his comrades in the United Confederate Veteran's organization.

As Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, he will deserve and prove worthy of your earnest support, and, therefore, as your Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, I commend him to you and ask that he be obeyed and respected accordingly.

W. B. HALDEMAN,

Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans.

ADJUTANT GENERAL AND CHIEF OF STAFF U. C. V.

Gen. I. P. Barnard, the new Adjutant General U. C. V.

appointed by Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief, to succeed Gen. A. B. Booth, is a prominent business man of Louisville, Ky. He was born in Ohio County, Ky., September 11, 1846, joined the Confederate army at the age of fifteen, and served with great credit in Company C, 9th Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade. His appointment to this exacting office is fitting recognition of those qualities which made his career as a boy soldier a record of gallantry and faithful service.



GEN. I. P. BARNARD.

ATTENTION, COMRADES!

It is the purpose of Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief U. C. V., to communicate with comrades generally through the medium of the *VETERAN*, and the dissemination in this way of General Orders and other special communications will bring the activities of the organization more largely before the membership of every Confederate association. Special prominence will be given to these communications.

COMMANDING THIRD BRIGADE, KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. C. V.

The appointment of Thomas D. Osborne as Major General commanding the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., left a vacancy in the command of the Third Brigade of that Division, which he filled by the appointment of John E. Abraham, of Louisville, of the staff of the late Gen. W. J. Stone, to that command as Brigadier General. He was born August 31, 1844, and served in the Confederate army as sergeant of Company C, 9th Kentucky Cavalry.

COMMANDERS U. C. V.

Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief, Louisville, Ky.

Maj. Gen. I. P. Barnard, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Brig. Gen. R. E. Bullington, Assistant Adjutant General, Memphis, Tenn.

Honorary Commanders in Chief: Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Mt. Pleasant, S. C.; Gen. C. B. Vance, Batesville, Miss.; Gen. J. S. Carr, Durham, N. C.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. C. B. Howry, Commander, Washington, D. C.

Brig. Gen. Jo. Lane Stern, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Richmond, Va.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. A. Clark, Commander, Columbia, S. C.

Col. J. B. Lewis, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Anderson, S. C.

Brig. Gen. D. W. McLaurin, Commanding First Brigade, Columbia, S. C.

Brig. Gen. W. H. Cely, Commanding Second Brigade, Greenville, S. C.

Maj. Gen. C. A. Reed, Honorary Commander for Life, Anderson, S. C.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. A. Smith, Commander, Ansonville, N. C.

Col. A. L. Smith, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Charlotte, N. C.

Brig. Gen. A. H. Boyden, Commanding First Brigade, Salisbury, N. C.

Brig. Gen. P. G. Alston, Commanding Second Brigade, Louisburg, N. C.

Brig. Gen. G. M. Hall, Third Brigade, Red Springs, N. C.

Brig. Gen. J. W. Goodwin, Commanding Fourth Brigade, Asheville, N. C.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander, Richmond, Va.

Col. W. S. Archer, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Richmond, Va.

Brig. Gen. Homer Atkinson, Commanding First Brigade, Petersburg, Va.

Brig. Gen. W. P. Nye, Commanding Second Brigade, Radford, Va.

Brig. Gen. William. A. Compton, Commanding Third Brigade, Front Royal, Va.

Brig. Gen. H. Clay Michie, Commanding Fourth Brigade, Charlottesville, Va.

WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. —————, Commander, Ronceverte, W. Va.

Col. J. W. Matthews, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Alvon, W. Va.

Brig. Gen. Thomas. H. Dennis, Commanding First Brigade, Lewisburg, W. Va.

Brig. Gen. Thomas. H. Harvey, Commanding Second Brigade, 137 Washington Avenue., Huntington, W. Va.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. James A. Thomas, Commander, Dublin, Ga.

Brig. Gen. Hampden Osborne, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Columbus, Miss.

Col. W. A. Rawls, Assistant Adjutant General, Tallahassee, Fla.

LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. H. C. Rogers, Commander, Shreveport, La.

Col. J. A. Pierce, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, New Orleans, La.

FLORIDA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. H. Harp, Commander, Crescent City, Fla.

Col. W. A. Rawls, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Tallahassee, Fla.

Brig. J. S. Frink, Commanding First Brigade, Jasper, Fla.

Brig. Gen. W. E. McGahagin, Commanding Second Brigade, Ocala, Fla.

Brig. Gen. H. J. Peter, Commanding Third Brigade, Leesburg, Fla.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. H. C. Davidson, Commander, Montgomery, Ala.

Col. M. B. Houghton, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Montgomery, Ala.

Brig. Gen. Hal T. Walker, Commanding First Brigade, Selma, Ala.

Brig. Gen. W. L. Kirkpatrick, Commanding Second Brigade, Hazen, Ala.

Brig. Gen. T. P. Lamkin, Commanding Third Brigade, Jasper, Ala.

Brig. Gen. T. B. Gwin, Commanding Fourth Brigade, Gadsden, Ala.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. M. Wroten, Commander, Magnolia, Miss.

Col. John A. Webb, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Jackson, Miss.

Brig. Gen. F. A. Howell, Commanding First Brigade, Durant, Miss.

Brig. Gen. F. L. McGehee, Commanding Second Brigade, Summit, Miss.

Brig. Gen. W. G. Ford, Commanding Third Brigade, Holly Springs, Miss.

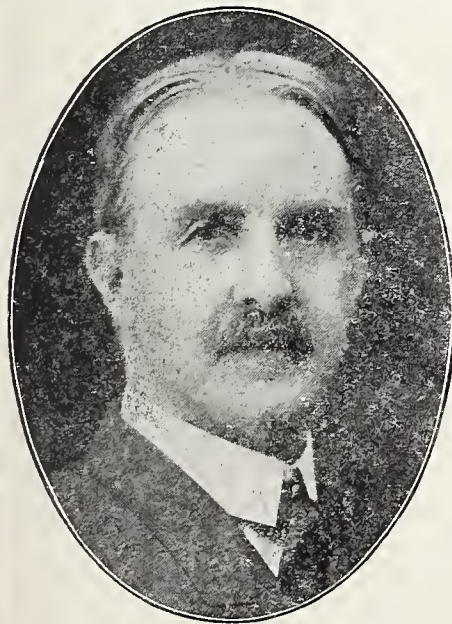
GEORGIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Albert J. Twiggs, Commander, Augusta, Ga.
Col. Bridges Smith, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Macon, Ga.
Brig. Gen. D. B. Morgan, Commanding South Georgia Brigade, Savannah, Ga.
Brig. Gen. W. S. Jones, Commanding East Georgia Brigade, Louisville, Ga.
Brig. Gen. J. A. Wise, Commanding North Georgia Brigade, Hapeville, Ga.
Brig. Gen. Joseph Day Stewart, Commanding West Georgia Brigade, Americus, Ga.
Brig. Gen. M. G. Murchison, Commanding Cavalry Brigade, Tennille, Ga.

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Thomas D. Osborne, Commander, Louisville, Ky.
Col. W. A. Milton, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Louisville, Ky.
Brig. Gen. William H. Robb, Commanding First Brigade, Helena, Ky.
Brig. Gen. C. S. Jarrett, Commanding Second Brigade, Hopkinsville, Ky.
Brig. Gen. John E. Abraham, Commanding Third Brigade, Louisville, Ky.
Brig. Gen. N. B. Deathridge, Commanding Fourth Brigade, Richmond, Ky.
Brig. Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commanding Fifth, or Orphan, Brigade, Louisville, Ky.

Maj. Gen. Thomas DeCourcy Osborne, commanding the Kentucky Division U. C. V., was a private of Company A, 6th Kentucky Infantry, a part of the famous Orphan Brigade, and for many years he served as Secretary of that veteran organization. He was severely wounded and left on the battle field at Dallas, Ga., on May 28, 1864, and that wound incapacitated him from further service as a soldier. He was commanding the Third Brigade of the Kentucky Division when appointed by General Haldeman to succeed the late Gen. W. J. Stone as Commander of the State



MAJ. GEN. THOMAS D. OSBORNE.

Division. General Osborne was born in Owen County, Ky., November 8, 1844, was reared and educated in Louisville, leaving school to enter the army in 1861.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. E. W. Kirkpatrick, Commander, McKinney, Tex.
Brig. Gen. W. M. Arnold, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Greenville, Tex.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. M. Cochran, Commander, Dallas, Tex.
Col. Bradford Hancock, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Waco, Tex.
Brig. Gen. J. C. Foster, Commanding First Brigade, Houston, Tex.
Brig. Gen. W. W. Dudley, Commanding Second Brigade, Waco, Tex.
Brig. Gen. R. H. Turner, Commanding Third Brigade, Dallas, Tex.
Brig. Gen. George W. Short, Commanding Fourth Brigade, Decatur, Tex.
Brig. Gen. J. O. Frink, Commanding Fifth Brigade, San Angelo, Tex.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. William Taylor, Commander, Altus, Okla.
Col. H. C. Gilliland, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Altus, Okla.
Brig. Gen. T. D. Turner, Commanding First Brigade, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Brig. Gen. T. B. Hogg, Commanding Second Brigade, Shawnee, Okla.
Brig. Gen. J. N. Kimberlin, Commanding Third Brigade, Altus, Okla.
Brig. Gen. M. G. McDonald, Commanding Choctaw Brigade, McAlester, Okla.
Brig. Gen. Thomas D. Bard, Commanding Cherokee Brigade, Bushy Head, Okla.
Brig. Gen. J. A. Spaulding, Commanding Creek and Seminole Brigade, Muskogee, Okla.
Brig. Gen. Harvey Hulen, Commanding Chickasaw Brigade, Chickasha, Okla.,

MISSOURI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. A. A. Pearson, Commander, Kansas City, Mo.
Col. G. W. Langford, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Marshall, Mo.
Brig. Gen. T. C. Holland, Commanding Eastern Brigade, Steedman, Mo.
Brig. Gen. W. C. Harrelson, Commanding Western Brigade, Kansas City, Mo.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. B. W. Green, Commander, Little Rock, Ark.
Col. George Thornburg, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Little Rock, Ark.
Brig. Gen. J. B. Burks, Commanding First Brigade.
Brig. Gen. R. W. Crisp, Commanding Second Brigade, Searcy, Ark.
Brig. Gen. H. M. Baird, Commanding Third Brigade, Russellville, Ark.

PACIFIC DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. William C. Harrison, Commander, Los Angeles, Cal.
Col. J. M. Bolton, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Los Angeles, Cal.
Brig. Gen. J. R. Acuff, Commanding New Mexico Brigade, Phoenix, Ariz.
Brig. Gen. T. R. Meux, Commanding California Brigade, Fresno, Cal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA BRIGADE, A SEPARATE BRIGADE (INDEPENDENT).

Brig. Gen. William W. Chamberlaine, Commander, Washington D. C.
Lieut. Col. D. C. Grayson, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Washington, D. C.

GEN. A. B. BOOTH, ADJUTANT GENERAL U. C. V.

The Confederate organizations have suffered a great loss in the death of Gen. Andrew B. Booth, which occurred in New Orleans, La., on June 27, in his eightieth year. A serious fall sustained while at Stone Mountain at the time of the dedication ceremonies of that great Confederate Memorial near Atlanta, Ga., brought on complications from which he could not recover.

General Booth had been in charge of the permanent U. C. V. headquarters at New Orleans since the death of General Mickle in 1921, serving as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff under Commander in Chief Van Zandt, and then as Assistant Adjutant General under Commander in Chief Carr; and was again serving as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff under the present Commander in Chief, Gen. W. B. Haldeman. He had been prominently identified with the Confederate organizations of his State, was a faithful attendant of the general reunions, and took an active and able part in the deliberations of those conventions.

Andrew Bradford Booth was born near Georgetown, Scott County, Ky., May 4, 1844, and when he was four years old his father removed to Baton Rouge, La., where he was educated, graduating from the academy there in the spring of 1861. He was a member of the Creole Guard, a military company of the city, but he went into the Confederate army with an artillery company which he assisted in organizing with Capt. Wiley Brown, which, for lack of guns and other equipment, was later changed to an infantry company, the Pelican Rifles, Company K, of the 3rd Louisiana Infantry. He became its second sergeant and drill master, and with this company he fought on the Missouri front, taking part in the battles of Oak Hills and Elk Horn Tavern, Corinth, Miss., engagements on the Yazoo River, and the siege of Vicksburg. After being paroled and exchanged, he joined the 22nd Louisiana Infantry, which saw service in Alabama and Florida. Later he was a scout under General Hodges in East Louisiana and was captured on the Amite River and sent to prison camp at Ship Island, and was paroled at Vicksburg at the end of the war.

After the war he engaged in business at Hope Villa, La., until 1881, when he removed to New Orleans and there actively engaged in the real estate business, also taking an active part in civic and political affairs. He was a Past Master in his Masonic Lodge, and Consul of the Woodmen of the World in Louisiana. In Confederate affairs he had served as Adjutant and Commander of his Camp, Adjutant and Commander of the Louisiana Division, and then on the staffs of the last three Commanders in Chief and in charge of the permanent U. C. V. headquarters, in New Orleans.

General Booth was of a genial and social nature, delighting in the companionship of comrades and friends, and was most highly esteemed by those who knew him best. His many acts of kindness were without ostentation, and he leaves behind a record worthy of emulation. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Emma Brown, of New Orleans, a son and a daughter, the latter now being in charge of the permanent headquarters U. C. V.

TREASURER JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME
ASSOCIATION.

At a called meeting of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, on motion of Gen. Thomas D. Osborne, Maj. John B. Pirtle was elected to succeed the beloved John H. Leathers as Treasurer of the Association. Major Pirtle served on the staff of Gen. William B. Bate, C. S. A., with the rank of captain. He is Vice President of the Louisville Trust Company.

THE GARIBALDI GUARDS.

Referring to the error made by Comrade Bradwell in his reference to the Garibaldi Guards, in the article on "Picturesque Soldierly," page 212 of the June VETERAN, the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C., gives the following as some record of that command: "The 39th New York Volunteers was raised in New York and called the Garibaldi Guards. A large element were Italians, but there were also enough to demand that it should have other names, such as the Italian Legion, Netherland Legion, Polish Legion, Hungarian Regiment, First Foreign Rifles. Col. George D'Utassy commanded it. Apparently there were three companies of Germans, three of Hungarians, one of Spaniards, one of Italians, and one of French and Portuguese. Colonel D'Utassy proved to be an unscrupulous adventurer and was sent to the Albany Penitentiary. There is a little fun connected with this, for D'Utassy resented the reception he met at the penitentiary where his head was shaved and stripes were put on him. He said: 'You treat me this way? I speak fourteen languages.' To which the prison official replied: 'Well, we speak only one here, and damn little of that.' The regiment was in Blenker's Brigade, and made little reputation for a while as a fighting regiment. Later other companies were added. The incompetent officers were mustered out, and under Col. Augustus Funk the regiment acquired a fair reputation. It lost five officers and fifty-two men killed in battle, three officers and forty-nine men wounded, and fifty-nine men died from disease, in prison, etc.

"A study of the official roster of the regiment shows how it must have been officered at first by 'black sheep' dropped from the armies of Europe. Within a few months its colonel was in the penitentiary; one major, twelve captains, eleven first lieutenants, twelve second lieutenants, the chaplain, and surgeon had to resign; two lieutenant colonels, two majors, two captains, five first lieutenants, four second lieutenants were discharged; one captain, three first lieutenants, and two surgeons deserted; one colonel, four captains, seven first lieutenants, two second lieutenants, and a surgeon were dismissed. May 31, 1863, what was left of the regiment was consolidated into four companies. Six new companies were added, and the reorganized regiment did good fighting at Gettysburg and during the rest of the war."

PERCENTAGE OF LOSS IN PICKETT'S CHARGE.

Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, calls attention to the statement in the article by Mrs. Ida Lee Johnston, "Over the Stonewall at Gettysburg," page 249, that three-fourths of Pickett's men were lost in that famous charge at Gettysburg, "the fact being that the loss was only 22 per cent, more than half being prisoners, leaving 11 per cent killed and wounded."

"She also refers to it as the greatest charge known to warfare, but at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., the entire army lost over one-third killed and wounded, no prisoners. Pickett had to charge over hilly ground and up a hill, while at Franklin the Confederates were more exposed, having to advance to the attack over a level expanse of open fields. . . . I have given Confederate history deep thought, and in preparing my 'Life of Gen. Richard H. Anderson,' I had to study carefully the field of Gettysburg."

REUNION DATES.—The time for the reunion United Confederate Veterans at Memphis, Tenn., has been fixed as June 4, 5, 6, 1924.

STATE RIGHTS AND SECESSION.

BY STERLING BOISSEAU, RICHMOND, VA.

My daddy was a rebel, a State Rights rebel he;
His great-great dad a rebel too, for rights of colony;
If one was wrong and other right, 'tis more than I can see—
The principle of Washington, the principle of Lee.

When seceded Old Virginia, she was forced into the fight;
West Virginia seceded from her, the North said it was right;
South and North helped Cuba from Spain to make the break—
For Cuba to secede from Spain was right and no mistake.

When Panama seceded, she was recognized, we see,
And more than recognition; that, too, is history;
Now self-determination is world-wide on the way—
Secession by another name's the order of the day.

The "yellow peril," an issue about the Golden Gate,
The Volstead Act, an issue within the Empire State;
Truth crushed to earth rises again, takes only Time to tell—
For State Rights and Secession let's give the Rebel Yell.

In the Virginia convention in Richmond in 1861, while the delegates from the counties now forming West Virginia, by a majority vote, voted against secession of old Virginia from the Union, after the vote was taken, a majority of the West Virginia delegates signed the Ordinance of secession. Thus did West Virginia become a State by a minority of her representatives in the convention.

Messrs. Conklin and Platt, United States Senators from New York, resigned from that body in 1881 on a question of State rights. Now the Legislature of that State nullifies the Volstead Act.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF GENERAL LEE.

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. LEIGH ROBINSON, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

"CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER, 26th October, 1862.

"My Dear Brother Carter: Your letter of the 19th has just been handed to me. Its cheerful, affectionate tone brings me great comfort and carries me back to happier days, when I could enjoy the pleasure of my brothers' company and of their dear wives and children.

"I am glad that you derive satisfaction from the operations of the army. I acknowledge nothing can surpass the valor and endurance of our troops, yet while so much remains to be done, I feel as if nothing had been accomplished. But we must endure to the end, and if our people are true to themselves and our soldiers continue to discard all thoughts of self and to press nobly forward in defense alone of their country and their rights, I have no fear of the result. We may be annihilated, but we cannot be conquered. Our enemies are so numerous that they cover apparently all space. No sooner is one army scattered than another rises up. This snatches from us the fruits of victory and covers the battle fields with our gallant dead. Yet what have we to live for if not victorious.

"I know you sympathize with me in all my troubles, and now that death has entered my home and nipped in the morning of life one of the flowers God had planted there, I feel consolation in your affection. He has taken the purest and best; but his will be done.

"Give much love to sister Lucy and the children. You see I am recovering the use of my hand.

"Always truly your brother,
Charles Carter Lee.

R. E. LEE."

"FREDERICKSBURG, CAMP FORDS, 24 May, 1863.

"My Dear Brother Carter: I have but a few moments in which to express my thanks for your kind letter of the 21st. I unite with you in mourning at the death of General Jackson. Any victory would be dear to us at such a price. Still, I am grateful to Almighty God for having given us such a man, whose example is left us and whose spirit I trust will be diffused over the whole Confederacy and will raise in the army many to supply his place. Who can fill it, I do not know. But he is at rest, enjoying the reward of duty well done. We have still to struggle on, our labor rendered more severe, more onerous by his departure.

"I very much regret that the quiet of your neighborhood should have been disturbed by the footsteps of the enemy. He has, however, become so numerous in comparison with ourselves that he seems able to go anywhere. In the last battle he exceeded us more than three to one. An excess of over one hundred thousand men is fearful odds. Cannot our good citizens get back to us our stragglers and dastards? Our noble wounded return as soon as they can crawl, some on one leg and some without an arm; but they come to do what they can. Our ranks are constantly thinning by battle and disease. We get no recruits. You can judge, therefore, of the prospect of disposing of Hooker's army as you propose. I assure you no one would be more heartily pleased at it than I should be.

"I am rejoiced to hear that you are all so well and that you bear your privation so bravely. I am sorry that my little nephew had to dispense with his peas and strawberries on his birthday. They will be made up to him, I hope. But if he meets with no greater disappointment, he will do well. Tell all the boys to get their hoes and go to the corn fields. Labor is the thing to make soldiers. They will then be able to do their share when they become men. Miss Mildred must not go in the corn fields. She must go in the garden to live with the violets, the lilies, the roses. Give my love to sister Lucy. Tell her she must give me her pious prayers and the prayers of her household. But for a merciful God we could do nothing. He is our only assurance of victory. Think of the hosts against us, their numerous appointments and vast equipment in every conceivable way. But for his being on our side, we must have failed in every battle. But as he is for us, I fear no odds against us.

"Truly your brother.

R. E. LEE."

C. C. Lee, Esq.

A KENTUCKY HERO.

BY P. P. PULLEN, PARIS, TENN.

George Curran was a thirteen-year-old soldier boy serving under John H. Morgan in the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, Gen. Basil Duke his brigade commander. He was captured just after the Mission Ridge battle and taken to Rock Island prison. While there, the Commandant, Colonel Jonhson, offered to release little George if he would take the oath, but George told him he would never take it. In June, or July, 1864, late one day a number of doctors came into the prison in a two-horse rig, with a negro driver, and about sundown they had started to drive out. They stopped on the main street and a lot of us boys gathered around them to ask questions. George and I were standing together, and he said to me: "P. P. [that's what they all called me], I believe I can make my escape with that buggy, and if I do, you can have my clothes," as we were about the same size. George got behind the buggy, then crawled underneath on to the coupling pole. The guards opened the gate and they drove

out and on to the city, and by the time they got there it was getting dark. When the doctors got out and the driver went to unhitch the horses, George crawled out behind and went whistling down the street.

Staying in the city for the benefit of the prisoners was a Miss Buford, and George knew this, so he started out to find her, and fortunately he met a lad on the street who conducted him to her residence. George knocked at the door and inquired for Miss Buford, to whom he told who he was and what he wanted. She took him in and had him dress in a citizen's suit, gave him fifty dollars, and told him to catch the nine o'clock train for Louisville, Ky. So that was the last of George until I got a letter about ten days later. He had gotten with his command, the 1st Kentucky, at Richmond, Va.

These are the facts according to the best of my memory. This is written by his lifelong friend and comrade, but I had thought that Col. E. Polk Johnson, of Louisville, Ky., would contribute this incident to the *VETERAN*, as little George was in his command and with us in Rock Island prison. George was an orphan boy, having a sister living near Cynthiana, Ky.

IN THE BATTLE OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.

BY A. J. CONE, RALEIGH, FLA.

I was a member of the 18th Georgia Regiment, Wofford's Brigade, McLaws's Division, Longstreet's Corps, which was sent to check a force of the enemy advancing from Knoxville to flank General Bragg's position at Chattanooga. We crossed the Tennessee River on the railroad trestle, stepping from cross-tie to cross-tie. We heard the whistle of a train not far in our rear, and suddenly the train came in sight, and we began to hasten our pace. The trestle was crowded with soldiers, some running and jumping from tie to tie, and the trainmen could not see us until a sharp turn in the road brought it to the bridge. With great effort the train was finally stopped, and the struggling mass of soldiers at last made the crossing, but a few had fallen into the water below. I never shall forget that awful scene. All of us expected to be crushed by the oncoming train and scattered in fragments in the river below.

Longstreet forced the enemy back into Knoxville and invested the place, and if he had pushed on we might have taken the city; but he delayed the attack until the enemy had fortified himself, building Fort Sanders and a strong line of breastworks; then he decided to attack, as a strong force was coming up in our rear from Chattanooga. The attack was ill-conceived. His men had the utmost confidence in his able generalship, but the manner of the assault was a dismal failure. He massed his men in front of Fort Sanders in columns of regiments, and ordered the columns forward. We soon got to the fort, but an impassable ditch prevented our getting over it. The men soon filled the ditch and began to help one another on the parapet, but we were subjected to an enfilading fire from both sides of the fort. No attack was made on the lines of breastworks on each side of the fort, and had that been done, we could have taken the fort and captured Knoxville and the entire enemy's force.

Our loss was eight hundred gallant sons of the South. Col. S. Z. Ruff, of the 18th Georgia Regiment, only shortly before advanced from lieutenant colonel on the promotion of Colonel Wofford to Brigadier General, was killed. I was slightly wounded.

REMINISCENCES OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY MISS NANNIE D. SMITH.

The "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis," by his wife, are so comprehensive, so charmingly told that they leave little to be added, but personal reminiscences will doubtless always be appreciated by those who admire this really great character.

Three public utterances by my revered uncle, Jefferson Davis, stand forth as vividly as when they were delivered. In the first he urged payment of pensions to veterans of the Mexican War, willingly relinquishing his own claim in their behalf. On another occasion, at Mississippi City, July 1878, he made a beautiful address to the Army of Tennessee, which the Northern press (for motives best known to themselves) represented as inciting rebellion. Somebody whispered that Father Ryan was present, and, being triumphantly located, all travel-stained, he responded, concluding an eloquent eulogium by predicting that when traducers had passed into oblivion, the name of Jefferson Davis would go sounding down the corridors of time. Several years later, meeting the poet-priest at Beauvoir, I found him charming in a social way. Needing no assurance that the lifelong friend of General Albert Sidney Johnston would attend when his monument was dedicated, I gathered up a six-year-old nephew and explained how, with victory nearly won, our great Confederate general had received his fatal wound. We then hastened to Metairie Cemetery under a cousin's escort. After the unveiling ceremony, my boy whispered reproachfully: "I don't see any blood on General Johnston's leg." The chosen orator's voice unfortunately did not carry far and a disappointed audience was departing when calls for Mr. Davis turned them back to hear his splendid impromptu tribute. My little charge, lifted above intervening heads, exclaimed: "Why, there's Uncle Jeff!"

On March 10, 1886, President Davis attended and made a speech at the presentation of his birthplace to the Baptist congregation erecting a Memorial Church on the spot. By some chance his father's house had been built across the boundary separating Christian and Todd counties, making it uncertain in which one Jefferson Davis was born. When asked to settle this important question, he said: "Though present on the occasion, I am least qualified to testify."

It is a curious coincidence that the name of three milestones along Jefferson Davis's journey through life are of similar significance. At Fairview he entered upon that journey. On the field of Buena Vista he won imperishable fame. Beauvoir, the haven of his declining years, was where he wrote "his life work for his countrymen."

"Leader of the men in gray!

Chieftain—truest of the true—

Write our story as you may,

And you did; but even you

With your pen could never write

Half the story of our land.

Yours the heart and yours the hand,

Sentinels of Southern right!

Yours the brave, strong eloquence—

Your true words our last defense.

Warrior words, but even they

Failed, as failed our men in gray;

Fail to tell the story grand

Of our cause and of our land."

THE DAY OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[Address by John N. Ware, of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., on Memorial Day, 1923.]

Fifty-eight years ago our Southland was full of ragged gray figures, singly and in groups, moving slowly back to the wreck of what had once been homes. For four long, long years they had borne on their bayonets the hopes and fears of a devoted people; they had starved and frozen the while, and they had fought a glorious fight, the kind that compels the respect of enemies, the admiration of the outside world, and that has left us naught but memories to cherish as priceless beyond all expression.

Fifty-eight years ago they were on their way home. Fifty-eight years ago the flag bearing the Stars and Bars had been furled as the flag of a sovereign nation, and had gone to take its noble place among the flags of lost but worthy causes. Fifty-eight years—a long, long time, my friends—and to-day of that host of hundreds of thousands there remains but a mere handful, old, old men, endeared to us by the quiet courage and greatness of their middle and old age, and by the heroism of their glorious youth. The rest are sleeping peacefully in their graves here in this peaceful graveyard and in graves all over our dear Southland. Their ashes rest here below, but their souls are above with their compeers of all the ages, those who fought worthily the good fight. And to honor this pitiful handful and that mighty host, who, having passed over the river, now rest under the trees on the other side with their beloved Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Stuart and our own Kirby-Smith, and all the other great and worthy leaders of great and worthy men, are we gathered here to-day. This is the day that the Confederacy has made, and we are here for one brief hour, laying aside the present things and looking back to the past. Surely, it is enough to be an American citizen three hundred and sixty-four days in the year; nobody can deny us the right to be a Confederate for the remaining one. I, for one, account myself a good American, one who does his duty as such as far as in him lies, but for this one day in the year, I lay aside all ties of country and live in the past, an unreconstructed Confederate, and unashamed, and I invite you to join me. For to-day is the Confederacy's and ours.

I have heard many Memorial Day addresses, and though I have heard some very good ones, I have never heard one yet that suited me entirely. That is not because I am over critical or captious, but simply because of what I have just said. I have never heard a speaker who didn't rejoice that we were once more a united country, and that Providence had decreed as it had, but I felt that all that belonged to a Fourth of July address. I have heard addresses in this cemetery that no more mentioned the Confederacy than if it had been a subject to be ashamed of, and in all that I have heard there was more or less of the united-country theme. Now, I am strong for that three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, but Memorial Day is the day that the Confederacy has made, and for that brief day I am not reconciled to the decrees of Providence, no matter how I feel about it the next day, and the three hundred and sixty-three thereafter. I will go away from this address to-day feeling the same dissatisfaction, because I have neither time nor ability to say what is in my heart, but at least I won't be dissatisfied because I have heard too much non-Confederacy talk.

Now, what are we here assembled and all other Southerners going to make of this heritage that has been handed down to us? They have consecrated this day by privations that pass all understanding, by wounds, by death. What are we doing,

what will we do to prove ourselves worthy of them and to perpetuate the glory that is theirs, and ours, too, if we show ourselves worthy children of noble sires? What are we doing in our Southern schools to give our younger generation an appreciation of the glorious heritage that is theirs? Our Southern students are required to study French history from early Merovingian times to the occupation of the Ruhr, but are they required or urged or even asked to study Southern history? Yet it is interesting reading and at least as important to them as French history. They are required to know about the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Edict of Nantes and its revocation, and the thousand abominations practiced by Holy Church in the name of the lowly Nazarene against Frenchmen whose only offense was that they interpreted his words a little differently; but are they required or urged or even asked to know anything about the direct effect of those things on American, and especially Southern, history? And yet the best part of South Carolina's population was the direct result of it all. Huguenots in France: All right, but have not we a share in all that? If you wish a proof, says a Latin poet, look around you. Look around you in this audience and this graveyard—DuBose, Porcher, Ravenel, Dabney (once D'Aubigne) Dismukes (once Des Maux). Has all this nothing to do with us? French history, yes, but Southern history too—and first.

Our Southern students are required to know about English history from earliest Saxon times to the marriage of the present Duke of York, an amiable but unimportant young gentleman; but are they required or urged or even asked to know anything about George Washington beyond the fact that he once cut down a cherry tree and was the patron saint of a Sewanee secret society? Or Thomas Jefferson, or James Madison, or James Monroe, or Robert E. Lee, or the dozens of distinguished Virginians; and yet they were the direct result of events in England on which our students are required to get 70 if they want to get degrees. English history, yes, but Southern history too—and first.

It may be interesting in a certain way to know how many mistresses Henri IV and Louis XIV had, but that time put on the Southern wives and sweethearts and sisters and mothers who endured all things between 1861 and 1865, four long agonizing years, would be much better spent. It would make Mother's Day mean something more.

It may be interesting to know the dates when certain English kings acquired crowns, and certain others lost theirs, and the heads along with them, but the same time could be more profitably spent by Southern youth in finding how many Federal commanding officers lost their official heads as the result of the genius of the incomparable R. E. Lee, one of us, and his heroic followers, our sires. It would make Father's Day mean something more.

And so it goes—history, Ancient, Medieval, and Modern, Sacred and Profane, French, English, Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Choctaw, Chinese, what not, but under no circumstances American or Southern. Is it right? Do you think so?

Do our teachers of history in Southern schools pay enough attention to cause and effect as it concerns us, who ought to be most concerned? Cromwell and Charles I, Roundhead and Cavalier, are interesting enough, but most interesting for us only in so far as they concern us. But are they taught to our Southern youth with that even as a side issue? I ask you who are in school now, and those who once were there, if any effort was ever made to show you that those things across the

seas had the slightest connection with our lives or those of our ancestors?

It is distressing, this abysmal ignorance of things that touch us vitally, we who pride ourselves on race and achievement. A student who gets his degree this year, an alert, intelligent young man, with a fine cultural home background, told me last year in all seriousness that he thought Andrew Jackson was Stonewall. Does that amuse you? It disheartened me. In a class of twenty men last year, all just out of secondary schools, with the requisite number of units in all varieties of history except American and Southern, only two knew the exact date of the War between the States, only six others knew that it happened in the sixties, ten others put it in every decade of the nineteenth century except the right one, and two actually made it antedate the Revolution. If that amuses you, it didn't me. It disheartened me, because it was inexcusable and a shame and disgrace to us as Southerners, and a crime against us as Americans. Only two of twenty; but a big majority of those twenty knew the dates of everything that had transpired prior to 1492. After America was discovered it seems that all interest in it died among Americans. I won't even ask you if that is right, because I know, and so do you, that it isn't.

Who is to blame? All of us, including the local Chapter of the U. D. C., to whom I am indebted for what I consider one of the greatest privileges that has ever been accorded me, that of speaking in a cause I love. There has been too much carelessness and indifference about these things. Years ago, at the request of some lover of the Confederacy, the University gave a scholarship of \$70 to the local U. D. C. Not a great sum, \$70, but it could help somebody a lot. I don't know when it was established nor how long it was used, but I do know that though it was always on the catalogue list of scholarships, it was not used for several years up to this present year, and would have been overlooked then if some outsider, intensely interested in such things, had not taken up the matter. And when the scholarship was taken off the shelf and the dust blown off of it, and applicants were asked for, what happened? There was general interest because \$70 is \$70, but of a number of applicants not a one knew to what company, regiment, brigade, division, corps, or army his qualifying soldier ancestor belonged; which was his fault. A delay ensued while parents were written to for the information, and a further delay ensued because not a parent knew anything. All they knew was that he was a Confederate soldier, and that was not enough, and that was the parents' fault. And the one who finally got it was a man who has at least one French name, and who didn't have the slightest idea that there was any connection between the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and that name. And that was the fault of our system of education. Where is the fault of the U. D. C., you ask. Why simply this. As a matter of pride, you should never allow that scholarship to be vacant. If there isn't an applicant for it, you ought to make it a point of business and of honor to see that there is, even if you have to put in an application for bids in the *Purple*. The boys who were never taught enough about that war to know its dates can hardly be expected to know that there is a Chapter of the U. D. C. here. And that is everybody's fault.

This Chapter of the U. D. C. is a part of a general organization that is as fine a thing as we have in the United States. It has done a great work, and to the everlasting credit of the South be it said that the U. D. C. has never started a thing that the South hasn't backed up and seen through to completion. We may be careless at times, but a worthy object al-

ways meets a prompt and generous response. We are never dead, though we may sleep at times. The U. D. C. desires to perpetuate itself, and that is proper; but that requires education of the future generations. What is the use of putting up a U. D. C. dormitory at a school in which a study of the Confederacy is not insisted on? They won't enthuse over, or even remember, those epic days unless they are made to. Don't blame them. Why should they? If you older people who were contemporaries and we middle-aged people who came shortly after don't consider it important enough to think about, why should they who come fifty years after, in an age that has practically abolished time and space?

It is a crying shame that Southern history is not a compulsory part of the curriculum of every Southern school that is worthy of the name of Southern or school. Why doesn't the U. D. C., as an organization, start a movement leading to this end: that no State university or college of high rank give an academic degree to any student, man or woman, who has not had one year of Southern history, at least one-third, preferably more, of which should be the War between the States? Two-thirds of it treating the South as a part of the United States, because we are Americans three hundred and sixty-four days of the year; and one-third treating the South as a separate nation, because we are Confederates that other day. And insist that the teacher of it be a Southerner. I have too many Northern friends whom I admire and whose teaching ability I respect for that even to seem invidious. They are amply qualified to teach all subjects to Southern students save one, and that is Southern history. It doesn't make any difference about the degrees. Make it a question of birth certificate, and don't make it a question of cold and scientific exactitude. Be accurate and honest, but teach it with warmth and color and sympathy, or it won't be Southern history. Make it a good course, but put sentiment and love into it, and let syllabi and such things go.

And where could such a movement better originate than right here in Sewanee? We have already shown the way to the whole country by requiring a term of the Constitution for the degree. Why not sponsor that other movement? This is the University of the South, its glorious promise of greatness wrecked by the war, but rising triumphant from the ashes. The University of the Southern generals, Polk and Kirby-Smith and Shoup, and of the Southerners, Elliott and Otey and Quintard, and others too many to name. What a splendid opportunity for the Kirby-Smith Chapter! Start the movement, put your whole souls into it, refuse to be discouraged or to take "no" for an answer, keep after your general organization until it gets busy. It will get results. It can't fail, and you will live forever in the hearts of those who love the South and its glorious past and believe in and pray for its future. You will have a monument that will live as long as Stone Mountain, and accomplish more good. Think it over seriously, ladies.

I am afraid I have taken up more of your time than I should have, but this is a solemn occasion to me, my one day in the year of the Confederacy, and a subject close and dear to my heart, and that must be my sole excuse. To-morrow you and I will be good Americans again, but who can grudge us this day that the Confederacy has made? For it is a holy day, sanctified by the life and death of heroic men. Here they lie around us, generals and officers and private soldiers. Five of the latter lie in graves marked only by a humble square stone, but on that stone is carved the three letters, "C. S. A." an insignia of nobility that any Southerner, aye, or Northerner too, might envy them. They lie here, bishops, priests, and

laymen of the Church Militant, which we are told is the Church Triumphant. They lie here, rich and poor, high and low, big and little, lettered and unlettered, but all worthy of our affection. This is *their* day, and if our eyes were holden, we would see them, a mighty host of gaunt men, clad in dirty, ragged uniforms of gray, with swords and bayonets and muskets gone to rust and dust these long years; and overhead, flying in the Southern breeze, the immortal Stars and Bars. This is the *Day* that the Confederacy has made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it.

A TRIBUTE TO A BRAVE COMRADE.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

In a humble home in the southern part of Georgia some time in the forties, two little boys were born. They were descended from those "Cajans" (Acadians) whom the British expelled from Nova Scotia in 1755 and who settled among the people of the colonies along the Atlantic coast. The descendants of those French colonists are found sometimes in settlements to themselves and sometimes in single families throughout the Southern States; and to the present day they have maintained their characteristics and personal appearance.

The father of these little boys died when they were quite young, and their mother married again very soon a man whose brutal treatment of her children was such that, young as they were, they were forced to run away from home to escape his cruelty. Too young to form any definite plan as to what course to pursue, or where they should go, their only idea was to flee from the inhumanity of their stepfather.

In doing this they became separated, each seeking some friendly refuge among the people, drifted miles away from home, and lodged with the good people of the country, who took them in and treated them as their own children. To these friends they told the story of their expulsion from home, and this so excited the sympathy of those who gave them protection that no effort was made to return them to their mother.

In the course of time these little waifs grew up to be useful help on the farms, and their service was very much in demand. But a dark cloud was now rising and about to sweep over the land and make many changes, destroying the lives of thousands who knew nothing of the issues which brought about this state of things. Regiments were organizing and companies forming to take part in the great war to expel the invader from our Southland; all kinds of arguments were brought to bear on every one able to carry a gun to induce him to volunteer, so as to make up the quota necessary to form a company. Many were enlisted who were totally unfit, by age or other infirmity, for military service, and after a short time were discharged. But most of the small boys who were not killed became hardened by this rough life and stuck it out to the end. Many of these looked so little like men that some one remarked they ought to besent home to grow, that they were a disgrace to the service, and that if the Confederate government couldn't do any better in getting up an army, it had better quit then.

One of these boy soldiers was Theodore Billet, our little swathy, dark-skinned "Cajan," who, like others, when standing at "order arms," was no higher than the muzzle of his Enfield rifle. An old wag called him "General Debility," and this new name seemed quite appropriate. But jibes did not set him back in his patriotic devotion to the cause in which he was enlisted, and his self-confidence knew no limit.

In the early summer of 1862, the year of great battles, we were placed on freight trains and hurried to Virginia, where

this boyish enthusiasm was to be put to a test. Though sick and half starved at times, young Billet stood the trying ordeal to the end, while older and stouter men fell out of ranks and disappeared. He was with his regiment in many engagements, and had the good fortune to escape without a serious wound to return to his friends in Georgia after the surrender, where he married and reared a family.

In the winter of 1863-64 the army was stretched out many miles along the Rapidan from Culpeper Courthouse to Bolling Green. Longstreet's Corps held the left and the old Stonewall Corps the right. We had little to do during the cold months of winter but cook and eat our scant rations of beef and corn bread, and to prepare our minds for the great contest with Grant's army, which we knew would open in the spring. This leisure gave occasion for the soldiers to get permits to visit friends and relatives, whom they had not seen in a long time, in the different commands of the army. On a certain occasion Billet had kindled a fire and was busy preparing his dinner when a visiting soldier from Longstreet's happened to pass along. Noticing Billet's peculiar features, the visitor stopped a moment and, fixing his eye on our little "Cajan," without introducing himself, ventured to ask him if his name wasn't Billet. Looking through the smoke, Billet, who had not until now noticed the newcomer, replied abruptly and indifferently, "Yes; but what's that to you?" To this the visitor retorted by saying: "I thought it was." "Why?" said Billet. "Because you look so much like a fellow in my regiment by that name." "A fellow by my name? What is his Christian name?" "Charley." "Charley Billet? That must be my brother." Billet now became very much interested, for this surely must be the long-lost brother from whom he had been parted since early childhood and had never heard a word of him. Inquiring carefully as to his division, brigade, regiment, and company, he got a pass from his captain and colonel to investigate this bit of information. With this in his pocket, he set out and tramped through many miles of camps and at last came to the identical command, and there found his brother, whom he never expected to see again in this life. We can only imagine the feelings of each as they embraced and wept. Steps were taken now to transfer Charley to his brother's command, and in a short while the exchange was made, and he became a member of our command.

It happened at this time that our general (Gordon) was organizing a battalion of sharpshooters to do the skirmishing for the brigade. Every company in the entire command was called on to contribute a quota according to its strength, and none but the bravest and most reliable men were to be received. Among those of my company who volunteered for this dangerous service was Charley Billet. No braver member of this splendid command could be found. He was an example to his fellow soldiers of reckless bravery in the greatest danger. On such occasions he would mount the breastworks and wave his hat to the enemy and defy them in a shower of balls falling around him.

From its organization until hostilities opened in May, these men were taken out of camp to target practice every day, and a prize was offered for the best marksman so that when we met Grant's army in the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania, strung out in a long thin line, thirty feet apart, they were able to hold their ground and repulse many times their own numbers or drive the enemy like a covey of partridges through the woods. Constant fighting on the front line reduced the number of the original force, and it was necessary to reënforce their ranks from our badly depleted numbers from time to time until the end.

On May 13, at Spotsylvania, the morning after the dreadful battle, General Grant had enough for the present and knew the army and the people at home would not tolerate a continuation of such a horrible sacrifice of life, and, to give his men a respite and time to forget their fearful loss, he decided to withdraw from our presence; but to deceive General Lee while he was doing this, he deployed a heavy line of skirmishers, backed up by many batteries of artillery, and opened on our decimated battalion with grape and canister.

In this engagement many of our best men who had done conspicuous service went down and among them the brave Charley Billet, unknown in history, unwept by his countrymen, and forgotten. Somewhere in Virginia, perhaps in an unmarked grave, the bones of our comrade rest, while his soul has joined the multitude of brave spirits who made the extreme sacrifice for their country. This article is written as a just tribute to the memory of a brave comrade who fell in defense of his country, whose name and deeds otherwise would never be known.

LONGSTREET'S ATTACK AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 2, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Longstreet had in position on the 2nd of July the divisions of Maj. Gens. John B. Hood and Lafayette McLaws, Pickett's Division not having arrived. Hood's Division consisted of Law's Alabama Brigade, Robertson's Texas, and G. T. Anderson's and Benning's Georgia brigades. When posted for the advance, the division was formed into two lines, Law's and Robertson's in front, supported, at a distance of two hundred yards, by Anderson and Benning.

The division, led by Law's Brigade on its right, moved to the assault of the Federal left flank about 5 P.M. The artillery of both armies in that vicinity had been warmly engaged for about fifteen minutes, and continued to fire at each other until Law's Brigade encountered the Federal infantry, when the Confederate batteries ceased firing to avoid injuring the Confederate troops, who, for the most part, were concealed in the woods along the base of Round Top and spurs north of it. Hood was severely wounded in the arm as the division moved into action, and Law, the senior brigadier general, after some delay, assumed command.

Advancing rapidly across the valley which separated the opposing lines, under a heavy fire from the Federal batteries, Law's first line encountered the Federal skirmishers, which were quickly driven off, when the first Federal line of battle was encountered, posted along the lower slopes of the hill known as Devil's Den, separated from Round Top by Plum Run Valley. The contest here became close and bloody. The well directed fire of artillery from the heights in front, and the musketry fire of the infantry, proved to be a severe test to Hood's veterans, whose martial spirit was never higher. Though Law's line was rapidly thinning, it swept on until their opponents wavered, broke, and seemed to dissolve in the woods and rocks on the mountain side.

The division continued to advance steadily, the center moving upon the guns on the hill adjoining Devil's Den on the north, from which it had suffered so severely. To protect his right flank, Law extended it well up Round Top. The Alabama Brigade, in closing to the right, left a considerable gap between its left and Robertson's Brigade. Benning, who had been in support, was advanced to fill the gap, and Anderson's Brigade was advanced to meet a threatening force on Robertson's left.

In this form the division continued to advance, encountering a most determined resistance from troops that were continually reënforced. Law found the ground too rough to permit of an orderly advance. Sometimes the Federal troops held one side of a huge bowlder until the Confederates seized the other. In some cases a Confederate would mount the bowlder to get a better view and to deliver his fire with greater effect. Sergeant Barbee, of the Texas brigade, mounted a rock in advance of his brigade, stood on top of it, loading and firing as coolly as if unconscious of danger, while the air around him was fairly swarming with bullets. He fell helpless from several wounds and was carried off by the litter bearers. Under Law's maneuvering, the hill by Devil's Den was captured, with three pieces of Smith's Federal battery, the fourth which was in position here having been run down on the opposite side of the hill.

Capt. George Hillyer, of the 9th Georgia Infantry, Anderson's Brigade, said: "The regiment occupied its usual position in the line on the left of the brigade, and the extreme left of the division, for nearly an hour having no support on its left, the advance of McLaws's division being for some reason delayed, which left the flank greatly exposed to an enfilading fire, from Federal batteries, during the advance of the regiment nearly the distance of a mile, also to the fire of a flanking party of muskets who were prompt to take advantage of the exposed condition of the flank. To meet this flanking party, I changed the front of three companies of the regiment, and for nearly an hour held them in check against great odds, until relieved by McLaws's Division."

Again pressing forward, the regiment dispersed and scattered a fresh Federal line and pursued the force four or five hundred yards farther to the base of the mountain upon which the Federal batteries were posted. "This was found to be the strongest position I ever saw," says Colonel Hillyer. The depleted and exhausted little band "made gallant attempts to storm the batteries, but the enemy, being heavily reënforced, we met with a storm of shot and shell, against which, in our worn-out condition, we could not advance." The line then fell back and formed where it first encountered the enemy, which placed most of the battle field in possession of the regiment.

Col. William C. Oates, commanding the 15th Alabama Infantry, began the advance with his regiment in the center of Law's Brigade of five regiments, and soon found his regiment and seven companies of the 47th Alabama Infantry, three of its companies having been detached and sent out as skirmishers before the advance began, another regiment of Law's brigade, moving forward on the extreme right of the brigade, and, of course, on the extreme right of the Confederate army, the other regiments of the brigade having dropped back, and, in their continued advance, had veered to the left. With this isolated command, Oates, under instructions from Law, moved in search of the Federal left wing. Just after crossing Plum Run, his command encountered the Federal skirmishers, Stoughton's command, near the base of Round Top. This force retreated up the south face of Round Top Mountain, pursued by Oates's command.

His pursuit of the sharpshooters around the south side of Round Top Mountain deflected Oates's course from Little Round Top, and his descent of the mountain caused him to soon encounter Vincent's Brigade, of Ayres's Division, Fifth Corps, which had previously reached a spur of Little Round Top. This position had been partially occupied by the troops of the Third Corps, but was vacated when that corps was moved to the front earlier in the day. Brigadier General

Warren, Chief Engineer on Meade's staff, about 4 P.M., discovered the deployment of the Confederate troops in that vicinity, and hastened to meet the troops of Barnes's Division, Fifth Corps, coming in to reinforce the Third Corps, and assumed the responsibility of directing the brigades of Vincent and Weed, of that division, to move upon and take possession of Little Round Top. This action forestalled the advance of the Confederate troops from reaching this key point in time to possess themselves of it.

Between Oates's force and Vincent's Brigade considerable hard fighting occurred. Oates's losses were, for the 15th Alabama, 17 killed, 54 wounded, and 90 missing; for the 47th Alabama, 10 killed and 30 wounded.

When Law's Brigade swept over Round Top, cleared it of Federal troops, and changed its front to the left and advanced on Little Round Top, the movement exposed its right flank to assault by Vincent's Brigade, making it necessary to retire to the general Confederate line. Though the advance of Law's Division had been in progress approximately an hour, Law had seen and heard nothing of McLaws's Division, which was to extend his left, and to have moved at the same time. This caused Law to halt his division, which had become broken and greatly disorganized by the rough ground over which it had been fighting. He placed it in as advantageous a position as possible to receive any attack that might be made on it, hurried back to the ridge from which he had advanced, and found McLaws's troops still in position where he had left them.

Col. W. F. Perry, of the 44th Alabama Infantry, has described Devil's Den and the assault made through it by his regiment: "Large rocks from six to fifteen feet high are thrown together in confusion over a considerable area, and yet so disposed as to leave everywhere among them winding passages carpeted with moss. Many of its recesses are never visited by sunshine, and cavernous coolness pervades the air within it. A short distance to the east, the frowning bastions of Little Round Top rise two hundred feet above the level of the plain. An abrupt elevation, thirty or forty feet high, itself buttressed with rocks, constitutes the western boundary of this strange formation. The view was imposing. Little Round Top, crowned with artillery, resembled a volcano in eruption; while the hillock near the Devil's Den resembled a small one. The distance between them, diminished by the view in perspective, appeared as a secondary crater near its base. It was evident that a formidable task was before us.

"The enemy were as invisible to us as we were to them. The presence of a battery of artillery of course implied the presence of a strong supporting force of infantry. Of its strength, its position, and the nature of its defenses we were in total ignorance. We were soon to learn. As the line emerged from the woods into the open space mentioned above, a sheet of flame burst from the rocks less than fifty yards away. A few scattering shots in the beginning gave warning in time for the men to fall down, and thus largely to escape the effect of the main volley. They doubtless seemed to the enemy to be all dead, but the volley of the fire which they immediately returned proved that they were very much alive.

"No language can express the intensity of the solicitude with which I surveyed the strange, wild situation, which had suddenly burst upon my view. Upon the decision of a moment depended the honor of my command, and perhaps the lives of many brave men. I knew that, if called upon, they would follow me, and felt confident that the place could be carried by impetuous charge. But then what? There were no supporting troops in sight. A heavy force of the enemy

might envelop and overpower us. It was certain that we should be exposed to a plunging, enfilading fire from Little Round Top. And yet the demoralization and shame of a retreat and an exposure to be shot in the back were not to be thought of.

"Before the enemy had time to load their guns a decision was made. Leaping over the prostrate line before me, I shouted the order, 'Forward!' and started for the rocks. The response was a bound and a yell and a rush, and in ten seconds my men were pouring into the Den, and the enemy were escaping from the opposite side. A few prisoners were taken. Two soldiers of the 4th Maine Regiment surrendered to me in person at the edge of the rocks, as my line overtook and passed me.

"In the charge the left wing of the regiment struck the hill on which the artillery was stationed, and the center and right swept into the rocks east of it. Maj. George W. Carey led the left wing up the hill, and, bounding over the rocks on its crest, landed among the artillery ahead of the line and received their surrender. One of the officers of the battery, whom I met soon after, complimented his gallantry and that of his men in the highest terms. The Major, a few moments later, found me near the foot of the hill, completely prostrated by heat and excessive exertion. He exhibited several swords as evidence that the artillery had surrendered, and complained that guns from both sides were playing upon the position. This I knew to be true as to the Federal side. At the very entrance to the labyrinth a spherical case shot from Round Top (Little Round Top evidently meant) had exploded very near my head and thrown its deadly contents against a rock almost within my reach. Carey was ordered to hurry back and withdraw the men from the crest, so that they could find shelter on the sides of the hill.

"In a very short time he came back in great haste and informed me that a force of the enemy, large enough to envelop our position, was moving down upon us. I sprang to my feet with the intention of climbing the hill to see the situation and determine what to do; but found myself unable to stand without support. While we were anxiously discussing the situation, a line of battle, moving in splendid style, swept in from Seminary Ridge upon the left, and met the threatening force. One of us remarked, 'There is Benning; we are all right now!' Benning so directed his march that his right lapped over my left, and poured over the hill upon which were the abandoned guns. A furious battle now began along his entire line, as well as my own, which had pressed through to the north of the rocks. It has always been to me a source of regret that my disability, which continued until after nightfall, prevented me from seeing anything that occurred after the arrival of Benning's line. My loss was comparatively light, considering the desperate character of the fighting. This was due to three causes: The happy dodge given the first volley of the enemy, the rush made upon them before they had time to reload, and the protection afterwards afforded by the rocks. The killed and wounded numbered ninety-two, a little over one-fourth of those who went into action."

Maj. Gen. George Sykes, commanding the Fifth Federal Army Corps, reported that, at 3 P.M., July 2, General Meade sent for him, and while he and other corps commanders were talking to Meade, "the enemy formed, opened the battle, and developed his attack on our left. I was ordered at once to throw my whole corps to that point and hold it at all hazards." Sykes had been previously directed to hold one brigade in readiness to aid the Third Corps. The later order relieved him from any obligation to aid the commander of the Third Corps, even with a brigade. Major General Sedgwick, com-

manding the Sixth Federal Army Corps, reported that Wheaton's, Eustis's, and Bartlett's brigades, of the Sixth Corps, went into action about 5 P.M., on the left center, between the divisions of the Fifth Corps. The Fifth Corps approximated 12,500 men, including officers, equipped for duty, on the 30th of June; the three brigades of the Sixth Corps numbered approximately 4,800 men on June 30; total reinforcements sent in, on that part of the line, 17,300; to which add 6,475, strength of Birney's Division, Third Corps, originally posted on that part of the Federal line, and the result shows that 23,775 Federal troops were encountered chiefly by Hood's Division, commanded by Law, numbering less than 7,000 equipped for duty.

Brig. Gen. J. B. Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade was posted on McLaws's right, and hence extended Law's left along near the Emmitsburg road, and received orders to attack the Federal position at the Peach Orchard, which lay a little to the left of his line of march, some six hundred yards distant from his first formation. Kershaw's brigade consisted of the 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, and 15th South Carolina Regiments, and the 3rd South Carolina Battalion. The point to which Kershaw's Brigade was directed was the angle formed by the conjunction of Birney's Division with Humphrey's Division, both being parts of the Third Federal Corps. Kershaw was directed to turn the position at that angle, extend his line along the road they were then in beyond the Emmitsburg pike, with his left resting on that road. At 3 P.M. the head of his column emerged from the woods and came into the open field in front of the stone wall which extended along by Flaherty farm, to the east and past Snyder's. Here his brigade was in full view of the Federal position. The Federal "main line appeared to extend from Little Round Top, where their signal flags were flying, until it was lost to sight far away to the left. An advanced line occupied the Peach Orchard, heavily supported by artillery, and extended from a point toward our left along the Emmitsburg road. The intervening ground was occupied by open fields, interspersed and divided by stone walls. The position just here seemed almost impregnable."

After further careful examination, he found the Federals in superior force, strongly posted in the Peach Orchard, which bristled with artillery, with a main line of battle in their rear, entrenched, and extended to, if not upon, Little Round Top, far beyond the point at which their left had been supposed to rest. McLaws's line was then posted, Semmes's Brigade two hundred yards in rear and supporting Kershaw's; Barksdale's on the left of Kershaw's, with Wofford's in Barksdale's rear supporting him. Kershaw was directed to commence his attack as soon as Hood became engaged. In their movements, Kershaw was instructed that Barksdale would move with him and conform to his movement; that Semmes would follow him, and Wofford follow Barksdale. At the signal from Cabell's Battalion of Artillery, Kershaw's men leaped over the wall and were promptly aligned, and moved off "at the word, with great steadiness and precision, followed by Semmes with equal promptness." He was accompanied by Longstreet, on foot, as far as the Emmitsburg road. On account of the obstacles encountered, the field and staff officers were all dismounted.

After moving beyond the Emmitsburg road, Kershaw found that Barksdale's Brigade was not moving with his command, and that he had no support on his left, which was about to be presented squarely to the heavy force of infantry and artillery at and in rear of the Peach Orchard. His line, however, moved with the steadiness of troops on parade. The rough

ground and the many obstructions encountered by it caused his brigade to become separated into two parts hearing away from each other to his right and left. After making a gallant fight, aided by Semmes's Brigade, and losing heavily in killed and wounded, and with the prospect of being surrounded, he ordered a retreat to Rose's house, which he had passed on his advance. As he followed the retreat he saw Wofford's Brigade with its commander riding bravely at its head. This brigade struck the flank of the enemy's line which had driven Kershaw from his position.

Barksdale's, the other brigade of McLaws's Division, had advanced upon the position at the Peach Orchard after Kershaw had become engaged; the 8th South Carolina Regiment, which had become separated from Kershaw's Brigade, had joined Barksdale's Brigade, and aided that brigade in driving all before it, and Barksdale, having advanced until enveloped by overwhelming forces of the enemy, fell, mortally wounded, and was left in the hands of the enemy. He died the next day, July 3.

Lieut. Gen. James Longstreet states: "The Federal position along the Emmitsburg road was but little better in point of strength than the first positions taken by Hood's and McLaws divisions. The Confederate batteries opened on this position. Hood's Division pressed upon his left and McLaws's upon his front. He was soon dislodged and driven back upon Cemetery Ridge, a commanding hill, which is so precipitous and rough as to render it difficult of ascent." Numerous stone fences about its base added greatly to its strength. The Federal troops taking shelter behind these, held them one after another with great pertinacity. He was driven from point to point, however, until nearly night, when a strong force met the brigades of Major General Anderson's Division, which were coöperating on Longstreet's left, and drove one of them back, and, checking the support of the other, caused Longstreet's left to be somewhat exposed and outflanked. Wofford's Brigade, of McLaws's Division, was driven back at the same time. He decided it prudent not to push farther until his other troops came up.

NAMES THAT SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN.—How many of us know who were the signers of the Declaration of Independence, or even a few of those brave spirits? Yet that one act made them worthy of immortality. Let these names have a place in your memory: John Adams, Samuel Adams, Josiah Bartlett, Carter Braxton, Charles Carroll, Samuel Chase, Abraham Clark, George Clymer, William Ellery, William Floyd, Benjamin Franklin, Elbridge Gerry, Button Gwinnett, John Hancock, Lyman Hall, Benjamin Harrison, John Hart, Joseph Hewes, Thomas Hayward, Jr., William Hooper, Stephen Hopkins, Francis Hopkinson, Samuel Huntington, Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Francis Lewis, Philip Livingston, Thomas Lynch, Jr., Thomas McKean, Arthur Middleton, Lewis Morris, Robert Morris, John Morton, Thomas Nelson, Jr., William Paca, Robert T. Paine, John Penn, George Read, Caesar Rodney, George Ross, Benjamin Rush, Edward Rutledge, Roger Sherman, James Smith, Richard Stockton, Thomas Stone, George Taylor, Matthew Thornton, George Walton, William Whipple, William Williams, James Wilson, John Witherspoon, Oliver Wolcott, George Wythe.—*Exchange*.

PROOF POSITIVE.—"Was the President's message to Congress a success?"

"O, absolutely. Both Houses are mad."

"PICTURESQUE SOLDIERY."

BY J. W. MINNICH, MORGAN CITY, LA.

Under the above caption, Comrade Bradwell writes very entertainingly of the "Buck Tails," "Zouaves," and the "Garibaldi Guards," or "Italian Legion," in the Northern army; and his description of the Zouaves is no doubt accurate in its details. But in describing their "outfit," I believe he makes an omission which detracts somewhat from the picturesqueness of their costume, and that was the broad cincture (belt) of sky-blue merino, of full width and three yards long, wrapped around the waist, designed to hold up the voluminous trousers.

Of the Zouaves, it would appear there must have been two distinct bodies, during the first year of the war at least. Col. Billy Wilson's, "New York Zouaves" were sent to Fort Pickens, Fla., early in that year, and had their camp on Santa Rosa Island, a short distance from the fort, where they and other troops were surprised and driven into the fort by General Bragg in a night attack launched against them. Many of them escaped in their night clothes only, among whom was their doughty colonel, whose sword and papers, as well as his uniform, he left behind. Such was the report that came to us at Yorktown some two or three weeks after we had left Pensacola. I never heard of "Billy Wilson's New York Fire Zouaves" after that as a fighting unit. But they may have been the Zouaves Comrade Bradwell met.

The other and prior Zouave organization I knew of was the "Ellsworth's Zouaves," Lieut. Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth, who was killed by a Mr. Jackson, keeper of the hotel at Alexandria, Va., at the very beginning of hostilities, and who was in turn killed by Ellsworth's infuriated men. That corps created a furore and much comment pro and con, after its organization and tour of the Northern and Eastern States during the summer of 1860. They were supposed to be an exact copy of the Turcomen, or Algerian, Zouaves. The only time I subsequently heard of them was during the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, where they were reported to have been met and vanquished by Wheat's Battalion, of New Orleans, which was armed with muskets (converted Springfield flintlocks) and murderous looking knives, a combination of Bowie and Mexican and Spanish American "machete." These were no doubt the product of Wheat's mind, as he had served in one or two of the numerous Central American revolutions and had attained the rank of general, as revealed in his family records. But those records do not mention any service in the Crimean War, unless my memory is at fault. Wheat's Battalion, as it was known during and after its organization, did not acquire the title of "Tigers" until after Bull Run. In that battle they were reported to have met the charge of the Zouaves, and, throwing down their muskets, with a yell they countercharged with their long knives and routed their enemies. From that time on they were called "Wheat's Tigers." But the title was derived from one company of the battalion, Captain White's company, organized in Point Coupe, La. They were mostly river men, steamboat men left without an occupation. They took upon themselves the name of "White's Tigers," which was quite easy to transpose into "Wheat's Tigers," and as such they were thereafter known. They were proud of their commander, Major "Bob" (Roberdeau,) Wheat, and he was as proud of them. He always led; and while leading them was fatally wounded at Cold Harbor when Jackson struck McClellan's right and crumpled it up. Wheat's last words were: "Bury me on the field, boys;" and his wish was complied with.

That was the last battle in which the "Tigers" were engaged as "Wheat's Battalion." They were but a skeleton, and immediately, or very soon thereafter, consolidated with my former command, "Copens's 1st Louisiana Zouaves," Lieut. Col. Gaston Copens commanding, which was then composed of four companies, and, having been roughly handled during the battle of Seven Pines, May 31-June 1, had suffered severe losses. The two battalions consolidated served as one unit under Copens until after the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam), where Colonel Copens was killed. From that time, or soon thereafter (the record is not clear), the Tigers and Zouaves ceased to appear as a unit. From all I have been able to learn, they were almost annihilated at Sharpsburg and were merged with Hay's regiment and brigade. Because of the circumstances mentioned, the brigade in which they were incorporated was erroneously termed "The Louisiana Tigers."

Of survivors of Wheat's Battalion, there is, or was, but one, J. H. Griffin, who, at eighty-one, attended the reunion in Richmond last year, 1922. He was expected in New Orleans this year, but inquiries failed to locate him—"qui en sabe?"

Now, a short history of Copens's 1st Louisiana Zouaves," the "Zoo-Zoos." This battalion of five companies was organized in New Orleans in March and completed during the first week in April. The fourth and the fifth company, to which I belonged, left New Orleans for Pensacola on April 8, 1861, the three older companies having preceded us by several days. At Warrington Navy Yard, opposite Forts Pickens and McRea, we were quartered in the officers' quarters, west of the navy yard, until sent to Richmond, about June 1. While there, many little events, more or less comical, happened, as must always be the case with green troops, and at the remembrance of which I can't control one or two grins. In shape and form, if not in texture and composition, we were supposed to be an exact replica of the French Zouaves, and most certainly, in so far as language used, drill, tactics, and dress were concerned, we were a pretty fair imitation. But there was some difference from the outfitting described by Comrade Bradwell. Our caps were not of the high fez type. They were soft flannel, and close fitting, more like the old-fashioned night cap of our great-granddaddies. The tassel was of a deep blue, and hung down behind instead of on the side, and our gingerbread trimmings on jacket and vest, of dark blue, were of red tape instead of yellow. Our leggings were of black leather, with three buckles, and an inside extension or flap to permit of fitting to any sized calf, of which we had quite a variety in shape and sizes, black shoes, connecting with the overlapping leggings by white gaiters.

O, yes! We made an imposing array when drawn up in line on parade or on drill, and it was some drilling we were subjected to, believe me, and we became most proficient in the handling of our muskets and in the Zouave tactics, which were quite different in some respects from the Hardee or Upton tactics of the time. French was the official language, all commands being given in French, and it was fun for those of us who knew and spoke the language to note the looks of bewilderment on the faces of those who did not understand when orders were given to execute the different movements.

To give an idea of the difficulties in molding such a polyglot mob as we were into a cohesive and harmonious unit, it will only be necessary to name the different nationalities of which our company was composed.

We had one Polander, two Swedes, one Norwegian, two Danes, one Italian, one Greek, one Turk, one Englishman, one Austrian, one Hungarian, one Maltese, one Prussian, one Russian; and of native-born Frenchmen from all parts of

France there were eleven; Irish, from the "Ould Sod," five or six; and two Hollanders. The rest of the company consisted of men from almost every section east of the Mississippi. Two Chicagoans, one New Yorker, and one Pennsylvanian, practically foreigners. The remainder were nearly all of New Orleans, a dozen or more Creoles, or French speaking. These and the French as a nucleus made the task of getting us into shape easier than if we had had only English speakers. Our captain, DeGournay, spoke both languages, and was the most kindly, patient, considerate, and lenient of men. I shall always revere his memory. A strict disciplinarian, he was always as just to his men as a man can be. Our first lieutenant (Pierson) was bilingual, but our second (Keene) spoke no French until drilled into it. Thus of ninety-two men, rank and file, who left New Orleans on April 8, thirty-three were of foreign birth, possibly more, and the composition of the other four companies was almost as variegated, especially the 1st (Copens). The battalion left Pensacola about the 1st of June, for Richmond, where it arrived about the evening of the 7th and spent the first night in what afterwards was Libby Prison. The next day it was marched out to Howard's Grove on the north city limits. There it was visited by President Davis and his daughter Margaret, later Mrs. Hayes.

It was Sunday evening, just before sunset, and most of the officers, including the colonel, were taking in the city's sights. But our major, Hyllisted, (a Dane) was the reception committee of one, and so quiet had been the President's approach that we were wholly unprepared and no little surprised when he stopped in front of our company and inquired for the commanding officer. He was directed to the major's tent, and we prepared for a show. Many of us had recognized him instantly from his published portraits, and the word had run up the line: "Say, boys, here is the President. Look out!" As soon as the major realized who his visitor was, he was almost overwhelmed. But the President, in his kindly way, soon put him at ease, and expressed a desire to see the battalion in line. Nearly one-half were, like the officers, on leave taking in the city and—refreshments! The town was wide open to them, by side and back doors, being Sunday, and many did not get back to camp until the "wee sma' hours," or after daybreak. But for once there were no punishments for failure to answer the morning's roll call. As the colonel himself did not show up until late the next morning, he probably felt it would be unjust to punish the men for failure to be on time where he himself had been delinquent. That night, however, no leaves were granted, and the full battalion was in camp, doing much growling, the soldier's privilege, especially the "greenies," as they had not yet learned to accept their disappointments philosophically and for the good of the service.

But to return to President Davis. He was dressed simply in multi-black frock coat, gray trousers, and wore the high (stovepipe) hat of the period set squarely on his head. His whole demeanor was quiet and serious to a degree, and yet kindly as he cast his eye along our rigid line, every eye upon him, and with a smile, which was rare with him in those days of responsibility and worry, he said to the major: "I congratulate you, Major, on having the command of such a fine body of men." He had raised his voice from the low tone in which he had conversed with the major, as he said this, and the most of us heard him plainly. Bidding the major good-by, and with a salute to us who stood to a present, he rode off up the road and out of sight with his daughter by his side.

About the latter I never could recall her appearance. My

eyes, as with the most of us, were fixed on the tall, grave, serious-faced man, who sat his horse so easily, as though they were one and the same. Margaret Davis rode a small gray, and also sat easily and gracefully, almost shyly. I cannot recall whether she wore a head covering or not, but her long, dark hair hung loose down her back to her waist almost. But the most striking thing about her was her costume, which consisted of a blue, star-spangled, tight fitting waist, or bodice, and a flowing riding skirt of alternate red and white stripes—"red, white, and red." Was she pretty? I don't know. I could see only her back and the side of her face as she turned slightly to the left. I stood less than twenty feet from her, to the left rear. That was the only time I ever saw either of them.

But to go on with the story of the "Zoo Zoos." That same Monday night, a courier came galloping up the road, asking at our end of the camp for the colonel. He was directed to the colonel's tent, and, upon the latter's appearance, handed him a paper. Expectancy had been in the air all day. It was an order to march. Always inquisitive, I had followed the courier to the colonel's tent, and when he had read the order, he turned to the officers about him and all he said was: "*Messieurs, nous marchons—au Rocketts.*" In less than ten minutes, tents were down and baggage piled ready for transport. At 10 P.M., we were at the Rocketts and on board the Jamestown for Grove's Wharf on the James River. We arrived at the wharf at daylight next morning, disembarked, marching across the peninsula, and arrived on the outskirts of Yorktown about four o'clock in the afternoon.

That was the first march we had made since leaving Hall's Landing, on the Alabama, to march across country to the Montgomery-Pensacola Railroad in April. We were tired out, thirsty, dusty, and hungry—and some rebellious. We had been on a light diet of hard-tack and a slice of raw bacon, issued to us on the boat before debarking. The day was fearfully hot, and by noon our canteens of river water, also hot, were empty, and the hard-tack and salty meat were calling loudly for more water. We crossed only one small spring run in the road during the whole march, and had only time to dip up a tin cup of sandy water. But all things have an end. At Yorktown we found water and plenty of crackers, and, last but not the least, fresh beef. How we got the latter is another story.

We camped in the open field just northwest of the town, beyond a run that almost half circles the town, and directly opposite the two redoubts thrown up by Cornwallis, and which had been captured by the Americans and LaFayette's Frenchmen in the last battle of the American Revolution, eighty years before our advent. We later built our breastworks over the LaFayette (as it was known) redoubt and incorporated it in our defuses, and much stronger than it had been made by Cornwallis's engineers. But they were still comparatively strong works after eighty years' abandonment.

The next day we took up the march for Big Bethel, where the first land battle was fought, June 10, 1861. No one who participated in that march of twelve to fourteen miles could ever forget it. But that, too, is another story. I had many hard marches after that, in heat and freezing cold, rain and mud, but that short tramp stands out in memory above them all. Remember, we were new in the game and our clothing was of blanket wool, while the mercury must have been somewhere in the nineties. Many of the boys fell out, and some did not reach the camp at the church until late the next day, and were punished. That march proved to us that Colonel Copens was a very inconsiderate commander, and we loved

him more than ever before, and damned him more deeply. But withal he was a brave man and a hard fighter, and gave up his life fighting at Sharpsburg.

Two days after the battle! Too late to participate. It was provoking, but, in revenge, the colonel put us through an intensive course of drilling and Zouave tactics that made Magruder's troops, Virginians and North Carolinians, stare. After a week or so we returned and again camped on the ground we had occupied the day we first reached Yorktown. Shortly after my company was detached and sent to man the heavy guns on the east and southeast fronts of the defenses, and our connection with Copens's Zouaves ceased. Later upon reorganization, in February, 1862, some of our company joined the Zouaves, and a few of the Zouaves joined us. We became the first company of DeGournay's Battalion of the 6th Regiment of Heavy Artillery, of which DeGournay became lieutenant colonel.

The Zouaves became a unit in Johnston's army, and, after Seven Pines, General Lee's and served in the Army of Northern Virginia until the end, when but few of them were left. How many of them are living to-day? No one knows for a certainty. As far as I have been able to learn, of the *original* "Zoo-Zoos," I am the only one left. If there are any others, I would be more than glad to have a line from them. I was one of the youngsters, and (now in my seventy-ninth year) of DeGournay's fifth company, am alone. But I hope to live long enough to be able to ride to my own funeral, and, until that time comes, I want the VETERAN to be coming my way. It will always be a most welcome visitor. Long may it live!

MISINFORMATION—AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY T. H. LAUCK, LURAY, VA.

I have long been impressed with the thought that I should relate to the readers of our magazine, especially my old comrades, what I know of the awful May day tragedy, 1864, at the "bloody angle," a mile west of Spotsylvania Courthouse, that witnessed the disappearance of the old Stonewall Division as an active entity from the roster of the Army of Northern Virginia. In the life of General Lee by his chief of artillery, General Long, he inadvisedly dared to say of that noted encounter: "It seemed to me that the old Division failed to fight with its old-time vigor and pertinacity!" Now, hear a "Little Corporal's Story," and you boys of other divisions be the judges.

On the evening of the 10th of May an assaulting column of the enemy made a lodgment in our line held by Doles's Georgia Brigade about one-half mile west of the salient, and held it until the 10th Virginia could be faced to the rear, and marched, rear rank in front, at a steady half "right wheel" through the heavy timbered bottom to the rear of our line, while our own line of breastworks charged at a fast run, and all but a short section was wrested from the enemy. Here a lieutenant colonel was captured, and, as he was being taken to the rear, he exclaimed: "Well, we've found out all we wanted to know!" I confess that I, for one, was haunted by that significant speech all night, and when captured eighteen hours later, from the direction in which his men had charged two evenings before, it flashed upon my mind: "O yes; they learned the lay of the land in front of our angle, and the extent of room for deploying." (Which see later on.)

From noon on the 11th until midnight Captain Grayson, now of Washington, D. C., was officer of the day, and was most constantly on the picket line, with several of Company with him. In the night he heard noise enough of move-

ments of a large force to convince him that a serious operation was being organized, and he therefore communicated the fact to Colonel Martz (10th Virginia), and he hoped that the message would be carried through to general headquarters. We know that Brigade General Steuart and Maj. Gen. Ed. ("Alleghany") Johnson were on the *qui vive*, for they had us up at 2:30 A.M., on the 12th, and our guns loaded; and we were quite willing for the Yanks to try their skill on us through two lines of "tangle-breeches" and over a space of one hundred yards of clear ground, we being in well-built breastworks with back works just as strong to shield us from artillery fire from our left.

Our 3rd Virginia Brigade reached nearly to the angle to our left, then came the 2nd Virginia Brigade, then the 1st (Stonewall) Brigade, then what we loved to call "The Old Fourth" Louisiana Brigade. It was in the position held by the 2nd Virginia Brigade that the line to the left of the point of angle was punctured with embrasures for death-dealing cannon. Mark this fact.

We were standing at ease when, at daylight, we heard a volley of musketry, and the yells of thousands of Yanks, but we could not believe our own ears until some of our men came flying down the line crying out: "The Yankees have flanked us." So unbelieving were we that our men swore they would shoot anyone in the back who tried to run past us, and I can say of my own knowledge that Bill Tobin did actually convince one of the fugitives that he meant business, and so he dropped against our works and was captured in a few minutes along with Bill. The two generals dropped into Company K's "fort," and were captured along with us.

As I was crowded out of the front line by a returning almost breathless picket (John Hershberger, who still lives), who demanded his old place in front rank so I was forced to the extreme left of the pit, and there witnessed the most dramatic incident of my life as a soldier of the line. Two pieces of cannon had been rushed toward the angle, but stopped short at about the middle of our regiment without their caissons, and the horses were hurried to the rear. One of the pieces banged away at a squad of Yanks that had just emerged from the thicket of pines opposite our left center, and they seemed to vanish completely from our sight. At this moment I stared in amazement at the sergeant of the gun nearest to me. As he could not fire through the embrasure to the front into the mass of the Yankees passing by, because he saw our own men mixed up with them, he whirled the gun around, lifted the trail from the ground with his left hand and pulled the fuse and fired the gun almost in the faces of the Yanks within ten yards of him; then caught up his knapsack and hurried through the embrasure out among the thronging yelling enemy! As I turned my eyes from this man to see what he had been shooting at, I saw a well-dressed line of bluecoats standing in our rear, but mostly hid from us by our little A tents. The color bearer was a little nearer to me than the "hole" that had been bored in their line by the grape and cannister shot, and I could see only his hands and wrists, steadying the flag staff, I made a lightning calculation as to how far I should shoot inside the flap of a near-by tent to hit his body, and, while watching to see the effect of my shot, I heard right over my head, "Surrender! Surrender! Git back to ther rear-r-r!" in an Irish brogue. I looked up to see a young man stepping glibly along our breastworks carrying his gun in his right hand at a trail, and waving his cap to the left and rear! He may have mistaken me for a "dead one," for he did not try to kick my head off. I thrust my right hand into my roundabout inner pocket and half drew out my little seven-shooter, but, glancing quickly over my

right shoulder, I saw the works crowded with Yanks jabbing down among my comrades, and as I said to myself, "What's the use?" and climbed out with one hand over the transverse and breastworks into the midst of the liquor-stimulated throng hurrying by ten to twelve ranks deep, and sloughing off men enough to do the capturing as they proceeded. They had every detail arranged as though certain of success, a line of guards for a lane through which to march us, and guards every few steps to go out with us. When I got into the midst of them I was stopped by a big captain with the command, "Take off that blankety blank cartridge box, or I'll cut your blankety blank head off," his sword waving above my head. I laughed in his face, for I was like one in hysterics, and said: "Huh! I've got no use for a cartridge box," and just then I realized where my right hand was! I let my pistol drop back in the pocket, unbuckled the belt and let the box fall behind me, all the time looking in the face of a little lieutenant who had stopped to scan a real live Rebel at close quarters! (It's strange, but I can recall that sober, ministerial face to mind at any time.) When I caught up with the artillery sergeant, he said: "I tell you it hurt me to give my piece up! But I bored a hole through them, and when my comrade, Henry Higgs (now eighty-six years old), caught up with me, he told me with great glee that, while the Yankee who had pulled him over the breastworks was hurrying him into the current of prisoners, the elbow nearest to him was shattered by a shot coming from close at hand, and he said to himself, "That's pretty close, but if you can do that well again, boys, I'm willing to risk it!"

Gen. Ed. Johnson was lame, and accustomed to walk with a cane, but he had left his cane at home this morning, and two Yanks had to help him along with their hands under his arms.

As we got into regular four ranks formation, we looked like a body under arms, and our artillery at the Courthouse may have mistaken us for approaching Federals; anyhow, they began to shoot right down our line, and the shells whizzed so alarmingly close that the Yankee guards fell to the ground in fright every time they screeched. This sight made me unusually brave, and I as good as swore that I'd sooner die than dodge before a Yankee guard. It was here our future "Mr. Speaker Crisp," of Georgia, my friend and junior second lieutenant, shot off his accumulation of Shakespeare, throwing his arm across my shoulder, he cried out: "Can such things be, and overcome us as a summer cloud, to our especial wonder?"

Some years after the war I was telling the story of the brave artillery sergeant to Comrade Melton, at Luray, Va., who nodded his head in appreciation, and said that it was the Dixie Artillery, of Cuttshaw's Battalion, and he was a member of it. Here's his story: "I was on the sick list the day before and had not reported for duty that early in the morning of the 12th, and when the boys latched up their already harnessed horses to those two pieces to rush to our stated position in the angle, and I heard just those two shots, I knew as well as if I had seen them that they had run into a trap; so I ran as fast as my weakness would permit toward where I supposed headquarters to be, and met Generals Lee and Long hurrying, but not racing, to the front. I saluted and reported what I knew, and dared to announce my private opinion that our works had been captured, for I knew our boys. General Long said: "General Lee, I told you that those guns ought not to be moved out of that angle." General Lee replied soberly: "I was misinformed by my scouts!" He had risked their removal in order that the horses might be watered and fed and the men cook up some rations.

And that's why Johnson's Division of 3,100 (some said

3,300) was gobbled up before it could load and fire the second round! Gen. Nelson A. Miles recounts the whole story in the *Century Magazine*, and states that he was given 17,000 men, with orders that the assaulting column should be sixteen ranks deep, and not a gun loaded; but that everything should be carried through with a rush. He says he issued full rations of whisky, and they made the assault under its influence.

How many of my comrades are living now that heard that awful all-day roar of musketry and occasional booming of cannon? Far to the rear we looked one another in the eye and confessed that we would rather be where we were, knee-deep in mud and with no haversacks on, than to be in that maelstrom of death! But we did not anticipate thirteen long months of imprisonment, with its privations and just as sure agencies of death!

LIFE ON AN OLD PLANTATION.

BY SARAH FORT MILTON, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

A sadness comes over me as I try to recall "the days which are no more." Even to those of us who were brought up in the midst of the institution of slavery it has receded far into the past. That it was so much a part of the life of the whites of the South to provide for, physically and spiritually, those dark-skinned people now seems very strange and unreal.

The industrial education now so much recommended by some leaders of the race was then given freely. There were more skilled mechanics, blacksmiths, seamstresses, housekeepers in the years of slavery than there are to-day after sixty years of freedom.

On that Georgia cotton plantation where I spent six happy months as a child, we were twenty-five miles from anywhere, and the nearest white family was seven or eight miles off. Yet we were not lonely, for there was the active, busy life of the old plantation all around us. As we arrived after a long day's ride through the pine woods, and as I looked from the porch, I saw through the dark pines twinkling lights and heard the sound of life, the cry of a child, the bark of a dog. "What is that?" I asked, for everything was new and strange to me. "Why, that, is the negro quarters; hush, listen, there are the cotton pickers coming home."

Through the soft Southern air came the melodious song of the hands as they came in with the baskets filled with the snowy cotton. It was hardly a song, rather a musical chant, sometimes without words and sometimes with words improvised for the occasion. I soon found that their labor was almost set to music. The plow hands sang to the hoe hands as they came in to dinner; the wagoner sang as he drove up the lane; and even a poor old crippled woman, who lived alone and was a pitiful object to look at, used to sing until, as she told me, she "fairly luminated de road."

The "quarters," on the old plantation was the center of the life there. First, there was the row of cabins for the field hands; and then a blacksmith shop, a carpenter shop, the big corncrib, and the ginhouse, with its lever, which went round and round, drawn by four mules. We children thought it great fun to ride it. There was the old-fashioned cotton press, with its giant arms reaching out to catch us up.

Last, but by no means least, there was the schoolhouse, the kindergarten of the past. Before the word was ever heard in the South, the reality existed on all plantations large enough to need it. The mothers who went out to work left their babies and little ones in the care of good old "Maum Annie" and "Missus." It was a daily task of "Missus" to see that these little ones had the best of food and care. There

was a big pot fastened in the wide fireplace, in which something was always steaming. There was a row of cradles in the house, but the ground all around outside was covered with the blackest, fattest, slickest little imps, full of fun and frolic. It seems to me that they were several shades blacker than any I see these days, with the whitest of teeth; and they were certainly fatter. They were from babies up to twelve years old, for there was no need of a law to prevent child labor.

Did you ever think, how, in this much-abused institution of slavery, it was the selfish owner that was the greatest protection to the slave? How could a man afford to abuse or mistreat that which was so valuable to him?

But to return to the schoolhouse. Old "Maum Annie" always seated us in great state, and then gave the command: "Make your manners to the little Missus, and sing fur 'em." Making their manners consisted in bobbing a curtsy; and then all clasped their hands and sang.

Some of the songs I can still recall were: "Glory Up an' Glory Down; Glory All Around;" "My Soul, Halla Lou, Halla Lee, Halla Lee You." They tossed their hands wildly up and down, and danced round and round in a circle, with an excitement and abandon entirely unknown to any other race.

Some of the songs were more like games. "All around the merry bush, the merry bush, for yo' pleasure's jist begun;" "Now, Mister Jones, you must jump for joy, fur yo' pleasure's jist begun."

When my mind goes back to the schoolhouse, I can recall only this wild, hilarious set of little black forms.

Sunday was a great day on the plantation. The first thing after breakfast was seeing the hands get their "'lowances." They all came up in the yard to receive it, all clean and tidy, the children running after them with baskets to take home bacon and meal and buckets of milk. This was their time for a word with Marster or Miss. Well do I remember seeing them distribute needles, thread, vegetable seed, medicine, etc. It was not such an easy job looking after a big plantation, and the only person who worked harder than the master was the mistress.

The next thing was Church. The nearest church was ten miles away, but each plantation had its rude church and local preacher or "exhorter." The children of the house and the mistress went to the church, the children duly admonished to behave with proper reverence, but I don't think I was ever inclined to anything else.

The negroes of whom I write were, and are yet, as different from the town negro as if of a different race; they lived an isolated life away from all contact with white people other than on the plantation. They were simple and childish, and ignorant of anything but their routine of work. But they were seemingly as happy and irresponsible as the birds in the trees.

I recall Miss Wilkins's book, "The Portion of Labor," and as I read of the factory workers going day by day through the snow, "the army of labor," as she calls it, sullen and discontented, always at war with employers, struggling to pay for food and coal, and looking forward to old age with terror, I could but think of the old plantation, and the days when old age was honorable and poorhouses were unknown.

At the church the services began with a long and fervent "prar" by old "Uncle Bob." Next, the mistress read a portion of the Scriptures, to which they listened with deep attention; and then, after "Uncle Bob" had exhorted good and proper, they seemed to burst out into song. Strong, vigorous, the melody fairly rolled forth. I can recall the scene as if it were

yesterday; the men on one side of the room, the women on the other, all in coarse white clothes, swaying to the rhythm, all joining in with voices deep and rich.

They swayed their bodies and patted their feet in perfect time to the music until some good old soul would start, "'Tis the Ole Ship o' Zion; she's a sailin', she's a sailin'; O, glory, hallalu." In a moment they were all shaking hands in time, and moving around with a sort of swaying motion, or dancing, I suppose it might be called. They would sing one strain awhile, and then one voice would start another: "Come, believer; hop along 'tother side ole Jordan." The song and motion were changed, and they went round and round until they could go no longer. "Come on, my sister; come on; I hope to go, I hope to go meet you, to bear my Jesus on. Sister Corica, bow down to de groun'; O, Lord, do hear me pray."

This holy dance or shouting, as they used to call it, is peculiar to the low country or salt water negroes. It was doubtless handed down from their African ancestors. The mistress tried hard to stop it, and afterwards did succeed, but I don't know that it is much worse than the shouting and trances and the brush arbor meetings they have now.

Christmas was the great day of the year on the plantation; everything dated from Christmas to Christmas. For weeks beforehand the mistress was busy; bright-colored little dresses, strings of glass beads, bright-colored scarfs for men, all were being made.

Every Christmas a dinner was prepared in the yard, and all feasted to their heart's content. But this year a novelty was being prepared, a Christmas tree set up in the yard and covered with its gay fruit. The negroes gazed in amazement; but when each one's name was called and a present given, they were happy beyond words. They had the usual feast, and then finished the day with a big dance in the yard.

There has never been any set of people more slandered, more misrepresented, more misunderstood than the slave owners of the South. I don't believe they hardly knew or understood what they were doing themselves. Many of them often felt troubled in mind to keep these negroes as slaves, when, in fact, they were doing the grandest missionary work that has ever been done to the African. They were lifting up the poor barbarian to the point where he could receive civilization. If in the future they ever achieve anything good, they may thank the years of training, and bless the memories of the Old Master and the Old Miss.

I do not feel that the Christmas I have tried to describe is a typical Southern Christmas, although it actually happened. A Christmas tree was an exception on a Southern plantation; all of us who were old enough can remember the early morning salutation: "Christman gif', Marster," and "Christmas gif', Miss." The whole week was given over to dancing, fiddling, visiting around, marrying and giving in marriage. "Christmas comes but once a year, let every nigger have his cheer," was one of their sayings; and another was, "Christmas comes but once a year; if I get drunk, you must not keer."

They played the fiddle and picked the banjo, and if they had no instrument they patted and "jumped Juba." If they ever walked the cakewalk I must confess I never heard of it, but I am told that of them on the rice plantations in South Carolina. The labor for the year was over, and one week was given to frolic before another year began. They took no thought for the morrow; they did not need to. If the corn crib was not full, or the smokehouse, that was nothing to them; it was Old Marster's business to provide for them.

If old age was approaching, that gave them no concern. Old age was honorable and comfortable, too. There were no

doctors to pay, or any other bills to worry them. They were certainly gayer and more light-hearted than they are now.

* * *

I feel impelled to write a short sketch of a man familiar to me as a child, whose life during the days of slavery was unusual and exceptional. In my childhood days the figure of "Uncle Wilkes" was a familiar one in and around our family, and yet he was something apart. He was a negro man, yet he scarcely seemed one of them, for he was not only a free man, but he was looked on with utmost awe by the other negroes, for he was a property owner, he was rich. Even the white people treated with respect a man and citizen who not only paid taxes but had money to lend. Many of the best citizens of the little Georgia town were not too proud to borrow from him, and their notes were laid away among his possessions. He was the head of a blacksmith shop, hired several men under him, and even owned one or two slaves, besides a home which had every comfort and even luxury.

This was in the days just preceding the war. He was a middle-aged man, highly respected by everybody, white and black. He was, as I remember, tall, erect, and carried himself with a certain dignity, used good language, and was well posted on current events. He could read and write, and was, in fact, an unusual specimen of the race.

Wilkes was born a slave in Virginia, in 1802. I am not inclined to think that any of the harsh features of slavery were ever endured by him, but he felt a desire to be a free man, and realized that only a golden key could unlock his bonds. When and where he first started his little hoard I can't tell, but he was a grown man when my father bought him, and he found a sympathetic friend in him. He ran the blacksmith shop, even kept the books, and for all work done out of regular hours he kept the proceeds.

There were not lacking people ready to assure my father that Wilkes, having every opportunity, got the lion's share of the profits. It surely was a temptation great enough to overcome the honesty of almost any man, but my father always believed that Wilkes was strictly honest, and he had the utmost confidence in his integrity.

In those days a free negro was regarded with suspicion and dislike by both races. By the whites, it was natural enough, for they were regarded as a sort of menace to the peace of the community. They were often receivers of stolen goods. I am sure my father was looked on as a mild sort of crank to turn one loose on the community; but Wilkes continued his course of integrity and industry until he won the good will and respect of both races. The blacksmith anvil rang early and late. He soon bought his wife, and the little boy, his only son, my father gave to him.

By the time of the war he had quite a sum loaned out in the town, and had the respect of all. "Uncle Wilkes" was a man of thought, with a deep love for his race, although he saw and deplored their faults. Yet he always hoped that some way would be made for them to have a country of their own.

He hoped that Liberia might be a Mecca for them. He used to come with books and papers from that land of promise to my brother, Dr. George Fort, and they would have long confidential talks out on the shady piazza, my brother, who was an invalid, lying on his lounge, with "Uncle Wilkes" at his feet. He sometimes thought of going there, but his ties at home were too strong. He also thought of moving to the North, and once took a trip with my father to see the country, traveling as my father's servant. But far from meeting the respect he expected, he came back disgusted and quite satisfied with home. In those fevered days before the war was a time when the least suspicion of sympathy with the Abolitionists

roused our people to fury. But his influence on his race was for peace and good order. About this time he began to preach to them, and his influence was greatly increased. He had been a free man for thirty years, and I believe he earnestly longed for the freedom of his race.

When Sherman's army passed through Georgia all the silver of our family was intrusted to him. We sent it from Macon, where the Yankees were confidently expected. The great army of liberation came as an army of destruction. "Uncle Wilkes" doubtless had hoped and prayed for it, but when a crowd of lawless soldiers overran his house, stole his gold watch, his cow, and everything else they wanted, he was a most surprised and disgusted man.

He saved the silver, though. It was buried under a stack of fodder and, although they carried off all the fodder and dug around the yard, they did not find anything.

Poor old man! Another still greater surprise and shock was in store for him. When the war ended freedom for his race had come at a severe cost to him. His hard-earned dollars were lost in the wreck. He shared with his white friends the general ruin.

But he was not to be discouraged. He took what he had left and rented a plantation, employing a number of newly liberated slaves to work for him. It was only a few years until he was bankrupt. He had been an employer of labor for years, but the free negro was too much for him.

It was a poor, heartbroken old man who died in 1873, crushed by the circumstances brought about by the realization of his dearest hopes. He was a life-long Abolitionist and yet an ardent Democrat. I think he realized the faults of his race, and knew that their only hope was in retaining the friendship of the whites. As a preacher, he urged them to thrift and industry and perhaps many of the seed which seemed to fall by the wayside at the time afterwards brought forth fruit. He was not so popular at the time as some of the more excitable, emotional preachers, but his little chapel, built and called after him, "Flagg Chapel," still stands, and we may hope that many of his race were impelled by his example, as well as his words, to realize that integrity and true manhood will command the respect of the world, of what ever race or condition their possessor may be.

ARCHER'S BRIGADE AT COLD HARBOR.

BY W. F. FULTON, COMMANDER CAMP BILL ADKINS, U. C. V.,
GOODWATER, ALA.

The battle of Mechanicsville, fought by Gen. A. P. Hill on June 26, 1862, seemed to me just a big bluff on the part of General Hill to hold the attention of Fitzjohn Porter's right until General Jackson could complete his turning move on his right and rear. My battalion, the 5th Alabama, was in the battle, and though we pushed close up to his entrenched line, we never, in my judgment, made serious effort to storm the enemy's position. Night coming on, we lay on the field of battle until the next morning, expecting to renew the engagement, but we were soon aware that the enemy had fled during the night. We were soon on his track in hot pursuit, and overtook him at Cold Harbor.

Here, on the 27th of June, 1862, Archer's Brigade, composed of the 1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee Regiments, the 13th Alabama Regiment, and the 5th Alabama Battalion, was drawn up in line of battle on the edge of an old field, while on the opposite side of the field was the left flank of Fitzjohn Porter's army, occupying a hill in three lines of battle, the first line near the foot of the hill, the second line about mid-way, and the third near the top, each protected by logs piled

as breastworks about waist high, the artillery crowning the apex of the hill, and a small stream circled the base of the hill.

This was our objective on the 27th of June. We were expected to charge across the field and capture that position, just one brigade to accomplish the impossible, that's the way it looked. At last the word of command, "Attention!" was given, and the entire brigade sprang to their feet (they were lying flat on the ground as a protection from the sharpshooters), then the command, "Forward, march!" was given, and we moved out at a quickstep. The officers kept passing the word along the line as we advanced: "Don't hurry, men. Keep in line." It was a considerable distance across that field, and they knew if we were in too big a hurry we would be exhausted by the time we reached the first line, so they seemed intent on restraining our ardor that we might be the better able to accomplish our desperate task.

Lieutenant Crittenden, a staff officer for General Archer, quite a youth, went along with Company A of the Battalion, encouraging us at every step, "My brave Alabamians, I know I may depend on you;" "Keep cool"; "Remember your State," etc. I heard his appeals, but I was thinking about what I knew would happen in a few more minutes, and, sure enough, just as we emerged right square in front of those three lines of battle, all in a flash that old hill was ablaze from top to bottom, and men began to fall right and left. But still our line moved on. Wonderfully strange to me, I was more frightened on the way across that field than when under that tornado of fire. The excitement of battle was a real relief, and, in the turmoil, I forgot the danger.

The odds were too great, and soon the order to fall back was given, and we were on our way back across the old field. In our forward move we had passed through an old apple orchard, and on our retreat the tired soldiers would stop behind those trees to get a fresh breath for another start for the rear. I spied one tree, quite a fine specimen, right in line with my retreat, and made for it, as I was nearly exhausted and felt compelled to get some relief. But I discovered that it was already overcrowded, one man hugging it, another hugging him, and so on, until the line behind that tree was stretched out quite a distance. As I ran up, some fellow in the line bawled out: "Fall in behind Bee Gum!" Now, Bee Gum was a noted character and got his name from wearing one of those old tall black beaver hats often worn by ministers of the gospel and professional men before the war. Where he got that hat I don't know, but it was a familiar object in camp and gave him his name.

The funny part about it is that a fellow under such peculiar circumstances, under such awfully hazardous conditions, with Minie balls flying as thick as bees about a bee gum at hiving time and grape and canister kicking up a dust on every side could take such an occasion to indulge in that style of merriment. I didn't tarry to reflect on it then, but grabbed Bee Gum. Looking up the line for the protecting tree, I saw that I was quite a way from it, so I didn't tarry long, too hot a place, but hurried away over the hill crest, where I felt more secure. Observing a fringe of grass and weeds some distance below, indicating the probable presence of water, I made for it, and there, lying on the ground groaning as if in much pain, was my friend, William Frost. Judging from his groans, he was evidently about to die. "What's the matter, Frost?" was my first question. "O, I am shot plumb through; it went in at my chest and came out under my shoulder blade." Of course, I set to work to render what aid I could, removed his jacket, ripped open the shirt to get at his shoulder, and soon discovered the trouble. A piece of shel

had struck him in the back and raised a large blister, and he had imagined the rest. When I said, "Why, Frost, there is no blood, no hole, just a spent piece of shell," he immediately assumed a sitting posture, drew a long breath, and said: "Well, I thought I was gone."

This was the same Frost who laughed so heartily at me for dodging that bullet, as told in the *VETERAN* for May. He was shot through the thigh at Appomattox on the night before General Lee's surrender, in a raid on our line by a squadron of Yankee cavalry, and as we surrendered the next day, he was left in the hands of the enemy, greatly to his regret.

Now, back to that charge and repulse. I have always felt disappointed that Archer's Brigade never received due credit for the part it performed on that memorable occasion. Hood's gallant Texans bore off all the honors, and while I would not detract one iota from the splendid part they bore, yet I am sure Archer's Tennessee and Alabama command should be given a large slice of credit too. They led the forlorn hope, drew the enemy's attention and fire, and so intent were they in dealing with us, they never realized what was coming until those brave Texas boys were on them with an irresistible rush. It was never intended or expected that Archer's men could or would capture General Porter's position. O no! The object was to engage their attention and draw it away from the real danger point. Before we started on our charge, I saw, just to our right, in a clump of woods, Hood's men, hidden from view of the enemy, quietly and stealthily concentrating, preparing for the splendid work they accomplished, and, as we were repulsed, they started, a little to our right (some of my company went back with them in their charge), just at the opportune moment, all well planned and well executed. The world knows the results.

To emphasize somewhat the part we took, I will state that my company, A, of the 5th Alabama Battalion, lost in killed in this engagement some twenty-odd men, and some twenty-odd wounded, out of about seventy taken into battle, an unusual proportion of killed to number wounded. This includes a few casualties the day before at Mechanicsville.

COMMANDING THE BRIGADE.

BY CAPT. PHILIP PORCHER GAILLARD, OF SUMTER COUNTY.

When we were marched out of the Petersburg trenches, we went through the city. I was then in command of my company. We bivouacked for the night, and the next morning, the 21st of August, we were moved forward, stopping for a while in a piece of woods, being protected partially from the enemy's fire by a hill in front of us.

I remember well when we were moved forward over that hill at common time, but, just as we reached the top, increased to the double-quick time, and we were on the charge when Captain Daly rode out and demanded a surrender. He came up to Colonel Gaillard, showing him that we were in a trap. My recollection is that Colonel Gaillard did surrender his regiment, and they were moving forward with Captain Daly, who was mounted and with a Confederate flag in his hand. I remember well that our battalion took no stock in the surrender, and I have no recollection of any change of front being made. I am satisfied that if any such orders were given they were not obeyed.

My company was the second company, Jones's company being on the right. Just at this time I heard General Hagood in the rear call out, "Shoot that man," when fully fifty guns were leveled at Captain Daly, and Colonel Gaillard ran in front of the guns, saying, "Men, do not do this," and they desisted.

I remember then that General Hagood ordered Daly to dismount, and, instead of doing so, Captain Daly attempted to explain to General Hagood the position of his line. I am quite certain General Hagood told him twice to dismount, and I really think three times, and the last time, on Daly's refusal to dismount, General Hagood shot him with his pistol. Daly immediately dismounted, and Hagood, planting himself in his saddle, said, "Men, cut your way back." I am certain that these were his words.

Then commenced the retreat. On making my way back, I met Capt. Wade Douglass lying on the ground, and Sergeant Duke, of his company, standing by him. Upon inquiring, Duke showed me that he had been shot in the left eye (I think). Together we helped Wade Douglass until we found a litter. When I left them, Lieutenant Ross, of my company, and I in a few minutes came up on a group consisting of General Mahone, General Hagood, Col. T. C. Gaillard, and Lieut. and A. D. C. Ben Martin. I just addressed myself to Colonel Gaillard, who was my uncle, saying to him, "I am delighted to see you. I feared that you were captured," and just then General Hagood said, "Gaillard, collect my brigade." I immediately moved toward the place where a field infirmary had been established, collecting some men on the way, and then at the infirmary I got up a pretty good squad. In the course of an hour I marched them down the road to the Brown house, on that road, and reported to Gen. Johnson Hagood three lieutenants and one hundred and fifty-eight men.

We stayed at that place until about dark. I remember well that at about four o'clock the cooks came up with the brigade rations, and it was the first time in months that there was more than we could eat.

After dark we marched to a position near Petersburg and camped for the night. The next day we were taken to a tobacco warehouse, which was situated in a ravine two or three hundred yards above the iron bridge on the City Point Railroad, where we stayed one night. It was at this place that General Hagood, about dark, rode up and told Colonel Gaillard to take command of the brigade, as he was going to sleep at his headquarters that night. It was then that Colonel Gaillard turned to me and said: "Phil, you take command of the brigade; I am going to Garrott's Hotel." He returned next day at nine o'clock A.M. This was once I was in command of the brigade.

That day we were moved to the works on the Jerusalem Plank Road, and I was in command of the Battalion up to that time, and from the time we took our position there I was in command until we moved to Dunlop's farm. I was the recognized commander of the Seventh South Carolina Battalion, and R. J. Cunningham was acting as my adjutant.

I remember well that, as commander of the battalion, I received an order from brigade headquarters to make out a list of all absentees from the battalion, and to forward to those headquarters, and to suggest to General Hagood the name of a commissioned officer who had been in every engagement during the campaign of 1864, and had not been absent from duty a single day during that campaign, to go to South Carolina to collect the absentees. I remember well how anxiously the officers who could stand the requirements were pushing their claims on me, when Colonel Rion rode out from the hospital and told me that he had seen General Hagood, and that, while he and General Hagood both acknowledged me as in command of the battalion, still, as Colonel Rion was lieutenant colonel commanding, but only in the hospital, General Hagood had agreed that I should waive the command to him long enough to make this recommendation, which I

did, and to my surprise, when he returned the papers to me after mounting his horse, I opened them and found that I had been the officer chosen by him.

It was while we were at these Plank Road entrenchments that Capt. George W. Moffett, A. A. G., rode out to the works and called on me, saying: "General Hagood has gone to see General Lee and will not be back before evening, and has instructed me to place you in command of the brigade until his return." These are the times I referred to as having been in command of the brigade twice.

MY GREATEST CHILDHOOD SORROW.

BY O. H. P. WRIGHT, SELMA, ALA.

I do not now remember the exact time of which I write; but at any rate it was when everybody was excited and busy making preparations for the War between the States. The cavalry and infantry were drilling every day at the county site, and it seemed that everybody was going to the war. I was then about eight years of age and living on a big plantation with my uncle and aunt, and frequently they would have the house boy drive me to town to see the soldiers drill. The cavalry was to me the most beautiful sight I had ever beheld. The men were riding the finest horses to be had, the uniforms were black broadcloth with a red stripe down the side of the pantaloons, and the hats were of black felt with large white ostrich plumes gracefully floating to the back of the head. O my! how I did wish I was a man—and a cavalryman!

These young men represented the real cream of the county. What became of these gallant souls I will leave to the blood-stained pages of history to tell the sad, sad story. This story concerns one who was dear to me, although no blood kin. This young man came to our home several years before the war opened, a poor Scotch orphan boy. He had been highly recommended to my uncle as well qualified to take charge of his plantation as overseer. My uncle employed him, and soon realized that he was 'way above the ordinary overseer. The young Scot was enrolled as a member of the family and, as time passed, we all became very fond of him, and especially myself, for he petted me and seemed to love me very much. It may have been that my being an orphan too influenced his love for me, as he was a man of fine feeling.

It was love for John McLean, my childhood friend, that caused my first real sorrow. He was six feet tall, as straight as an arrow, with a fair complexion and beautiful brown curly hair; he had a fine mouth and splendid white teeth, upon the whole a very handsome man, and with it all he was perfectly fearless. My uncle owned a fine blooded horse, of racing stock, what was then known as the Morgan breed, and when McLean volunteered for the war he gave him this beautiful horse, telling him that should the Yankees ever get him in a tight place, to give the horse the spur and he would bring him out safely. So it was my delight to see the handsome John McLean on that beautiful horse in that magnificent cavalry company. The company was soon ordered to some place on the coast not far from Mobile, and while there one of the soldiers got drunk and slipped off with McLean's horse for a race, which resulted in the horse falling through a bridge and both front legs were broken. To put him out of his misery, McLean shot him. When he wrote us about it, my sister and aunt and I all had a big cry.

Some months after this McLean was given a thirty-day furlough to come home and procure another horse, and again my uncle furnished him a mount, a beautiful horse for which he paid \$3,000 in Confederate money. It was the beauty of this horse which caused McLean's capture and imprisonment

in Fort Delaware. This news was brought to us by two soldiers who were with him, and it was the first tidings we had of McLean in over two years. The men said they were on scout duty somewhere in Kentucky, and it had been raining all day. It seems that a detachment of Yankee cavalry had been following them till they got into a lane, in a place where the Yankees had planned to capture them and get McLean's beautiful horse, half of this Yankee squad going in ahead and the others coming in behind, and thus completely hemming them in. Realizing their predicament, and with five to one against them, McLean's comrades asked him what he intended to do, and insisted that they surrender. McLean told them they could do as they pleased, but he was going to fight until he died. The two comrades surrendered, but McLean clubbed his gun and began laying about right and left, the Yankees shooting and cutting at him. He succeeded in unhorsing five, and was clenched with the sixth man when one of the Federals came up behind and partially scalped him with his saber. The loosened scalp fell over his eyes, and with the loss of blood he fell from his horse a helpless prisoner.

This was the last tidings we had from the handsome and brave cavalryman, John McLean. Our family had long given him up for dead, but I somehow felt that he would yet come home. One night, toward the middle of July, 1865, a steamboat came down the river and a passenger was put off. It was John McLean, but I knew nothing of his coming until in the morning, when I was awakened by the house boy with the glorious and staggering news that Mr. McLean had come! I didn't take time to dress, but rushed to his room, climbed into his bed, and threw my arms around him. This awakened him and he turned his face to look at me. What a shock I had in the terrible change. I fell on my face and cried, for the sight touched the tenderest spot of my heart. Turning his head away, McLean shook the bed with his own sobs. Thus the brave soldier and the heartbroken little boy wept together; neither had spoken a word, but both understood.

I have wished that I might forget this little scene. The brave and handsome soldier, who had fought to the end, had at last returned, one of the most complete wrecks I had ever seen, and I hope I may never see the like again. His stalwart limbs were all drawn, shriveled, and twisted; his hair was gone, his teeth had been ruined by the ravages of scurvy; his form was no longer erect, and he wore the same old gray uniform as when captured in the Kentucky lane.

The family was soon astir, and my aunt had a tub of warm water taken to McLean's room, where the house boy assisted him in taking a bath, and he was given a full outfit from my uncle's clothing. Soon the breakfast bell rang, and the family gathered in the dining room to await his coming. Ere long McLean came hobbling in on his crutches and greeted us with his old natural smile. Though the Yankee prison had made a wreck of his good looks, they could not destroy his friendly smile. As time passed on, McLean began to improve rapidly, having the best attention, and in a few months he could walk without his crutches, and then was able to ride a horse, and soon he was busy helping in every way he could around the plantation, and having wood cut for the steamboats, which was the only means of getting cash, as the war had cleaned us out. Later on McLean took charge of a big plantation down on the river, and seemed to be doing well for several years, then contracted a bad case of pneumonia and passed away. But my love and admiration for him as man and soldier will live with me through life.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

BY T. A. RUMBLEY, BURNT CORN, ALA.

In a westerly direction from New Hope Church, in Paulding County, Ga., is a small mountain, known as Lone Mountain.

While Sherman and Johnston were fighting in the spring of 1864, a detail of ten men from each company in our brigade was sent to charge a picket line of the Federals at the foot of the mountain in the night. Our orders were to go to the fence or die in the attempt. The field that the fence inclosed, as I recall, was between the mountain and Pumpkin Vine Creek. We formed on top of the mountain. Lieutenant Colonel Morris, of the 26th Alabama Regiment, was our commander. Col. V. S. Murphy, of the 17th Alabama, acted as general on that occasion, and some of the detail: Lieut. W. J. Robison, myself, B. F. McMillan, and one "Hardshell" preacher, named Belcher, of our company.

The orders were for each man to roll at least one rock ahead when the command "Forward" was given. Colonel Morris gave the command, and we started the rocks and followed after them. The Yankees poured a heavy fire into us, and several of our men were killed as we went pell-mell down the mountain. Pretty soon I found Belcher and a Yank clenched. I got to them as quick as I could and found that the Yankee had Belcher's gun by the muzzle. They were going around a tree so fast I was afraid to shoot for fear I might kill Belcher. The Yankee was trying to prevent Belcher from shooting him, but in a few moments Belcher's gun fired, and the Yankee fell. Belcher said to him in a loud voice: "Now, I reckon if you had your life to live over, you would stay up North where you belong."

Just at that time a man got up from behind a large rock and said: "Don't shoot! Don't shoot; we will surrender." I ordered him to give up his arms; he unbuckled his sword and handed it to me and then his navy six. He then said: "Come, boys, let's surrender like men; they have got us!" Thirteen men arose from behind the large rock and came to us.

We knew the Yankees were dazed by their incoherent talk. The officer who surrendered to me said his name was Arbor, of the 154th Illinois Regiment. He formed his men in line, taking position in front. I got by his side and McMillan brought up the rear, and we started up the mountain. As we passed the man Belcher shot he called plaintively, "Water! water!" Arbor said he would like to give the dying man water, that he was his first sergeant. I said, "All right," and we went back to him. I lifted his head and shoulders and Arbor held his canteen to his lips. He drank two or three swallows and sank back. Arbor said: "Well, Hatchett, you are gone and I am a prisoner; good-by." Hatchett raised his hand, but did not speak.

When we came near the top where we could see the camp fire, Arbor asked, "Is that your headquarters?" "Yes," said I. "Please stop a moment," said he. "I have a request to make of you." "What is it?" I inquired. "It is this. I never thought I was a brave man; I never claimed to be, but I had no idea I could ever be scared as badly as you fellows scared me to-night. There were only five of you there, and I could have killed every one of you with that pistol [looking at his navy six in my hand], and I thought Johnston's entire turnout had come down on us. If we live through this war, don't ever tell this."

When Lieutenant Robison ordered McMillan and me to escort the prisoners to camp, I handed Arbor's sword to him, and a few days later he had a chance to send it home. After the war he took good care of the sword and when he died some

(Continued on page 317.)

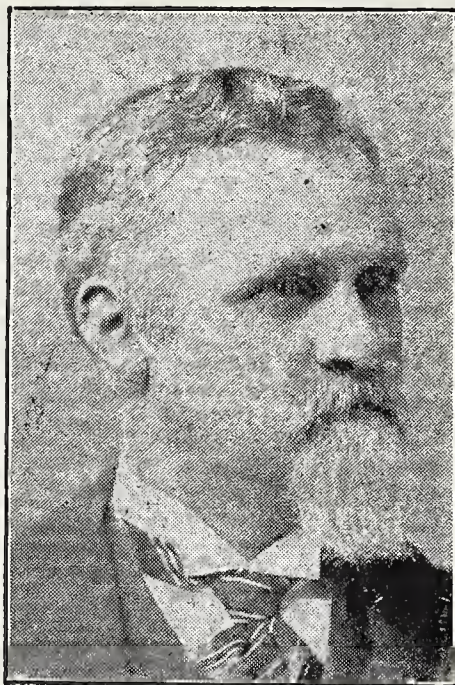


Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Shall we dread the shadows sleeping
Far along the other shore?
Shall we fear the darkness creeping,
Creeping nearer more and more?"

D. L. THORNTON.

D. L. Thornton was born in Woodford County, Ky., near Versailles, November 30, 1844, son of Thomas F. and Mary Blackburn Thornton, and grandson of Gideon Blackburn, famous Presbyterian minister, the founder of Center College, Danville, Ky. He attended private school in the neighborhood, but his education was interrupted by enlistment in the Confederate army at the age of seventeen. He served with Company A, 5th Regiment, Kentucky Cavalry, until captured during Morgan's raid into Ohio; was confined in Camp Morton, and then at Camp Douglas, Chicago, from which place he escaped and made his way back to Kentucky, and later was with Col. Adam R. Johnson temporarily, then with Lyon's Cavalry, and was at last back with his old command under General Duke, being paroled at Athens, Ga., May 7, 1865.



D. L. THORNTON

After returning from the war he was made deputy sheriff, then held a position as bank clerk in Nicholasville, Ky., studying law at night. He was admitted to the bar in his native town in 1870, where he enjoyed an extensive and lucrative practice. He filled many positions of honor and trust, which he held sacred and discharged with unswerving fidelity.

He represented his county in the Legislature, 1885 and 1886; was president of the Board of Trustees of the Cleveland Orphan Institution, this city; member of the Board of Education of Kentucky Wesleyan College, Winchester, Ky. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, early in life, and was trustee, steward, Sunday school teacher, superintendent, etc. To this cause he gave his life, his obligations

to his Church being first with him. He gave generously of his means, and ever looked after those in need and distress. His life meant more to the community than any man in it; his daily walk was a benediction to those with whom he mingled.

Death came to him on May 10, 1923. Surviving him are his wife, two daughters, and one son, David L., Jr., of New York, who is a worthy son of his noble sire.

ABRAHAM GREDIG.

Abraham Gredig, Adjutant of Fred Ault Camp U. C. V., of Knoxville, Tenn., and the faithful representative of the VETERAN for many years, died at his home in that city on June 3, 1923. In his tribute to this comrade, Commander W. W. Carson also made affectionate reference to the former Adjutant, saying:

"Our last two Adjutants, both foreign born, served this Camp with loyalty and fidelity. Charles Ducloux and Abraham Gredig had been Confederate soldiers in the truest sense. Each knew the meaning of an obligation, and each knew how to put thoughts of self aside until the obligation had been met. Six years ago when Ducloux came to die, his thoughts were much upon his obligation to this Camp and the question of a suitable successor to himself. But he finally got the matter settled, and settled right. He said to me during one of my last talks with him: 'Gredig is the man to take my place.' How well he judged, we all know now. This Camp owes a heavy debt of gratitude to these two men for what they did for us.

"Abraham Gredig died at his home in Knoxville on June 3, 1923. He was born in March, 1845, at the family home in Canton Graubunden, Switzerland. Four years later the family reached Knoxville, where he was brought up. And here he passed his life, except that he was called away several times by business engagements more or less prolonged, and that he was a Confederate soldier in Kain's Battery. This battery was captured in 1863, and he was a prisoner for nearly two years.

"The man was known in Knoxville for his exceptionally high standards and for his high-toned life. He knew the difference between right and wrong, and when any question of morals came up he sided with his conscience every time."

Both of these comrades were representatives of the VETERAN, giving faithful and loyal service in its behalf through many years, and their passing occasioned sorrow and loss. Their efforts helped to sustain the VETERAN, and they were held in high appreciation.

P. Z. HILL.

At the regular meeting of Camp Sumter, No. 642 U. C. V., Americus, Ga., resolutions were passed by the Camp expressive of its loss in the death of Comrade P. Z. Hill, of Ellaville, Ga., in his seventy-eight year. He attended the reunion in New Orleans, and, after returning home, contracted pneumonia, from which he never recovered.

During the War between the States, Comrade Hill's service was rendered as a member of Company B, 64th Georgia Infantry, and a truer or more patriotic soldier never donned the gray.

"Resolved, That in the death of Comrade Hill, Camp Sumter has lost one of its most loyal members, the Confederacy one of its strongest advocates, the community one of its most splendid citizens, his family a considerate, affectionate, and loving husband and father."

[Committee, W. W. Dykes, A. Allen.]

DR. J. C. W. STEGER.

The death of Dr. John C. Steger, of Madison County, Ala., on November 19, 1922, brought sorrow to many friends to whom he was endeared by a life of active kindness. He was a member of Camp Egbert Jones, U. C. V., of Huntsville, Ala., but his home was at Gurley for many years.

John C. W. Steger was born in Madison County, Ala., February 28, 1834, and graduated in medicine at the Nashville Medical College, 1857.

During the War between the States, Dr. Steger served as a surgeon in the 4th Alabama Cavalry, Russell's Regiment, Forrest's command. He was captured at Fort Donelson, and released in March, 1863, at Petersburg, Va.; paroled May 9, 1865. With the exception of his term of imprisonment, his service as a soldier was continuous, having only eight days' leave of absence, on account of sickness. Of his service, he wrote: "I did what I could to sustain the cause, and regret I could not do more."

A friend and comrade, J. E. Hewlett, pays this tribute: "I am proud that I can claim the honor of having been with him in the service of the Confederacy from 1862 to 1865, and can say of him that I never knew a braver, truer soldier. He was always where duty called attending the sick and looking after the wounded in time of battle. He and I surrendered and were paroled at Gainesville, Ala., one month after Lee had surrendered in Virginia. . . . We started out on horseback for Huntsville, Ala., our home, and on the way spent one night at Governor Chatman's home at Tuscaloosa. The next day we rode sixty miles and spent the night in a farmhouse where the Avondale Library now is in Avondale Park, Birmingham. Then all around where the springs now are was a willow swamp.

"For several years after the war Dr. Steger was connected with an iron company at Dover, Tenn., on the Cumberland River, as physician, and later on had charge of and settled up the business of the company. . . . After spending many years in Tennessee, he decided to retire from active business and come back to his native heath and take life easy. . . . He built a summer home on Sharp's Mountain, about twenty miles east of Huntsville, and often spent the winter there as well, sometimes with friends around and with him. . . . His Camp will miss him, his hosts of friends will miss him, the birds of the mountain that often sang him to sleep will miss him. He has answered the last roll call, has crossed over the river, and I hope some sweet day we will meet him again 'over there.'"

COMRADES AT MARIETTA, GA.

The following members of Camp 763 U. C. V., Marietta, Ga., have died between January 1, 1922, and July 1, 1923.

J. P. Trippe, Company C, Phillips's Legion.

M. T. McCleskey, Company M, Phillips's Legion.

W. M. Murdock, Company E, 2nd Georgia Regiment.

J. H. Sauls, Company L, Phillips's Legion.

Newt. Heggie, Company B, Cavalry, Phillips's Legion.

N. M. Scroggs, 24th Georgia Regiment.

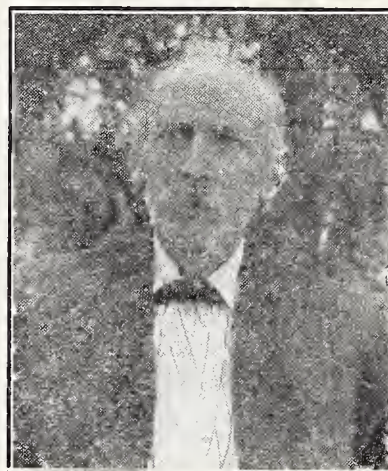
The Camp also ordered that mention be made of the death of Cy Kirkpatrick, who died at the County Almshouse, who, while the battle was going on risked his life to remove his wounded master from the field, and then assisted in removing others. He remained a Confederate and Democrat to the day of his death.

J. GID MORRIS, *Commander*.

R. DE T. LAWRENCE, *Adjutant*.

HUGH L. LIVELY.

Many hearts were made sad over the passing of Hugh L. Lively on June 9, 1923, at the age of eighty-six years. He was a splendid product of the South, for which he fought so valiantly for four years. For many years he had been retired from business and spent all his time among his friends and loved ones, who found so much pleasure in the association.



H. L. LIVELY.

Hugh L. Lively was born in Ringgold, Catoosa County, Ga., May 26, 1837, where he grew to young manhood. When the War between the States broke out he enlisted in the service under Captain Graham, of the 7th Alabama Infantry, where he served

during the first year of conflict. Afterwards he joined Company G, 3rd Confederate Cavalry, under Captain Rice, and later Captain Witherspoon, and served with this company until the close of the war, when he was given his honorable discharge. His courage as a soldier was not to be excelled, and as he fought for the great principle at stake during the war, so he stood by the right principles in civil life

In May, 1865, he came to Bridgeport, Ala., where he married, two years later, Mrs. Cornelia O'Neal, a widow with one son. In the same year he joined the Christian Church, and was an active Christian until his death. He is survived by a widow and four children—Mrs. Laura Anderson, Miss Louie Lively, W. H. and J. E. Lively.

J. M. BURKHOLDER.

Judson M. Burkholder was born in Buchanan, Botetourt County, Va., December 8, 1848, and died on January 23, 1923, at Pensacola, N. C., where he had made his home for the past five years with his only surviving son, Joseph Burkholder, Superintendent of the Black Mountain Railway.

His daughter, Mrs. W. T. Wohlford, lives at Erwin, and is Vice President of the Rosalie Brown Chapter, U. D. C.

He married Miss Virginia Johnson, of Fincastle, Botetourt County, Va., in 1881, and to them four children were born, one having died in infancy and a son three years ago. His loyal, loving helpmeet died about nineteen years ago.

In his reminiscences of the sixties Comrade Burkholder often said one of his greatest disappointments was when his two older brothers, Henry and John B., enlisted and he was too young to join them, but he was granted the longed-for privilege fourteen months before the close of the war. At the age of fifteen years, he enlisted in Company E, 2nd Battalion Reserves, and was later transferred to the 60th Virginia, Regiment, under General Jubal Early.

Even up to his last illness, he was always interesting to talk with and interested in everything. He loved to tell of his experiences in the army, and always saw the bright side of life. He loved dearly his native State, and during his last illness was heard to remark how he would love to go over into Virginia again before he died. When the last taps sounded for him, he was just as ready and eager to go as the morning he answered the call in defense of his beloved Southland.

A. H. LANE.

On the night of May 30, 1923, the spirit of our comrade, Archie H. Lane, passed from earth. He was a valiant soldier of the Confederacy, having served with the gallant 16th Georgia Infantry, under the Hon. Howell Cobb, and followed General Lee to the closing scenes at Appomattox. He acted as orderly for Col. Goode Bryan, who succeeded Colonel Cobb in command of the regiment, and was with him till the battle of Gettysburg.

Comrade Lane was born March 4, 1845, the day James K. Polk was inaugurated President of the United States, and he enlisted in the service of the Confederate States in January, 1862, when but a little over sixteen years of age. At the close of the war he chose Savannah as his home, and for a number of years was with the Central Railroad of Georgia, and later was with a cotton firm, and for a while was manager of the Retail Merchants Association. He was the last Confederate of the city to hold office, being a Justice of the Peace, and he was perhaps the oldest member in time of service in the local Lodge F. & A. M.; latterly he was employed by the city of Savannah. He was a good citizen, as he had been a good soldier. Surviving him are his wife and two daughters.

With appropriate services, he was buried in beautiful Laurel Grove Cemetery, his comrades attending him to his last resting place.

[D. B. Morgan, *Secretary Confederate Veterans Association*].

B. L. VANCE.

B. L. Vance was born in Jefferson County, Ky., on May 24, 1840, and died at the Confederate Home, Austin, Tex., on June 14, 1923. He was buried at Como, Tex., his old home, where he had many friends, attested by the large number that attended his funeral and by the many beautiful floral offerings. He joined Company E, 1st Kentucky Regiment, on September 1, 1861, and served with General Wheeler until the close of the war, when he was honorably discharged, having been in all the battles led by General Wheeler, the first large battle being at Perryville, Ky. His father was Dr. R. G. Vance, of Middleton, Ky., and his mother was Miss Harriet L. Hobbs.

His relatives are supposed to be in Kentucky, but I have failed to locate any of them since his death, and this statement is made as given by Comrade Vance to me during his lifetime, to which I can add that I never knew a more honorable man. Peace to his ashes.

[J. F. Smith, Company F, 58th Alabama Regiment.]

GEORGE W. HENDRICKSON.

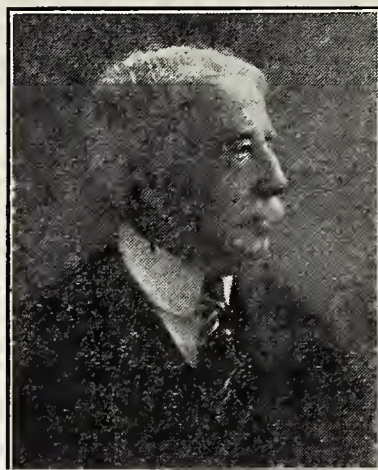
George W. Hendrickson, seventy-eight years of age, died at his home in Atchison, Kans., on June 12, 1923, after a long illness. He was one of the most highly respected men of that city, an active worker and officer in the Christian Church there, a member of the Masonic order, and a citizen whom every one honored.

Comrade Hendrickson was born in Craig County, Va., September 24, 1845, and at the age of eighteen enlisted in the Confederate army under General Lee, serving to the end with the 22nd Virginia Infantry. In 1870 he went West, locating in Kansas. He was actively in business in Atchison and other places in the State for many years. He was married in 1883 to Mrs. Lily Seaton-Moore, who survives him with their only child, a daughter. His brother, John M. Hendrickson, of Atchison, also survives him.

Comrade Hendrickson was laid to rest in the Mount Vernon Cemetery at Atchison, with Masonic services at the grave.

JOHN TAYLOR MCNAIR.

John Taylor McNair was born November 28, 1844, in Cheraw, S. C., and passed away on November 6, 1921, at Atlantic City, where he was sojourning for his health.



JOHN TAYLOR MCNAIR.

In 1861 Mr. McNair (then a mere boy) enlisted in Maj. J. C. Coit's Battery, Wright's Brigade, Flying Artillery, and was in Petersburg, Eastern North Carolina, Black River, Suffolk, Va., and Appomattox Courthouse, and served with this distinguished organization until its surrender at Greensboro, N. C., April, 1865.

For many years Mr. McNair was one of Cheraw's prominent citizens and leading cotton merchants, and was well known throughout the State. He left Cheraw in 1896 and engaged in business in Norfolk, Va. On retiring from active business, he made his home in New York City, and during the summer at Monmouth Beach, N. J., but retained large business interests in and around Cheraw, S. C. He was known throughout his life as a Christian gentleman, beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and one daughter.

COMRADES WHO SERVED UNDER FORREST.

R. F. Talley, of Middleton, Tenn., reports the passing of three comrades whose service was under General Forrest:

C. T. Hudson, who died at the age of eighty-four years, was born and reared near his late home, and held the highest esteem of the people of that section. During the sixties he followed the fortunes of the Confederacy under Bedford Forrest, and was true to his colors. He was twice married, and is survived by six children, three of each marriage.

David Bishop, aged eighty-five years, died February 11, 1922, at his home in Lacy, Tenn. He was also born, reared, and spent his life in the same district. His hospitality was unbounded, and his home was seldom without guests. He was a man of the highest sense of honor, thoughtful and considerate of others. As a brave Southern soldier, he followed wherever the gallant Forrest led. In 1856 he was married to Miss Louisa Grantham, and to them were born eleven children, his wife and eight children surviving him. He was a member of the Baptist Church for thirty-five years.

John Pryor Smith, born near Bolivar, Tenn., July 10, 1845, volunteered as a boy of sixteen, and served throughout the war under Forrest as a gallant soldier of the Confederacy. After the war he went to Mississippi, locating near Holly Spring, and in 1874 he was married to Miss Emma Crum, at Hickory Flat. In 1886 he removed to Memphis, Tenn., which had since been his home. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and six sons, fifteen grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. He was a devout Christian, a member of the Methodist Church, which he had joined in early manhood. He was a devoted husband and father and a citizen of the highest type.

"The good a life has wrought remains forever,
Nor crumbles with the clay."

COMRADES AT MURRAY, KY.

Dr. E. Brent Curd, a venerable member of the H. B. Lyon Camp, of Murray, Ky., passed away April 23, 1923, aged eighty-one years. Comrade Curd served in the Army of Northern Virginia, taking part in the memorable battle of Gettysburg, and was said to have been one of the finest soldiers that Kentucky produced. He leaves his wife, eighty years old, and three sons.

Dr. Curd was one of the pioneer physicians of West Kentucky, having been in constant service for fifty years. A widely known and well beloved citizen, he was a great favorite with all who came in contact with him, one of those generous-hearted, high-toned Confederate veterans. He was a member of the Christian Church for many years and was devoted to his family and friends. No man is missed more than he. The Camp has lost one of its leading and best members.

W. O. Wear, who served in Company H, 3rd Kentucky Regiment, under Gen. H. B. Lyon, has joined his comrades on the other shore. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, one son, four brothers, and a sister. "Billy" Wear, as he was known, was one of the leading men of West Kentucky, and was editor of the *Calloway Times* for nearly fifty years. He was widely known and beloved by all who knew him. He was chairman of the Editors' Association for many years, and also secretary of H. B. Lyon Camp for thirty-five years. He is greatly missed by comrades and friends.

[From report by order of H. B. Lyon Camp and a joint committee of Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, Paris, Tenn.: R. Grogan, William Fizer, P. P. Pullen.]

WILLIAM LEHMAN PARSONS.

William Lehman Parsons, a Confederate veteran, died at the Eastern State Hospital, Williamsburg, Va., on May 13, 1923, and was buried in the Confederate section of Cedar Grove Cemetery at the same place. Miss Letty G. Warburton, a faithful and devoted friend, and an officer in the local Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, placed a green wreath, a bunch of flowers tied with the Confederate colors, and a Confederate flag on the grave of the old veteran.

William Lehman Parsons was a member of Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Second Brigade, First Division, First Corps, A. N. V., and he was very proud of his war record. He was a faithful and devoted Christian. He took and eagerly read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Comrade Parsons spent a number of years in the Confederate Home in Richmond before going to Williamsburg.

COMRADES OF WEST VIRGINIA.

W. H. Cackley, of Ronceverte, W. Va., reports the following deaths:

W. R. Johnson, who died on February 28, 1923, at the age of eighty-five years, enlisted in the Confederate army from Greenbrier County.

John Hunter Nickell died on March 28, 1923, at Ronceverte, in his seventy-ninth year; enlisted from Monroe County; was a member of Camp Mike Foster, U. C. V., of Union, W. Va.

George Jackson, aged about eighty years, died at his home near Rutland, Ohio, April 2, 1923. He was a Pocahontas County boy, and served in Company F, Capt. W. I. McNeel, 19th Virginia Cavalry, Gen. William L. Jackson's brigade. After the war he went to Ohio, married there, and is survived by an adopted son and two grandchildren.

JOSEPH STEVENS.

Joseph Stevens, affectionately known as "Uncle Joe," died on July 1, 1923, at his home at the age of about eighty-seven years. He was born in Greene County, N. C., but his parents moved to Southampton County, Va., where he was reared. At the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted in the Confederate army, joining the 32nd North Carolina Regiment, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V. He served from the beginning to the close of the war, taking part in the battle of Gettysburg, and many other noted engagements of this command. Following the war he went to West Virginia, and, in 1868, was married to Miss Francis Garnet, at Terra Alta, Preston County. When the old West Virginia Central Railroad was extended to Elkins by Senator Henry G. Davis and his associates, Mr. Stevens went to Elkins and worked for Senator Davis for sometime, later accepting employment in the freight department of the railroad. For the last several years of his life he was employed with the Western Maryland Railroad Company until failing health prevented further active work. In recognition of his long and faithful service, the company retired "Uncle Joe" on a pension.

Surviving him are his wife, three sons, and four daughters.

After funeral services at the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, he was laid to rest in Maplewood Cemetery.

COMRADES AT LAKE LAND, FLA.

The following report comes from C. L. Willoughby, Adjutant of Lakeland Camp, No. 543 U. C. V., of the members who have died since the last report:

Lieut. Col. J. A. Cox, born August 12, 1837, in Mississippi; enlisted in the 14th Mississippi Infantry, April 16, 1861; discharged May 10, 1865; was severely wounded at Vicksburg.

I. W. Boring, Company K, 4th Georgia Infantry.

O. W. Colyer, Company G, 3rd Florida Cavalry.

J. W. Chiles, Company F, 4th Georgia Cavalry.

H. A. Matthews, Company D, 32nd Georgia Infantry.

J. L. McClellan, Company A, 26th Georgia Infantry.

John Pollock, 2nd Battalion.

W. F. Reynolds, Company G, 1st Florida Cavalry.

J. B. PULLEN.

J. B. Pullen died at his home near Covington, Tenn., on May 18, 1923, after a long illness. Funeral services were conducted at the Methodist Church, with burial in the Clopton Cemetery.

Comrade Pullen had reached the venerable age of eighty-four years. He served as a Confederate soldier under General Forrest, in the 7th Tennessee Cavalry. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Church for many years, and was most highly esteemed in his community. In accordance with his wish, he was buried in his Confederate uniform. He is survived by one son and a number of grandchildren.

WESLEY K. STRONG.

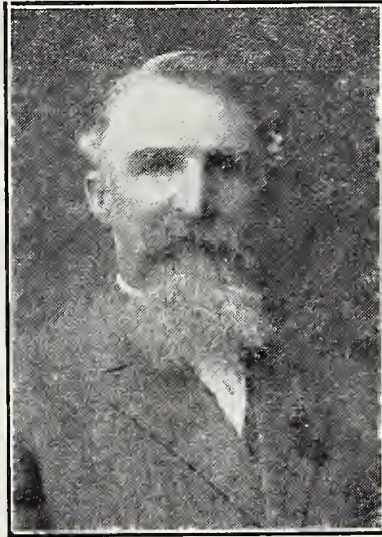
One of Clark County's oldest and most highly respected citizens was lost in the death of Wesley K. Strong at his home in Manchester, Ark., on April 19, at the age of eighty-five years. His entire life had been spent in that neighborhood with the exception of the four years he gave to the service of the Confederacy. After funeral services of the Methodist Church, he was laid to rest in Rose Hill Cemetery with the loved ones gone before. He is survived by one daughter.

"The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunset and the hills."

OLIN A. FINLEY.

My old friend and comrade in arms, Olin Anthony Finley, died at his home in Waxahachie, Tex., March 28, 1922, at the ripe age of eighty years.

Comrade Finley was born in Newton County, Ga., near Covington, on March 16, 1843, and thus had almost reached the limit of man's life "by reason of mere strength." It was my happy privilege to have known him for nearly half a century, and, being familiar with the many noble deeds connected with and performed by this generous and noble man, it is with pride that I speak of his many virtues. His was a most charitable nature—going about doing good, ever ready and anxious to relieve the distressed widow



O. A. FINLEY.

and orphans. Notwithstanding Comrade Finley had three children of his own, he took into his home several orphans, whom he cared for until they were sufficiently equipped to fight the battles of life alone. "Though we have all gifts, and have not charity, it is as sounding brass." This redeeming virtue alone seems to be sufficient to support a joyful and happy transition of his spirit into the Celestial City that Christ has said he had gone to prepare for his followers.

Brother Finley was long a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a devout and loyal Christian. In his death the Church and community have lost one of its most useful and incomparable members, the wife a devoted, kind, and lovable companion, the children a loving and judicious father, whose constant endeavor was to rear them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, that they might be an honor to their parents and their country.

In 1861, when the war clouds were lowering over our land, Comrade Finley, at the first call to arms by President Davis, enlisted in Zeb Motley's Company, Burns's Battalion, Texas Volunteers, at Marshall, Tex. Later he was transferred to Gen. Walter P. Lane's Texas Partisan Rangers, and remained in this command until the surrender in 1865. Such a character as his could not have been other than a brave and courageous soldier, and it is sufficient to view the war service of Gen. Walter P. Lane's Rangers for his record.

Comrade Finley is survived by his wife and three children—O. W. Finley of Los Angeles, Cal.; W. W. Finley and Lane Finley, of Waxahachie, Tex.; and by one sister, Mrs C. C. Doyle, of Dallas, Tex.

[O. F. Ansley, Dallas, Tex.]

T. W. GRAHAM.

Thomas William Graham, eighty years of age, a veteran of the War between the States, died at his home in Jacksonville, Fla., on April 3, 1923. He was born in Alabama and reared in Mississippi, leaving the University of Mississippi in 1861 to join the Confederate forces, serving in Company B, 14th Mississippi Infantry. He joined the Confederate service at Corinth, and served four years. At the close of the war he was a prisoner at Johnson's Island, from which prison he was released on parole.

He moved from Mississippi to Sumterville, Fla., where he remained thirty-five years. He was married to Miss Carrie Houze in 1866, and from this union there were born five children, his wife dying in 1898. He moved to St. Petersburg, Fla., in 1906, and there was married to Miss Frances White, who survives him. He was a faithful, consecrated Christian whose life was in keeping with his profession.

JOHN M. GLASGOW.

John M. Glasgow, born January 29, 1839, was of Scotch-Irish parentage, his grandfather having emigrated to Virginia from Glasgow, Scotland, the family later moving to North Carolina. His father moved to West Tennessee in the early thirties and settled in Gibson County, where John M. Glasgow was born and grew to manhood. When the War between the States came on, he enlisted, in the summer of 1861, as a private in the Confederate army, serving with Company F, 12th Tennessee Regiment. Early in 1862 he was with Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston along the borders of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, and after the death of General Johnston he served under General Bragg, taking part in the battle of Perryville, Ky., and the retreat into Tennessee, spending the winter near Murfreesboro, and was in the fight at Stone's River, in December, 1862. The next real fighting in which he had a part was the battle of Chickamauga, September, 1863, where he was shot through the shoulder and sent to the hospital in or near Montgomery, Ala. His knowledge of medicine and aptitude for nursing caused him to be retained there for several months, during which time his old command was broken up, and when he returned to the army at Dalton, Ga., in May, 1864, he found Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in command. He was in much of the fighting around Atlanta and in Mississippi, spending that winter near Tupelo. He went northward with the army, but his division was not with Johnston at the surrender. He was paroled in May, 1865, at Union City, Tenn.

After the war Comrade Glasgow worked as a carpenter for several years.

In 1869 he was married to Miss Cynthia E. Bittick, of Kenton, Tenn., later settling on a farm near that place. Later on he moved to Obion County, near Union City, where he lived until his promotion, April 29, 1923, at the age of eighty-three years. He was a quiet, home-loving man, a Democrat in politics, a Cumberland Presbyterian in Church life, an elder in his Church for twenty-six years; and had been a Mason for thirty-six years. His civil district elected him to the county court for several successive terms.

MORGAN PROPST.

Morgan Propst, an aged Confederate veteran, passed away quietly at his home near Augusta, W. Va., on March 7 after a brief illness, at the age of eighty-one years.

He was born in Pendleton County, W. Va., December 29, 1841. He moved to Augusta, when about sixteen years of age, where he resided until his death. He was the only son of Jacob and Jane Propst.

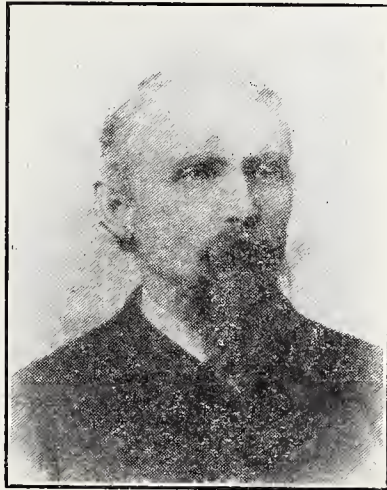
He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Julia Aidon, one son and one daughter.

Comrade Propst served nearly four years in the war with Company F, 5th Virginia Regiment. He was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, near Richmond, and spent thirteen months in prison at Fort Delaware. He always enjoyed telling war tales and how he marched many a day without halting for rest.

JOSEPH WOODS BRUNSON.

After an illness of over a year, Joseph Woods Brunson died at his home near Florence, S. C., on June 4, 1923. He was born in old Darlington District August 3, 1839, the son of the late Peter A. and Susannah Woods Brunson.

He was a Confederate soldier, orderly sergeant of the Pee Dee Light Artillery, Pegram's Battalion, Jackson's Corps, Hill's Division, A. N. V. He served throughout the war, and his record was a fine one, attested by letters of commendation from Colonel McIntosh, Colonel Walker, Gen. A. P. Hill, Gen. T. J. Jackson, and Gen. Pendleton, testifying to his valiant and self-sacrificing service.



JOSEPH W. BRUNSON

When General Jackson was wounded, Sergeant Brunson was sent by Gen. A. P. Hill—then himself wounded—"to find General Stuart and not to come back without him." A rapid gallop of nearly two hours failed to find Stuart, but he found Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee, who with several of his staff, was lying near a small fire: "Can you tell me the whereabouts of General Stuart?" "What do you want with him?" "I have a dispatch for him." "Give it to me; I'll send it to him." "Who are you?" "I am Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee." "Pardon me, General, General Hill wants General Stuart." "He is in the enemy's lines." "But I am ordered not to return without him." "I will go with you to Hill." And he did.

After the war, in Reconstruction days, Mr. Brunson's work stood out, and he bore a commission as captain of militia under Wade Hampton. At the time of his death, he was Commander of the Pee Dee Camp, U. C. V., and member of the county pension board.

On February 11, 1865, he was married to Miss Jane M. Carson, of Greenville, S. C., who, with the following children, and a member of grandchildren, survives him: Joseph W. Brunson, Jr.; Dr. P. A. Brunson; John C. Brunson; Mrs. R. W. Barnwell; Mrs. P. A. Willcox and Misses Martha M. and Susannah W. Brunson.

The funeral services were held at St. John's Episcopal Church, in which parish Mr. Brunson served for many years as senior warden, and his body was laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery.

WILLIAM T. SHAW.

From memorial resolutions by Robert E. Lee Camp No. 158 U. C. V., of Fort Worth, Tex., in honor of Comrade William Thomas Shaw, who died in that city on June 3, 1923:

William Thomas Shaw was born in Walker County, Tex., September 12, 1845, son of Granville Clifford and Mary Ann Manning Shaw. His early childhood was spent on his father's stock farm in Madison County, and the family moved to Johnson County, in 1860. At the age of seventeen he enlisted in the Confederate army, and served as a noncommissioned officer of Company C, 12th Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department, his service being in Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana. He participated in the gunboat fight at Blair's Landing, La., battle of Yellow Bayou, and

many others. His most strenuous service was in the Red River campaign in Louisiana in 1864, where he was continuously under fire for over forty days. His command was disbanded near Hempstead, Tex., at the close of hostilities in 1865.

After the war Comrade Shaw completed his studies at Alvarado College, and became one of the leading merchants of Johnson County. He removed to Fort Worth in 1880, where he was connected with a large dry goods store, and later was prominent in the insurance field. He was county treasurer of Tarrant County at the time of his death. He was active and prominent in the U. C. V., and had served as Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, quartermaster, and treasurer, and was Historian General for the Texas Division, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and he was a prominent member of the Parson's Brigade Association. He also served as First Assistant Adjutant General U. C. V., with rank of brigadier general, under Gen. K. M. Van Zandt.

Comrade Shaw was twice married, his first wife being Miss Martha Sterling Brown, who died in 1876. His second wife was Miss Eliza Mary Demaret, whose death occurred in 1919. He is survived by a daughter, two brothers, and one sister.

"Resolved, That in the death of Comrade Shaw, Robert E. Lee Camp has lost a faithful officer and most ardent and unselfish worker; the community, an honored and beloved official, a citizen who in the business and social life of Fort Worth and Tarrant County has been held in the highest esteem and regard of the people for over forty years; his daughter, a devoted father."

[Committee: K. M. Van Zandt, Sr., J. M. Hartsfield, Joe Kingsbury.]

FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS.

SERIES III, VOLUME II, 1863-64.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

What Andy Jackson's Troops Subsisted On.—General Sherman told Grant on April 10: "Georgia has a million inhabitants. If they can live, we should not starve. I will inspire our command with my feeling that beef and salt are all that is absolutely necessary to life, and parched corn fed General Jackson's army once on that very ground." Yes, his army lived all right, but a good many of those million Georgians he spoke about had a tough time thereby.

Forrest.—On March 31, General Sherman said: "Forrest was badly worsted at Paducah. I hope to catch and use him up. Tell General Hurlbut that he must not let him escape at this time." On April 2: "I now have a force at Purdy and others coming from Memphis, which should render his escape difficult, if not impossible" On the 3: "I know what force Forrest has and will attend to him in time." On the 4: "Forrest is between the Tennessee and Mississippi. I want to keep him there a while, when I hope to give him a complete thrashing." On the 6: "Dispositions are complete to make Forrest pay dear for his foolish dash at Paducah." On the 19: "I have sent Sturgis down to take command of the cavalry and whip Forrest." On the 21: "I fear we are too late, but I know there are troops enough at Memphis to whale Forrest if you can reach him." On the 24: "Don't let Forrest insult you by passing in sight almost of your command." But Sherman didn't do a thing he said he would, and Forrest did as he pleased.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*

520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga.... *First Vice President General*
 MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, Riverside, Cal.... *Second Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark.... *Third Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.... *Recording Secretary General*
 MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala.... *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo.... *Treasurer General*
 MRS. ST. JOHN ALLISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C.... *Historian General*
 MISS IDA POWELL, 1447 E. Marquette Road, Chicago, Ill.... *Registrar General*
 MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio.... *Custodian of Crosses*
 MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.... *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: As the time draws near for our thirtieth convention, my heart is filled with the hope that many of our obligations may be completed before we meet in Washington. You have done so much in these past two years, and have responded so graciously to every request, that I am encouraged to make this last appeal to your generosity, for I am convinced that if you really know what the needs are you will do your best to meet them.

Janet Weaver Randolph Relief Fund.—Our Treasurer General reports to me that the sum on hand for the payment of these pensions is nearly exhausted, owing to the fact that certain pledges made by individuals and Divisions at the last convention have not been paid. For the remainder of the year we need about three hundred dollars. I ask that the pledges be sent in as soon as possible, because our pensioners are our most sacred trust.

Per Capita Tax.—Aside from the fact that a Chapter is in bad standing when it does not pay its per capita tax the first of March, there is also a great demand made upon the general fund for the running expenses of this organization, which must be paid from the taxes. I feel certain that if the Divisions realized that their general officers were working every minute of their time to keep down the expenses, and that they must have material and some assistance to accomplish anything, they would pay promptly the small per capita tax which the organization requires; so I beg that those Divisions which have not already met this obligation will do so at once, in order that they may have a right to representation at the next general convention as well as help to pay the expenses of the organization.

Jefferson Davis Monument.—A letter from General Halde- man has just been received, and in it he makes an earnest appeal for funds with which to inaugurate the work of adding one hundred feet to the monument. This can be done by a guarantee of twenty thousand dollars to the contractor that he may commence the first of August; this will leave but thirty-five feet to finish the entire structure. We have approximately sixteen thousand dollars on hand; can we not raise the remainder necessary to proceed with the work immediately? As we are promised a legacy of two thousand dollars from the estate of Maj. George Littlefield provided we raise the full amount within a certain date, we would have but eight thousand more needed to complete this great achievement. The time is rapidly slipping by when we shall be able to claim this bequest, so I ask that every member do her utmost in order that we may receive this substantial aid. North Carolina pledged, at the convention in Birmingham, one thousand dollars, and has paid in already fifteen hundred and fifty dollars. Just think what it would mean if every State would exceed its pledge as generously as this!

Minutes.—Each year I have received many letters (and I

do not think I am an exception to my predecessors) asking how long before the Minutes would be out. The delay is largely occasioned by chairmen of committees neglecting to turn in their reports to the Recording Secretary General. I am now giving warning that when a report is made to the convention it will be necessary to give it to the Recording Secretary General at that time, and it will not be permitted to leave her hands for any reason whatever. I earnestly request chairmen to hand in three typewritten reports; if this is done, then the Minutes can be issued in a much shorter time.

Code for the Flag of the United States.—At the invitation of the American Legion, the United Daughters of the Confederacy was represented at a conference held in Washington on June 14 (Flag Day) by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone and your President General. This conference was called for the purpose of formulating a code for the use of the flag of the United States which could be universally adopted. There were sixty-nine patriotic and civic organizations represented by members or presidents of their respective organizations. It was most gratifying to your President General to be chosen as one of three women, the other two being Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, President General D. A. R. and Mrs. Henry Osgood Holland, of the Congress of Mothers, to serve on the committee for the purpose of formulating the code, notwithstanding the fact that there were many other distinguished women present, including the representatives of the Daughters of 1812, as well as the Woman's Relief Corps of the G. A. R. Another courtesy extended to our organization was the invitation from the presiding officer that she take the chair, this honor being shared by only one other woman, the President General D. A. R.

James Monroe Memorial Association.—On July Fourth it was my privilege to be a guest at the meeting of this association when it held its patriotic service at St. Paul's Church, whence it marched to the home of James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, where a wreath was placed upon the door of the house he occupied while a resident of New York City. The society was entertained at luncheon by the City Club. A toast was drunk to the James Monroe Post of the G. A. R., and, in response to a call for "A word from the South," it was my privilege to speak of the work of our organization, after which the host drank a toast to "The Men in Gray." This was probably the first time that such a toast has ever been drunk to the Confederate army in this city on the Fourth of July.

In Memoriam.—With the recollection of the splendid and vigorous service of General Booth as Assistant Adjutant General of the United Confederate Veterans at the reunion in New Orleans, it came as a distinct shock and great sorrow to learn of the accident which resulted in his death. He had served in this office with distinction, and his appointment by

the Commander in Chief, General Haldeman, to the office of Adjutant General and Chief of Staff met with general approval by all. His death removes from the Confederate veterans one of their most distinguished and valued members. On learning of this sad event, your President General telegraphed to the Division President of Louisiana, Mrs. Kolman, to represent her at the funeral and place, in your name, a floral tribute to this great Confederate soldier.

Faithfully and fraternally.

LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

To Division Publicity Chairmen: For the good of the department, I am asking you not to include Chapter programs in detail in your notes for this department. Often in these there are suggestions that other Chapters might find helpful, but lack of space forbids their being included. Let us have the outstanding features of interest from Chapters and Divisions.

Doubtless many readers have wished to know the status of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund since the report given at Birmingham. The statement that follows shows that approximately \$15,000 has been sent to the Treasurer General, Mrs. Higgins, since the convention, exactly half the goal set for us. Are you satisfied with the position of your Division in the column?

STATE	Amount Contributed.	No. of Chapters.	Average per Chapter.
New York.....	\$202 00	3	\$67 33
Pennsylvania.....	90 00	2	45 00
Kentucky.....	1,599 75	37	43 23
Maryland.....	250 00	6	41 66
Massachusetts.....	25 00	1	25 00
California.....	502 70	21	23 93
Florida.....	878 33	39	22 52
West Virginia.....	537 50	25	21 90
New Jersey.....	20 00	1	20 00
Illinois.....	40 00	2	20 00
Arkansas.....	705 00	45	15 66
Louisiana.....	422 50	29	14 56
North Carolina.....	1,562 51	111	14 07
Ohio.....	93 30	7	13 32
Missouri.....	507 65	47	10 80
Indiana.....	10 00	1	10 00
South Carolina.....	1,025 00	104	9 85
Washington.....	20 00	3	6 66
Georgia.....	821 30	127	6 46
Tennessee.....	396 75	63	6 29
Mississippi.....	321 90	59	5 43
Alabama.....	416 25	81	5 13
New Mexico.....	5 00	1	5 00
Texas.....	356 50	76	4 69
Virginia.....	123 75	130	95
Oklahoma.....	18 50	36	51

No contributions have been received this year from the following States for the Davis Monument Fund: Arizona, Colorado, District of Columbia, Minnesota, Montana, Oregon, Utah.

Mrs. Stacker, elected Second Vice President of the California Division at the recent convention, has resigned, and Mrs. Emma A. Lay, 214 North Rampart Boulevard, Los Angeles, has taken the office.

The hearts of our family of Publicity Chairman go out in sincerest sympathy to Mrs. D. B. Small, of the Georgia Division, in her deep grief over the loss of her husband. This month she was not able to send any extended notes. Only the official announcement by the Georgia Division of the candidacy of Mrs. Frank Harrold, of Americus, for President General.

The South Carolina Division expects to report to the Washington convention that the marking of the Jefferson Davis Highway through the State is completed. The Chapters of Columbia and of Camden have secured granite markers, which will be carved and placed during the summer months in their respective counties—viz., Richland and Kershaw. Chapters throughout the State are contributing generously to the fund for marking the highway through the other counties.

From Louisiana comes an account of special work by the members of a very active Chapter—Natchitoches. This is one of the Chapters that supplied a bed in the hospital at Neuilly, France, during the war. It has now fitted up a beautiful Chapter room and library in the new Natchitoches High School building, which was given by the School Board to the U. D. C. Four new bookcases (four sections each) have been purchased and will be filled with books valued at more than \$600, which the Chapter has been accumulating for several years. Other furniture purchased is a handsome library table and chairs, all in oak. Confederate and American flags hang in the room and pictures of prominent Confederate officers. Natchitoches Chapter has but forty-nine members, but under the able leadership of Mrs. William T. Williams, President, this Chapter is doing splendid work.

From Mansfield, La., comes the glad news that the site for the monument to be erected by the Paris Chapter has been secured and a clear title will be given. The site is part of the battle field of Mansfield where the brave Gen. Alfred Mouton was killed, and Prince de Polignac assumed command and led the forces to victory. The second set of plans have been forwarded to the Marquise de Courtivron, President of the Paris Chapter, in France, for approval, and, if accepted, the monument will be begun at once. The monument will be erected on the great Jefferson Highway, which passes the battle field of Mansfield, and it is understood that Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, the fairy godmother of Louisiana, will donate four more acres to this site to be used as a park. Mrs. S. A. Pegues, of Mansfield, is doing splendid work toward the erection of this monument, and is assisted by the members of Kate Beard Chapter of which she is President.

Louisiana feels keenly the great loss that she has suffered in the death of Gen. A. B. Booth, Adjutant General U. D. C. V. which occurred in New Orleans on June 27. His funeral took place on Friday, June 29, from the First Methodist Church, which was crowded with Confederate veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederate Memorial Association members, and a host of friends. The general organization U. D. C. was represented by Mrs. Kolman, State President, on receipt of a telegram from Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General.

The birthday of Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard was fittingly celebrated on May 28 by the Louisiana Division U. D. C., the exercises being held in the library of the Soldier's Home of Louisiana and well attended, not only by the inmates of the Home, but by other veterans and friends, all of whom enjoyed the evening of music and song, recitations and dances.

Cake and ice cream were served by the U. D. C. assisted by the Children of the Confederacy.

On June 7, a large delegation of Daughters of the Confederacy, led by Mrs. F. C. Kolman, President of the Division, surprised the Elks at their regular meeting and presented the New Orleans Lodge with resolutions handsomely engraved on parchment and embellished with the Confederate emblem. The painting was done by Mrs. Marie Seebold Molinary, a member of New Orleans Chapter, and was most artistic, the ribbon in Confederate colors caught in places with Confederate jasmine, and at the bottom a large U. D. C. emblem. This in appreciation of the splendid work of the Elks and their assistance to the Daughters during the reunion. The resolutions were handsomely framed and gratefully accepted by the Exalted Ruler, who assured the Daughters that the resolutions would be placed in a most conspicuous place.

Mrs. Preston Power sends the following notes from her Division:

On May 2, Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, held its annual meeting electing eight officers and six managers. Several reports were read.

The Rev. Page Dame was appointed Chaplain to succeed his father. The resignation of Mrs. William M. Buchanan, the faithful and enthusiastic treasurer for ten years, was greatly regretted. The Chapter went on record as boycotting sugar till the reign of reasonable prices returns. Owing to the absence of Mrs. Randolph Barton, the First Vice President, Miss McIlvaine, presided. "My Maryland" and "Dixie" were sung while all stood.

On the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of President Jefferson Davis, a celebration took place at Memorial Parish House, the program of arrangements being in charge of Miss Bright and Miss Sally Washington Maupin, Division Recorder, who bestowed eight Crosses of Honor.

Mrs. Preston Power, Division Editor, and officers of the Baltimore Chapter took part in the anniversary exercises. Boy Scouts assisted, their bugler sounding "taps," as the names of the deceased veterans were called, and their descendants received Crosses.

The Publicity Chairman for South Carolina, Miss Edith Loryea, sends out this strong appeal through the press of the State: "Does your Chapter subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN? If not, why not? Bequeathed to the Confederate organizations by its founder, S. A. Cunningham, it should be given the financial support of every Daughter of the Confederacy. It has always been what its name implies, a magazine devoted to the Confederate veteran. Mr. Cunningham devoted his life to the gathering of the details of what the men and women of the Confederate States did in their struggle for national life and independence. His aim was the vindication of those principles for which our fathers fought, and the true story of that great conflict was verily his life work. In his will he stated that he so regarded the importance of perpetuating the VETERAN he felt it his duty to bequeath what he had to that end. He labored earnestly for the truths of history. We owe him a debt of gratitude that should be paid by the loyal support of every Daughter. The subscription price of \$1.50 is small when compared to what we receive. Besides the valuable reading matter it contains, it is the medium of communication between general conventions

and should be read carefully every month. Let us be able to boast that South Carolina is one hundred per cent for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, every Chapter subscribing. And, besides, let us have as many new individual subscribers as possible, for it is worth while in every way. It should have a place in every Southern home.

"Attend to these matters before disbanding for the summer."

Texas Daughters are never more interested than when working for and coöperating with the veterans, the proof of which is shown by these notes from Miss West:

"One of the latest accomplishments of the Texas Division was the securing of a splendid portrait of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston, recently sold in Covington, Ky. The Regent of the State Museum, Mrs. Forrest Farley, learned of the unusual chance to secure this portrait, and by quick action and executive ability bought it; then gave the State Legislature an opportunity to purchase it, which they did.

"The Board of Regents assisted Mrs. Farley and arranged a suitable program for an evening session of the Senate, when the portrait was received by the Lieutenant Governor for the State and now hangs on the walls of the Senate chamber. It is a full length portrait in uniform, painted by Andrews, of Philadelphia, and is pronounced by critics a fine work of art.

"The Texas Chapters, as usual, expended many hundreds of dollars sending veterans to the reunion. Special trains from both North and South Texas were gayly decorated and filled to overflowing with veterans and Daughters. General Van Zandt, ex-Commander in Chief U. C. V., and wife; General Kirkpatrick, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, daughter and grandchildren; and General Felix Robertson, one of the three living brigadier generals of the Confederate army, were leaders of the party, and many other distinguished veterans and their wives attended."

Miss West extended her reunion trip to participate in the convention of the United States Good Roads Association, at Greenville, S. C., in interest of the Jefferson Davis Highway, conferring with the Division Directors en route in South Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana.

Miss West and the Texas Director for the Highway, are actively engaged in securing a bowlder to be placed at Point Isabel, Tex., in accordance with the action at the general convention at Birmingham.

Members of the Division will attend the annual reunion of Hood's Brigade at Bryan, June 27. The Sul Ross Chapter U. D. C. and citizens of Bryan will be hosts as they have been most hospitably for the past four years. Miss Katie Daffan, Honorary President of the Texas Division, is Life Secretary for Hood's Brigade, and is arranging an interesting program. The Brigade always celebrates June 27 in honor of the battle of Gaines's Mill, the first of the sixty battles in which they took gallant part.

Mrs. Bounds, State President, mixed business with pleasure by visiting and addressing several Chapters en route from home. She was guest of honor at a luncheon tendered by the three Houston Chapters, also guest of the Navasota and Bryan Chapters. Mrs. Bounds is emphasizing scholarships in State normal schools as one of the chief features of her administration and making vigorous efforts to continue the work of registration of old members as well as organizing new Chapters.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED STUDY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923.

Lee plans to cross the Potomac.

Reasons: To carry the war into the enemy's country; to gain recognition from the world.

Jackson cleared the Shenandoah Valley and captured Harper's Ferry; joins Lee in Maryland.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923.

Jefferson Davis; President of Confederate States of America; Life in Montgomery, Ala; Life in Richmond, Va.; 1861-1865.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

Time is up! Chapter Historians should send *at once* their annual reports and all essays competing for prizes, to their Division Historians.

RAINES BANNER REPORT.

Number of typewritten pages; number of written pages; number of printed pages; number of essays in schools and State contests; number of essays received for U. D. C. contests; number of essays sent; number of pictures placed in schools during the year; number of war relics collected during the year; number of books placed in libraries during the year; number of granite markers erected during the year; number of medals given to schools during the year; number of reminiscences secured during the year; number of scholarships secured during the year; number of historical meetings held during the year.

This Raines Banner report shows the ground to be covered by Chapters, and is the form to be used by the Division Historians in reporting to the Historian General the result of the year's work.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE IGNORED.

In a letter to the *Atlanta Constitution*, Miss Elizabeth Hanna, General Chairman U. D. C. Southern Literature and Indorsement of Books, calls attention to the omission of the works of Southern writers from the course of study in one Southern college, which is doubtless a fair sample of the courses in other colleges and schools of the section. If we fail to recognize the works of our own writers, how can we expect to have Southern literature appreciated elsewhere? Let us insist that Southern writers have a fair representation on the curricula of all our schools, and from that adequate recognition will be secured in other sections. Read Miss Hanna's letter carefully:

"I have before me a recent number of a Georgia college bulletin, which I have examined with the keenest interest, and especially to the college entrance requirements in literature.

"It is one of our best-known and most appreciated colleges for young women in the South, and has on its board of trustees some of our most patriotic citizens. It belongs to a system

known as 'The New England, Middle, and Southern States Association of Colleges.' This system covers the South like a network, and it is safe to say takes in, and must include for their own preservation, every college and secondary school of any standing in the South. Therefore, the conditions which pertain to literature requirements in the Agnes Scott are found in them all

"I quote from page 24 of this catalogue, as follows: 'Literature, one unit and a half. Reading (1922-23), at least two selections must be made from each of the following groups:

"'Group C. (Prose, Fiction.)' Here twenty-three books are given, the works of twenty authors, and among them, one Southern author—Poe.

"'Group D. (Essays, biographies, etc.)' Twenty-three authors, none from the South, but under Lincoln selections, the following: At least the two inaugurals, the speeches in Independence Hall and at Gettysburg, the last public address, the letter to Horace Greely, together with a brief memoir or estimate of Lincoln.

"'Group E. (Poetry.)' Twelve or thirteen authors mentioned, but only Poe from the South, other than a general reference to American poets, which may or may not include any Southern poet.

"'For study or practice (1922-23).' This section requires thorough study of the works named, with a view to an examination of the applicant.

"'Oratory. Lincoln's speech at Cooper Union; Burke on conciliation with America; Macaulay on copyrights (two speeches); Washington's farewell address; Webster's first Bunker Hill oration.'

"In this, the most important section, only one representative from the South, George Washington, unless we call Mr. Lincoln a Southern man, which few of us are prepared to do.

"No Southerner knows the history of the South if he does not know its literature, for literature is a vital part of history, its very heart and soul. If the students must study Lincoln's speeches, why, in common fairness, should they not study Mr. Davis's speeches, especially his farewell address in the United States Senate, a speech matchless in pathos and devotion to the Constitution of his country? Why this Lincoln propaganda? Why ignore our Henry Grady and Woodrow Wilson? Why omit Lanier, Timrod, and Haynes, and a host of minor poets, some of whose productions have been pronounced classics?

"The Rev. Mr. Memminger, in his interesting oration on Jefferson Davis at the Capital on June 3, said that he felt at the start he knew but little about Mr. Davis, and, in fact, he felt that he knew but little about Southern history. He further remarked that he believed this to be the mental condition of most of the Southern people. He was right, Mr. Editor, and just here you may put your finger on the cause. I know of no other country on the face of the earth that would tamely submit to such unjust discrimination. New England certainly would not. Why do we do it? Can we never learn a lesson from the bitter past? Are we impotent? Are we ignorant? Are we indifferent? Can't we see that literary suicide consigns us to oblivion?

"The help of great dailies, like the *Constitution*, is, I believe, our only hope of changing these conditions. The South must demand proper recognition for her literature. Come to the rescue and give this cause the widespread influence of your columns."

The *Constitution* comments editorially on this letter, saying:

"It is true that in the English curricula of our colleges in the

(Continued on page 316.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

MESSAGES OF MOMENT.

My Dear Coworkers: When the wires flashed the death of General Booth, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff U. C. V., a thrill of surprise and sorrow passed through the ranks of every Confederate organization, so recently had we seen him in New Orleans, weighted with the perplexing responsibilities that are attendant upon a great gathering like the U. C. V. reunion, yet always patient, courteous, and deeply interested in every phase of Confederate work; always pausing amid the multiplicity of duties to advise and counsel. A rare character, his going leaves a break in the ranks that cannot be filled. To the bereaved family we tender our deepest sympathies, and also to our Commander in Chief, General Haldeman, who has lost an invaluable member of his official family. May his mantle fall upon shoulders marking to the brim the well-rounded, patriotic life so recently passed, so ready for duty, that we know he answers to the roll call up yonder: "Master, here am I."

STONE MOUNTAIN.

The great monument to be carved upon the face of Stone Mountain to the everlasting glory of the soldiers of the Confederacy has, amid most impressive ceremonials, seen at last a beginning. Robert E. Lee, the idol of the South, was chosen as the first and central figure, and around him will be grouped Davis, Jackson, Gordon, and many others of the immortal band. Governor and Mrs. Trinkle and staff, of Virginia, with the Richmond Blues, brought their own bands, which added beauty and dignity to the long procession winding to the mountain, where, from the summit, the two Governors, Hardwick, of Georgia, and Trinkle, of Virginia, spoke to the throng below, using a megaphone, which carried the voices remarkably well. Then, amid the music of voices and the blare of trumpets, Gutzon Borglum, the distinguished sculptor, descended the side of the mountain, encased in steel harness, and, at a given signal, turned the chisel driven by compressed air into the granite, outlining the brim of the hat of General Lee. Now, friends, it is our privilege and opportunity to aid in this great movement, which will, through enduring ages, honor the cause for which we stand. Let us hope that the heart of every Memorial woman will prompt her to do her part, not the smallest part she can do, but the *biggest* part. A great amount of money will be needed, but it will come, because the cause demands it, and we hope to have one hundred per cent of our membership contribute. Plan now what you can give and how you can raise it to honor the grandest people this nation has known, or ever will know, for we shall not look upon their like again, because changed conditions make it impossible. Which Association

will be the banner Association by giving at the next convention the largest sum to the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association?

"THE MASSACHUSETTS CONFEDERATE."

From Rev. A. W. Littlefield, of Middleborough, Mass., comes the following touching tribute to our former Historian General, Miss Mary A. Hall, and, as the note speaks for itself, I take the liberty of using it in full:

"*Dear Madam.* In the VETERAN of June is the announcement of the passing of Miss Mary A. Hall, C. S. A. For several years we had corresponded concerning Confederate matters, and she sent me a volume of 'Confederate Monuments and Memorials.' In one of her letters she inclosed two or three hundred dollars in Confederate bills. After receiving the book, I sent to her, asking her to place a few flowers upon some Confederate soldier's grave at Memorial Day services in April of that year as a tribute from a 'Northern lover of the South.' She did so, and I felt grateful. Although Massachusetts born and bred, after residence South, I came to have a great sympathy for the Confederate point of view. I am an honorary member of Boston Chapter, U. D. C., and an associate member of the S. C. V., serving honorary upon Commander Baldwin's staff for the Washington reunion. Could I ask you to use the inclosed check to get a few flowers, red and white, and place upon Miss Hall's resting place? And place this card inclosed with the flowers. She was a true Confederate and loyal Anglo-American.

"Faithfully,

A. W. LITTLEFIELD."

The card bore the following inscription: "In Memoriam, Miss Mary A. Hall, a faithful Confederate. The Massachusetts Confederate."

Truly "their works do follow them," and the brave, loyal spirit of Mary Hall, if allowed to know of earthly things, is lifted yet higher to proclaim undying loyalty to the cause held so sacredly dear to her heart.

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.

A WORLD WONDER.—In Stone Mountain "the South is creating a memorial that shall be the noblest and the grandest expression of monumental art the world has ever known. It will be the glory of the South, the pride of the nation, the wonder of the world. If carried to completion according to the carefully and fully detailed and pictured plans, covering every feature of engineering and sculpture, no term descriptive of it can be extravagant. It will be a thing superlative."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Richmond, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Carl Hinton, Denver, Colo.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.
[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

GENERAL NOTES.

GLAD TIDINGS FROM NEW YORK.—The *New York Tribune* gives a list of officers and members of the New York City Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, which meets each month now at the Hotel McAlpin. The list of officers and the States from which they hail is as follows:

Commander, Don Farnsworth, of Tennessee.
First Lieutenant Commander, J. Avery Webb, of Tennessee.
Second Lieutenant Commander, M. M. Hays, of Texas.
Adjutant, Silas W. Fry, of Texas.
Surgeon, Dr. Herman B. Baruch, of South Carolina.
Quartermaster, J. K. Remsen, of Georgia.
Chaplain, Rev. John Roach Stratton, of Georgia.
Treasurer, J. T. Keel, of North Carolina.
Color Sergeant, Charles H. Keel, of Georgia.
Historian, Telemon Cuyler, of Georgia.
Members by States:

Virginia.—George Gordon Battle, William R. Marshall, H. Snowden Marshall, W. E. McKay, F. V. McKensie, W. S. Ponton, Dr. Paul de G. Pickett, R. B. Steele, Charles R. Street, Dr. Bernard Samuels, B. T. Wilson, and S. Mason Timberlake.

Tennessee.—John B. Mayo, William Mack, L. W. McCord, Fred L. Williams, David Timberlake, J. W. Curtis, Lee Campion, LeRoy Latham, Col. P. E. Trippe, Dr. James J. King, Dr. William Nye Barrows, William T. Henry, Col. P. Waugh, Charles E. Farris, Frederick W. Girdner, David Critchfield, E. P. Luttrell.

Georgia.—James F. Allen, Fred J. Atchinson, Stanley A. Beard, Phelan Beale, Judge William H. Black, W. H. Hillyer, Whiteford S. Mays, William P. Reynolds.

South Carolina.—Bernard M. Baruch, Thomas Henry Gossett, Col. Clarence S. Nettles.

Louisiana.—Dr. Warren Coleman, Charles G. Emmett, Silas W. Fry, W. J. Jarrett, Richard W. Jones, Ira C. Jones, Hiter King, Hyatt Lemoine.

Mississippi.—A. O. Lynch, Blewett Lee.

Colorado.—William M. Lawton, A. D. Marshall.

Texas.—M. L. Malevinsky, Trice Mann.

Alabama.—Arthur S. Boyd, Jr.

Missouri.—William Glendyl.

North Carolina.—Logan O. Timberlake.

OFF KEY AGAIN.—It is distressing to know that John Drinkwater has completed his threatened dramatization of Gen. Robert E. Lee's life and the play is now appearing in London. The press reports of the play indicate "a fundamental misreading of Lee's character."

This was to be expected by those who saw Drinkwater's "Lincoln"—and can recall the acclaim with which it was greeted in England and in the North—and it is to be regretted that this playwright's fame will doubtless tend to draw thousands to view this distortion of Lee's character. While it is probable that Drinkwater wished to make his "Lincoln" true to life and history, he failed miserably in both, depicting

a purely fanciful character, drawn doubtless while under the influence of Northern propaganda, and the apotheosis of his subject. The play is rich in errors of primary history, the long-discarded fable of the tendering of Lee's sword being depicted, and a sort of dialogue of the Alphonse and Gaston type ensuing between Lee and Grant, totally unfitted to the calm dignity of the one and the uneasy taciturnity of the other. That his "Lee," which was even at that time proposed, would likewise fail to meet the demands of truth was apparent. Urgings to keep hands off met with the reply that he would approach the subject with due respect and deference; the result is now here, and reviews indicate he has as largely underdrawn the Lee type of character as he overplayed that of Lincoln.

Booth Tarkington is likewise out with another play, with Southern scenes and characters drawn incorrectly and luridly, if criticisms of the play can be trusted. Tarkington's work in the late Great War, in unjustly depicting the South as a place of slave horror and hypocritically painting the North as a highly virtuous section rushing to war in holy zeal to free miserable slaves, will ever stand to his discredit. All this appears in writings from him distributed in France through the efforts of George Creel's committee to tell the French school children "what sort of people we are," the sons and grandsons of the men defamed dying on the very doorsteps of the schools wherein these misrepresentations of their sires were being aired.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.—Comrade Blalock, Adjutant of James S. Hogg Camp, of Jacksonville, Tex., writes: "The Camp voted to continue the work of marking the graves of Confederate soldiers buried in the local cemetery, and also to place markers on the graves of the seven Union soldiers buried there. The third Friday in July we will hold an open historical meeting with 'Texas in the Civil War' as the evening's study."

This is all very fine, comrades, particularly looking after those seven Federal soldiers' graves, but let us suggest that you change the title of your evening's study to "Texas in the War between the States." It is really more correct, and it is in keeping with the usage desired now by Confederate organizations.

THE UNCTIOUS WORD "REBELLION."—We have all noticed the satisfaction a certain type of Northerner derives from the use of this expression as applied to the War between the States. The cat that swallowed the canary could not feel more inward satisfaction, nor express that satisfaction more smugly. But occasionally the word is used where the ignorance the expression indicates, as well as the lack of ordinary courtesy or tact, makes it a serious offense against both accuracy and good manners.

On the battle field of Gettysburg there is a picture card sold to visitors from all over the world depicting the spot to which rose and from which receded the crest of that immortal charge of Pickett's Division. On the side of the card where a few descriptive words are printed occurs the expression, "From this point the defeated troops fell back and never again made a successful stand. This was indeed the high-water mark of the rebellion."

O, shades of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, where Grant was worse whipped than any commander in any battle of the war, in that his men were so cowed by punishment inflicted upon them by Lee's soldiers that they refused to advance, and Grant wired to Lincoln:

"You must send me more men; this army is whipped." Yet here we have it on the card that the Army of Northern Virginia "never made another successful stand"—offered as fact to visitors from all over the world—and we have the additional familiar refrain, "high-water mark of the rebellion." Here are combined gross ignorance and characteristic impoliteness. Rebellion is not a term of reproach properly used. The world's greatest and noblest characters have ever been rebels of some sort, but the fact remains that the use of the term here is incorrect, just as the supposed historical statement preceding it is incorrect, and moreover is intentionally crude and purposely offensive.

NEW ENGLAND A SHRINKING VIOLET!—An example of New England's familiar modesty is contained in a circular recently sent out by a society with Boston headquarters. The really excellent object for which this society is supposed to exist will suffer if the literature of the society is allowed to spread the familiar New England propaganda claiming priority and preëminence in everything historical in our country's settlement and progress, except, perhaps, the slave trade, to which claim they would be justly entitled. This particular example of modesty to which we now refer, reciting some of the activities of the organization, says: "Our first public demonstration was on September 27, 1922, when we inspired a celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Samuel Adams, the *organizer of the Revolution* (emphasis ours) which made the republic possible."

Now, Samuel Adams was an excellent man and did excellent work, but his fiery protests against British tyranny had been preceded by the efforts, not only of Patrick Henry, of Virginia, but by his own neighbor, James Otis, and his work along lines of organizing correspondence committees to inform the colonies as to the progress of British acts of tyranny was surpassed by the work of the Virginia legislature, which passed resolutions to secure intercolonial committees of correspondence.

Now, a word here to a worthy organization: Why do not the Daughters of the American Revolution sustain a history department to correct the tide of misinterpretation of our colonial and Revolutionary history, which is fully as great as the flood of false history of the era with which the Confederate organizations have to deal. Unless combated stoutly and steadily, we shall see the New England propaganda claiming priority of settlement and of importance throughout the colony and Revolutionary era as successfully as the Lincoln apotheosis, which has been successful on account of sluggish indifference and the amused contempt of those who knew the truth, but waited too late to assert it.

THE TEMPERING OF TIME.—At the conference called by the American Legion to meet in Washington to formulate a code for the use of the United States flag, the chairman showed wisdom and a broad Americanism when he appointed on the committee to suggest this code (and a distinguished committee it was) Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Of the three women appointed, the other two were Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cooke, President General D. A. R., and Mrs. Henry Osgood Holland, of the National Congress of Mothers. During the deliberations of this Conference, the Presidents General of both the D. A. R. and the U. D. C. were called upon to preside. While it should occasion no surprise to see our Confederate organizations prominently designated as patriotic and loyal organizations, a sentiment against that

feeling has been industriously nurtured by "saviors of the country," whose patriotism has ever been impregnated with a strong love of pensions and privileges.

DOLDRUMS.—We are now at the low ebb of interest and exertion so far as our Confederation matters are concerned. The "reunion enthusiasm" of New Orleans has died away, and those most ebullient with it have oozed off and, as is always the case, lapsed into a state of "innocuous desuetude." The time is a little too soon to start to stir up things about the Memphis reunion, and we are largely drifting along with flapping sails.

However, behind the scenes work is going on and plans are being laid down to be later perfected. The several larger enterprises of the Confederation are not lacking in hands to guide at this low ebb period. Pretty soon, as cooler weather comes and another reunion looms on the horizon, interest will quicken and the wheels, kept oiled and in good condition by the faithful few, will once more "go 'round."

In the meantime, let those who can do so send items of interest to this department. And at the next reunion there will be a resolution offered that all Department, Division, and Camp commanders shall be required, as a part of the duty of their several offices, to subscribe to this magazine, the official organ of our Confederation.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE IGNORED.

(Continued from page 313.)

South proper attention is not paid to Southern authors. And this should be remedied in the broader sense of Americanism, without exploiting Southern contributions over those of the North, or, by the converse, creating any criticism, as Miss Hanna has very aptly made, that Southern contributions to letters are not being noticed in the English courses.

"The American Magna Charta—the Declaration of Independence—was written by Jefferson, of Virginia; the Federal Constitution by Madison, of Virginia; the great doctrine of western hemisphere amity by Monroe, of Virginia; and so on.

"One of the greatest speeches of the old continental days was Patrick Henry's impassioned plea against the Stamp Act; the address of Ben Hill, of Georgia, at the grave of Sumner, pleading for a united nation, was another; the New England address of Henry Grady another, and so on. The poems of Sydney Lanier and Henry Timrod and others are worthy of study in any college. Woodrow Wilson's history of government, and Watson's story of France are worthy of any college curriculum.

"The point is there should be no sectionalism exploited in any college curriculum, North or South, and certainly the letters of one section should not be penalized in the catalogue of studies, whether that section be the North of the South or the West.

"We should study American literature from the broad viewpoint of America."

A SON COMMANDING U. C. V. CAMP.—After the death of the veteran commander of E. S. Rugely Camp, No. 1428 U. C. V., at Bay City, Tex., the members unanimously conferred that honor upon J. C. Carrington, son of a Confederate veteran, thus passing on to the younger generation the opportunity to serve those it has been a delight to honor.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

(Continued from page 303.)

years ago his son sent the sword to me with the request that I hunt up the owner or his heirs and return it, as they might like to preserve it as a relic.

Arbor said he was a native of Arkansas, and that he had heard his brother was in the Confederate army. He and his men were further up the mountain than others, behind the rock wall protected; and when our rocks went down on them, it was fearful.

The name may have been spelled Harbour.

(This incident was contributed some years ago through Comrade T. A. Nettles, of Tunnel Springs, Ala.)

THE HOLLOWAY GRAYS, OF UPSON COUNTY, GA.

BY J. E. F. MATTHEWS, THOMASTON, GA.

At the beginning of the War between the States, I was a boy about eight years old, born and reared three miles east of the old Upson Camp Ground. Two of my first school-teachers, Elijah Perdue and Charles E. Lambdin, were members of the Holloway Grays, Company E, 3rd Georgia Battalion, afterwards Company C, 37th Georgia Regiment, composed of men from the northern portion of Upson County, Ga., and from the adjoining sections of Monroe and Pike Counties, enlisted in the army of the Confederate States in the summer of 1861.

The place of meeting for organization and drills was the Old Upson Camp Ground, near The Rock, Ga. The muster roll of officers at that time was: A. J. White, captain; E. H. Bloodworth, first lieutenant; J. T. Murphey, second lieutenant; T. R. Kendall, third lieutenant; B. T. Childs, first sergeant; J. J. Lyon, second sergeant; W. L. Carmichael, third sergeant; R. A. Stephens, fifth sergeant; J. B. Holloway, first corporal; J. A. Cunningham, second corporal; J. M. Williams, third corporal; J. A. Willis, fourth corporal.

Of the one hundred and eighty members of the Holloway Grays, there were three Adamses, two Allens, two Andrewses, two Blalocks, two Browns, two Butlers, two Capps, two Childses, two Crawfords, two Cunninghams, two Ethridges, three Floyds, two Fords, two Gunns, two Gatlins, two Harpers, six Holloways, two Hudginses, three Jacksons, two Kindrickses, three Kennedys, two Lyons, three Middlebrookses, four Murpheys, two McDonalds, two Parkers, two Pattersons, two Personses, two Peurifoyes, three Sanderses, two Sheltons, two Stallingses, three Stephenses, two Stewarts, three Stockses, three Taylors, two Tutttles, six Whites, three Williamses, four Willises, three Willetts.

The members of the Holloway Grays now living are: J. T. Blalock, William Z. Fuller, T. R. Kendall, John T. Mze, E. J. Murphey, and Jephtha V. Reynolds.

It is a glorious thought that—

“There is no death! The stars go down
To rise on some other shore,
And bright in Heaven’s jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.”

Marcus D. Herring, of Byhalia, Miss., writes of having a letter from his old friend and comrade, Capt. W. H. Thomson, of Decatur, Ga., captain of Company C, 1st North Carolina State Troops, and says: “Our company was organized at Long Creek, New Hanover, now Pender, County, N. C., in the spring of 1861, J. S. Hines, captain; Hardy Fennell, first lieutenant; Owen Fennell, second lieutenant; J. Robert Larins, third lieutenant; W. H. Thomson was first sergeant, and

afterwards became captain of the company, and as sergeant I served under him. Captain Thomson’s daughter wrote me of the happy time they had on his ninety-third birthday, November 25, 1922. The gray line is rapidly vanishing; there are but few of my old company now living. I am seventy-nine years old.”

WORDS THAT CHEER.

In renewing subscription, Mrs. George A. Justice writes from Beach City, Ohio: “There are many issues of the VETERAN that I scarcely find time to read, but the very knowledge that it is in the house means a great deal to me. Were my means as large as my heart, my home would be a bower of Southern literature and mementos, for I love everything connected with the South and her sons and daughters.”

S. A. Steel, of Mansfield, La., writes: “The CONFEDERATE VETERAN ought to be in every Southern home. I am glad that so many Northern homes now have it on their tables. A Union general in Ohio told me sometime ago: ‘I fought four years to keep the South in the Union. I am glad I did it, for if this nation lasts another hundred years, the South must save it.’ The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a dynamo of patriotism.”

From William M. Dunn, Clarita, Okla.: “I read several periodicals, but enjoy the VETERAN more than all others combined. My inquiry in the VETERAN found me a correspondent at Hattiesburg, Miss., whose letters are far more precious than gold. . . . The fact of locating this friend and brother of the Southern cause is worth more than can be estimated. He says that all of my uncle’s (Alfred E. Yates) company, Company G, 23rd Alabama, are dead.”

Capt. F. G. Wilhelm, Adjutant of Camp Tom Moore No. 86, Apalachicola, Fla., renews his subscription, and says: “I am now in my eighty-fifth year, read and write without the aid of glasses, no corns or bunions, no bad teeth, steady nerves, as you will note by this writing [which is beautifully clear]; and I expect to continue my subscription probably till 1948, as I feel youthful enough for at least twenty-five more years.”

WORTHY OF EMULATION.—From Matthew Page Andrews, Baltimore: “Permit me to extend my heartiest congratulations to Comrade W. C. Brown, of Gainesville, Tex., whose picture appears on the front page of the June VETERAN.

“Anyone who has worked for thirty years on behalf of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN deserves the highest commendation as one working for a most worthy cause. I would add that, as a student of history, I find one or more articles of great value to me in every issue of the VETERAN, to which I have been subscribing for many years. I really believe it is an obligation resting upon the present generation to subscribe to the VETERAN and keep in touch with these interesting and worthwhile articles—for example, the series by the Hon. John Purifoy, of Montgomery, Ala., on the battle of Gettysburg.”

REUNIONS STATE DIVISIONS, U. C. V.—The annual meeting of the Virginia Division of Confederate Veterans will be held at Roanoke on September 11-14, 1923. The VETERAN would appreciate being notified of all these annual meetings, and the announcement through the VETERAN would apprise many who would like to attend. Comrades, don’t fail to report the time of your annual reunion.

Alabama veterans will meet in reunion at Huntsville, October 3-4. Each Camp of the Division is expected to send at least one delegate.

HISTORIC FREDERICKSBURG—THE STORY OF AN OLD TOWN.

Clearly and entertainingly written, Judge Goolrick's book is one of the most important volumes of its kind in recent years. It is an intimate narrative of a centuries-old town, where leaders of thought and action helped to plan the Revolution; a center of American historic and political tradition, about which were fought more great battles, and where more men were killed than in any similar area in America. The story of these battles—Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Salem Church, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Bloody Angle—is plainly and carefully told in concise and vivid style.

There are interesting lights on famous men. Briefly, but with details that picture personality, is told the story of George Washington's youth in his "home town," where he went to school, and where he became a Mason in the lodge which afterwards initiated General LaFayette.

Intensely gripping are the stories of Matthew Fontaine Maury, "Pathfinder of the Seas," who received more decorations from foreign countries than any other American; of James Monroe's phenomenal rise from town councilman to President; of Lewis Littlepage, who left the village to become confidant to a king, and who sleeps in an obscure cemetery here; of John Paul Jones, a tailor's helper, who became the most famous of sea fighters; of Hugh Mercer, who died on Princeton field; of Moncure Conway, Col. Fielding Lewis and his bride, Betty Washington; Mary Washington, and many others whose names live in history.

In the old town are buried the mother of Washington and the father of his wife, and there sleep forever more than twenty thousand soldiers of the War between the States, most of them in graves marked "unknown."

The book tells gracefully of old gardens and of beautiful mansions, about which cluster traditions of romance, achievements, and adventure. There are intimate glimpses of America's great men; and within its pages are caught delicate traces of the charm and elegances of the past, delightfully combined with much that is new and modern. It contains many heretofore unknown facts, and through its pages, over and over, occur the "old" Virginia names.

It is not a "local history" any more than Washington or John Paul Jones or the great events it narrates are local. It touches all American history.

"I spent last evening reading your most delightful book, 'Historic Fredericksburg.' Would that other Southern towns were as fortunate as Fredericksburg."

LIBRARIAN FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Philadelphia.

"I cannot express to you adequately the delight I have felt in reading 'Historic Fredericksburg.' I have been up long past midnight the last two nights reading it and was thrilled."

R. T. W. ADAMS, Lynchburg, Va.

"I am in receipt of your splendid book, and I wish to assure you that I am heartily pleased with it. I have never read a more artistic or vivid description of a scene in nature than the Preface in your book referring to Old Fredericksburg. The whole story runs along in an interesting and attractive style, and I think you are to be congratulated for having preserved the heritage of the old town in the lines of your book."

The above is from a prominent citizen of Omaha, Nebr.

"The title is wisely chosen and admirably fulfilled in the volume you have written. I have read every word of it, and some of it more than once, so delighted was I with the charming conception that its title foreshadowed."

HON. HENRY R. POLLARD, Richmond, Va.

Lynchburg News.—"Historic Fredericksburg is a graphically delightful story of one of the most ancient and well-known communities in America. The book is of more than local reach and importance. It is a valuable contribution to the history of the State. Indeed, Virginia is the background of the work."

Baltimore American.—"Americans will find here things that will awaken new pride in the nation's past, and deeper reverence for the men who lived in the nation's youth. In a manner the story of Fredericksburg is the story of America's beginning."

Richmond Times-Dispatch.—"Readers will find that 'Historic Fredericksburg' abounds with human interest stories, tales of adventure, and bright and colorful narratives. It is true that facts fill its pages, but it is color that will attract the majority of those who read it."

Among very prominent and literary people who have purchased the book are found Vice President Calvin Coolidge; former President, now Chief Justice, William Howard Taft; Associate Justice United States Supreme Court J. R. McReynolds; Thomas Nelson Page, late Ambassador to Italy, diplomat, and noted author; Hon. Edwin Denby, Secretary of the Navy; Gen. Charles E. Dawes, Director of United States Budget; Gov. E. Lee Trinkle; Mrs. William Ruffin Cox, president of Colonial Dames; Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, distinguished author and wife of United States Senator Keyes; besides many United States Senators and Congressmen, judges, members of State legislatures, well-known physicians, lawyers, authors, bankers, artists, and ministers.

Price, \$3.80, and postage. Address Judge John T. Goolrick, Fredericksburg, Va. [Adv]

As a Confederate soldier, Judge Goolrick was for some months a messenger at Gen. R. E. Lee's headquarters with his Medical Director, and was later a member of the Fredericksburg Artillery, sometimes called Braxton's Battery. He is one of the prominent veterans of the Confederacy at Fredericksburg, and for a number of years was Commander of the Camp there. He served on the staffs of Commander in Chiefs Young, Harrison, and Carr, and is now on the staff of General Haldeman. He is known as an orator and has delivered his address on "The Confederate Private Soldier" in the North, West, and South; and he has the unique and unusual distinction of having, for twenty-three years, presided over the exercises and delivered the address on Confederate Memorial Day in the Confederate Cemetery at Fredericksburg, where are found Confederate soldiers from every Southern State killed in the battles of Fredericksburg, Salem Church, Chancellorsville, The Wilderness, Bloody Angle, and Spotsylvania Courthouse.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—Referring to the article on "Camp Jackson Prisoners," page 260 of the July VETERAN, the writer asks correction of several errors, one of which is in his name, which should be William Bull instead of Bell. The name of the Federal commander is also given erroneously as General Harvey, when it should have been Harney; and the name of the boat on which they were sent South was Iatan, and not Satan. "Otherwise it was quite accurate," he says. Contributors to the VETERAN are requested to go over their articles after writing to see that names are given clearly, dates correctly, sentences properly finished, and, where possible, have the manuscript typewritten, which will prevent errors of this kind.

PETTIBONE



makes U. C. V. UNIFORMS, and a complete line of Military Supplies, Secret Society Regalia, Lodge Charts, Military Text-books, Flags, Pennants, Banners, and Badges.

Mail orders filled promptly. You deal direct with the factory. Inquiries invited.

PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

QUESTIONS FOR A ROYAL MUMMY.

Kings and dynasties rose and fell,
Tut-ankh-amen,
Conquerors passed like a passing bell,
Drums and trappings overhead—
Did they shake thy royal bed?
Alexander came and went,
Roman Cæsar pitched his tent,
Sultans and caliphs in their pride,
Mameluke and abbasside,
Conquered, boasted, prayed, and died.
Didst thou when Napoleon came
Slumber, Pharoah, just the same?
Did no rumor come thee nigh
Of British armies marching by?
Did their kettledrums beat in vain,
Tut-ankh-amen?

Has the world made progress since,
Tut-ankh-amen,
Thy subjects laid thee, silent prince,
Under Horus's sheltering wings
In the Valley of the Kings?
Are men better now than then?
Is there less fraud and guile,
Less of war and less of hate,
Than when courtiers called thee great?
Answer, is the race of men,
Silent Pharaoh, much as when
'Neath thy canopy of state,
With thy princess by thy side,
Courtiers in chorus defied,
Tut-ankh-amen?

—"I. C.," in the *London Morning Post*.

PROFICIENCY.—A city business man was very keen on having proficient clerks in his employ. Before a clerk could enter his office he was required to pass a written examination on his knowledge of business. At one examination one of the questions was: "Who formed the first company?" A certain bright youth was a little puzzled at this, but was not to be floored. He wrote: "Noah successfully floated a company while the rest of the world was in liquidation." He passed.—*London Answers*.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S FLOWER GARDEN.

Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, wished his little grandchildren to share his love of gardens and all things beautiful. He had a way of his own with the tulips and hyacinth bulbs that was really enough to make those bulbs laugh with the children. President Thomas Jefferson gave them names as they were planted. He used to call his grandchildren and introduce them to a bulb as if the bulb were a person; then, not to get these friends mixed in the garden, he put a stick into the ground beside each bulb, on which the bulb's name was plainly written.

They tell us that it was amusing in the springtime to see these children go visiting their garden friends and to hear one call out: "Come, Grandpa, come! Marcus Aurelius has his head out of the ground."

While another sweet child would say: "The Queen of the Amazon is coming up!"

Happy times they had in that long ago, those little children of Virginia, with their garden-loving grandfather! —*Frances Fox, in Presbyterian Banner*.

Mrs. S. C. Gilkeson, of Moorefield, W. Va., wishes to get the music to the old song, "Cover Them Over with Beautiful Flowers," and the words and music of the old song in which appear these lines: "He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle, No sound can awake him to glory again." This song was written of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Mrs. A. K. Patterson, of Olney, Tex., is seeking information of the service of her husband as a Confederate soldier, that she may obtain a pension. John M. Patterson served through the war in the 16th Arkansas Regiment, under General Price, but she does not know his company nor the name of colonel or captain. Any surviving comrades will please communicate with her or with C. M. Patterson, Kirkwood, Atlanta, Ga.

HE SHOULD WORRY.—Buddy was up before the disability board. The pompous alienist was asking him a long string of questions to determine his mental condition, and Buddy was rapidly getting disgusted. "Quick," shouted the celebrated doc, "tell me this: How many legs has a lobster?" Buddy looked at him crushingly before replying. "For the luvva Mike," he said, "is that all you got to worry about?"

Deafness

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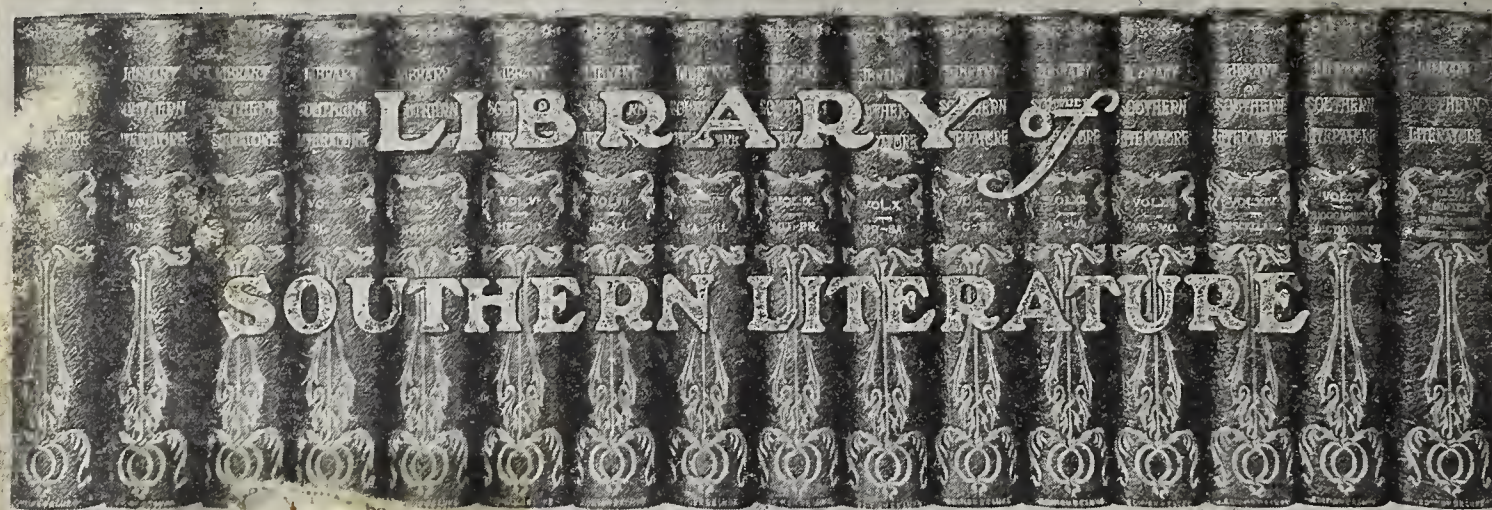
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He who lives for others treads an open but unfrequented path to immortality.—*Words inscribed on the tomb of John Howard, the great prison reformer, in St. Paul's Cathedral.*

ONE ON THE MINISTER.—An English clergyman once said to a bright little girl in his Sunday school: "If you will tell me where God is, I will give you an orange." "If you will tell me where he is not," promptly replied the little girl, "I will give you two."—*Canadian American*.

A Scottish farmer, being elected a school manager, visited the village school and tested the intelligence of the class by this question: "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what naething is?" After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat rose and replied: "It's what ye gied me the other day for holding yer horse."—*Canadian American*.

SOMETHING ELSE.—Bertie and the girl of his heart, while taking a country walk, had just encountered a ferocious-looking bull and had retreated behind a high gate. "But I thought, dear," ventured the maiden, "that you always said you'd face death gladly for me." "So I would," the swain assured her, "but that bull isn't dead"—



THE FUTURE HISTORIAN

[Written about 1880.]

Some historian shall come forth both strong and wise,
 With a love of the republic and the truth before his eyes.
 He will show the subtle causes of the War between the States,
 Will go back in his studies far beyond our modern dates,
 He will trace out hostile ideas as the miner does the lodes,
 He will show the different habits born of different social codes,
 He will show the Union riven, and the picture will deplore,
 He will show it reunited and made stronger than before.
 Slow and patient, fair and truthful must the coming teacher be
 To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground to prune the tree;
 He will hold the scale of justice, he will measure praise and blame,
 And the South will stand the verdict, and will stand it without shame.

(Library of Southern Literature.)

The prophetic assurance of the South could not be expressed better than through the above stanza by James Barron Hope. But educators insist that our history has actually been written in its song, story, oratory, and biography. In living writings and utterances one finds the *real* history made by a section as well as the subtle soul and mind of a people.

The "Library of Southern Literature" embodies 5,000 gems of living history and ideals of our past which, if perpetuated, should be the inspiration of the present and future generations. It has been garnered and edited with scholarly acumen by eminent Southern men of letters and educators and reveals the historical status of an empire in domain and a period of time as long as the American people have functioned, from John Smith until to-day.

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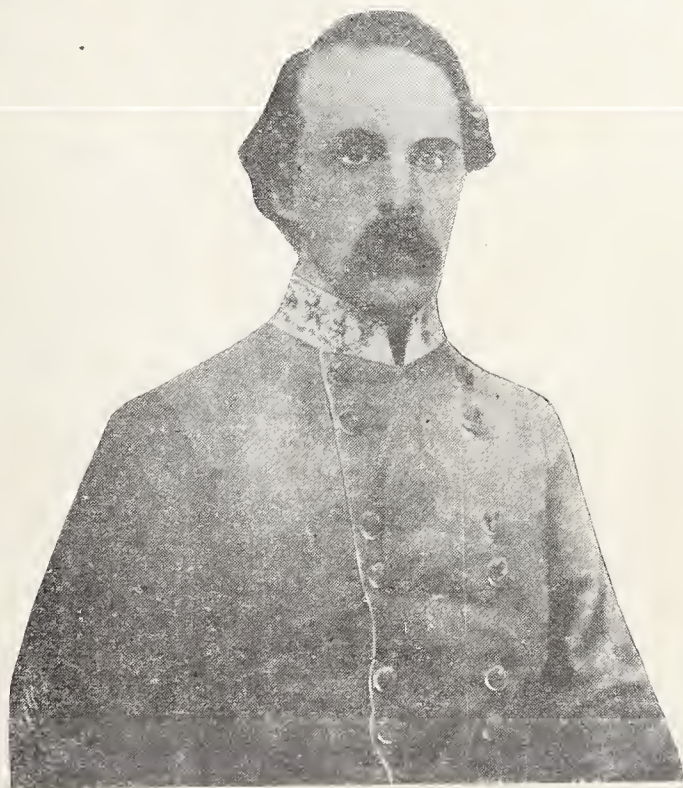
Confederate Veteran

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VOL. XXXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1923

NO. 9



GEN. EDWARD LLOYD THOMAS, OF GEORGIA
(See page 325.)

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SEPTEMBER BOOK OFFERING.

Nearly all of these are the out-of-print books and getting more and more scarce and difficult to procure. Now is a good time to get them at a reasonable price. Give second and third choice:

Short History of the Confederacy. By Jefferson Davis.....	\$5 00
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Mrs. J. C. Hathaway, Paris, Tex., 147 Clarksville Street, wants to know where William Huddle was discharged at the close of the war. He was with Company C, 1st Texas Battalion.

Any surviving comrades of Dan N. Alley, who served as private and also as lieutenant of Company G, 3rd Texas Cavalry, and afterwards as a commander of scouts of Ross's Brigade, will please communicate with Davis Biggs, of Jefferson, Tex., who is trying to secure a pension for Mrs. Alley.

Mrs. E. J. Shires, 709 East Cherry Street, Sherman, Tex., wants to get in communication with any comrades of her husband, Lieut. W. H. Shires, who served with Company G, 24th Tennessee Regiment.

WANTED.—Copy of the book entitled "Personal Recollections of Stonewall Jackson," by John Gittings, sometime adjutant of the 31st Virginia Infantry, C. S. A., published in 1899 by "The Editor," Cincinnati, Ohio. Address Roy B. Cook, Charleston, W. Va.

Mrs. Cornelia S. Norman, of Atlanta, Ga. (41 Woodward Avenue), wishes to get in communication with any comrades or friends of her father, John Sheehan, of Augusta, Ga., who can give something of his record in the service of the Confederacy. She thinks he was in the Confederate navy, and that he entered the service from Savannah, Ga. Any information will be gratefully received, as she wishes to join the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Dan Bybee, of Cave City, Ky., Box 226, is trying to secure the war record of her father, Walter Scott Blakeman. He was born and reared in Greensburg, Ky., left home young and joined the Confederate forces in Missouri, and was with Price's command in 1861. She does not know his company and regiment, nor of his subsequent service, and will appreciate hearing from any comrades who remember him. He graduated in medicine from Vanderbilt University after the war.

Miss F. L. Jenkins, Shawnee, Okla., 426 North Philadelphia Street, is interested in securing her father's record as a Confederate soldier, and will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades. W. E. Jenkins, member of Company G, 1st Regiment Tennessee Cavalry (which became the 7th Regiment, Duckworth's Cavalry), enlisted in October, 1861, at Paris, Tenn. Anyone who can give any information of him, or can furnish a list of Duckworth's Cavalry, will kindly write to Miss Jenkins.

Frank Stovall Roberts, Washington, D. C. (The Cordova, Apartment 312), wants to know the command in which Francis (Frank) Middleton Stovall, of Augusta, Ga., served during the sixties. He was the son of Col. M. P. Stovall, for many years before and after the war a cotton factor of Augusta. Frank Stovall joined a cavalry command late in 1862 or early in 1863, and the information is that he was killed in Florida about the close of the war by bushwhackers, and his body was sent home for burial. He was about twenty years old when killed. His sister, now Mrs. Charles P. Pressley, of The Cedars, Verydery, S. C., now the only living member of her father's family, is also very anxious to get his record. Any information will be appreciated.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXI. NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1923.

No. 9.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

To My Comrades: Three matters especially appeal to me and will guide me to their fulfillment during my term of office: The greatest care and comfort to be secured for every Confederate veteran at the Memphis reunion in 1924; the completion of the Jefferson Davis Monument now in course of erection at his birthplace, Fairview, Ky.; the increased circulation, and therewith the augmented influence, power, and prestige of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., which is entitled to the earnest support of every Confederate veteran and every descendant of a Confederate veteran.

The Memphis Reunion Committee have assured me that no Confederate veteran will leave Memphis with any just cause of complaint, and that there will be no lack by the generous people of that great Southern city in looking after their every care and comfort during the Memphis reunion.

Work will be resumed during the month of August upon the Jefferson Davis Memorial and 100 feet added to the obelisk monument before the cold weather sets in, now 216 feet in height, making it 316 feet in height, and leaving only 35 feet to complete it. It will be the second highest monument in the world and a fitting memorial at the birthplace of the President of the Confederate States to a man who was a great leader and who made many sacrifices and endured great suffering as the representative of the people whom he served and led.

It is my hope and belief that the necessary amount to complete and round up the work on the monument will be raised, so that the 35 feet necessary to complete it will be secured in ample time to do this and to dedicate the monument on June 3, 1924, the anniversary of the birth of President Davis.

The women of the South are doing a great work in aid of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, and I bespeak the hearty cooperation with them of all Confederate veterans and their descendants in aiding them to raise the money yet required.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., is a monthly magazine devoted to Confederate interests and to the people of the South. It chronicles past and passing events with a fidelity that entitles it to a place in every home in the South; and I earnestly request that every member of

our organization make a personal effort to place it in every home in the South.

Through the courtesy and favor of the VETERAN, from this date it will publish all official orders of the Commander in Chief and Department Commanders. It is now the official organ of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the women of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans; and those who are interested in the movements of these organizations, as well as of the United Confederate Veterans, should subscribe to it at once; the subscription price is \$1.50 a year.

I deeply appreciate the great honor conferred upon me by my comrades at the New Orleans reunion and shall endeavor to attest that appreciation by actions rather than words.

Your comrade,
W. B. HALDEMAN,
Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans.

TO DIVISION COMMANDERS U. C. V.

Comrades: Many of the Divisions in our Confederation hold their annual conventions during the months of September and October, and, as I cannot attend all of these reunions, I am taking the speediest way of communicating with you. This will be through the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a copy of which will be mailed to every Division Commander. The Camps composing each Division of the United Confederate Veterans are delegated the full right to govern themselves. This I recognize, and do not think of making this plea as an order, but as a request. Confederate veterans know that, at a majority of our reunions, the report of the Committee on Resolutions, the most important of our committees, is made at the close of our convention periods. Due time for calm and careful consideration of the report of this committee by the delegates to the convention is thereby frequently lacking, and, in order to secure the proper consideration of the report of this committee, I make the request that the member for the Committee on Resolutions from each State be selected and named at the annual meeting of each State Division. If this be done, the Committee on Resolutions can take up their work and conclude their labors so as to make an early report to the convention and thus secure the careful consideration and proper

determination by the delegates upon the report submitted to the convention. There has been more than one occasion when, acting in haste, we have had occasion to regret it at leisure. This can be prevented if each Division will act upon my suggestion at its annual meeting and make and name its selection or representative upon this important committee.

At one of our reunions the delegates thereto in convention assembled passed a resolution that as long as there were two Confederate veterans left our reunions should continue to be held. We have also a law in our constitution which governs us to the effect that our general headquarters shall be retained and maintained as long as our Confederation exists. To carry out this law, it will be necessary for measures to be taken which will provide the finances necessary. Our thinning ranks admonish me that we ought now to prepare in some way for the finances that will be necessary to carry out the resolutions adopted by my comrades as to continuing indefinitely our Confederation. In order that we may have ample time to consider a matter so important, I hereby appoint a special committee, consisting of Maj. Gen. B. W. Green, Commander Arkansas Division, Little Rock, Ark., as Chairman; Maj. Gen. W. B. Freeman, Commander Virginia Division, Richmond, Va.; and Maj. Gen. John P. Hickman, Commander Tennessee Division, Nashville, Tenn., to consider and make report in the matter at the Memphis reunion, June 5, 6, and 7, 1924. These gentlemen will, of course, gladly receive suggestions from any comrade, and I urge upon all of our Commanders and our comrades to communicate with them and give them the benefit of suggestions in a matter that requires prompt action.

I will very gladly welcome recommendations from each Division at its annual meeting for appointments upon my official staff. Many of the present holders of official position, such as our beloved Chaplain General, Rev. J. W. Bachman, of Chattanooga, Tenn., have filled their positions under different administrations and will be continued by me in the positions now held by them. I hope to make out my list and announce all staff appointments in the October or November issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

W. B. HALDEMAN, *Commander in Chief U. C. V.*

DIVISION NOTES.

The Alabama Division U. C. V. will hold its annual reunion at Huntsville, October 3, 4.

Georgia State reunion is scheduled for September 12, 13 at Rome.

Kentucky veterans will hold their Division reunion at the Confederate Home, Pewee Valley, September 13.

The Tennessee Division will meet at McKenzie on October 3, 4.

The Virginia Division meets in reunion at Roanoke September 11-14.

Gen. Thomas D. Osborne, commanding Kentucky Division U. C. V., announces the appointment of Col. Ernest Macpherson as Adjutant General of the Division and John E. Abraham as Brigadier General Third Brigade.

ADJUTANT MISSISSIPPI DIVISION U. C. V.—Commander W. M. Wroten announces the appointment of Comrade W. J. Brown, of Jackson, Miss., as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the Mississippi Division.

THE CROWN OF SERVICE.

(To Caroline Meriwether Goodlett.)

One, self-forgetting, sought to honor those
Whose brave hearts bled at sacred Duty's call,
And from whose dust an incense pure arose
To urge the souls of men who risked their all
To greater effort at their comrades's fall.

At this One's word a mighty Clan convened,
Which year by year upon those heroes shed
More glorious luster, purer reverence, gleaned
From recollections told of War's grim tread,
Deeds that were else by younger eyes unread.

Besides the clearing of this gallant scroll
From ruthless error and forgetfulness,
Surviving heroes this brave Clan extoll
For saintlike ministry and free largess,
Which rob their age of care and loneliness.

This One who loved her native South so well,
As years went by so great a work did frame—
Though every thought and wish was but to swell
The glory of the Cause—her lofty aim
In its unselfish zeal has wrought her fame.

Her patriotic fire has lit for her
A beacon on a hill that none can hide.
The Clan doth sacred deference confer
And in her wisdom and her faith confide,
All honor rendering to their friend and guide.

—Elizabeth Fry Page.

STILL A YOUNG MAN.

The VETERAN is proud to record another active career into the eighties in presenting Capt. C. W. Trice, of Lexington, N. C. He is "one of the wonders of the world," according to the correspondent of the Greensboro *Daily News*, who writes of him as the "third trick operator for the Southern Railroad at Lexington, who, at eighty years of age, is still actively on the job."

Captain Trice was one of the boys of the Confederacy, enlisting before his nineteenth birthday and serving actively with Company A, 7th Texas Infantry, throughout the War between the States. He was in many battles and did his part in the fighting of Sherman from Dalton to Kenesaw Mountain, where a Yankee bullet tried to stop his career, wounding his left hand so severely that amputation was necessary. After the war he entered the service of the Southern Railroad and has been continuously in that service for more than a half century now. He began with the company in June, 1865, at Morrisville, N. C., was afterwards at Durham, and in 1868 was appointed agent at Thomasville, where he learned telegraphy. Five years later he was stationed at Concord, and in 1878 was made agent at Lexington, which he held for twenty-five years, then taking his present position as operator; and he has not lost more than two weeks' time in ten years. He celebrated his eightieth birthday on June 2 by working four hours overtime in place of a fellow operator who was ill.

"I am eighty years old," says Captain Trice, "but I am still a young man."

Is there elsewhere in the world a one-armed veteran of a great war, eighty years old, with a record of over fifty years service in any industry still able to give such satisfactory service? The VETERAN would like to hear of him.

GEN. EDWARD LLOYD THOMAS, OF GEORGIA.

Many of the general officers of the Confederacy are little known, and it is the purpose of the VETERAN to publish now and then pictures of such officers, with a short sketch, as tribute to their worth. They did their duty nobly, giving service to the end, and in peace retired to the quiet of private life, asking no recognition in public preferment. One of these gallant souls was Gen. Edward L. Thomas, of Georgia, and from the "Confederate Military History" the following notes on his life are taken:

Brig. Gen. Edward Lloyd Thomas, born in Clark County, Ga., was a lineal descendant of the famous Thomas and Lloyd families of Maryland. His grandfather moved from Maryland to Virginia and later to Georgia, having with him a young son, whose Christian name was Edward Lloyd. This son grew up to be an influential and useful man in his adopted State and a devout Christian, and he and his noble wife were blessed with a number of children, all of whom became prominent in their native State. The youngest son bore his father's full name. After receiving an academic education, he attended Emory College, where he graduated with distinction in the class of 1846. In 1847 he enlisted as a private in one of the Georgia regiments that went to the Mexican war, that training school for so many young men who afterwards rose to distinction in both the Confederate and Union armies. He fought in the battles between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico, and by his conspicuous gallantry won a lieutenant's commission. In one of the engagements he captured an officer on the staff of Santa Anna, named Iturbide, a member of a family conspicuous in Mexican history. The legislature of Georgia in 1848 adopted resolutions commending the young officer for his gallantry in the Mexican War. Hon. George H. Crawford, at that time Secretary of War, offered him a lieutenancy in the regular army of the United States, which for domestic reasons he declined.

Returning home at the close of the war, he married a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Talbot County, Jennie Gray, a member of one of the leading and wealthy families of the State. He settled down on his plantation, refusing many solicitations to enter the field of politics, for which he had no taste. When the War between the States began, he at once expoused with all his heart the cause of the South. President Davis, knowing his worth and his fitness for military command, authorized him to raise a regiment for the Confederate service. This he did, and when the 35th Regiment of Georgia

infantry was mustered in, Edward L. Thomas was commissioned as its colonel, October 15, 1861. Both the regiment and its commander were delighted when orders came to go to Virginia, at that time the goal of the ambition of many of the spirited officers and soldiers of the South. When this regiment marched into the battle of Seven Pines, it was armed with the old remodeled flintlock guns, the very best that the majority of the Southern soldiers could procure; but when it came out it was provided with the very best arms of the enemy. During the battle Brigadier General Pettigrew was shot from his horse and the command of the brigade devolved upon Thomas, as the ranking colonel. At the time of the battles around Richmond he was assigned to command of the brigade of Gen. J. R. Anderson, who had been transferred to the control of the Tredegar Iron Works, and at Mechanicsville he was ordered to open the battle. Although wounded in the first combat of the Seven Days, he remained in the saddle and fought through the entire series of battles. He was in every battle fought by Lee in Virginia, and only missed that of Sharpsburg, Md., by reason of being detached at Harper's Ferry to receive the parole of the nearly 12,000 prisoners captured. The Count of Paris, in his history of the War between the States, relates that in one of the battles, when the front line of the Confederates had been broken by the Federal forces, General Thomas struck their advancing column in such a way as to turn their expected victory into defeat.

After the conclusion of the war General Thomas lived a retired life on his plantation until 1885, when President Cleveland appointed him to an important office in the Land Department, and in 1893 to a still more important one in the Indian Department, which position he held at the time of his death, March 10, 1898. His private life was pure, that of a true Christian gentleman. It is said to his honor that in all the exciting scenes through which he passed, no profane expression ever soiled his lips.

General Thomas's son, E. G. Thomas, lives at Fort Valley, Ga., and a nephew, Charles M. Thomas, is a resident of Atlanta.

A CORRECTION.—Judge Purifoy writes from Montgomery, Ala.: "In scanning my article on 'Longstreet at Gettysburg,' I note that I made a mistake in placing Vincent's Brigade in Ayres's Division, Fifth Corps (see near bottom of second column, page 292, August VETERAN). It should have been Vincent's Brigade of Barnes's Division, Fifth Corps."



"THEY DRANK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN."

"OLD CONFEDS."

This group of "five old Confederates," of Odell, Tex., is composed of the following, reading from left to right: H. G. Chandler, who served with Company E, 12th Kentucky, now seventy-seven years of age.

John G. Roberts, Company K, 20th Mississippi, aged seventy-eight.

J. S. Fulcher, Company A, 15th Texas Cavalry, aged eighty-eight.

J. A. Presley, Company I, 10th Missouri, under Jo Shelby, aged seventy-seven.

F. Lock, Company C, McDonald's Regiment, aged eighty-five.

J. S. Fulcher is the man who captured Cynthia Parker while fighting Indians under Captain Ross.

These comrades would like to hear from any of the "old boys" with whom they fought in the days of the sixties.

WHEAT'S TIGERS AND OTHERS.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

Recent articles in the *VETERAN* on "Picturesque Soldierly" were very interesting to me. Perhaps I can add a little to what has been written on the subject.

The Garibaldi Guards were not Zouaves. This New York organization wore the baggy trousers and short leggings, but they were characteristic of many uniforms worn by Federal troops in the early part on the war. The Guards wore a closely buttoned blouse and low-crowned, broad-brimmed felt hat, with long, sweeping feather, such as is worn to-day by the Italian Bersaglieri.

There were many Zouave units in the Federal army—the Fifth New York (Duryea's); Sixth New York (Wilson's); Ninth New York (Hawkins's); Eleventh New York (Ellsworth's); and Philadelphia Fire Zouaves. There were probably others, but I cannot recall them off hand.

No mention of picturesque soldiery is complete without a word about the 79th New York Highlanders. This regiment wore the kilts on dress parade, but went into battle at Manassas in plaid trousers. The kilts brought too much ridicule upon them.

Maj. "Bob" Wheat was one of the heroes of my boyhood, and any mention of him and the "Tigers" arouses my interest. Some twelve years ago I tried, through the columns of the *VETERAN*, to induce some one to write a history of Wheat and his command, but the only response I got was a couple of interesting letters, one from a survivor of Wheat's Battalion.

The original Louisiana Tigers was one company, B, of Wheat's Battalion, which was organized at New Orleans in April, 1861. It was a strange organization and embraced every strata of society, from the sons of wealthy planters, educated in Paris, to recruits from the parish prison. Company B was organized by Capt. "Alexander White," the scion of an old Kentucky family, who killed a man in a gambling quarrel. Rather than bring further disgrace upon his family, he changed his name and started life over again on a Mississippi packet, and the company he organized was composed mostly of river men. It was the only company that wore the Zouave uniform. Instead of the customary red trousers, the Tigers wore red jacket and red skullcap, with long tassel, and trousers made of blue-and-white striped bedticking. The company was armed with the Harper's Ferry short rifle, with saber bayonet. These bayonets, I am sure, are the "bowie knives" referred to whenever the Tigers are mentioned.

Wheat was so eager to get into action that the Battalion of four hundred men left for the front in May. By that time, however, the entire battalion was known as "The Tigers." The splendid service of the battalion at Manassas, in the Valley under Jackson, and up to Gaines's Mills, where Wheat was killed, is too well known to call for mention here. The battalion, a mere handful, was mustered out of service at the same time as the 1st Maryland Regiment, in the early fall of 1862. The name of Tigers was then applied to Hays's Louisiana Brigade.

Wheat was no mere adventurer. He was a Virginian, the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and a man of deep religious conviction. At one time he seriously considered studying for the ministry, but the call of arms was too strong for him. He served in a Tennessee cavalry regiment in the Mexican War, was a staff officer under Garibaldi in Italy, fought with Walker in Nicaragua, and was a general in the Mexican army when the War between the States called him home to fight for his beloved Virginia.

LOUISIANA IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

BY GEORGE L. WOODWARD, ADJUTANT CAMP NO. 3, U. C. V. SHREVEPORT, LA.

A copy of the following letter, written by General Evans, commanding division, to Colonel Waggaman, commanding Louisiana Brigade, was kept by Sergeant Fisher, now dead, who was in command of the 9th Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers, at the surrender. I belonged to the 2nd Regiment, 2nd Louisiana Brigade, and was invalided home in January, 1864, because of wounds received at Gettysburg. Fisher and I belonged to the 1st Battalion, Louisiana Volunteers, and all the companies, except ours, were mustered out early in 1862, and ours at Sharpsburg. The boys scattered to various commands, Fisher to the 9th, while I went to the 2nd, and was at E. Kirby Smith's headquarters at the close of the war. This is the letter:

"HEADQUARTERS EVANS'S DIVISION,
APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE,
April 11, 1865.

"Col. Eugene Waggaman, Commanding Hays and Stafford Brigade: The sad hour has arrived when we who served in the Confederate army so long together must part, at least for a time. But the saddest circumstance connected with the separation is that it occurs under a heavy disaster to our beloved cause. But to you, Colonel, and to our brother officers and brother soldiers of Hays's and Stafford's Brigades, I claim to say that you can carry with you the proud consciousness that in the estimation of your command you have done your duty.

"Tell Louisiana when you reach her shores that her sons in the Army of Northern Virginia have made her illustrations on every battle from First Manassas to the last desperate blow struck by your command on the hills of Appomattox; and tell her, too, that, as in the first, so in the last, the enemy fled before the valor of your charging lines.

"To the sad decree of an inscrutable Providence let us bow in humble resignation, awaiting *his will* for the pillars of cloud to be lifted.

"For you, your gallant officers and devoted men, I shall always cherish the most pleasing memories, and when I say farewell, it is with a full heart which beats an earnest prayer to Almighty God for your future happiness.

C. A. EVANS,
Brigadier General Commanding Division."

"Louisiana sent to Virginia nine regiments and five battalions of infantry, with some seven companies of artillery. There were few engagements of importance on Virginia soil from which Louisiana was absent. A forced march from Yorktown by the 2nd Regiment failed to reach Bethel in time.

"Lieutenant Colonial Dreaux, of the First Battalion Louisiana Volunteer Infantry, was killed in a skirmish in the Peninsula July 4, 1861, being the first field officer killed in the war. In 1862, Louisiana troops were formed into two brigades—the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, called the First Brigade, or Hays's-Early Division; the 1st, 2nd, 10th, 14th, and 15th—this last regiment made up of battalions not mustered out—called the 2nd, or Stafford Brigade, Johnson's Division, both of Jackson's Corps.

"Louisianians in Virginia numbered between 13,000 and 15,000. The last infantry engagement, on the 8th of April, 1865, referred to in General Evans's letter to Colonel Waggaman, was made by the Louisiana brigades consolidated, with the same vigor and elan as at Port Republic, Second Manassas, or Cemetery Ridge. Those who were eyewitnesses to the

charge of this remnant, two hundred and fifty Louisianians, say it was grand. The enemy fled, leaving their guns.

"Thus Louisiana closed her career as a part of the immortal Army of Northern Virginia. Possibly not the first at Bethel, but certainly very near the last at Appomattox."

HOW GEORGE KERN ESCAPED FROM PRISON.

A good friend to the prisoners at Rock Island was Miss Kate E. Perry, who is now Mrs. Kate E. Perry-Mosher, of Covington, Ky., and in reading the story of "A Kentucky Hero," she realized that Comrade Pullen was writing of an old friend of hers whom she, and not Miss Buford, had helped to get away to safe territory after his escape from that prison. And the boy was named George Kern, and not Curran, as given in the article, the name evidently having been spelled by sound. From some reminiscences of those days of peril contributed by Mrs. Mosher to the *VETERAN* many years ago, and put in pamphlet form, the following is taken:

"Late one evening the bell was timidly rung. A young boy came, an escaped prisoner! We had means of verifying our friends, and it was just here that the underground had served so well. He proved to be George Kern, of Bourbon County, Ky., fifteen years old, he said, small in stature and slender. We took him to a room upstairs and locked him in, and as soon as possible we smuggled him food. We trusted no one; servants especially might repeat. When he saw the food he burst into tears. Young and nearly starved, he had wandered in the 'black jack,' which proved the prisoners' friend; low, bushy, thick, it concealed them. Through its friendly shelter, this young boy had hidden one night and that day.

"It was Saturday night when he came. Here was a dilemma. We must keep him until Monday, and he must then get away. Imagine our situation; an escaped prisoner in the house. We knew we were being watched. Often we saw squads of soldiers with gleaming guns marching past up the avenue. This was a menace. George told us that the surgeon of the post had helped him to escape. We were astounded, as we knew him to be exceedingly bitter in his feelings toward the South and almost cruel to the prisoners. How the help was given was easily explained. Dr. Watson had driven his buggy within the stockade one night. George Kern happened to be near, when it came to him like a flash, 'Here is my chance.' He darted under the buggy, caught the coupling pole, threw his feet around it, also clasping it with his hands and arms. When the doughty doctor drove out, behold, he carried an escaping prisoner! Even in our fright, we enjoyed the situation and were immensely amused.

"We held a council of war as to ways and means. I had my emergency fund, and we concluded that, as he was small and slender, we would dress him as a girl. This we did down to every detail. Hoops were worn; he had them. His bold, eaglelike eyes troubled us, so we trimmed up one of the scoop bonnets worn at that time and, with many adjurations, made him promise to keep his eyes cast down. I prepared a pretty little hand basket and placed within it a box of face powder, comb, brush, and all such adjuncts to the toilet, together with extra collars, cuffs, and handkerchiefs. He was to impersonate a shy, country girl. Poor boy! how sad he was when he bade us farewell.

"I had lectured him most severely as to how he must act, as he was now a girl, and taught him how to manage his hoops, etc. Of course, we were most anxious concerning his getting away safely, but this was such a huge joke that I was

fairly dancing with delight. As he left, a dreadful storm was coming up and this favored him. People were rushing home to escape the storm. He barely had time to get to the depot before the storm burst, so in the general confusion he had not attracted notice. He wrote from Cincinnati that at the Rock Island depot that night, in obeying my instructions, he sat off by himself. When the ticket office opened, still he did not move. An officer from the Island came up to him, and George thought it was all over for him when the officer said: 'Have you bought your ticket, Miss?' 'No, sir,' he replied in a frightened feminine voice. 'Train will soon leave. Give me your money and destination, and I will assist you.' With a gasp of relief and a sigh of satisfaction, the supposed young lady said, 'Chicago and Cincinnati.' And in a hurried, bustling, business tone the officer said: 'You had better get a through ticket to Cincinnati.' This he kindly bought, and gave it and the change to the young lady (?), who gladly got away.

"After he had returned to his home in Bourbon County, Ky., and exchanged his dress for his own clothes, George was one day in Paris, Ky., when Yankee soldiers arrested him. Instantly he assumed the rôle of a half-witted unfortunate. They let him go, and he hurried to Dixie.

"When I read this paper before the Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter U. D. C., in January, 1901, Mrs. Arnold, from Bourbon County, exclaimed: 'O, I heard of that boy George Kern's being dressed up in girl's clothes. Just before he reached home he was arrested by some Yankee soldiers, who questioned him, and among other things asked: "Who is your father?" "Why, Paw." "Who is your mother?" "Why, Maw." "O!" said one of the men, "she is a fool; let her go."' They actually thought from the way he acted that he was idiotic. He got through the lines, returned to his regiment, and served well afterwards.

"We had expected trouble, but heard nothing until two days afterwards, when I was called to the door and found there a United States officer, and, to my consternation, as I glanced down at the gate, I saw a squad of soldiers, with guns gleaming. Like George, I thought my time had come; but not a muscle quivered, and I controlled my countenance. My excitement found escape in exquisite politeness; I invited the officer in, regretting profusely my cousin's absence. He declined, and I saw he meant business when he said: 'It is not Mrs. Boyle, Miss Perry, it is you I want to see.' 'O, indeed, sir! What can I do for you?' He replied: 'I am going to ask you a question, and I want you to answer it truthfully. A prisoner has escaped. Have you seen one either yesterday or to-day?' I looked that man straight in the eye and replied: 'Sir, I have not, either yesterday or to-day.' God knows I told the truth, and there was a jubilee in my heart that I could say this and tell the truth. George Kern had gone the day before yesterday. Had he not timed his question in that manner, I do not know how I should have answered it, for I would not soil my soul with a lie.

"At once I sternly demanded that he call his men and search that house, but he said: 'No, I see you are telling me the truth.' With growing indignation I insisted, but he refused. I asked to be excused one instant. I knew the gardener had been cutting grapes, so I had the maid to pile a large tray full, take it to the door and offer some to the officer; then had him call one of his men, who took it to the gate and passed the grapes around. A more pleased and delighted group of men you never saw. A soldier always feels complimented by thoughtful notice, and by this little attention I had evidently made friends with all. That officer apologized to me for coming.

"The reason George Kern's escape was not sooner known was because he was always declaring he intended to escape. The sergeant who cared for his barrack had heard this so often that finally he began twitting him, 'Why, hello, George! Good morning. Not gone yet?' so when he did escape, the sergeant thought George was hiding, hoping to get him to search, and so laugh back at him. This was why two days were lost by the authorities and gained by us. When it dawned upon the sergeant that George was gone sure enough, then he reported and the search was taken up, but by that time George was scot free."

GARIBALDI AND THE WAR AGAINST SECESSION.

BY W. A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

The statement in the article by comrade I. G. Bradwell, in the *VETERAN* for June, that Garibaldi, the Italian revolutionary leader, commanded troops in the Federal army in 1862 is contrary to historical facts, and the brief refutation of I. F. J. Caldwell, of Newberry, S. C., in the July number, should effectually dispose of the error. But back of this there is a chapter of secession and emancipation history that is pertinent to the subject which may be appropriately recorded here.

In the November *Century Magazine*, 1907, there is an interesting and valuable article by H. Nelson Gay, entitled "Lincoln's Offer of a Command to Garibaldi: Light on a Disputed Point of History."

A detailed and extended review of this article is not intended, nor is it necessary or practical to dwell upon the victories and defeats of this soldier of fortune, except in relation to his residence here and attempts to enlist his services by the Federal government.

After a signal defeat and dispersion of his volunteer army of four thousand in resisting the allies in restoring the government of Rome in 1849, Garibaldi took refuge in Piedmont, but the neighboring rulers would not allow this, so he was deported to Tunis. Rejected by that government, he landed at Gibraltar, where he was permitted to remain but six days. For six months he had a rest at Mussulman, Tangier, and he then came to the United States by way of Liverpool.

On July 30, 1850, the New York *Tribune* contained the following notice:

"The ship *Waterloo* arrived here from Liverpool this morning bringing the world-renowned Garibaldi, the hero of Montevideo and the defender of Rome. He will be welcomed by those who know him as becomes his chivalrous character and his services in behalf of liberty."

Great preparations were made for his reception and entertainment by the mayor and common council, and the use of the governor's room was tendered him; but all these honors were declined, and he went directly and unattended to the house of friends. Here he remained and commenced work for his daily bread. His first employment was in a candle factory on Staten Island, sending his earnings to his mother and children. Later he entered commercial enterprise and, as master of a sailing vessel, navigated her to the Southern Hemisphere, and even to the coast of China.

In 1854 Garibaldi returned to Europe and purchased the island of Caprera off the coast of Sardinia and settled down to the life of an agriculturist. In 1859, however, he responded to the call of Cavour to Turin and took command of volunteer forces and acted in conjunction with the allied armies of France in driving out the Austrian from the plains of Lombardy; and other battles and victories followed in succession.

In the January number of the *American Review*, 1861.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman, who had known Garibaldi in America, had published anonymously an enthusiastic appreciation of the general. Vecchi, a subaltern, who had been requested to thank Tuckerman, wrote a few lines of acknowledgment in his chief's name, but added secretly a letter of his own, in which he spoke of the painful crisis in America and suggested, as a means of bringing it to a speedy close, that Garibaldi be invited to lend his powerful arm.

Following this, the rumor spread in the United States that Garibaldi had offered his services to the North in our civil conflict; the newspapers reported it, and many advocated measures to secure his aid. In the summer of 1861, President Lincoln appealed to Garibaldi to lend the power of his name, his genius, and his sword to the Northern cause, and offered him the command of a Northern army. For reasons too obvious to require explanation, dispatches relative to this unusual negotiation between the American government and a foreign general were vigorously excluded from the published diplomatic correspondence of the United States. To understand fully the circumstances under which it was proposed—that the command of a Northern army should be tendered Garibaldi—some introductory statements are necessary upon his residence a decade earlier in the United States and upon the world-wide reputation which his administration in Italy had obtained. First, he was never an American citizen. True, he filed in due form his declaration of intention to become such, but the final steps necessary to naturalization were never taken and, therefore, his claims could not be recognized. Second, his reputation as a great revolutionary leader was great, but he was not universally successful in his efforts, and America was not affected by any events of his foreign activities. He was great as a revolutionist.

On June 8, 1861, J. W. Quiggles, American consul at Antwerp, who had met Garibaldi not long before, addressed to him the following letter:

"*General Garibaldi:* The papers report that you are going to the United States to join the army of the North in the conflict of my country. If you do, the name of La Fayette will not surpass yours. There are thousands of Italians and Hungarians who will rush to your ranks, and there are thousands and tens of thousands of American citizens who will glory to be under the command of the 'Washington of Italy.'

"I would thank you to let me know if this is really your intention. If it be, I will resign my position here as consul and join you in the support of a government formed by such men as Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and their compatriots, whose names it is not necessary for me to mention to you.

"With assurances of my profound regard,

"Yours, etc., etc.

J. W. QUIGGLES."

Garibaldi replied from Caprera, June 27:

"*My Dear Friend:* The news given in the journals that I am going to the United States is not exact. I have had, and still have, a great desire to go, but many causes prevent me. If, however, in writing to your government, and they believe my services of some use, I would go to America if I did not find myself occupied in the defense of my country. Tell me, also, whether this agitation is the emancipation of the negroes or not. I should be very happy to be your companion in a war in which I would take part by duty as well as sympathy.

"I kiss with affection the hand of your lady, and I am, with gratitude.

"Yours,

G. GARIBALDI."

Quiggles replied under date of July 4, at the same time forwarding copies of the entire correspondence to the State Department at Washington:

"My Dear Sir: Your letter, dated at Caprera on the 27th ultimo., has reached me, and I beg leave to say that I have communicated the same (English translation) to the government at Washington. It may be that before this letter shall reach you that some terms of peace may have been agreed upon by which our difficulties will be at an end.

"You propound the question whether the present war in the United States is to emancipate the negroes from slavery. I say this is not the intention of the Federal government. But it is to maintain its power and dignity, put down rebellion and insurrection, and restore to the government her ancient prowess at home and throughout the world.

"You have lived in the United States, and you must readily have observed what a dreadful calamity it would be to throw at once upon that country, in looseness, four millions of slaves. But if this war be prosecuted with the bitterness with which it has been commenced, I would not be surprised if it result in the extinction of slavery in the United States, no matter what be the circumstances.

"With assurances of distinguished consideration and sending herewith the salutations of my lady, I am, with profound regard,

"Yours, etc.,

J. W. QUIGGLES."

The correspondence reached Secretary Seward at a critical moment in the fortunes of the North. The disaster of Bull Run on July 21, which made it evident that the war was to be long and stubbornly contested, destroyed more than one high military reputation. The government at once decided to invite Garibaldi's aid, and chose Sanford, American minister at Brussels, to go on a special mission to Caprera. On July 27, Seward sent him this dispatch:

"To Henry S. Sanford, Esq.

"Sir: I send you a copy of correspondence which has taken place between Garibaldi and J. W. Quiggles, Esq., late consul of the United States at Antwerp.

"I wish you to proceed at once and enter into communication with the distinguished soldier of freedom. Say to him that this government believes his services in its present contest for unity and liberty of the American people would be exceedingly useful, and that, therefore, they are earnestly desired and invited.

"Tell him that this government believes he will, if possible, accept this call, because it is too certain that the fall of the American Union, if indeed it were possible, would be a disastrous blow to the cause of human freedom, equality here, in Europe, and throughout the world.

"Tell him that he will receive a major general's commission in the army of the United States, with its appointments, with the hearty welcome of the American people.

"Tell him that we have abundant resources and numbers unlimited at our command, and a nation resolved to remain united and free. General Garibaldi will recognize in me not merely an organ of the government, but an old and sincere personal friend.

"You will submit this correspondence to Mr. Marsh, and he will be expected to act concurrently with you.

"A copy of this instruction is sent to him.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

Incorrect information became current in the North through the metropolitan newspapers of Garibaldi's coming, but there was no official denial or confirmation from Washington.

As previously arranged, and in order to reach some definite conclusion in the matter, H. S. Sanford, minister resident of the United States at Brussels, engaged a private steamer and

left for Genoa, and on the 9th inst. was received by Garibaldi. The account of interview may be given in Sanford's own words, but to condense: He found the general still an invalid, but had a long conversation with him on the subject of his going to the United States. He said that the only way in which he could render service, as he ardently desired to do, to the cause of the United States was as commander in chief of its forces; that he would only go as such and with the additional contingent power, to be governed by events, of declaring the abolition of slavery. That he would be of little use without the first, and without the second it would appear like a civil war in which the world at large could have little interest or sympathy. It was shown to him that the President had no such power to confer, he being by constitutional authority the commander in chief of the army. But he said his mind was made up only to take service in the position already indicated.

The American minister had succeeded in maintaining much secrecy abroad, as did the Washington authorities at home, but Garibaldi's friends and the papers got a line on it and were outspoken in opposition to his coming to the United States, as evidenced by this petition, only one of a great number presented:

"To General Garibaldi: Do not leave for America. The people have faith in you, and you should have faith in the people. Our national unity has not yet been completed. You have laid its most solid foundation. You alone are able to complete the work. General, do not doubt your mission, and the Italian people will not prove unworthy of you. Let us not wait, O General, to march to Rome."

In the summer of 1862, the radical party in Italy marched upon Rome with Garibaldi at its head. He was met by Italian troops, and, in a skirmish, the general was wounded, and, having acted in violation of orders of the government, he was arrested. His wounds proving serious, in fact nearly three months passing before the surgeons succeeded in extracting the bullet, so all efforts at an American agreement and engagement closed. However, on October 22, Garibaldi was notified of Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, which cut short all opportunity of making a world-wide reputation as a friend of American freedom.

GENERAL POPE'S MENAGERIE.

(A paper read by Mrs. Henry West at the celebration of President Davis's anniversary in Baltimore, 1923.)

In the spring of 1862, when General Pope's big army, 100,000 strong, was encamped around Warrenton, Va., Mosby and his dare-devil rangers were engaged in a hazardous game of chess with the Yankees which abounded in remarkable moves on the part of the wary "guerrillas." All the men and boys as young as fifteen had gone to the war, leaving literally "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker" to protect and to provide for the women and children of Warrenton. General Pope finally became angry and suspicious and issued orders for all suspects to be arrested, and the provost marshal formally convened his court.

The first citizen of Fauquier to be arrested was a man by the name of Wolf, who resided in the upper part of the county. The next prisoner called to the bar responded to the name of John Fox, who was a shopkeeper in Warrenton. The judge remarked with a smile: "This is a coincidence to capture a fox and a wolf in the same trap." The guard then produced a quiet, inoffensive looking citizen, who called himself Rabbit, whereupon the judge frowned and demanded his right name. "I speak the truth," replied Rabbit; "that's my name. I'm

a shoemaker by trade, and live in this town." The next was a comical looking little man, with a moonlike face and waggish gray eye. He chewed tobacco as if it was candy, and he had a voice like a cross-cut saw. When asked for his pedigree, he struck a pose and, in theatrical tones, spouted as follows for the benefit of the soldiers: "My name's Bob Coon. I'm the auctioneer of this 'ere town, and can prove it by reputable citizens." An uproar of laughter followed this sally, and the judge tried to look angry. "You fellows are assuming false names and ridiculing my authority. We will see who laughs last in this matter."

Coon established his identity, and as there was no longer any doubt as to his name, residence, and avocation, the court again became placid and dignified. "What's your name?" was asked the next man, a harmless Hebrew, who gave his name as Bear, and his occupation as that of a merchant. The judge was nonplussed, but, appreciating the humor of the situation, remarked with a smile: "Have we gotten into a den of wild animals?" But the climax was reached when the last witness went on the stand. He was a local character and the popular Boniface of Warrenton. When he swore that his name was Louis Lion, and, moreover, that he was the proprietor of "The Lion House," there was such an outburst of hilarity that the judge lost his dignity, proclaimed that he was not in the army for the purpose of opening a menagerie, and adjourned the court *sine die*.

The sequel to the farce was the release of all the prisoners and a big laugh on General Pope throughout the rank and file of both armies.

READING BETWEEN THE LINES.

BY DR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, RAVENNA, TEX.

It was fifty-nine years ago, during the war in the sixties, that this incident occurred in my war career. I was a soldier on leave of absence, on my way to Trigg County, Ky., to see my dear old mother and the "girl I left behind me," especially the girl. I had learned that a detachment of our friends in blue were prowling around in Trigg County, so I made headquarters at the hospitable home of a kind old Tennessee gentleman while awaiting developments of Federals in Trigg County. Not far away was a village, name forgotten, but near to Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, opposite and near to Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. It was my practice to visit the village daily for news from the Feds in Trigg County. The storehouses in the village were all closed, their occupants having "hung their harps upon the willows" and gone off to the war. But one storehouse had been opened by an old decrepit, a vendor of "mountain dew" only. He kept good fires, and as it was the only public place in the village, I made it headquarters when there.

On the occasion referred to, a cold evening, I had invested a couple of dollars (Confed) in a long black bottle of superior "mountain dew," as he called it, of which I had taken a swig or so. The old man was extolling his superior vintage, when, all of a sudden, after looking through a window, he exclaimed: "Doctor, the house is surrounded by Yankees!" In an instant there was a furious pounding at the door. I knew I could not kill a whole company of Yankees, so I discreetly grabbed the bottle in one hand, and with the other turned the door latch and threw the door wide open—to find a half dozen revolvers aimed at my vitals, hammers sprung, and fingers on triggers. "Good evening, gentlemen! Come right in and try some of the finest liquor your lips ever smacked over!" Instantly every revolver went to scabbard. They came in and drank my bottle empty, also the bar.

On their way to the village this squad had captured some eight or ten prisoners, about half of them being citizens who had been forced to take the oath of allegiance at Fort Henry and were clamoring for release. The sergeant in command, belonging to a Colonel Bird's East Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, could not read, neither could any of the detail. My having so humorously invited him in and treated him seemed to give the sergeant confidence in me, so he asked if I could read, and on being assured that I was "a college man," he passed up a paper which I saw was the oath of allegiance; then followed five or six other papers of the same, while the other five or six were regular furloughs from different Confederate commands; but by reading between the lines I made them all oaths of allegiance, so freed the whole batch of prisoners. If I had had my furlough or other paper with me, I would have freed myself also. In after years I may have felt some remorse of conscience at having fooled those blues, but there was the consoling thought, "All's fair in war." If the Federals had known how I had freed their prisoners, I might have had to pay the penalty; but they never knew. Some of those soldiers thus freed may still be living, and I would be glad to hear from any of them. In a push chair, at the age of eighty-seven, I am writing this.

MY BROTHER WORE THE GRAY.

BY T. B. SUMMERS, MILTON, W. VA.

(A tribute to my brother, S. A. (Ves) Summers, regimental bugler, 8th Virginia Cavalry, General Jenkins's command, from beginning to the end of the war.)

You may preach to me decorum,
In language fair and plain;
You may preach it from the forum,
And preach in print again;
I bear with your repeating,
And heed the words you say,
But excuse me for repeating:
My brother wore the gray.

His bugle strapped beside him,
And near his colonel brave,
He'd dare whate'er defied him,
Tho' that were soldier's grave.
He faltered not at night time,
Nor in the heat of day;
In vigorous, youthful manhood,
My brother wore the gray.

Go talk to somber mountain,
Or to the desert sand;
Go stop the rushing fountain,
Or give the sun command;
'Tis useless now, and ever,
Try blot out honor's day;
I can't forget, no, never,
My brother wore the gray.

Is valor worth enthroning
Where heroes dare to die?
Must mind turn to dethroning
Because no flag does fly?
No, never through the ages,
For what is writ must stay,
And nestled 'mid its pages:
My brother wore the gray.

JEFF DAVIS ARTILLERY AT THE BLOODY ANGLE.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

When my copy of the *VETERAN* for August was received, I did not lay it aside until I had scanned every article within its covers. I did not get far into Comrade Lauck's article, "Misinformation—and What Came of It," before I discovered he was writing of the "Bloody Angle" at Spotsylvania Courthouse and the 12th of May, 1864. Immediately the picture indelibly photographed on my memory of that horrible day of turmoil and death flashed out before my imagination in all its fullness.

"Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!

"Hello, Jack! Get up! Orders for the battery to move to the front immediately." "Ha, ha, what is it?" the writer inquired as he was aroused from a sound sleep, anywhere from 12 o'clock midnight to 3 A.M. on the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, by Sergt. C. W. McCreary, of the Jeff Davis Artillery, acting orderly sergeant. "Get up! The battery has orders to move to the front at a double quick." "We had no supper, how about breakfast?" was the surly inquiry. "Breakfast, nothing! This is no time to discuss breakfast! You'll have as good breakfast as you had supper last night."

This dialogue occurred at the battery bivouac, some mile and a half in rear of the lines, where hostile and bloody fighting had been going on for two or three days. None will dispute that this was an unearthly hour to rush a hungry man into activity on a day whose strenuous action was rarely equalled. But a soldier is not supposed to have his conduct regulated by the ordinary rules governing beings on this mundane sphere. He should have an iron constitution and be able to meet all demands on him, he should be provided with an untiring and unfamishing machinery that will enable him to meet the demands on him without food, clothing, water, or sleep.

In short order, away sped the guns and caisson carriages, alternating in column, closely following one another, the men following occasionally rubbing their eyes with their unwashed hands and fingers, hoping to make more clear the dark, dim road that tortuously wound its way through dense undergrowth, thickly interspersed with short-leaf pines, briar thickets, trickling streams, and oozy marshes. In this wilderness the darkness was so dense that we felt if we put out a hand it might be grasped. On the drivers sped with a dare-devil recklessness, trusting to Providence to guide them over the dangerous quagmires, around the many pines among which the indistinct roads wound, and the numerous briar thickets intermingled with the dense undergrowth. The gun carriages escaped mishap. All of the guns reached their destination, and were duly posted for action, a section being posted in prepared embrasures in the works on each side of the salient, which was dubbed "Bloody Angle" from the events which followed on that date, May 12, 1864.

In that action I was filling the position known as caisson corporal, having in charge the ammunition, which it was my duty to properly prepare and send forward to the gunner when it was called for. My gun was number two of the first section. A section is two guns. A battery may consist of two or more sections. On this occasion the caisson following gun number two, section number one, was left at least a quarter or half mile in rear, sticking in one of the several treacherous marshes the battery crossed as it rushed forward to its position. "The cannoneers mounted and rode on this trip, didn't they?" Not

on your life. Though greatly weakened from the scant rations being given out by our commissary department, every cannoner was required to follow his gun on foot, and at double quick on this occasion. The drivers, sergeants, quartermaster, and missionary sergeants, and all commissioned officers of the artillery, were mounted on horseback. But the corporals and cannoneers, who were expected to handle the guns and ammunition and do all other necessary work, must not be encumbered with such useless trumpery, nor be permitted to ride and increase the loads on the half-starved horses.

The guns reached their positions about dawn. When unlimbered and placed in position, the surroundings for a short time bore an ominous silence. Was this the foreshadowing of the bloody day which followed. "O, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment." The infantry on the left line of the salient was protected by traverses built of logs and earth. These traverses were to protect from an enfilading fire from their left. Thus the infantry on that line was protected front and rear. The operators of the guns were partially protected by earthworks. The limber chests of all the guns, with the drivers and horses, had no protection whatever. As I stood by my limber chest, I was an open target for every rifleman who reached the range of my position, as well as all missiles belched from the fiery throats of the vicious and spiteful artillery which were thrown in that direction. We were not permitted to remain long in the midst of an "ominous silence." I had noticed that no Confederate infantry troops held possession of the works on the right or southeast side of the salient, and my mind was disposed to silently inquire why this section of guns was left in empty works; but as the men holding no higher rank than mine were not supposed to ask questions, and were simply machines to do the bidding of those of higher rank, I was obeying this condition. The guns of the first section of the battery, one of which I was aiding to operate, were trained in almost an opposite direction from the guns of the other section, which were posted directly across on the left or northwest side of the salient.

As the dim light of the dawning day was gradually but slowly revealing the outlines of objects by which we were surrounded, through the dense fog and never ceasing drizzling rain, an occasional musket shot rang out to disturb the almost painful silence, and, unfrequently, these shots partook of the nature of a volley of musketry, as occasionally several shots were grouped. Though daylight came, the rain and dense fog left conditions which tended to limit and obscure the vision. Soon, however, a cannon shot rang out from one of the guns of the second section, posted on the other side of the salient. This was quickly followed by other shots from the same source, indicating that both guns on that side were engaged. From my position the guns of the second section could not be seen. The traverses and atmospheric conditions concealed them. Very little musketry had occurred up to this time. I had recognized no volley firing. The guns of the artillery appeared to be doing all the firing; but these soon ceased, which led me to conclude that the enemy had been repulsed.

It had now become light enough to distinguish objects perhaps fifty or seventy-five yards distant. So far the guns of the first section were idle, but expectation was rife. The conditions had reached the point that the firing of the guns of the first section could not be delayed longer. This writer was so located that he was enabled to see along the inside of the Confederate works on both sides of the salient, as their lines extended southeast and southwest from the apex of the salient. As yet no troops of the enemy had approached from the southeast of the salient toward which the first section was trained.

From my position, however, I soon saw the enemy approaching along the inside of the Confederate works, moving toward the apex of the salient, having crossed the works on the left of the salient, and on the left of the position occupied by the other section of the Jeff Davis Artillery. At the same instant I heard Corporals Blankinship and Wootan and Sergeants Cobb and Norwood, in charge of the two guns of the first section, call for canister. Having anticipated the call, I held a charge of canister in my hand when number five approached and he immediately double quicked on return, when it was inserted into the muzzle of the gun and rammed home. I heard Corporal Wootan give the command to fire, and almost simultaneously I heard Blankinship, at the other gun, give the same command, and the explosions of the guns were in quick succession. The charge of each whizzed by me with a striking resemblance to the noise made by a covey of quail when suddenly flushed. As I was situated in front of the two guns, both having been reversed, I realized that there was danger in the shots of friends as well as those of foes. During the firing of these guns I saw the infantry, which was not over thirty steps from me, fire a volley into the same mass of Federals Blankinship and Wootan had fired into with canister. It was about this time that the halted and confused enemy opened with musketry, the first that I had seen proceed from their line. The bullets were flying thickly around me.

It was during this firing that I saw Major Page, who commanded the artillery battalion to which the Jeff Davis Artillery was attached, approach Blankinship's gun, and the men immediately hooked it up and moved off in an opposite direction from the firing. Major Page continued to Wootan's piece, to which I was attached, and gave orders to hook up the gun and take it away, and he immediately returned in the direction from which he came, not attempting to reach the other two guns, which I am sure had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Being near the limber and drivers, I ordered them to mount and take the limber to the gun. Two of the three drivers obeyed promptly. I soon saw that the third one had crouched to the ground and was shaking with fear. I immediately approached him, knowing that there was no time to be lost if the gun was to be saved, and in an emphatic and positive manner ordered him to mount. He still refused to budge. Ample time to save the gun had been lost by his failure to cooperate by obeying orders. I then attempted to draw the gun to the limber, thinking to have his horses mounted by another. I was making progress when, looking toward the limber, I saw it at least forty yards away, the wheel horses lying on their backs dead and the other horses sprawling on the ground also, two of the drivers having been killed and the third, the one who failed to mount his horses when ordered, was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy. The derelict driver had mounted when I turned my back, and they had attempted to escape but veered too far to the right and ran into a column of the enemy, who had used their muskets as mentioned. Sergeant Cobb at my gun was severely wounded and was never robust after it. He fell into the hands of the enemy.

Here I was with a most excellent 3-inch rifle in my possession, without a limber to maneuver it and the ammunition in possession of the enemy. My help had almost entirely vanished, and I was confronted by a field full of blue coats. The person who has never been placed in my dilemma as it existed at that moment can never realize the lightning rapidity with which the human mind can act. The somber walls of a Federal prison loomed up; to attempt to escape meant to risk being shot in the back. There was but one opening for escape. The Federals had still failed to approach from

the southeast, but all the space in front of the muzzles of the guns after they were reversed was filled with the blue coats, and all screaming: "Surrender, you rebel ——" I had no time to deliberate; I must act to escape. Over the works I went with a swarm of bullets whistling their death music as they passed. Crouching along the works, I moved rapidly away. I soon found I had a companion, and, glancing back, I saw it was James D. Watson, who had returned with me from my furlough home in Alabama as an under-age recruit, which permitted me to procure another furlough of thirty days immediately. Watson had watched me closely during the great mêlée which had just occurred, and I remembered that he was prompt and ready to lend his aid in all my efforts to advance the firing or save the gun, hence received the benefit of my quick decision to escape.

Watson continued to be my close associate until the battle of Cedar Creek on the 19th of the following October, when he was captured with a number of others from the battery, carried to the Federal prison camp at Point Lookout, Md., and died in May, 1865, of chronic diarrhea, which literally means he was starved to death while being held by a great government with ample means at command to properly feed him. John Cauley, another youth who had enlisted in the battery at the same time, filled a prison grave at Point Lookout.

The escaping gun and escaping men of the battery retired until they reached a point where they met reinforcements. Here their single gun and another, which had been abandoned, were trained by the men on the advancing lines of Federals, and the roar and shriek of their shot and shells were mingled with those of their hardly pressed comrades throughout the entire day and well into the night. It was perhaps past midnight when the rattle and clatter of arms and consequent bloodshed ceased for the day. The capture and extended imprisonment of Capt. W. J. Reese and Lieut. Dwight E. Bates, the only commissioned officers serving with the battery, caused it to practically lose its identity as a separate battery, as the men who escaped capture were scattered into detached duty, the largest number in a single detachment being assigned to the only gun saved from capture and placed under the command of Capt. C. W. Fry, of the Orange Artillery, Va., which was a part of Page's Battalion. The fragments of batteries, and perhaps one or two entire batteries, of the battalions of artillery, commanded, respectively, by Maj. Wilfred E. Cutshaw and R. C. M. Page, both of which had suffered greatly from captures by the enemy, were combined into a single battalion after the 12th of May, and Major Page placed in command of it. Lieut. Col. Robert A. Hardaway, having been previously wounded, Major Cutshaw was placed temporarily in command of Hardaway's battalion. Subsequently when Hardaway returned, Major Cutshaw was put in command of the complex battalion and continued in its command until the end.

In addition to the commissioned officers of the Jeff Davis Artillery mentioned as having been captured, three sergeants, two corporals, and twenty-eight men of the battery were captured on the 12th of May. None of these were exchanged until the following spring, when a few men, who had become physical wrecks from their rough prison treatment, were permitted to come through the lines. None of them, however, returned to active service. Six of the captured men of this lot filled prison graves, a fraction slightly more than 17 per cent. Of the number captured, four privates—William Batton, A. J. Blanks, T. M. Bradley, and W. R. Harris—were killed. The number of wounded is not known.

Lieut. Dwight E. Bates was one of the six hundred Confederate officers who were taken from Fort Delaware, used as a Federal prison pen for Confederate prisoners of war, "marched to the fort wharf, and packed on board of the small Gulf steamship, *Crescent City*, like cattle are packed in railroad cars." These six hundred human beings were shipped to Gen. J. G. Foster, U. S. A., Hilton Head, S. C. This suffering human cargo was led to believe that they were being transported South to be exchanged, which nerved the poor sufferers and enabled them the more bravely to bear their sufferings. They became suspicious, however, when the vessel did not stop at Fort Monroe, and they became more suspicious when they found their vessel was being escorted by two United States gunboats. After several delays and the grounding of the ship on one occasion, the vessel arrived off Morris Island on the morning of the 7th of September, the men having been huddled together for eighteen days, "suffering the tortures of the damned." Here they were coolly informed that it had never been the intention of the United States government to "exchange" them, that they "would be placed on Morris Island under the fire of the Confederate guns in retaliation for the Union prisoners under fire, in Charleston city, of the guns of Morris Island and the fleet shelling the city."

Accordingly, on the afternoon of the 7th of September, they were landed on Morris Island. For forty-five days they were subjected to the fire of the Confederate guns, and though the Confederate bombardment continued, not one of the Confederate officers was hit during that time. The suffering of these heroes has been graphically depicted by Comrade J. Ogden Murray, who was one of the sufferers, in a volume designated "The Immortal Six Hundred." At the time of this rough treatment Bates was a man between forty-five and fifty years old, yet he pulled through the horrors to which he was subjected, and survived for several years after the war, dying at an advanced age at the home of his nephew, Frank Bates, of Perry County, Ala. He was never married. Captain Reese and Lieutenant Bates were not released until June, 1865. In addition to Lieutenant Bates, Capt. W. P. Carter and Lieut. W. E. Hart, S. H. Hawes, and F. King, officers of other batteries in Page's Battalion, who were captured at the same time, were included in the "Immortal Six Hundred." It was my pleasure to have corresponded with Lieut. S. H. Hawes, of Fry's Battery, for several years, and he had given me a cordial invitation to enjoy his hospitality during my contemplated attendance at the Richmond reunion of the Confederate Veterans, in June, 1922. The invitation was extended in December, 1921. I immediately extended my thanks, but reminded Comrade Hawes that six months is a long time at our age, and great developments might occur in that time. He was a few years my senior. During the subsequent April a letter in a black-bordered envelope reached me, and I did not have to open the letter to know its contents. Comrade Hawes had entered into the "port where the storms of life never beat, and the forms that have tossed on its chafing waves lie quiet forevermore."

In his report for the initial fighting on May 12, Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson gives the two pieces of artillery of the second section of the Jeff Davis Artillery credit for aiding Stuart's Brigade to repulse the first Federal assault, and does not mention the work of the other two pieces. I am a living witness that all four guns of the Jeff Davis Artillery reached the vicinity of the salient known as the "Bloody Angle" before any firing occurred on the morning of the 12th of May, and all were posted and fired, though one section was awkwardly placed, and that three of the guns of the battery were captured in the

salient, the other having escaped before capture, under the order of Maj. R. C. M. Page, commanding the battalion to which the Jeff Davis Artillery was attached.

The following is a copy of an entry, on the May, 1864, muster roll of the Jeff Davis Artillery, under the heading, "Record of events which may be necessary for future reference at the War Department, or for present information":

"This battery left camp near Pisgah Church, May 7, 1864, and marched down the Orange and Fredericksburg turnpike. Took position near Locust Grove, did not fire. Left Locust Grove the 8th of May and marched through the Wilderness to Spotsylvania Courthouse, where we arrived at 11 o'clock P.M. May 12 and took position one and one-half miles northwest of Spotsylvania Courthouse, about 4 A.M., the the Yankees having broken our lines before we were in position. The battery fired twenty rounds of case shot and canister. The battery lost forty men and all commissioned officers captured and four men killed; also three 3-inch rifles, 2 caissons, 22 horses, and all the equipments. On the 21st of May left Spotsylvania, marched to Hanover Junction, and lay in line of battle two days. Left Hanover Junction 27th of May, marching two days to the vicinity of Cold Harbor battle field. Took position near the Mechanicsville and Old Church road. June 3 lost one man killed by Yankee sharpshooter."

This data is subscribed to by C. W. McCrerey, sergeant major, and William E. Cutshaw, major commanding battalion. This muster roll covers the period from May 1 to July 1, and is dated July 11, 1864. The inscription under official signature fully sustains my contention that all four guns of the Jeff Davis Artillery were posted, and engaged, at the Bloody Angle in the initial fighting which took place early on the morning of the 12th of May, 1864.

In June, 1917, I visited the several battle fields in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, and made it a point to visit the Bloody Angle, and was kindly accompanied by Comrade Carner, who lived in the old courthouse, at Spotsylvania. The dim outlines of the old salient were plainly visible, though time was doing its work. There had been little change in the general appearance of conditions in the fifty-four years that had elapsed. The pines were larger. A few Federal monuments dotted the forest in front of the salient, and some distance southwest from the salient was a marble monument marking the spot where Maj. Gen. John Sedgwick, of the Federal army, fell. The McCool and Harris houses, around which both armies tramped, shouted, and shot on that fearful 12th of May were standing, though I was informed both had received new covers and new siding. When passing near the McCool house we were caught in a shower and our automobile sought the friendly shelter of the barn to that house, which prevented us from getting soaked.

THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.

Through untold ages did the vision wait,
Undreamed of, till God's chosen servant came
And, in the Granite Wonder's face, saw Fate
Flash forth a figured miracle to Fame!

Rise, Southland! Rise, and see, where once the wind
Played with the banners of your hope unfurled,
Your glory in the living stone defined—
The Master Monument in all the world!

—Elwyn Barron.

"THE RECORD THAT WE MADE."

BY W. M. IVES, LAKE CITY, FLA.

The 4th Florida Regiment was organized in the spring and summer of 1861, and its officers were Col. Edward Hopkins; Lieut. Col. M. Whit Smith; Maj. W. C. L. Bowen; Edward Badger, of Ocala, was its adjutant; W. L. Wheeden, surgeon; James McKay, quartermaster, of Tampa.

On May 23, 1862, the regiment was reorganized with John P. Hunt as colonel (he died at Chattanooga, September 1, 1862); W. C. L. Bowen, lieutenant colonel; Edward Badger, major.

The regiment left the State on June 9, 1862; was ordered to Chattanooga from Mobile on July 17, reached Chattanooga on the 23rd, and, with the 32nd Alabama, was left at Chattanooga as provost guard in August; on October 8 it left for Murfreesboro, and on November 5 was under Gen. N. B. Forrest in a raid on Nashville. Col. J. B. Palmer, of the 18th Tennessee, the 45th Tennessee, the 32nd Alabama, and 4th Florida, and John T. Morgan's Cavalry fought December 31, 1862, and January 2, 1863, in Preston's Brigade, of Breckinridge's Division, composed of the 20th Tennessee, 1st, 3rd, and 4th Florida, and 60th North Carolina. From Tullahoma, in May, this command was sent to Mississippi, where the 20th Tennessee was replaced by the 47th Georgia, in M. A. Stovall's Brigade; fought at Jackson on Sunday, July 12, 1863, capturing the flag of the 53rd Illinois, and inflicting many casualties without the loss of a man; fought at Chickamauga, September 20, and was in Breckinridge's successful charge, which broke Thomas's line at sundown; it captured two cannon. It was the left regiment at the foot of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863, losing 172 men, all but eighteen; six of these were wounded. In December, 1863, it was consolidated with the 1st Florida Cavalry, which had lost all its field officers at Missionary Ridge, and many men, and was known as the 1st and 4th Florida. Then fought at Dalton, February 24-27; Resaca, May 8-13; Calhoun, May 14-15; Adairsville, May 17; was under fire at Cassville on the 19th; at Dallas from May 25 to June 1; at Acworth on the skirmish line from June 1 to 11; on Pine Mountain 11-14; on main line on the 16th; fortified west side at Kenesaw on 17th; in reserve till the 27th, then reinforced Maney's Tennessee Brigade, when the flag of the 27th Illinois was captured. Held the point of danger at Cheatham's dead angle from June 30 till July 2, when we were so near we could throw rocks on the 34th Illinois, who were opposite. Skirmished on Chattahoochee River till the night of July 9, when we crossed and marched to Buckhead.

On Sunday, July 17th, General Hood relieved General Johnston, and on the 18th we fortified on the east of Peachtree Road; fought July 20 at Peachtree Creek; and on the 22nd on to the right of Atlanta. Was in skirmishing until August 3, when we crossed the breastworks and fortified a line at right angles; fought on the 5th and 6th the battle of Eutaw Creek; 7-27, skirmished; 28th, followed Sherman's men who had gone to Jonesboro, where we fought August 31-September 1; skirmished at Lovejoy Station, September 2-5; on the 9th marched to Jonesboro; on the 20th to Palmetto; on 29th left with Hood for Tennessee.

On October 5 we were north of Kenesaw Mountain when Sherman signaled General Corse: "Hold the fort, for I am coming." Marched from then until the 26th and 27th, when we skirmished at Decatur, Ala.; was at blockhouse capture on the 13th, in Mill Creek Gap. We were then at Florence, Ala., from November 5 to 21st, when we marched for Columbia, Tenn., and there skirmished on the 26-28. On the 29th we

reached Spring Hill, and on the 30th fought at Franklin; December 4, we were at a blockhouse near Stewart's Creek; on the 7th at Wilkinson Pike; on the 16th at Nashville, where our line was broken.

Our last battle was Bentonville, N. C., Sunday, March 19, 1865. On the 9th all Florida troops—that is, the 1st and 3rd, 1st and 4th, 6th and 7th Regiments—were consolidated as the 1st Florida; surrendered April 26, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C. Started home May 3; disbanded in Augusta, Ga., May 14. I reached home on Sunday, May 21, 1865.

We had twenty-three at the flag, sixteen on detail, one hundred and eighty-four in prison, and one hundred and eighty-two disabled or sick, of the 926 enlisted men and forty-seven officers who left Florida June 9, 1862; and about forty were added to us by the State. I was orderly sergeant of Company K, 1st Florida Cavalry.

CONTRIBUTION OF THE CONFEDERACY TO NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND NAVAL WARFARE.

[This excellent paper has been held in the VETERAN office for some time, and unfortunately, the name of the writer has been lost as it was not attached to the paper. So it is published without credit, but that will be given later upon hearing from the author.]

Much has been written about the Confederate navy endeavoring to give an impartial account of the ways and means by which the South, lacking manufacturing industries, without skilled workmen or material for construction, shut off from the markets of the world, equipped and maintained in the field for four long years the most efficient naval service known to modern times. That, in itself, is enough to cause us a feeling of pride. Yet the Confederate navy did more than this; it stretched its influence beyond the narrow confines of our nation and revolutionized the maritime science of the world.

Now that torpedo warfare is recognized as legitimate by all nations of the world, history cannot omit to record that the Confederacy was the first government to bring it into existence as a formidable and practicable weapon. The torpedo and the steam ram were probably the most valuable contributions to the science of naval warfare which they made during their brief existence. The earliest instance of the use of torpedoes in the War between the States occurred on July 7, 1861. The effort was made against the Federal squadron in the Potomac River, the torpedoes consisting of oil casks, which buoyed cylinders of boiler iron containing the explosive material. The apparatus was observed by the squadron, and a boat's crew extinguished the fuses before any damage was done. Later, however, this same style of torpedo caused the Federals quite a lot of trouble, especially in the James River. The first instance of the destruction of a vessel of war in active warfare by a torpedo took place on December 12, 1862, when the Cairo, an ironclad gunboat, was blown up in the mouth of the Yazoo River. The torpedo which accomplished this was a large demijohn inclosed in a wooden box and fired with a friction primer by a trigger line leading to torpedo pits on shore.

Subaqueous and subterranean infernal machines came into use about the same time. Several types of these were used—the electric and the spar torpedo being the most important. Hunter Davidson,¹ of the Confederate States navy, makes the claim of having made the first successful application of electrical torpedoes or submarine mines as a system of defense in time of war, a system now generally adopted in some modified form, by all nations for the defense of

harbors, rivers, etc., as well as for the approaches by land to any fortified position.

The spar torpedo, an important invention which played a conspicuous part in this service of the Confederacy, was designed by Capt. Francis D. Lee, of the Engineer Corps, on duty in Charleston. These torpedoes were cylindrical shaped copper vessels supported by iron straps, with chemical or sensitive fuses projecting from the upper half of the hemispherical surface. They were operated at the extremity of a pole or spar projecting from the stem of the torpedo boat. Captain Lee also designed a strongly built boat to carry a spar torpedo to be made shot proof with armor and also very swift, so as to attack with impunity the largest vessels outside the harbor. The scheme was earnestly pressed by General Beauregard on both the Army and Navy Departments at Richmond, but in vain. Two other and much lighter boats were subsequently used, and successfully. These were the David and Dixon's Fish Boat, to be described later—but "this torpedo ram designed by Captain Lee was the real precursor of the boats now universally adopted in the navies of the world."²

Truly, there is nothing new under the sun. Many of us have accredited to German ingenuity an invention which in reality originated in the brain of a Confederate soldier. In the recent war the strictest guard was kept over the coal trains and barges to prevent the Hun from depositing there torpedoes camouflaged as pieces of coal. Surely, this idea "was made in Germany." But we find in a letter dated January 19, 1864, written by T. E. Courtenay to Col. H. E. Clark, allusions to certain torpedo inventions of his own. One of these devices was the coal torpedo, described as "an innocent lump of coal, but really a block of cast iron, with a core containing about ten pounds of powder."³ When covered with a mixture of tar and coal dust it was impossible to detect their character. They could be placed in coal piles on barges from which Federal vessels took their supplies, and exploded with terrible effect in their boilers. It is said that to this torpedo was traced a number of mysterious explosions, including the destruction of General Butler's headquarters boat, the Greyhound, on the James River, November 27, 1864.

Many of the officers of the Confederate navy were anxious to equip a flotilla of spar torpedo boats for operation against the blockade, but money and material were scarce, and Commander Ingraham, flag officer at Charleston, did not believe in what he called "new-fangled notions." Nevertheless, Lieutenant Glassell, aided by George A. Trenholme, at last fitted out several new boats with spar torpedoes. On the night of October 5, 1863, he undertook a daring and partly successful attack against the New Ironsides, a Federal ironclad laying in Charleston harbor. A little boat of peculiar construction, cigar shaped, driven by a propeller with steam power, was employed for the purpose. It was known as the Little David, one of the double-ended steam torpedo craft constructed by the Confederacy. They were of wood or iron, thirty to fifty feet long, and about seven feet in diameter at the middle. They were ballasted so as to float deeply in the water, and were painted a bluish gray color above the water line. The torpedo, carried on a spar protruding from the boat, was a copper cylinder, carrying about one hundred pounds of powder. Lieutenant Glassell took with him only three men—J. H. Toombs, assistant engineer; James Sullivan, fireman; and J. W. Cannon, pilot. The night selected for the expedition was hazy, so the David was within three hundred yards of the New Ironsides and making directly for her side before discovered. The frigate fired on the torpedo boat, but Glassell kept on. The next moment the little craft struck the frigate and the torpedo exploded with full force. A column

of water, thrown up by the concussion, descended into the engine room of the Ironsides. It was also the means of disabling its doughty little antagonist, putting out the fires of the David and jamming the machinery. Lieutenant Glassell was taken prisoner, but Cannon and Toombs managed to rebuild the fires and brought the David back to the city that night. Although the huge ironclad was not sunk, the expedition was not an utter failure, for the moral effect of the attack lasted for some time.

The first submarine craft in the world worthy of the name, and the first to destroy a vessel of war was the "Fish Boat" which operated in the Charleston Harbor. This boat was constructed in Mobile in 1863, and was received in Charleston in February, 1864. She was built of boiler iron, thirty-four feet long, with a diameter of five feet, and arranged with a pair of lateral fins, so she could be submerged or brought to the surface. This was where she differed essentially from the David, for the latter, while halfway submerged, could not go under the water. The Fish Boat was designed to dive under a vessel, dragging a torpedo after it, which was filled with a percussion cap, so that it would explode when it struck the vessel. The defect in the boat, and a serious one, was that while she was provided with tanks which could be filled or emptied to increase or decrease her displacement, there was no provision made for a storage of air. She sank four times, each time suffocating her crew, but each time divers brought her up.

Lieut. George E. Dixon asked permission of General Beauregard to try her against the Housatonic, a splendid new ship of war which lay in the channel to prevent the arrival and departure of blockade runners. Beauregard consented, but only on condition that she should not be used as a submarine, but merely operating on the surface of the water, and with a spar torpedo, in the same manner as the David. All of the thirty or more men who had met death in the "fish" were volunteers, but Dixon had no difficulty in securing another crew ready to take the same risk. The officer of the Housatonic detected what seemed to him a plank moving along the water, but before he gave the alarm, Dixon closed in, firing his torpedoes on the starboard side. A hole was knocked in her side, extending below her water line, and she went down in four minutes. But the victory of the "Fish" was fatal to herself and her crew. Whether she was swamped by the column of water thrown up by the explosion, or was carried down by the suction of the sinking Housatonic, will never be known. She went down never to rise again, sacrificing the lives of all on board.

This bit of verse, published in the *Literary Digest*, pays a noble compliment to Dixon and his men who gave their lives to the "Southern Cause." It is called the "Sailor's View":

"Too proud to fight? I am not so sure—our skipper now and then
Has lectured to us on patrol on foreign ships and men,
And other nations' submarines, when cruising 'round the Bight;
And seems to me—when they begin—the Yankee chaps can fight.
Why, if I was in the army (which I ain't—and much regret)
And had my pick of generals, from London's latest pets
To Hannibal and Wellington, to follow whom I chose,
I wouldn't think about it long—I'd give the job to those
Who fought across a continent for three long years and more.
I bet the neutral papers didn't say in '64,
Of Jackson, Sherman, Lee, and Grant, 'the Yanks can only shout.'

That lot was somewhere near the front when pluck was handed out.

But what the skipper said was this: There's only been but one

Successful submarine attack before this war begun;

And it wasn't on a liner on the easy German plan,

But on a well-found man of war, and Dixon was the man

Who showed us how to do the trick, a tip for me and you,

And I'd like to keep the standard up of Dixon and his crew,

For they hadn't got a submarine that cost a hundred thou';

But a leaky little biscuit box and, stuck upon her bow,

A spar torpedo like a mine, and they and Dixon knew

That if they sank the enemy they'd sink the David too.

She'd drowned a crew or two before—they dredged her up again,

And manned and pushed her off to sea—my oath, it's pretty plain

They had some nerve to give away, that tried another trip

In a craft they knew was rather more a coffin than a ship;

And they carried out a good attack, and did it very well.

As a model for the future, why it beats the books to hell,

A tradition for the U. S. A. and, yes—for England, too;

For they were men with English names, and kin to me and you.

And I'd like to claim an ancestor with Dixon when he died

At the bottom of the river at the Housatonic's side."

That torpedo warfare was successful is easily shown by the following figures: Over thirty vessels, including three ironclads, eight transports, nine gunboats, and four monitors, were destroyed, while eleven were seriously damaged or disabled by Confederate torpedoes. In less than a month ten vessels of the Federal government, including two monitors, were destroyed by the Confederate torpedo service, a fact that may be left to stand alone as an evidence of its efficiency.

It was on Morris Island that General Beauregard first applied his plan of detached batteries for the defense of channels and rivers. Close observation had shown him that batteries thus constructed and armed with a few guns each, well protected by heavy traverses, were much more efficient than would be a single large work, having all the guns concentrated in it, without these protections.

In January, 1860, Col. C. H. Stevens, of the 24th South Carolina Regiment, then a private citizen in Charleston, began the erection of an iron-armored battery of two guns on Cummings' Point, thirteen hundred yards from Fort Sumter. It was built of heavy, yellow pine timber, with great solidity, overlaid with railroad irons, so fitted together as to present a smooth, inclined surface, to be greased when ready for action. Its heavy guns, three in number, were fired through embrasures supplied with strong iron shutters.

Capt. John R. Hamilton, of Chester, an ex-officer of the United States navy, designed and constructed a floating battery of palmetto logs, armored with boiler iron, over which railroad iron was fastened. The roof was bomb proof and it mounted four heavy guns. It was put in position at the western extremity of Sullivan's Island, so as to deliver a destructive fire upon the entrance of the Fort, a point which could not be effectively bombarded from any other battery.

Both Colonel Stevens's and Captain Hamilton's batteries proved the wisdom of their inventors and fully met General Beauregard's expectations. In these batteries, which participated in the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and were the first experiments from which sprang all ironclad vessels and land batteries in the United States, we may clearly recognize the germ of such armored ships as the Virginia and her successors; but it does not follow that the designers were prompted by

these devices. Yet, "to them we may attribute most of the important changes and improvements since made in naval architecture and armament."⁴

In Europe and America, speculations upon the possibility of sheathing ships with shot-proof metal were rife in naval circles before the war. The topic had been discussed in a desultory way ever since the allied fleets of wooden vessels had demonstrated that they could not endure the fire of the Russian forts at Sevastopol. The subject of ironclads was full of difficulty and doubt. Experiments upon a large scale of expense made in England and France, if not resulting in absolute failure, had achieved but a limited and questionable success. It is true that all the great powers had already experimented with vessels partly armored, but very few were convinced of their utility, and none had been tried by the crucial test of battle, if we except the few floating batteries used during the Crimean War. Yet it was evident that a new and material element in maritime warfare was developing itself and demanding attention.

In the spring of 1861, Norfolk and its large naval establishment had been hurriedly abandoned by the Federals, why or wherefore no one could tell. Among the ships burned, or sunk, by the Union forces to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Confederates was the frigate Merrimac, of 3,200 tons and 40 guns. When the Confederates took possession of the navy yard, they immediately raised the Merrimac, converted her into an ironclad, according to plans drawn by Lieut. George M. Brooke, and rechristened her the Virginia. The ship was covered with iron plating four inches thick—the under layer being placed horizontal, the upper layer up and down—bolted through the wood work and clinched inside. Thus armored, she was further provided with a cast-iron prow, which projected four feet, but which was imperfectly secured, as the test of battle proved. The novel plan of submerging the ends of the ship and eaves of the casemate was a peculiar and distinctive feature of the Virginia, one never before adopted. The resistance of iron plates to heavy fire, whether presented in vertical planes or at low angles of inclination, had been investigated in Europe before the Virginia was commenced, but the Confederates were without accurate data, however, and were compelled to determine the inclination of the plates, their thickness, and so on, by actual experiment. The work proceeded slowly on this unique vessel; material and workmen were scarce; the theory, drawings, and calculations of the constructor had to be verified as they proceeded. Finally, however, she was completed and launched on March 8, 1862, to make of her trial trip a trial of battle. Her machinery was untried, her officers and crew strangers alike to the ship and to each other, and yet, under all these circumstances and disadvantages, the dashing courage and consummate professional ability of Flag Officer Buchanan and his associates achieved the most remarkable victory which naval annals record. In so brief a paper detailed description cannot be given of the gallant encounters of the Merrimac. She immediately paralyzed the Federal fleet in Hampton Roads. The first day she destroyed several vessels, among others the Cumberland and the Congress. Her performance changed the whole system of naval defense so far as wooden ships were concerned. "Europe as well as America would have to begin anew: and that nation which could produce ironclad ships with greatest rapidity would be the mistress of the seas."⁵

During the night the Monitor arrived—most inopportunistly for the Virginia. This was also an ironclad, built hurriedly by the Federals in answer to the Virginia. She has been described as a "tin can on a shingle," or "a cheese box on a raft."

But, though small and insignificant in appearance, she was the product of Yankee ingenuity and was destined to play an important rôle in the future development of maritime warfare. The Virginia had shown a wondering world that wooden vessels could not stand for an instant against the ironclads, and now the world looked on, curious to see her prowess against a foeman of her own class.

The Virginia had been slightly damaged in the previous day's encounter—her prow was broken when she rammed the Cumberland, and she was leaking in several places. The Monitor had barely escaped shipwreck twice on its trip down, the crew was new and exhausted, and the untried machinery of the new ironclad was working badly. Such was the condition of each when the two giants met at eight o'clock on the morning of March 9, 1862. It was soon apparent to both commanding officers that each had found a foeman worthy of his ship, and that the test was to be the strength of their country's iron rather than that of the seamanship or courage of her sailors. The poetry of a naval battle was missing; it was simply a game of enormous iron bolts hurled upon thick iron plates from iron guns of heretofore unknown dimensions. The contest was not between ships, but between metal monsters with impenetrable sides, each representing a type that was fighting not only for the cause which it represented, but for its own existence as the fittest to survive and be the prototype of the future fighting machines of the navies of the world. The battle raged almost continuously for four hours and, about twelve, noon, terminated without material damage to either ship and without decisive victory to either flag. So far as the damage done can indicate success, the Virginia could claim the palm of victory. She had sunk the Cumberland, burned the Congress, riddled the Minnesota, destroyed the Dragon, burned the Whitehall, injured the Roanoke and St. Lawrence, and left her mark on the Monitor. More than thirty prisoners had been captured and over two hundred and fifty of her enemies killed or wounded, while not a vessel of the Confederate squadron had been disabled or even seriously injured.⁶ She had not only inflicted immense loss on her enemy, but she defied the best production of unrestricted American genius.

These engagements in Hampton Roads on the eighth and ninth of March, 1862, were, in their results, in some respects the most momentous naval conflict ever witnessed. No battle was ever more widely discussed or produced a greater sensation. It revolutionized the navies of the world. In this battle old things passed away and the experience of a thousand years of battle and breeze was forgotten. The naval supremacy of England vanished in this fight, it is true, only to reappear some years later more commanding than ever. Rams and ironclads were in the future to decide all naval warfare.

The Monitor never met her opponent in open battle again, in fact, she seemed to avoid a second contest. The Virginia was put into dry dock for repairs, and, when Norfolk was abandoned, the gallant little ship was run ashore near Craney Island and fired. The Monitor, too, disappeared from sight a few months later, foundering off Cape Hatteras while on a voyage to Charleston, on December 29, 1862. So short lived were the two vessels that revolutionized the navies of the world. Defective in construction as they were, yet they contained the germ of all modern war vessels. Just in the recent war the British used the plans of Ericsson's Monitor in their Dardanelles campaign, desiring a steady gun platform, as safe as possible from submarine attack.

Such was the career of the Virginia, a vessel constructed out of the burned and scuttled remains of the Merrimac,

planned and fashioned crudely because of the limited resources of the Confederacy, armed with the banded guns, the work of Lieut. J. M. Brooke, and manned with a crew of soldiers. She was a prodigy and a nondescript in naval construction. Defective as the vessel was, the moral and physical efficiency was enough to raise the hopes of the South to the highest pitch of jubilation and throw the North into a state bordering on panic, culminating in the destruction of the Cumberland and Congress. Indeed, "the official records show that she was far more feared at Washington than General Lee's army, and that the terror excited by her exploits reached to every Atlantic city."⁷

There has been developed by writers on this question a very unjust comparison between the Federal turreted monitors and the Confederate casemate ships, unfavorable to the latter. According to these critics, the Confederate naval constructors were blunderers at their business because their vessels were overcome in battle by the turret craft, and the Federal constructors are exalted to the pinnacle of fame. It is self-evident that such comparison and conclusions are wholly disregarding of the facts that must be the foundations of any just comparison of the merits of these two classes of marine fighting machines. If the Navy Department of the Confederacy had had behind it an inexhaustible treasury upon which to draw at pleasure; if it had been possessed of half a dozen navy yards equipped with the most perfect plants that could be devised; if it had been able to produce or import all the material or labor it required—if it had been endowed with all these things, each of which was possessed by the Federal government, it would only have stood upon even ground with its opponent; but with its poverty in ship yards, in machinery, in mills, in mechanics, and in experience, it relatively accomplished much greater results than did the North. The casemate type of ships grew out of its necessities and limitations, for that was the easiest and cheapest class to build; it was an ingenious and wise adaptation of means to an end. The men who designed the Virginia knew that her engines were unfit for the enormous weight put upon them, but they had neither the time nor the material to build a better engine. As for the effect on later maritime architecture, it must be remembered that the most powerful ships of the great European navies partake of both the casemate and the turret plans. The so-called citadel ironclads, upon which England in particular has spent enormous sums, are the evolution of the casemate design. In the essential qualification of rapidity of fire, the broadside batteries of the casemate ships were far superior to the guns of the turreted monitors, as the Federals discovered with the New Ironsides at Charleston, which came very much nearer to the designs of the Confederate constructors than to those of John Ericsson, and was for general fighting uses a much more serviceable ship than any of the monitors. On any fair discrimination, the Southern builders may fearlessly rest their claims to professional honors.

The career of the Alabama, the cruiser which wrought such havoc with the Federal commerce, had no vital effect either upon the course of the war or upon naval architecture and warfare, and, therefore, does not deserve consideration in this paper. She was built in England, armed with English guns, and operated by English gunners. She was bought by the Confederate government after she was completed, and Captain Semmes, her commander, was about the only Southerner who had any relations with the ship. The Alabama itself never entered a Confederate port.⁸

Thus we see that the Confederate States navy, meteoric as was its career, did its "bit" toward the furtherance of

naval warfare and naval science. Steam rams, torpedoes, and floating batteries were used for the first time, and most effectively. The Virginia put to actual test the theory of ironclads, and proved to the world that such a theory was not merely "a new fangled notion," while the Little David and Dixon's "Fish Boat" were the beginning of the submarines which have played so large a part in the recent war. Time has served to heal the break between the North and the South, healed it so effectively that to-day blue and gray, merged into khaki, goes forth as one to fight for democracy and the freedom of the world, and when we think of the matchless gallantry of the Yankee boys who have fought so wonderfully side by side with Dixie's sons, it makes us proud that we were able to lick their fathers until we were so exhausted we could not proceed with the job. But time can never obliterate the services that the Confederates rendered to the maritime progress of civilization.

¹"Southern Historical Papers," Vol. II, p. 1. ²Johnson's "Defense of Charleston Harbor," p. 31. ³Scharf's "The Confederate States Navy," p. 762. ⁴Roman's "Military Operations of General Beauregard," Vol. I, p. 37. ⁵Scharf's "The Confederate States Navy," p. 149. ⁶Scharf's "The Confederate States Navy," p. 170. ⁷Scharf's "The Confederate States Navy," p. 238. ⁸*World's Work*. Vol. 32, pp. 182-83.

IN CAMP NEAR SAVANNAH, GA.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

The 31st Georgia Regiment was a volunteer command raised by Colonel Phillips, of Columbus, Ga., to serve on the coast of Georgia for twelve months and to be armed with Enfield rifles imported from England. Neither of these promises was fulfilled, for, before its time on the coast expired, it was by act of the Confederate Congress reorganized and enlisted for three years, or the war, sent to Virginia, and incorporated in Jackson's army. The Enfield rifles were never furnished according to promise, and only came into the hands of the men as they picked them up on the battle fields after they had routed the enemy in numerous engagements in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. For quite a while the men were armed only with such guns as they brought from their homes, and consisted of all sorts of firearms, most of which were absolutely unfit for use in the army. Great complaint arose among the men when they found that there were no rifles for them, and some even talked of going back to their homes when Governor Joseph E. Brown had sent a carload of pikes to the camp for the men. These were dangerous-looking weapons, with a long, keen steel blade fixed to a pole about eight feet long. Men armed only with these ancient spears could make a poor defense against an army equipped with modern firearms.

The men absolutely refused to take these pikes, and the officers, seeing their discontent, did not urge them to do so. What became of them I do not know, but afterwards, when our thin line was holding our works in 1865 against Grant's heavy battalions, I thought they would have come in very handily, for they were far more formidable than a bayonet on the end of a short rifle, a weapon that was used very little in battle and killed very few men on either side. I took part in twenty-nine battles and many skirmishes, and I can remember seeing only one man killed with the bayonet. When I saw these primitive arms piled up in our camp, I realized that our country had gone to war unprepared for the great conflict.

After some time spent in much drilling and strict discipline, a lot of old, rusty, smoothbore, muzzle-loading muskets of effete pattern, which had served in all the wars since 1776, were put into the hands of the men. They carried a ball and three buckshot, were more effective at about two hundred yards than a rifle, but were too heavy, and kicked like a young mule every time they were fired.

I must tell my own experience with one of these guns. In our first engagement in Virginia we charged a battery, and I am sure I loaded my gun and fired several times, for it reminded me of this fact every time it went off in a very unmistakable way; but when we got near up to the enemy, it kicked me ten feet out of ranks and landed me flat on my back on the ground, with blood issuing out of my mouth and nose.

When the regiment first organized in November, 1861, there were only nine companies, and some of these were quite small. A company under Captain Thornton had gone from Georgia to West Virginia some time previous, where the men had contracted measles and all but a very few, including the captain, had died. The remnant was sent to us to complete the necessary ten companies, but our numbers were small until the conscript act was passed. After this the ranks of all the companies filled up in a short while, and some of these men proved to be good soldiers, as good as those who had volunteered at first.

This act of the Confederate Congress required all twelve-months troops to reorganize by electing new regimental officers. In this election, Major C. A. Evans was elected colonel, Captain Crowder, lieutenant colonel, and a captain Lowe, major. These officers were much more capable for their duties than their predecessors, who had received their appointments for some political reason and knew little or nothing about military affairs. I must relate a little circumstance which on one occasion created among the men on drill much laughter at the expense of one of these political military officers. Our wide parade ground extended to a marsh to the east of the camp, this marsh forming an impassable barrier in that direction. Our lieutenant colonel, who had never drilled the regiment before, came out in his fine uniform and maneuvered the command very well for a time, until he had it faced to the east and advancing in a beautiful line. Walking backward some distance in front of the men, and not noticing where he was going, he backed into the bog and fell, while the regiment continued to advance over him. Floundering in the mud, he forgot to give the command "Right, Face," but waving his sword over his head, he made use of language too bad to repeat. This was his last effort to drill the regiment, and we never saw him again. He was a man of brilliant mind and belonged to one of the most prominent families in the State, but he had unfortunately a habit that disqualified him for any usefulness in civil or military life.

Our first encampment was at Camp Wilson on the Shell road, an extension of Whitaker Street, and some distance beyond the Atlantic and Georgia, now the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. This was a large, level field and occupied by the 25th and 27th Georgia regiments when we arrived. The former commanded by Colonel Norwood, afterwards United States Senator from Georgia, and the latter by Colonel Alexander. We had not been in these camps many days before we were invaded by measles, that dread enemy of all new soldiers, and many of our men died or were rendered unfit for further service. Other diseases thinned our ranks, and for a while few recruits came to take their places. We were under very strict discipline all the time, but some men

disregarded the military regulations and suffered the consequences, so that when we moved, some time in February, to Beaulieu on Vernon River, several miles from the city, quite a number of them wore ball and chain for some misconduct. These were put to work on our new parade ground, which was full of stumps when we came, and in a short time all of these were removed and it became a lovely place.

While at Camp Wilson, when on guard, I often admired the splendid appearance of the 25th Georgia Regiment as it was maneuvered by Colonel Norwood, in his beautiful uniform and mounted on a superb horse. Sometimes they would come toward me, standing there on my post at the edge of our camp, in a long line, every knee bending at the same time to the lively music of a brass band. But just before they reached me, the command was always given and they wheeled off in another direction, and my fear of being run over was relieved.

A little incident which happened while we were here served to break the monotony of camp life very effectually for a short while. At midnight, when all well-behaved soldiers, except those on guard, were sound asleep, the long roll, that never-to-be-forgotten rattle that wakes a soldier to do or die, was sounded. The voice of our orderly sergeant was heard calling out "Fall in! Fall in!" In the darkness and confusion, we grabbed our clothes and got into them as quickly as possible, and, seizing our guns, we took our place in ranks. While this was going on, some of our men were so dazed by the suddenness of this rude awakening that they acted like madmen. One fellow snatched up a blanket for his trousers, but could not get into it. Our old French bandmaster rushed up and down the street, shouting all the time, "Where de capitan? Where de capitan? I die by de capitan!" We were soon trotted off to the parade ground to take our place in the ranks of the regiment there drawn up, to meet the enemy as we thought. Casting our eyes in every direction, we could not see the flashing of the enemy's guns or hear any noise of battle. Here we stood for quite a while in uncertainty, when finally Colonel Phillips appeared. Walking slowly down the line, he asked each orderly sergeant as he passed whether all the men were present, and to send all absentees up to his headquarters the next morning at 8 o'clock. We were then marched back to our quarters and dismissed for the night. The next morning at daybreak the delinquents stepped into ranks to answer to their names, ignorant of what had happened during the night. There was quite a delegation from each company to march up to headquarters that morning to receive, as they thought, a very severe penalty for their misconduct. Our good old colonel stood up before his tent and lectured the men, while others stood armed grinning and laughing at their plight; but to the surprise and joy of the guilty, he dismissed them all without punishment after they had promised him never to run away from camp again.

We were all very much improved in health by our move to Beaulieu, on the Vernon River, where we could bathe in the warm salt water. The first Sunday morning after we went to this place we were set to work throwing up a great fort in front of Mr. Jackson's residence. We completed it in a short time and covered it over with Bermuda grass sod. Several old smoothbore, thirty-two-pounders, and one sixty-four-pounder, cannon were afterwards mounted on it, and two fine companies of the regiment were detailed to learn how to handle the gun and man the fort. A sentinel was kept day and night walking on the parapet to look out for the approach of the enemy's ships, and another was under the fort to guard the magazine. We cut down great oaks and hauled them into position by tugboats to obstruct the river some distance in

front of the fort, but the enemy never came to attack us while we were there. I have often thought what futile resistance our men with these old obsolete guns could have made against ships armed with modern long-range guns.

Spades and shovels were put into our hands that Sunday morning, and we were making the dirt fly when Colonel Phillips, to see how the work was progressing, came along dressed in his fine new uniform, a red sash around his waist, and white cotton gloves on his hands. I was working beside Mr. Costigan, an Irishman of Company E, who could smoke his pipe and sling the dirt to a great height with ease. When the colonel got within a few feet of us, Costigan, pretending not to see him, turned and threw a shovel full of dirt into his bosom. As soon as he had done this, he began to apologize to the colonel for his rude conduct, but the colonel passed on and only smiled. When he had gone, I asked Costigan why he had done so. He replied that the colonel had no business coming around where we were at "wor-rk." Costigan was a better soldier with a shovel in his hand than with a gun.

Afterwards, in going into battle, Capt. Tip Harrison would call out to him in his lively way: "Mind your eye, Pat." To which Costigan would reply: "Faith, and you had better mind your own eye."

Back of our tent's we built a large commissary house, stables for horses and mules, and a chapel where divine services were held almost every night. These things being done, we were ordered to strike tents and move to Skidaway Island. We now became aware that we were overburdened with baggage, but we got there all the same and made our camp on that beautiful island in sight of the United States fleet, lying some distance out at sea. Here we had little to do except to drill, as usual four hours a day, and do picket and camp guard duty. The place was open to the sea and at times storming winds lifted our tents at night and exposed our sleeping comrades to a drenching rain. I suppose there were other troops on the island, but we never met them, and, after remaining there some weeks, we returned to our old camp at Beaulieu. We crossed over to the mainland at Isle of Hope, where the Chatham Artillery had their encampment, and we noticed with pleasure the splendid equipment of that famous battery. We also passed, on our return, the Camp of Wright's Legion, afterwards called the 38th Georgia Regiment, with which we were later on to be associated in many sanguinary engagements. This was a splendid body of men and could always be counted on to the last day of the conflict. There were other well-armed and equipped regiments at that time guarding the city, and for some reason the enemy made no serious effort to capture the place, though there was more or less fighting at times, in which the enemy always paid a heavy penalty for making the attack. I cannot say how many regiments were there to defend the city, but when Gen. A. R. Lawton took our (31st) regiment and five others away in June, 1862, he left a force there supposed to be sufficient to defend it against the United States fleet and land forces. The town was well fortified in every direction and never was taken until the last of the war, when the Confederates marched out and abandoned the place. Sometime after our return to our old encampment, we made a new camp in a beautiful grove of large oaks just back of the Jackson residence and near the fort. This place was on a high bluff overlooking the Vernon River, where the bathing and boating were fine; but camp life was monotonous and most of us were anxious to be at the front to escape the rigid discipline to which we were subject. Afterwards, when we had our wish gratified, we longed to be sent back. Alas, how many of my comrades of that eventful period survived the war and are alive to-day!

LIEUT. COL. DAVID LEWIS DONALD.

BY MRS. ELLA COX CROMER, ABBEVILLE, S. C.

Lieut. Col. David Lewis Donald was born, January 25, 1825, at Donalds, S. C., this well-known town having been named for his distinguished father, Maj. John Donald, an officer in the home service corps in the War of 1812. Dr. James F. Donald, twin brother of Colonel Donald, was an able physician of Greenville County.

Colonel Donald was educated in the schools of Abbeville County, by private tutors, and at Erskine College. At the age of twenty-one he volunteered for service in the Mexican War. The records of the National War Office in Washington, D. C., show that he entered this service on December 21, 1846, as a private in Capt. (later Colonel) S. Foster Marshall's Company E, Palmetto Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, and that he was honorably discharged from this service July 3, 1848, as a second lieutenant. His brother, Dr. Robert Donald, also served in the Mexican War as a surgeon. His nephew, John Donald Hill, was also a volunteer in the Mexican War, and is buried at Jalapa, Mexico. Colonel Donald was in the battles of Vera Cruz, Contreras, Cherubusco, Garita De Belin, and Chapultepec, in which last-mentioned battle he was severely wounded.

The legislature of South Carolina voted a handsome gold medal to each officer, and a silver medal to each private, with a section of public land in Kansas to every soldier. Colonel Donald's medal is in the keeping of his daughter, Mrs. Janie Donald Sproles, President of the Robert A. Waller Chapter U. D. C., and Regent of the Kosciusko Chapter D. A. R., of Greenwood, S. C.

He was twice married, his first wife, Miss Janie Agnew, passing away in a few months of scarlet fever. His second wife was Miss Ella Barmore. She was devoted to her handsome, gallant husband, and after his sudden death, at the age of forty-seven, life was never the same to her. She devoted her mind and strength to the upbringing of her eight children, and died at the age of seventy-nine, loved and respected by all. Her children rise up and call her blessed. Five children survive her—Mrs. J. D. Archer and Mrs. A. E. Arnold, of Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. A. J. Sproles, of Greenwood, S. C.; E. B. Donald, of Goldville, S. C.; and Dr. David Lewis Donald, of Williamston, S. C. Two of his grandsons served in the United States army in the late World War, thus completing the historic cycle of military service of their family since colonial days.

Colonel Donald's mother was Mary Houston, a member of the distinguished Houston family of Augusta County, Va. Her father, Samuel Houston, served in the South Carolina Infantry in the Revolutionary War at the age of sixteen. His father, John Houston, served also in the Revolutionary War from Abbeville County, having enlisted, as shown by records of War Office at Washington, on March 4, 1776, in the artillery. John Houston married Lydia Armstrong, of Augusta County, Va., whose grandfather, Robert Armstrong, was a captain in the Colonial Militia of Virginia, thus rendering the women of his family eligible to membership in the Colonial Dames of America.

Colonel Donald's first ancestor to come to America was John Houston, first a founder and ruling elder in Providence Presbyterian Church in Augusta County, Va. This John Houston served under George Washington in Virginia Colonial Wars, and is mentioned by name in a letter which the then Colonel Washington wrote to Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, asking him to have surveyed out to soldiers the public lands which had been promised them by the

Governor's proclamation. John Houston received two hundred and forty-six acres for this military service. His descendants still live upon his old homestead near Warrenton, Va., and show a coat of arms given to another ancestor, John Houston, in Scotland, who came to the help of his king when sore beset by foes. The coat of arms is an hourglass, with a greyhound on each side, and the motto, "In Time." The Scottish king knighted John Houston, and a descendant of his was a Royal Governor of Georgia and is buried at Savannah. The celebrated Gen. Sam Houston, Governor of Tennessee, hero of the Alamo, President of Texas, and first Governor of Texas after its entrance into the Union, was a first cousin of Colonel Donald's grandfather, Samuel Houston. (His grandmother, Anne Hamilton Houston, was a direct descendant of James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, who married a granddaughter of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland. Kings are at a discount just now, but any democrat may be proud of descent from the brave Scot, Robert Bruce.

Colonel Donald volunteered for service in the Confederate army and was mustered in as a first lieutenant on October 29, 1861; was promoted to a captaincy, and later to lieutenant colonel. On April 9, 1865, he was paroled at Appomattox Courthouse with his beloved commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and the star of the Confederacy went down to rise again in the splendid valor of her sons upon the battle fields of France.

With his brave men of Company F, Colonel Donald participated in the battles of Richmond, Deep Bottom, The Wilderness, First Manassas, Fort Harrison, Fraziers' Farm, Gaines's Mill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg. He was wounded at the battles of Richmond, The Wilderness, and at Deep Bottom.

At the reunion of Company F, on August 21, 1885, sixty-five of these heroic men were living, but scattered from North Carolina to Texas. The company consisted of 133 men. Fifty-seven were lost in the war.

When Lee surrendered at Appomattox, Company F had ten officers and twenty-three privates to be paroled, as follows: Lieutenant colonel, D. L. Donald; captain, J. A. McDavid; third lieutenant, W. H. Manly; first sergeant, Samuel Agnew; third sergeant, R. D. Newell; fourth sergeant, W. J. Stevenson; fifth sergeant, Bartley Hall; first corporal, L. E. Campbell; second corporal, W. D. Hall; third corporal, J. N. Barrett.

PRIVATES.—Ben Barnett, W. C. Brock, Robert Brooks, R. C. Brownlee, A. M. Dodson, W. Robert Dunn, B. F. Dacus, W. Frank Davis, Amos Eskew, J. C. C. Featherston, Moses Glasby, W. L. Green, P. W. Hewin, E. McAlister, John P. Morgan, John McCarley, Thomas McGukin, John Owens, C. S. Robinson, W. S. Sharpe, E. Stebens, William Watt, Thomas M. White.

In 1885 First Sergeant Samuel Agnew wrote a most interesting history of Company F, from which this roll is taken. Several editions of that history have been published. Four of these attended the reunion at Greenwood in 1919 and were the guests of Mrs. A. J. Sproles, the daughter of Colonel Donald. These were First Corporal L. E. Campbell, Anderson; W. C. Brock, Spartanburg; W. Frank Davis, Easley; W. Robert Dunn, Donalds, who went there with snowy hair and beard to talk over their campaigns, their victories, and their dear departed comrades.

I think every soldier of the Confederacy and every civilian who knew Colonel Donald will bear me out in the assertion that he was a golden-hearted gentleman, respected and beloved by all with whom he came in contact. He passed away April 25, 1872, a comparatively young man, but he had made

a noble record as a man, a Christian gentleman, and as a brave and patriotic officer in two great wars in the service of his country. He "passed over the river and rests under the shade of the trees" with his beloved commander, Robert E. Lee and his greatest field marshal, Stonewall Jackson, where naught can wake them to glory again.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

BY P. R. JONES, COMMANDER CAMP NO 1555 U. C. V. JACKSONVILLE, TEX.

These recollections of the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., fought mainly December 31, 1862, were inspired by an article by Comrade J. A. Templeton on the same battle. We were members of Company I, 10th Texas Cavalry (dismounted), having volunteered and joined that company at Rusk in 1861, and served together during the War between the States until his capture at Chickamauga, Ga., in 1863, and my getting wounded at the battle of Allatoona Pass in North Georgia in 1864, which placed both of us out of the firing line for the remainder of the war.

We had just gone into comfortable winter quarters at Readyville, a small village twelve miles east of Murfreesboro, after an active campaign in Kentucky under Gen. E. Kirby Smith, beginning about the first of August, 1862, when the distant sound of cannon in the direction of Nashville, thirty-one miles north of Murfreesboro, induced us to believe that General Rosecrans, commanding the Federal army, was advancing. In this we were not mistaken, for each day brought these ominous sounds closer and closer, and we were expecting orders to move at a moment's notice to meet this immense army, estimated at about 60,000 men.

About midnight of December 28, the entire command, consisting of one division at Readyville, was ordered out of their tents to march at once to Murfreesboro. Leaving a detail behind to look after camp equipage, we struck the road, but on account of the continued cold rain falling, making the roads extremely muddy and almost impassable in places, we did not get there until about daylight. Here, in the suburbs near the railroad depot, we built fires and dried our clothing and guns as best we could. In the meanwhile the enemy was just beyond Stone's River in full force, attempting to cross. We could distinctly hear the rattle of musketry as well as cannon, which plainly foretold that we were up against a real battle. General Bragg had his lines well established, the right wing being commanded by Gen. John C. Breckinridge, the center by Gen. W. J. Hardee, and the left by Gen. Leonidas Polk. The entire battle line was said to be about four miles in length.

The division of Gen. J. P. McCown, consisting of Ector's and McNair's Arkansas brigades, and one other (now forgotten), with the usual accompaniment of artillery of about one battery to each brigade, moved out on the battle line on the evening of the 29th, crossing Stone's River and taking position on almost the extreme left wing of General Bragg's army. We passed over ground that had been fought over by the pickets during the day, and here I saw the first dead man, a Confederate, who had been killed by an exploding shell, which struck him in the breast.

The two armies were now getting close to each other with their lines of infantry, the Federals, commanded by General Rosecrans, doing most of the advancing. On the 30th we maneuvered for position, and when nightfall came were in a lane with rail fences on each side, about four hundred yards

from the main line of the enemy. Orders were to speak only in a whisper, as the enemy's pickets were not more than one hundred yards in front, the plan of battle being to take them by surprise next morning.

We took down one of the lines of fence and spread the rails out over the ground next to the opposite string, which was left for breastworks. On the rails we passed the night without fires, most of the men sitting down watching the camp fires of the enemy some four hundred yards away, on an elevation. They were apparently ignorant of our being so close. We passed a most disagreeable night, having been on the battle field all of the night before and at times pelted with heavy showers during the 30th. I fortunately had a good wool blanket that I had brought from home, one of the old-fashioned kind, with a hole in the middle large enough for a man's head. I stuck my head through, pulled my hat down, took my loaded gun under the blanket, and thought of what would take place to-morrow.

Just before daybreak, General McNair brought his Arkansas brigade and placed it on our immediate right to fill up a gap, which appeared to complete all arrangements for the attack. At this juncture some whisky was passed down the line, of which more than half of my company did not drink a drop, but others imbibed freely. It was not given to the soldiers to inspire courage, but to warm them up after their long exposure to the rain and cold weather.

Just about fairly good daylight, orders were given to move forward. The boys went over the rail fence and soon encountered the enemy's pickets, driving them back into their camps, which were well lit up with fires, around which they were cooking breakfast. Many were still in their "pup" tents asleep and were killed while lying there. The onslaught was so sudden and the slaughter so great that they retreated in great confusion, every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost. In going through their camps we noticed that they had abandoned everything in order to get away. I noticed one of their dead some two hundred yards to their rear who had been killed still holding firmly to his pot of coffee.

There was a battery or two some distance in the rear of their camp that turned loose on us about this time and killed a number of our men. It was here that our company had its first men killed. Joe Reynolds, whose widowed mother lived down about Pinetown, was the first to fall. Then Thomas Dement and J. A. Holmes and one or two others. We had by this time become badly scattered, every fellow being his own general, keeping up a running fight for two and one-half miles to the cedar brake.

I fell in with Adjutant Sparks of my regiment soon after we became scattered, and, coming to a log pen in a cotton patch that appeared to have about sufficient seed cotton in it to make two bales, noticed that the top of the pile had been lately disturbed. Thinking there might be some Yankees hid there, Sparks picked up a stick (we had no matches) and remarked: "I will just strike a match and set this cotton on fire." With this he scratched his stick across the door, when lo and behold, eight Yankees jumped out of the cotton and raised their hands in token of surrender. By this time quite a number of our men overtook us and joined in the pursuit. We turned our prisoners over to some of our men, who carried them to the rear.

We continued in pursuit quite a distance from the cotton pen and ran up on a line of the enemy that looked like a brigade lying down on the crest of a ridge, doubtless expecting our men to run on them and be taken by surprise. But in this they were mistaken, for, while only their heads were visible, we took the drop on them by firing first, killing about half, the

rest jumping up and running at full speed to their rear and disappearing in a dense cedar brake. We followed on through this cedar brake, which proved to be well known as the turning point of the battle. The cedars were very dense, making it difficult to keep an alignment while going through to open ground on the opposite side. Those who got through were met with such a volley of grape and canister from about forty cannon that had been hurriedly placed there by General Rosecrans that they beat a retreat back through the dense cedars as best they could, greatly demoralized. Ector's Brigade had several men captured among the cedars, among them two from my company, James Monkress and John Goodson. They were all exchanged, as this occurred before exchanges had ceased. Those of us who got back to an opening were greatly demoralized. The cannonading from so many cannon all at once appeared to completely demoralize the men. Littleton Fowler, who once preached at Jacksonville, took refuge among these cedars behind some rocks and said that the cannonading was so terrific that he could have caught birds that were so benumbed they could not fly.

General McCown and his staff finally persuaded the men from every regiment in that part of the army to line up regardless of company or regiment and be ready for an attack. After General Ector got his men together we were moved up on our right and took position in close proximity to the enemy, who appeared reluctant to renew the battle, though at times they would send over some cannon balls to remind us they were in our front. We left this position, moving still further to our right about the 3rd of January, 1863, when we fell back with Pok's Corps to Shelbyville.

When it was known that General Bragg was going to retreat, I got a permit to visit by grandmother, Mrs. Nancy Jones, who lived near Winchester, whom I had not seen since our family migrated to Texas many years before. I reached her house with safety, and took her greatly by surprise. Her first inquiry was about our family, and next her greatest concern was to know if we had lost the battle. She was sure General Bragg would drive the enemy from Tennessee, so great was her confidence in him as a good general. After a brief rest I found my command over at Shelbyville.

This is my recollection of what I witnessed in this great battle, written wholly from memory after more than sixty years. I am now in my eighty-fourth year, and feel as proud to-day of my record as a Confederate soldier as I did when the cruel war ended in 1865.

SOME FAMOUS TREES IN AMERICA.

HENRY G. FRAMPTON IN THE LOOKOUT.

An old elm, which stands in Kingston, Tenn., is one of the ten famous trees in the country—famous because they stand in memory of some historic feat in the development of the nation. The Kingston elm stands in commemoration of the ceaseless efforts of the pioneers in this part of the country to open the section for civilization.

Back in the good old days, when the French voyageurs were pushing ever forward into the wilderness of the Mississippi Valley, there was one who kept a diary.

Among the wonders he sets down therein was that of a giant elm growing on the very bank of a river, from whose roots gushed a spring of crystal water. Concerning this he wrote in 1790: "I know not the height of this monster tree, but its circumference near the earth passes twenty-two feet, and its foliage is so great that often we lie there at rest through terrible storms. So friendly is it that we built a trading post, which we called Kingston, in honor of the king."

Thus goes the legend of the old elm, comrade of French voyageurs and American travelers. Gone are the voyageurs, and gone the old French rulers, but still stands in regal beauty the elm of Kingston to comfort the weary traveler on his way.

Another of the famous ten is "The Old Willow" at Concord, Mass., where "once the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard around the world. Here, one hundred and forty-five years ago, by the side of the Concord River, "The Old Willow" heard Captain Parker give his command: "Stand your ground; don't fire unless fired upon; but if they want to have a war, let it begin here."

And now, close by the willow, stands in majestic simplicity "The Minuteman." One is gnarled and worn; the other, sinuous, vigorous—a masterful typification of the defender of that just cause, the fruits of which are our rich heritage.

The Old Council Oak, in Riverside Park, of Sioux City, Ia., is another of these famous trees. It was here that the Sioux Indians gathered for their first council about the oncoming white man, which was prompted by the Lewis and Clark expedition, encamped five miles away. If one should sit there until the moon comes, he might witness in spirit the final council of the great tribe, which ended in striking their tepees and departing forever for the great Northwest.

A tree of witchcraft fame is the old Cheevers Walnut, which stands on Center Street in the town of Saugus, Mass. At one time, about 1691, Cotton Mather rested beneath its boughs on the notable occasion when seven witches were hanged.

Another tree, marking one of the blackest of Indian deeds, is the old buttonwood which witnessed the Deerfield Massacre. It was a century old at the time of the killing. Previous to that the early settlers passed it with their laden ox carts of grain.

The infrequency of Indian attack had caused the fatal lack of vigilance on which the Indians had counted, when, with a paralyzing rush, they swooped down on the pioneers, exterminating them. The tree also marks the spot of the fort, built in 1689. At present the Deerfield buttonwood stands as ruler over many trees, all more than a century old.

The Coles Hill linden, in Plymouth, Mass., is yet another of the old historic trees. It was originally a cutting of one of the lindens Colonel Watson imported in 1746. The linden was the tree of the Pilgrims, who greatly admired the seeming benignity of this species.

The Coles Hill linden is a reminder of an early romance. It was planted by a youthful couple as a memorial of their engagement. Not long afterwards, in 1809, the engagement was discontinued, and the tree was no longer prized by the girl, in whose garden it had been planted, so she pulled it up and threw it into the street. A man passing by picked it up and planted it where it now stands. He lived in the house now known as Plymouth Rock House, and under his careful nursing the linden survived its uprooting, and has grown into the beautiful tree that now blesses many with its grateful shade.

A famous tree for its very age is the old elm in Kennebunk, Me. It is reputed to have been old when Columbus discovered the continent. It was made famous by Lafayette in an oration in the year of 1825.

At the present time, the trunk of the Kennebunk elm can scarcely be encircled by three men's extended arms. Its spread is no less than one hundred and thirty-one feet. The preservation of this wondrous old tree is now a charge that Kennebunk has to keep.

Just beyond Charlemont, on the Greenfield side of the Mo-

hawk trail, towers an ancient buttonwood tree. At its base sparkles a spring. It was here that the Indians surprised and killed some of the first settlers, who were working their corn. A short distance from it, several ancient gravestones mark the final resting place of these settlers.

If one approaches it, the Charlemont buttonwood seems to lean out, point its branches toward the graves, and say: "I witnessed it all. Brave hearts and true were theirs. Would that more of us had their sturdy character and endless fortitude."

Through the gate of Sleepy Hollow, and over a winding sun-flecked walk, stands the Guardian Oak, the real portal to the Hollow. On the crest of a hill just beyond it are the graves of Emerson, Thoreau, Olcott, the Hawthornes, and other rare spirits. A cleaved boulder, with a simple bronze plate insert, is the tribute to Emerson. A hedge of evergreens incloses the Hawthorne plot, while the graves of Thoreau and Olcott are unpretentiously marked. Over it all towers the Guardian Oak, admirably typifying those stanch characters and emphasizing the greatness of simplicity.

The last of the famous trees is "Ye Venerable Pear Tree," planted by Governor Endicott in 1630. There on, "a neck of the land some three miles from Salem, Mass.," was Governor Endicott's grant, known as Orchard Farm. Here it was that "Our Governor hath already planted his row of pear trees, likewise a vineyard with great hopes of increases. Also mulberries, plums, raspberries, currants, chestnuts, filberts, walnuts, huckleberries, and the haws of white thorn, which, be it known, are as good as our cherries in England—and grow in plenty here."

Out of that row of pear trees, none save this one patriarch survives. Such longevity has never been before known of a son of Pomona. For nigh three centuries it has witnessed the making of Salem's history. No one remembers the year in which it has not blossomed in memory of the worthy governor, or fruited in keeping his exemplary industry.

These, the ten famous trees in America, have had much written about them. It is interesting to know that one of them is situated in Tennessee, the only one in the South.

HALL OF FAME FOR TREES.

(The following appropriate addition to the article by Mr. Hampton evidences a growing appreciation of these monuments of nature, than which there are none more beautiful and effective.)

The American Forestry Association has announced trees with a history that have been given a place in the "Hall of Fame for Trees" the association is compiling. The list includes trees that mark pirate haunts of ancient lore, colleges, the self-watering tree, and a Czecho-Slovak tree. The accepted nominations for the Hall of Fame follow:

The Thorndike oak, Bowdoin College, planted by George Thorndike, who was the first graduate to die.

Czecho-Slovak tree, San Diego, Cal., planted in honor of the soldiers of that country who were quartered at Camp Kearny on their way home from Vladivostok.

Teach's oak, Ocracoke Inlet, N. C., named for Edward Teach, a pirate of colonial times who harassed shipping on the Atlantic Coast. He was killed by Virginia troops.

Washington oak, New Orleans, La. The first President was a guest of the owner, who planned to cut it down, but she changed her mind when the general asked her to save it. The tree is considered the largest live oak in the world.

Johnston elm, Kingston, Tenn. This tree has a spring in its roots to which is credited its long life, as it is now about 500 years old. It is 25 feet in circumference and has a spread of 150 feet.

The Gunkel acacia, Dayton, Ohio. This tree stood for days in seventeen feet of water during the Dayton flood. It is claimed to be the largest acacia in this country.

The Spartanburg tree, Spartanburg, S. C. This tree had its head shot off during a July 4 celebration in 1832. The tree is now 30 feet high and is cared for by the city of Spartanburg.

Rathbone elm, Marietta, Ohio, claimed to be the most beautiful elm in this country. The circumference is twenty-seven feet and the smallest of the five largest branches is ten feet around. The age is estimated at 700 years.

The Charleston old oak, Charleston, S. C. This tree is in the Magnolia Cemetery, and is said to be 700 years old. The spot is one always visited by tourists.

The Oberlin elm, Oberlin, Ohio. At the corner of the college campus stands the tree under which the first log cabin of the town was erected in 1833.

Old Pisa, Daytona, Fla. Its branches cover almost an acre of ground, and the oak is thirty-five feet in circumference.

The Lee oak, Cincinnati, Ohio, now on the property of William A. Windisch. It was discovered in 1836 by Dr. Thomas Lee. The tree is one of mystery as to its exact kind, none other being known. Acorns have been sent to Academy of Science at Philadelphia, National Museum at Washington, and the Botanical Institute at Harvard.

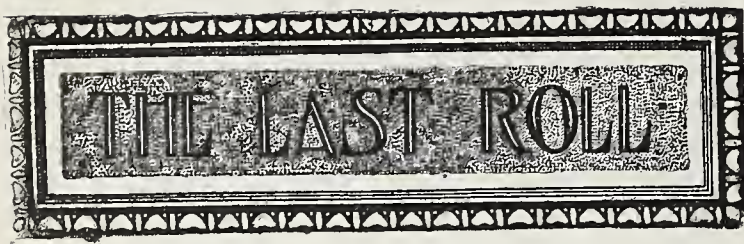
The Bartram cypress, Philadelphia, named for John Bartram and his son to keep fresh their memory and their botanical achievements.

The "Daniel Boone Judgment Tree," an American elm, at Femme Osage, about fifty-five miles west of St. Louis, has been nominated for a place in this Hall of Fame for Trees. The tree stands upon a farm which was part of the land tilled by Boone during his Missouri residence in 1820. It is named the "Judgment Tree" from the fact that Boone held court under it during the hot days of summer.

To this article may also properly be added something in regard to some famous apple trees of Virginia, noted for their age, size, and productiveness, this information being taken from an article on apple culture in Patrick County, Va., prepared by Col. Henry Wysor, of Dublin, Va., known as the originator of the commercial orchards of the State. He refers to the largest apple tree in the world as being the Handy tree in Patrick County, Va., 120 years old, twelve feet in circumference five feet from the base, 60 feet high, 70 feet spread of branches, and having a record of 132 bushels of apples gathered from it at one time. The record for the largest product from a single tree is held by the Adams tree, in the same county, which bore 220 bushels of apples in one season, which brought \$137.50. This is also an old tree and is still bearing. The oldest apple orchard in the United States is the Taylor orchard of the same county, which is nearly a century and a half old.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day;
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree

—Joyce Kilmer.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"How sweet is the sleep unbroken
Of death and the martyr's grave,
Where hover the shadows and silence
To the ranks of the lost and the brave,
Whose hearts in the heat and glory
Of battle shall leap no more,
Or ache for a martyred Freedom
Where the clouds of darkness lower."

JAMES SAMUEL GIBSON.

In the silent watches of the night, on Sunday morning, October 29, 1922, the Death Angel entered "The Maples," Rockbridge Baths, Va., and quietly bore away the beloved father of the home, Mr. James Samuel Gibson. "God's finger touched him and he slept," beautifully expressed his passing away; he died as he had desired, suddenly and without a struggle.



J. S. GIBSON

Mr. Gibson was born at Timber Ridge, Va., July 27, 1841, more than eighty-one years ago. His parents were John Gibson and Grace Taylor, and he was the last survivor of a large and prominent Rockbridge family. He was educated at what is now Washington and Lee University, and left the quiet of college life to answer the call of his State to arms. He was a member of the old 14th Virginia Cavalry, a brave, faithful soldier, and a devoted comrade. In later years the reunions of veterans were occasions of great pleasure to him.

As a young Confederate soldier he came from the army to claim his bride, Miss Emily Lamar Moore, who belonged to one of Virginia's noblest Scotch-Presbyterian families. They were married on March 24, 1864, and lived loyally and lovingly together for over fifty years, when, on February 27, 1918, his beloved companion preceded him to the better land, where he knew he would find her who was loved and lost awhile.

"We know He will but keep
Our own and his until we fall asleep."

As a citizen, he was wide awake and patriotic, deeply interested in the welfare of his country and community, especially in all educational advancement. A man of marked

intelligence and a wide reader, even during his failing health he kept himself informed of the world's progress.

He was of a sweet, hopeful, happy disposition, always ready to encourage and cheer others. His ready wit and keen sense of humor enabled him to enjoy heartily life's comedies, while on the other hand his great soul was quick to see and sympathize with its tragedies.

One of his outstanding characteristics was his consideration for the poor. His big, generous heart never turned them away empty, and no one, perhaps, was more tenderly loved among them than himself. He was indeed a friend to man, in all classes and conditions; he recognized the Infinite plan, and was ever ready to minister to his brother as far as was possible. He was the soul of hospitality, his home open to all.

A loyal Presbyterian, devoted to the Church of his fathers. For many years he was a faithful, devout member of the Presbyterian Church at Rockbridge Baths, and a stanch, kind friend of her pastors. No husband and father has ever been more loyally devoted and tenderly solicitous. Only those in the sacred precincts of his home knew and understood how deep and constant was his loving care of his family. For a number of years he was in declining health, but bore his sufferings with great patience and fortitude. Truly his children can rejoice in the heritage of such a noble father!

This devoted father is survived by eight children: Mrs. J. C. Huske, Mrs. J. D. Neal, Mrs. F. C. Irons, Miss Mary Gibson, John M. Gibson, of Rockbridge Baths; Mrs. E. B. Wither-spoon, of Georgia; Mrs. R. F. Cooper, Mississippi; and Mrs. C. L. Fenton, Ohio. The funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. E. W. McCorkle, D.D., assisted by Rev. C. E. Pope.

Thus one by one the "Boys in Gray" answer the last roll call of their great Commander, and when taps is sounded they lie down to rest and await the marshaling of those heroic soldiers of life's great battle fields before Him who has led them safely through many fierce conflicts, and who will crown them with emblems of victory and the joy of eternal peace.

"Until made beautiful by love divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shall shine,
And he shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!"

NEWTON RUSSELL.

After a life of service to God and man, Newton Russell, aged eighty-one years, died at his home in Breckinridge, Tex., June 2, 1923. He was buried at Caddo, Tex., by the side of his wife, who had died seven years before. Surviving him is one daughter, Mrs. E. E. Conlee, of Breckinridge.

Newton Russell was born in Nacogdoches County, Tex., March 8, 1842, where he lived until enlisting in the Confederate army. He served west of the Mississippi in Company I, Walker's Division, and was in the battle of Jenkin's Ferry, Ark.

Soon after the close of the war he and Miss Rhodie Gunter were married, and they lived in Freestone County. To them two children were born, a son and a daughter (who died in infancy), and his wife died a few years later.

In 1877 he married Martha Scott, of Lee County, and removed to Stephens County in 1879, where they spent the remainder of their lives. To this second marriage also a son and daughter were born. They lived on the farm until 1906; when, growing less able to carry on that work, they moved to Breckinridge, the county seat. The sons died in 1904, and in 1916 the wife and mother answered the call of death.

For more than a half century Newton Russell was a devoted, active member of the Church of Christ. He was a great character. He met the hardships and sorrows that came to him with the courage of a brave soldier. He was cheerful, he was interested in his fellow men and in the affairs of his community to the very last. Just a few days before her death his wife said of him: "He lives in a house by the side of the road and is a friend to man."

God was good to him. To the last his clear mind and good eyes were a great comfort to him, and, in his declining years, when he could not be so much with people, chief of his companions were the Bible, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and the "Firm Foundation."

REV. R. M. TRAYLOR.

On March 17, 1922, Rev. R. M. Traylor passed away at the family residence in Bentonville, Ark., at the age of seventy-six years, his death ending the sufferings of nearly a quarter of a century of ill health.

He was born in Hardeman County, Tenn., February 22, 1846, and in 1861, just a mere boy, he entered the Confederate army, serving his beloved Southland with faithfulness and distinction throughout the war as a member of Forrest's Cavalry. One of his wartime recollections was a remark by General Forrest, a month or two before the surrender, that the regiment had taken part to that time in one hundred and sixty-seven engagements. It took part in a number of others before the surrender of the command at Gainesville, Ala.

After the war Comrade Traylor went to the Choctaw Nation (now Oklahoma), remaining there until 1868, when he went to Arkansas. On June 18, 1871, he was married in Clark County, Ark., to Miss Nanny Walsh, who survives him, with six of their seven children and ten grandchildren.

He was licensed as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1870, at Arkadelphia, Ark., and continued in active service in the ministry until superannuated at Bentonville in 1898 because of ill health. Beside holding numerous important pastorates, he also served as a presiding elder, and was counted a success in the ministry. He was a great reader and deep thinker and kept abreast of religious, civic, and other affairs until his death. His life was quiet, peaceful, and unostentatious, but he missed no opportunity to advance the life of his community, State, and nation.

Among the host of friends attending his funeral was a guard of honor of Confederate veterans and the members of the James H. Berry Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. He was laid to rest with Masonic honors, while the active pallbearers were all ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

COL. ROBERT BOLLING ARNOLD.

Col. Robert Bolling Arnold, born in Greenville County, S. C., died at Honea Path, S. C., on January 19, 1923. He was laid to rest in the cemetery of the Columbia Baptist Church, in which he held membership for seventy-five years, the services being conducted by his pastor and brother Masons. At one time he was a Master of the Princeton Lodge.

Colonel Arnold commanded a South Carolina regiment in the Hampton Legion, and was possibly the last surviving colonel of South Carolina troops; I do not recall any other. He enjoyed superb health during his ninety years of life, and his favorite expression was that he had been able to walk every day from his first year until his ninetieth. So he was always ready for duty in war days and rarely missed a fight. Through all the bloody engagements in Virginia he was never seriously wounded. His men loved him for the good care he took of his command. I carried the battle flag of the Hampton

Legion for two years, and think I am well qualified to tell of the war work of Colonel Arnold in the Confederate army. I know of none that were braver or more ready to lead their soldiers into action.

[Joseph Davenport, orderly sergeant Hampton Legion, Princeton, S. C.]

JOSEPH E. TIMBERLAKE.

Joseph Edmonds Timberlake died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. O. Wade Crabill, Strasburg, Va., on December 6, 1921, at the age of seventy-nine years.



JOSEPH E. TIMBERLAKE, WITH HIS GRANDSON AND NAMESAKE.

He was born June 24, 1842, at Rich Hill, Frederick County, Va., the son of David and Elizabeth Timberlake.

At the call to arms in 1861, he entered the service of his beloved State and Southland, though he was but sixteen years of age. He and his three brothers—Seth M., David W. ("Billie"), and James L.—entered the war as members of the famous Stonewall Brigade, and he served with "that brave and patriotic band of gentlemen and soldiers" as a member of Company G, (Botts's Greys), 2nd Virginia Regiment and 12th

Virginia Cavalry.

The close of the war found him with five wound scars. The other brothers each received several wounds, but none were taken prisoners. Just what part these brothers really took in this struggle of the sixties is probably best told by Col. Charles T. O'Ferrall in his "Forty Years of Active Service:"

"The Timberlake family furnished, I am sure, as many soldiers to the Confederate army as any family in the South, and they were nearly all in the cavalry. . . . More than a dozen households were represented in the army, and, without an exception, they were brave to their very marrow. I firmly believe if a thousand Timberlakes could have been marshaled on the banks of the Potomac, well mounted and equipped, and put under the command of a Timberlake and ordered to the Commons of Boston, some of them would have reached that historic ground, unless they had fallen on the way. Nothing short of death or disabling wounds would have checked them."

All four brothers lived to a ripe old age, past the allotted threescore years and ten. The answering of the last roll call by Joseph Timberlake marked the passing of the last and youngest of the four. He was of a type belonging distinctively to the old school of Virginians. While he was a man of splendid physical and moral courage, he was modest to a degree, a man of simple tastes, affectionate, pure in thought, and true to his convictions.

Because of his direct manner, he always commanded the love and respect of a large circle of friends.

One of Stonewall Jackson's men and a Christian gentleman.

On November 20, 1868, Mr. Timberlake married Miss Angie Winston Andrews, who, with three daughters and one son, survives him.

CAPT. W. J. KINCAID.

On April 11, 1923, when the countless friends and admirers of Capt. W. J. Kincaid, of Griffin, Ga., learned of his passing into the Great Beyond, they exclaimed: "There'll never be another man like him."

He was original in thought, a man of great personality, ambition, and energy. He was a soldier of courage, and one whom his superior officers could always depend upon.

He was born in Burke County, N. C., January 3, 1841, and spent his first thirteen years on his father's farm. His education was very limited, but by the time he was seventeen he had saved enough money to attend Rutherford Academy. It was his great ambition to go to the University of North Carolina and become a lawyer later, but the War between the States came on and he volunteered on April 17, 1861, and joined Company G, 1st North Carolina Volunteers. He was appointed orderly sergeant by Capt. C. M. Avery, and sent to Charlotte, N. C., to purchase equipment for his company. He participated in the first battle of the war, Big Bethel. Later he was made first lieutenant of Company D, 11th North Carolina Infantry, and served and fought gallantly until he was almost mortally wounded at Gettysburg, 1863. He lay on the battle field for dead, but was picked up by friends and put in an old outhouse, where he lay for twenty days. There he was captured and taken to prison at Bedloe's Island, Johnson's Island, Point Lookout, Fort Delaware. He carried a bullet in his left knee all that time, but had it cut out after he returned to North Carolina.

Broken in health and in debt, many men would have given up, but not he. After one year in a large wholesale dry goods store in Baltimore, and four years in his own business in North Carolina, he moved to Griffin, Ga. His mercantile business there was very successful, but being a man of ideas and originality, he became a cotton manufacturer and built the first cotton mill in his section and the first on the side of the railroad to be run exclusively by steam. He also built several large mills in Griffin—the Griffin Manufacturing Company, the Kincaid Manufacturing Company, and the Spalding Cotton Mill.

Captain Kincaid was known throughout the South and East as a leading factor in manufacturing enterprises and the upbuilding of the South. He was unostentatious in his giving, but we know he helped many people in distress, and always helped to promote everything for the good of his community and of the South. His life is one from which the young men of to-day should draw heroic inspiration and of which his friends and comrades will think with warm and grateful recollections and admiration.

FRED N. DAY.

After a long illness, Fred N. Day, one of the oldest Confederate veterans in Kentucky, died at his home in Lexington on June 16, 1923, at the age of eighty years. He was a native of Lee County, Va., and in June, 1861, he volunteered in H. L. W. McClung's company of artillery, at Knoxville, Tenn., and served under Zollicoffer and Crittenden until he was disabled and discharged on that account. Again, in 1863, he enlisted, joining Company D, of the 64th Virginia Infantry; was captured and served a long term in Camp Douglas until exchanged; was captured again and finally paroled at Aiken's Landing, twelve miles below Richmond, in April, 1865.

After the close of the war, unable to do business in his native State on account of reconstruction, he removed to Wolfe County, Ky., and for many years engaged in the mercantile business at Campton and Hazel Green. He married

Miss Rilda Wills, of Wolfe County, who survives him with their large and interesting family of children. Their home had been in Lexington for several years.

During his long and useful life, Comrade Day did full credit to the gray uniform he wore in the sixties.

WILLIAM JACKSON PHILLIPS.

Crowned with honor and affection, William J. Phillips answered the last roll call and entered into eternal rest, July 3, 1923. He died at the home of his oldest son, W. F. Phillips, at Henegar, Ala.

He was born November 21, 1840, in Gwinnett County, Ga. He was the oldest child, and, at the age of ten years, he was left with the responsibility of caring for his widowed mother, two sisters, and one brother. He took the task up bravely and worked for a wage of ten cents per day. Thus employed, he was deprived of an education.

In 1861 feeling that the cause of the South was just, he cast his lot with the 19th



W. J. PHILLIPS IN 1861.

Alabama Infantry, Company H, at Huntsville, Ala. He endured many hardships while in active service, but loyalty to his country always prompted him to duty. His only brother was fatally wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, and he was forced to leave him in the hands of strangers while he was rushed on, and was captured at Missionary Ridge and taken to Rock Island Prison, where he remained until the surrender.



W. J. PHILLIPS IN 1919.

After the surrender, he returned to Cherokee County, Ala., and again took up the duty of caring for his sisters, his mother having died while he was in the war. Here he met, wooed, and won Miss Mary Frances Thornton. Later, his sisters married and went to Louisiana, while he and his companion moved to Sand Mountain. There he bought a home and built a log house, and they spent their days happily, and reared a family of six children—four daughters and two sons.

On July 30, 1913, his wife bade him good-by and entered into eternal rest. They were both true and faithful members of the Missionary Baptist Church. At the ripe old age of eighty-two, he passed away, survived by his six children, all living in Alabama. The children are: Mrs. W. S. Garvin, Huntsville; Mrs. Julia A. Smith, Auburn; Mrs. R. W. Holdridge, Lydia; Mrs. B. T. Wilbanks, Crossville; W. F., and Dr. J. B. Phillips, Henegar.

JOHN K. STEPHENS.

On the morning of May 14, 1923, at his home in Sacramento, Cal., the immortal spirit of John K. Stephens broke the bars of its earthly prison and returned to Him who gave it.

John K. Stephens was born March 1, 1846, in Monroe County, Tenn., and was taken by his parents to Bary County, Mo., where he grew to manhood. At the beginning of the War between the States he cast his lot with the South and enlisted for service in the 8th Missouri Cavalry, Hunter's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade. He was with Price in both of his raids through Missouri and was mustered out at Corsicana, Tex., 1865. He returned to his devastated home in Missouri and took up again the duties of civil life, which, at that time, was a gigantic task, yet he never wavered in his allegiance to the Southern cause, maintaining what in victory would have been glory, but in defeat there was no disgrace.

In 1869 he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Duncan, daughter of Judge John I. Duncan, also a loyal Southern family. To this union four daughters and two sons were born, and all were at his bedside when the end came except one daughter, who passed away some years ago.

Comrade Stephens was a man of strong character, and, possessed of the courage to declare his convictions; was ever found arrayed on the side of law and order.

He had many close friends among both old and young, and by them was held in the highest esteem.

Notable always was his love for anything Southern, and he often expressed a desire, when relieved of life's responsibilities, to be laid to rest in his beloved Southland.

He had been an active and zealous member of the I. O. O. F. for fifty years. He was true to every trust, the soul of honor in his business dealings; a soldier fearless without cruelty; a citizen loyal to his country; a friend faithful and true. Truly the world is better that he lived.

DAVID H. MIDDLETON.

David Hinton Middleton, who died at his home at Collirene, Lowndes County, Ala., on the evening of June 17, 1923, was born March 24, 1844, near Mulberry, Autauga County, Ala., his boyhood being spent in and around Benton, Ala.

On his eighteenth birthday he ran away from home and enlisted in Company C, 1st Regiment of Alabama, Quarles Brigade, Walthall's Division, Army of Tennessee, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He was thrice taken prisoner, once on board the Albatross on the Mississippi for three days, eight months in Camp Butler, and six months in Camp Douglas, and was discharged on June 19, 1865. He never tired of relating incidents of the war, and when he had a good listener, his eyes would kindle and he would hold one spellbound as he laughingly told of narrow escapes.

On January 21, 1873, he was married to Maria Ellen Dudley, of Farmersville, Ala. Thirteen children—nine sons and four daughters—were born to them, three of whom preceded him to the grave, the twelfth, and his namesake, having



D. H. MIDDLETON.

made the supreme sacrifice on the battle fields of France. Three sons, T. J., T. O., and L. F. Middleton, reside at Collirene, also two daughters, Mrs. F. G. Lyon and Miss Florence Middleton; two sons in California—E. D. Middleton, of Delano, and H. H. Middleton, of Thermal; Dr. W. R. Middleton, of Andalusia; Dr. C. C. Middleton, of Birmingham, and Mrs. H. B. Stringer, of Selma, Ala.

On the 21st of January, 1923, he and his wife celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, surrounded by most of their children and grandchildren. His hospitality will long be remembered, far and wide. Besides a widow and ten children to mourn his loss, he leaves two brothers and three sisters.

He was a consistent member of the Methodist Church. His was a full and useful life, ever interested in things beneficial to his community, and was also very ambitious for his children. His sons were pallbearers at the funeral at Pleasant Hill, Ala.

[Mrs. H. B. Stringer.]

R. W. BONNER.

(From memorial resolutions passed by Tom Green Camp No. 169 U. C. V., of Weatherford, Tex.)

Robert Willis Bonner, born in Franklin County, Ala., December 31, 1842, died at Weatherford, Tex., August 8, 1923, in his eighty-second year. His father removed to Texas in 1855, and located in Dallas County, later removing to Navarro County, and from that county young Willis Bonner enlisted for the Confederacy, joining Company E, 12th Texas Cavalry, a part of Parsons's Brigade. He took an active part in all the battles and skirmishes of his brigade, almost exclusively in Arkansas and Louisiana, and became distinguished for his daring and intrepidity. He was thrice wounded and once captured, but escaped before reaching prison.

After the war was over, Comrade Bonner took an active part in the work of reconstruction, and his life was ever characterized by activities in useful service. He married and removed to Jacksboro and engaged in business, but in 1882 removed to Weatherford and there continued in business until physical disability caused his retirement. His first wife was Miss Mary S. Green, who proved a true helpmate to her death in 1897. Five years later he wedded Mrs. Emma Gilbert, the widowed sister of his wife, who survives him with his three daughters and son. Failing health and eyesight caused his retirement from business in 1917, followed by total blindness a year or so later.

Comrade Bonner had been a Mason for sixty years, and was a loyal member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His great ambition was to be of service to his country, his Church, his family, his comrades, and the community in which he lived, and he worked with tireless energy to that end as long as he was able.

"Resolved, That in the death of our beloved comrade, Tom Green Camp has lost one of its most loyal, active, and useful members, and our community a worthy, upright citizen, a Christian gentleman, of clean and blameless life and sterling rectitude in all relations with his fellow men."

[J. M. Richards, B. C. Tarkington, H. C. Fallon, Committee.]

G. W. ROY.

W. J. Brown, Adjutant Camp No. 24, U. C. V., of Jackson, Miss., reports the death of G. W. Roy, member of Yazoo Camp No. 176, who served with Company G, 3rd South Carolina Cavalry.

COL. JOHN P. COBB.

Col. John P. Cobb for many years a beloved and revered resident of Tallahassee Fla., died at his home in that city on March 13, 1923.

John Probert Cobb, eldest son of William Donnell Cobb and Anne Spicer Collier, was born November 23, 1834, at Black Jack Plantation the ancestral Collier home in Wayne County, N. C. He grew to manhood at Mount Auburn, the country home of the Cobb family in Wayne County, and there received his early education under tutors, later entering the University of North Carolina, graduating in 1854. Out of a class of sixty, only one, Captain Thomson, of Decatur, Ga., now survives. After graduation he visited different sections of the South, but returned to North Carolina and engaged in planting.



COL. JOHN P. COBB.

At the beginning of the War between the States, he became a member of Company H, of the 2nd Regiment of North Carolina Infantry. He was soon made second lieutenant, then promoted to captain of the company, and was afterwards colonel of the 2nd Regiment. In regard to his military record "Clark's History of North Carolina Regiments 1861-65" states:

"John Cobb, lieutenant colonel of the 2nd was promoted to the colonelcy of the regiment. He was cool, fearless, intrepid, and where the battle was the thickest you might expect to find him. In the battle of Winchester he had one of his feet crushed by a Minie ball, but so enthused was he with the intrepidity of his men, he hopped about on his remaining foot and cheered them forward."

The first amputation of his leg was so hurriedly performed on account of the approach of the enemy that a second operation was necessary. This was performed in a most crude fashion, as no hospital or equipment was available, and necessity for stoppage of blood was urgent. So without anæsthetic, and with head pillowed on a brick, he smoked his pipe and bore the pain without flinching.

Colonel Cobb was wounded four times, and before the loss of his leg he received a severe wound at the battle of Cold Harbor which nearly proved fatal. A pike of "hard-tack" in his knapsack broke the force of the shot, thereby saving his life. A hole was torn in the knapsack and he was desperately wounded. He was later captured and imprisoned at Fort Delaware.

After the surrender he returned to North Carolina, and in December, 1865, he was married to Miss Sally Elizabeth Whitfield, daughter of Gen. James B. Whitfield. They resided at Mount Auburn, N. C., for a number of years, later removing to Goldsboro, where Colonel Cobb became clerk of the Superior Court.

In 1883 the family removed to Florida, living first in Citrus County, near Floral City, and afterwards in Brooksville. While residing in Hernando County, Colonel Cobb served as tax assessor and later was postmaster of Brooksville. He served as assistant secretary of the State Senate in 1889, and in 1901 was appointed one of a committee to audit the State officers, at which time he came to Tallahassee to reside. He

afterwards filled a position in the office of the State Comptroller until he was about eighty-five years of age, when he gave it up on account of ill health.

Colonel Cobb was a communicant of St. John's Episcopal Church. He was buried in the Episcopal Cemetery at Tallahassee by the side of his beloved wife, who preceded him a few months, after a happy married life of more than fifty years.

He is survived by six children—William D. Cobb, of Brooksville, Fla.; Mrs. George T. Marshall, of Greenwood, S. C.; Mrs. A. S. Nelson, of Dunedin, Fla.; Mrs. J. C. Burwell, and Misses Winifred and Grace Cobb, of Tallahassee. He also leaves numerous grandchildren.

COL. C. L. DAUGHTRY.

Col. Charles Lawrence Daughtry, commandant of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., died there on July 31, 1923, after an illness of five months.

When his condition grew serious Colonel Daughtry was taken to Norton Memorial Infirmary in Louisville, but later, in accordance with his wishes to die at the Home, he was removed to the institution to which he had devoted a large part of his life.

During the War between the States, Colonel Daughtry served in Morgan's command and was one of the youngest officers in the Confederate army. He enlisted when he was but sixteen years old, and took part in many battles. It is said that his youth prevented his attaining higher rank.

Colonel Daughtry had been commandant of the Confederate Home for the past six years, and he had been a member of the board in charge of the Home since its organization twenty-one years ago. Through his efforts, the Home's debt of \$15,000 was wiped out. He also drew up the bill presented to the legislature for its establishment.

Colonel Daughtry was born at Gallatin, Tenn., seventy-six years ago. After the war he and his mother moved to Bowling Green, where he lived until he was made commandant. He was twice married, his first wife, who was Miss Nellie Atkinson, dying in 1875.

Surviving him are his second wife, three sons, and two daughters.

He was taken home to Bowling Green and laid to rest in Fairview Cemetery.

A. M. CLAY.

After years of patient suffering, Atreus M. Clay died at his home in Independence, Tex., on July 14, 1923.

Atreus McCreery Clay was born near Owensboro, Ky., March 17, 1844, second son of Tacitus and Vibella McCreery Clay, and with his parents moved to Texas in 1846, settling near Independence on what is known as the Coles Settlement. Here he lived all through a long and useful life. In 1870 he married Susie Robertson, thus cementing the friendship that had long existed between the Robertson and Clay families, but death claimed his fair bride within a year. His second marriage with Katherine Pauline Thornhill took place August 4, 1875. Seven children were born to this union, three sons and four daughters, his wife and children surviving him.

In 1861, when the clarion call to arms rang through the Southland, Atreus Clay was among the first to volunteer, and no more valiant soldier served his country. He enlisted with Hood's Texas Brigade, 5th Texas, Company E, serving his enlistment, then later joined the Texas Rangers, with which command he remained until the end of the war.

A true friend, a loving husband and father, to him this passing is only a grand transition, a release.

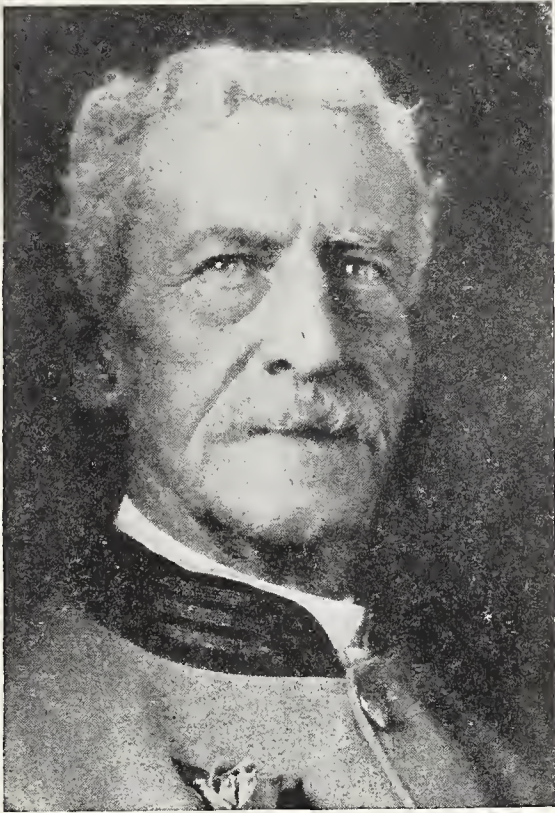
COL. LAWRENCE THOMPSON DICKINSON.

BY T. C. THOMPSON, EX-MAYOR, CHATTANOOGA, TENN

Born Cumberland, Allegheny County, Md., June 31, 1843. Died Keokuk, Ia., March 31, 1923. Buried Confederate Cemetery, Chattanooga, Tenn., April 3, 1923. Forty-two years a resident of this city. Soldier, scholar, educator.

"Optimistic, helpful, strong, he passed over the crest into dawn, resplendent and never ending."

With modest bearing and dread of publicity, in every community and in every generation men and women live their



COL. L. T. DICKINSON.

lives for their fellow men, touching many phases of community life with their cheerfulness and helpfulness. Kindly, without ostentation, their lives spread sunshine and joy, asking nothing in return save the opportunity to do good. After they are gone it is wondered why more has not been given to the world of those whose lives are so consecrated.

Too often the appreciation comes after it is too late for mortal ears to hear the commendation of the people of the community in which they have wrought and garnered.

Lawrence Thompson Dickinson, in mature manhood coming into this community, quietly but definitely took his position as a man of affairs. In bearing, manner, and address, he was a type of the old school. Considerate, courteous, and congenial, he made and held friends with hooks of steel. Sacrificing his private interests for the public good, he rendered unusual service as a member and chairman of the city school board for many years. This work stands as a memorial to his sterling integrity, his keen intelligence, his unflinching zeal in the cause of education. He exemplified Emerson's expression: "The best reward for work well done is more work to do."

As a soldier he was valiant. As a citizen he was without stain. As a public servant he was incomparable. He passed through this community with a chivalry which made him admired by all, with a kindness that made him beloved by all,

with a high sense of the proprieties that gained him the respect of all.

It is not as the soldier that we shall love to recall his deeds, nor as the successful business man, nor as the stainless public official, but as the golden-hearted gentleman, the true Christian knight.

From the record in Historian's Book of N. B. Forrest Camp, No 4 U. C. V., H. A. Chambers, Historian.

"Lawrence Thompson Dickinson, Adjutant—elected for life,—of N. B. Forrest Camp No. 4 U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn., died, Saturday, March 31, 1923, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Katie Collingwood (Dickinson) Tucker, at Keokuk, Ia., where, in his last sickness, he had been taken by her so that she could better nurse and care for him. He had been a resident and business man in Chattanooga ever since the summer of 1881, and had also been a very popular man in social, educational, and Confederate circles.

"He was born at Cumberland, Allegheny County, Md., June 21, 1843, and entered the Confederate service August 25, 1862, in Ridgely Brown's Company of Maryland Cavalry, and served as a private until the surrender. His company was attached to the 2nd Virginia Cavalry, Col. Thomas T. Munford, A. N. V., and participated in the first Maryland campaign and battle of Sharpsburg.

"After this campaign the company withdrew from the 2nd Virginia and became Company A of a battalion of Marylanders just recruited, with Captain Ridgely Brown as major, and Frank A. Bond as captain of Company A. The command was assigned to Gen. W. E. Jones's Brigade and operated in the Valley of Virginia until June, 1863, when the battalion was ordered to join the brigade of Albert G. Jenkins, then advancing into Maryland and Pennsylvania. During the battle of Gettysburg, Company A was detailed to act as scouts and couriers for General Ewell. Returning from this campaign, the battalion was sent to Eastern Virginia and served in the brigades of Fitz Lee, Lomax, and Munford.

Comrade Dickinson was slightly wounded in the hip, October 11, 1863, at Morton's Ford, Rapidan River, Va., and later on the same day he was captured at Brandy Station with a number of others, fighting on foot. He remained in the Old Capitol Prison at Washington, D. C., and at Point Lookout, Md., until February, 1864, and was then exchanged at Richmond, Va., rejoining his command as soon as exchanged. He had hard fighting all through the campaign, and went with General Early into Maryland, was badly wounded in the right shoulder by a Minie ball before Frederick City, Md., July 7, 1864, and left in a private house and captured. Remained prisoner in West Building Hospital, Baltimore, Md., until December, 1864, when exchanged at Savannah, Ga., and moved to a hospital in Richmond, Va. He was in Gordonsville Hospital, still suffering from his wound, when the army surrendered to General Gamble at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., May 4, 1865."

"I ask not

When shall the day be done, and rest come on?

I pray not

That soon from me the 'curse of toil' be gone;

I seek not

A sluggard's couch with drowsy curtains drawn;

But give me

Time to fight the battle out as best I may;

And give me

Strength and place to labor still at evening's gray;

Then let me

Sleep as one who toiled afield through all the day."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*

520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga.... *First Vice President General*
 MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, Riverside, Cal.... *Second Vice President General*
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 MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio.... *Custodian of Crosses*
 MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.... *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The death of the Chief Executive of these United States has brought us together in a common bond of sorrow and united us in a tender sympathy for his bereaved family. To those of us who had the privilege of meeting Dr. George T. Harding, the father of our President, while at the reunion in New Orleans last April, it will not be difficult to understand from whom the President received his tender solicitude for his fellow men. His lofty ideals are so well expressed in the code which he drafted for the *Star* of Marion, O., when taking over the ownership of that paper, that I feel they are an index to his character, which I am justified in repeating in this letter: "Remember, there are two sides to every question; get them both. Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong. Be decent, be fair, be generous. Boost; don't knock. There's good in everybody. Bring out the good, and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody. In reporting a political gathering, give the facts. Tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there is any politics to be played, we will play it in our editorial columns. Treat all religious matters reverently. If it can possibly be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent man, woman, or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortunes of a relative. Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking, and, above all, be clean, and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child."

We can all subscribe to these ideals and keep them before us as a lasting remembrance of this good man.

At the funeral of President Harding in Washington, your President General was represented by ex-President General Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, and through the courtesy of Mrs. Maxwell, Historian of the District of Columbia Division, our carriages were placed in the procession immediately following the Daughters of the American Revolution. Flowers were sent in the name of the general organization.

Jefferson Davis Monument.—In my last letter an urgent appeal was made to you to enable us to recommence the work on the Jefferson Davis Monument. In it I told you that a certain amount was necessary to be pledged in order to do this. That sum has been guaranteed, and now, Daughters, let us put on a drive that will continue until this work has reached its glorious completion. I know that you will rejoice with me that we have been able to undertake this work anew, and that it is only a matter of months now before we will be able to realize the fulfillment of our hopes. This organization has never failed in any of its undertakings, and

for that reason I am encouraged to feel that this administration will not close without this task being concluded.

Circular Appeals.—In connection with our obligations, I am reminded that frequently appeals are made for contributions which are in substance similar to our own, but unless an appeal bears the authorization of the President General it is in violation of our by-law, which says: "All circulars or letters sent to Chapters or to members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy soliciting funds shall be submitted to the President General. Unless indorsed by her, the appeals shall not be regarded as proper United Daughters of the Confederacy work." This by-law is not generally known, as appeals are frequently sent without being submitted to the President General or having her approval.

Summer Work.—I know that many Chapters do not cease their activities during the summer months, but I cannot help expressing a little pride in the fact that the James Henry Parker Chapter, of New York City, under the leadership of its very energetic President, Mrs. Tupman, has raised one hundred dollars toward the Kirby Smith Wade Scholarship, for which our Chairman of Education, Mrs. Merchant, made an appeal some time ago. It is not often that in this hot city you will find women working for any cause, so it is a satisfaction to know that these most patriotic women have not forgotten this worthy object, which means so much to the life of a young woman, the granddaughter of one of our most distinguished generals.

General Work.—We have but three months left before our thirtieth convention in which to redeem our pledges made at Birmingham. In the monthly statement of our Treasurer General, I find that the contributions to many of the obligations are still in arrears, it is not possible, by her report, for me to know what Divisions are still unpaid, but I hope this letter will reach every Director in order that she may consult her minutes and learn the standing of her Division. It will be necessary to use every moment of our time between now and November to fulfill these pledges.

Conventions.—Secure your reservations early, at the hotel (which you will find in the *VETERAN* of July, page 272), and do not fail to ask for your certificate when buying your ticket to the convention, as it is most important to have the full number in order to gain our reduction.

A Century of Usefulness.—It is not known to all the United Daughters of the Confederacy that I lived six years in Savannah, Ga., the childhood home of my mother, and that many of my relatives are from that place. To those who knew me during those years, the incident that I am about to recount will be of interest. My cousin, Mrs. William Rogers, has just passed, on July 18, her one hundredth birthday, and is still a woman who is able to carry on her own correspondence and take an active interest in all public welfare. As a child, she was kissed by General Lafayette, and has watched

the growth of her city for a century. This is such a remarkable record for a Daughter of the Confederacy that I felt it would interest you to hear of it.

In Memoriam.—The organization has lost in the death of Mrs. Seiferth, Louisiana's Director for World War Records, one of its most active workers, whose energy and untiring devotion has been one of the greatest factors in the success of that Division. She was an ex-President of the New Orleans Chapter, a Director for the Soldiers' Home, the first President of the Gragard Auxiliary of the American Legion, and a member of many other patriotic and civic organizations. Her death, which occurred at Banff, Canada, while en route to the convention of the Homestead League, to be held in Tacoma, Wash., was a great shock to the delegation from Louisiana. Flowers were sent in your name, and the President General was represented at the funeral by the Division President, Mrs. Kolman. This devoted Daughter of the Confederacy will be sadly missed by those who knew her, and to her bereaved family we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Faithfully and fraternally yours,

LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER.

FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL.

In presenting Mrs. Amos H. Norris, of Tampa, for the office of President General, we feel that it would be interesting to give something of her heritage, environment, and training.



MRS. AMOS. H. NORRIS.

Julia Harrison Norris, born in Tampa, Fla., is the fourth generation of Harrisons born in the State and belongs to the family which gave two Presidents to the United States. Her grandfather, E. L. Harrison, served the Confederacy in

General Dickison's Cavalry. Her maternal grandfather, John T. Given, being over age and lame, belonged to the Home Guards in Tampa, and gave loyal aid throughout the war. He also gave two sons, one of whom was a prisoner on Johnson's Island for twenty months.

But few women have rendered greater service to the United Daughters of the Confederacy than Mrs. Norris. She has given sixteen years of her life to it, having served as Chapter President, Division Director of the Children of the Confederacy, Division President, and Treasurer General. As Division President she displayed marked executive and financial ability, and it is due largely to her efforts that the Florida Division stands to-day in the front ranks of U. D. C. work. It was while Division President that Tampa Chapter entertained the general convention, she being General Chairman for the convention. At this convention she was elected Treasurer General, and her record during the years she held this office is too well known to need comment. The responsibilities of this office were greatly increased when she was elected, as the dues were doubled during her administration, *each* State paying to the Treasurer General twice as much money as previously. The Hero Fund was completed during her administration, and she had the responsibility of investing this money to the best advantage. The auditor's report for 1921 showed the earnings of her office for that year alone to be \$6,022.57. Her report at the Birmingham convention showed an increase in total assets from \$25,000 in November, 1919, to \$89,000 in November, 1922, despite the fact that disbursements during that period totaled \$107,959.74, and there were \$9,803 unappropriated funds in the treasury.

Mrs. Norris is prominent in other organization work. In the Daughters of the American Revolution she has served as Chapter Regent, State Historian, State Auditor, and State Vice Regent. She was a member of the first National Board, American Legion Auxiliary, and served as a member of the committee that drafted their constitution. Mrs. Norris is serving her fourth year as Chairman of the Department of Institutional Relations of the Florida Federation of Women's Clubs. She was the only woman on a committee of seventy whose efforts resulted in the commission form of government for the city of Tampa. She is a member of the Civil Service Board, being the only woman ever appointed on this Board.

Mrs. Norris is a member of the Methodist Church and is prominent in the work of the Y. W. C. A. She is a Director in the Tampa League of Women's Clubs.

Florida presents this woman of such diversified organization experience as candidate for the office of President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and asks the support of every Chapter throughout the country for her on a record of faithful service and splendid achievement. Florida has only had four general officers in thirty years.

MISS AGNES PERSON,

President Florida Division U. D. C.

U. D. C. NOTES.

The following report on the Jefferson Davis Monument fund from the Treasurer General is of date August 2, and has added interest from the fact that work is to be resumed for one hundred feet at least, the additional 35 feet being added when sufficient funds are in hand. Note the changes of position for Texas from twenty-fourth place last month to sixteenth, and Oklahoma from twenty-sixth to twenty-second. The District of Columbia appears this month.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.

STATE.	Amount Contributed.	No. of Chapters.	Average per Chapter.
1. New York.....	\$ 202 00	3	\$67 33
2. Pennsylvania.....	90 00	2	45 00
3. Kentucky.....	1,599 75	37	43 23
4. Maryland.....	250 00	6	41 66
5. Massachusetts.....	25 00	1	25 00
6. California.....	502 70	21	23 93
7. Florida.....	878 33	39	22 52
8. West Virginia.....	537 50	25	21 90
9. New Jersey.....	20 00	1	20 00
10. Illinois.....	40 00	2	20 00
11. Arkansas.....	705 00	45	15 66
12. Louisiana.....	432 50	29	14 91
15. Missouri.....	507 65	47	10 80
13. North Carolina.....	1,562 51	111	14 07
14. Ohio.....	93 30	7	13 32
16. Texas.....	820 35	76	10 79
17. Indiana.....	10 00	1	10 00
18. South Carolina.....	1,025 00	104	9 85
19. Washington.....	20 00	3	6 66
20. Georgia.....	821 30	127	6 46
21. Tennessee.....	396 75	63	6 29
22. Oklahoma.....	216 50	36	6 01
23. Mississippi.....	321 90	59	5 43
24. Alabama.....	616 25	91	5 13
25. New Mexico.....	5 00	1	5 00
26. Virginia.....	125 75	130	99
27. District of Columbia..	5 00	9	55

States not contributing to date: Arizona, Colorado, Minnesota, Montana, Oregon, and Utah.

* * *

An extract from a letter from Mrs. J. A. Rountree, a member of the U. D. C. Memorial Elevator Committee in the American Hospital at Neuilly, France, written to Miss Poppenheim, of South Carolina, Chairman of that Committee, will prove interesting reading. Madame de Courtivron, mentioned in the letter, is also a member of the Elevator Committee.

"PARIS FRANCE, June 19.

"When we reached Paris on Wednesday, I found a note of invitation from the Marquise de Courtivron (I had written her of my intended visit), asking that we visit her on Friday at 3:30 P.M., when she would take us to the hospital, having tea later at her home. It was a most delightful afternoon. At the hospital I found that the superintendent was holding an invitation for us to the laying of the corner stone of the new hospital. Ambassador Herrick, who is a friend of Mr. Rountree's, had previously told us of the event and asked that we attend, the invitations being limited. I am inclosing a clipping from to-day's *Daily Mail* (Continental) telling of an anonymous American's check for 25,000 francs presented at the close of the Ambassador's address, and giving a list of the reports and documents inclosed in the corner stone.

[With the clipping was also a picture from the *Daily Mail* showing Mr. Herrick, Dr. Hardy, the treasurer of the Hospital Fund, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Mr. and Mrs. Rountree on the speaker's stand during the exercises.—Ed.]

"They honored our organization (U. D. C.) by placing a copy of my report as Chairjan of the War Relief Committee U. D. C., in the corner stone box. Every one spoke to us of the wonderful work of the U. D. C. I talked with the architect and with Dr. Hardy. They plan to have four elevators,

two large ones for stretcher patients, and two smaller ones for others, the four costing \$12,000. I told Dr. Hardy that I thought one of the smaller ones would suit our purpose better, since the Memorial Plate would thus be read by those not too ill to take notice."

And so the U. D. C. may know that their work at Neuilly Hospital is constantly recognized, and the record of our war work there is safe in the corner stone of the new, larger hospital with 120 beds, instead of the 32 beds now being operated by the famous little old hospital which stood sponsor for so much magnificent relief work under American direction during the World War.

* * *

Mrs. Prestan Power, of Maryland, sends the following interesting notes:

Mrs. Eleanor Chiswell Nicodemus, President of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, reports the worthy effort of the Daughters of Frederick to care for the graves of the unknown Confederate dead who rest in Mount Olivet Cemetery. They will endeavor this year to raise \$800, this money to be kept intact and the interest used for the purpose stated. Two hundred has been secured. Sleeping in one grave are four hundred and eight unknown soldiers of the Southland who made the supreme sacrifice on the Monocacy battle field, July 9, 1864, where they were buried, the bodies subsequently being removed to Frederick and interred in Mount Olivet. Many of these brave soldiers died in the local hospitals after receiving their fatal wounds at South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Monocacy, and some at Gettysburg.

"HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION.

"General Order No. 30.

In commemoration of the gallant conduct of the 1st Maryland Regiment on the 6th of June, when led by Col. Bradley T. Johnson, they drove back with loss the Pennsylvania Bucktail Rifles in the engagement near Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Va., authority is given to have one of the captured 'Bucktails' (the insignia of the Federal regiment) appended to the color staff of the 1st Maryland Regiment.

JAMES BARBOUR, A. A. G."

"By order of Major General Ewell."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1923.

Maryland Campaign.

McClellan and Lee at Frederick, September 5, 1862.

"The Lost Order."

South Mountain or Boonsboro.

Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862. One of the mightiest struggles in the history of modern warfare.

Lee awaited McClellan the whole day following the conflict.

September 18, recrosses Potomac.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1923.

Jefferson Davis: Prisoner of War in Fortress Monroe, Va., 1865-1867.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER...*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

My Dear Coworkers: Though feeling that a message from your President General could one time be omitted, there has been a struggle to let pass this special opportunity, for my heart's desire—to greet you from the land of ocean breezes, where return to former health and strength is earnestly sought—has been paramount; and so, out upon the sands of the seashore, with the great rolling waves coming in with the tide, I have sat in the silence, waiting for the voice of the waters to speak a message that shall lead us and from which we may draw fresh inspiration, fresh courage, and strength for the duties that lie before us; that out of the silence may come lessons of optimistic faith which will enable us to plan and work for bigger returns than ever before from the efforts put forth. "The harvest is white. Labor while yet 'tis day," is the answer that comes, and is lovingly passed on to you. May each of you go into the silence where God's voice plainly speaks and catch the message which he has for you.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Our congratulations go out to the new association organized in Washington, D. C., the Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association, with Mrs. Charles H. Fred as President. Washington, being a city of "magnificent distances," has a broad field for work, and we are most happy to welcome the splendid body of women comprising this our latest association, and wish for them unbounded success in their patriotic service.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT OKLAHOMA CITY.—What the inspirational service of one woman can accomplish has been most beautifully demonstrated in the erection of a splendid monument by the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, of Oklahoma City, with Mrs. James R. Armstrong as the capable leader. The monument, six feet high, six feet wide, of beautiful white marble, was unveiled on June 3, with an interesting program, Mrs. Armstrong, the gracious President, making the brilliant address of the occasion. With so capable a leader, one whose heart and soul are devoted to the cause for which we stand, we look to the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association to be a leader among our Memorial women. Let us hope that the rest during the summer has enabled many of us to get new inspiration and new energy to "carry on."

MISS MARY L. SIMPSON.

It is with real sorrow that we announce the death of Miss Mary L. Simpson, a valued member of the Confederated

Southern Memorial Association, of Petersburg, Va., who died on July 11, at the age of seventy-nine years. She was a daughter of the late William S. and Jane T. Lochhand Simpson, of Petersburg, where she was born in 1844 and where her life had been spent. She was a lifelong member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church there, and for forty-one years was its organist. She was a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and a charter member of the Ladies Confederate Memorial Association of Petersburg. She was laid to rest in the Blandford Cemetery.

THE SONG THAT MADE A RIVER FAMOUS.

The man who immortalized the Suwanee River in a song which for three generations has spread the fame of Florida to every corner of the world was Stephen Collins Foster, a native of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Everybody knows "Way Down upon the Suwanee River," but few of the many thousands who have sung it know anything of the man who composed this familiar melody.

Foster never saw the Suwanee River and had never heard of it until after he had written the song. He lived in the antebellum period before the railroads had opened up the wonders of Florida and made the Mecca for hundreds of thousands of tourists.

The line of the Southern Railway System crosses the Suwanee River, and the route of the "Suwanee River Spécial" is over this stream, which originates in the southern part of Georgia and winds through the northwest of Florida, emptying into the Gulf of Mexico.

The story of how Stephen Collins Foster came to immortalize the Suwanee River is told by Morrison Foster in his biography of his brother. Stephen Foster was in search of a two-syllable name of the Southern river for use in a song which he had planned to call "Way Down upon de Old Plantation." He called on his brother for a suggestion. Morrison Foster took down an atlas and turned to a map of the United States. After a brief search they located the name "Suwanee."

"That's it, that's it exactly!" exclaimed Stephen Foster.

Foster wrote the words and music for more than a hundred well-known songs, but "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River" (Old Folks at Home) is his chief claim to remembrance, according to Harold Vincent Milligan, author, who says in his biography of Foster:

"This is probably the most widely known and loved song ever written. It has been translated into every European language and into many Asiatic and African tongues. It has

(Continued on page 356.)

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.
[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

GENERAL NOTES.

TWO BIDS FOR BRICKBATS OR BOUQUETS.—There was no fight of our forefathers against the Union, but against a dominant party which had seized the government and was running it contrary to the spirit our ancestors breathed into it. It is idle to charge the South with endeavoring to wreck the Union, they fought to save constitutional government and the rights of small peoples to govern themselves, and against that Moloch, centralization. If the South had won, the North could have been admitted into a Union reconstructed on the constitutional principles upon which the country was founded, just as, having lost, the South was admitted into a Union in which these bedrock principles had been ruthlessly crushed under the heel of military power.

Long ago I made the prediction that when the All-American, Anglo-Saxon last stand was made in this country, the scene of the stand would be here in the South. The last ditch of resistance to "isms" will be dug in the South. Signs of this multiply daily. The West seethes with a strange mixture of socialism, bolshevism, sovietism, Germanism, and parts of the country there are no more American than are Jugo-Slavia, Poland, or Albania. We have recently seen elected to the Senate of the United States from out there a man who cannot pronounce his own name in English, and there is one Western Senator who wants recognition of the murderous Russian Soviet government. All the great cities of the North have become mere swarming places of a miscellaneous horde of foreign peoples. Here in the South there is no sovietism or bolshevism, it would not be healthy. Our foreign population is so small as scarcely to count in percentages. The foreign infusion will come later, perhaps, and when it comes the means of combating submergence by it will doubtless be discovered. We are not unfamiliar with threatened submergence, and we have had experience in self-preservation. When the time comes this experience will doubtless stand the whole nation in very good stead.

DRINKWATER'S "R. E. LEE" AGAIN.—It is announced that Drinkwater's play will be first produced in this country in Richmond, and the *Times-Dispatch* of that city says it is eminently proper that the South should be first allowed to approve or set the seal of disapproval upon this characterization of her great hero. Additional criticisms from those who have seen the London presentation serve only to strengthen the conviction expressed in the last issue of this department that the play is a failure as far as correct picturization of Lee is concerned. A woman critic, who certainly is not biased in Lee's favor, as can be readily seen from the extracts below, adds to this general idea of false characterization. She says (comparing this with the play "Lincoln"): "The new play is less centered in the personality of Lee than its predecessor was in that of the greater man, Lincoln, although the figure of the beloved general is of immense importance in it." This critic, thoroughly Lincoln propagandaized you see, then goes on in the familiar strain of praising our endurance, courage, etc., and denying to us the possession of correct principles.

She says: "This story of the people who were cut off from all reinforcements and supplies except their own, who, whether right or wrong, for four years put up a heroic fight for their own tribe against overwhelming odds and their fellow countrymen; and who lost their fight, as, from the reasons for it, it was right that they should, has no novelty to us as it has for the English public. It is a familiar story, but one to be proud of, for no country's history can offer anything to excel it."

Describing the Lee which the English actor presents, she calls it "a performance which can be described by the English word 'stodgy.' It is not quite pompous, but ponderous; not exactly insincere, but unsimple, . . . and we wonder how such a dull man contrived to so inspire others."

How do these words fitted to General Lee suit your taste, readers? It is quite evident that Drinkwater's "Lee" is not a play we care for, and it can doubtless be left to Richmond to make evident our dissatisfaction.

FROM GENERAL HEADQUARTERS: GENERAL ORDER NO. 3.—The resignation of Comrade Ralston F. Green, of New Orleans, La., Commander Army Tennessee Department, Sons of Confederate Veterans, is hereby accepted, and Comrade Lucius L. Moss, of Lake Charles, La., is hereby appointed to take his place. Comrade Moss is requested to appoint his staff immediately and report the names of his appointees to the Adjutant in Chief.

By virtue of authority vested in me by the constitution of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, I hereby announce the appointment of the following Division Commanders:

Arkansas.—J. Garland Stokes, Russellville.

District of Columbia and Maryland.—Frank F. Conway, Washington.

Florida.—S. L. Lowry, Tampa.

Kentucky.—Malcom Hart Crump, Bowling Green.

Louisiana.—W. O. Hart, New Orleans.

Missouri.—Charles A. Moreno, St. Louis.

North Carolina.—Henry M. London, Raleigh.

Oklahoma.—L. A. Horton, Duncan.

South Carolina.—John M. Kinard, Newberry.

Tennessee.—J. L. Buard, Chattanooga.

West Virginia.—G. W. Sidebottom, Huntington.

The Division Commanders are requested to appoint their staff and Brigade Commanders at the earliest possible moment and send the names of their appointees to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, in order that commissions may be sent them. Division Commanders are requested to instruct their Brigade Commanders to appoint their staffs immediately, which shall consist of one Brigade Adjutant, one Brigade Inspector, and one Brigade Quartermaster, and report the names of their appointees to General Headquarters immediately.

By order of W. McDonald Lee, Commander in Chief
S. C. V.

WALTER L. HOPKINS,
Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.

A MAURY LETTER.—Pygmy hate chiseled the name of Jefferson Davis from Cabin John Bridge, and pygmy hate tried to erase the memory of Matthew Fontaine Maury from the records of the Navy Department of the United States, as it had already refused to properly record his name; but the fame of this great man, this "Pathfinder of the Sea," grows with the years. Showered with decorations and honors by foreign governments and great societies and institutions of learning, as has been no American before or since, neglected only by his own government, which was dominated by South haters, Maury turned down foreign offers of distinction and

spent his last years as an instructor at the Virginia Military Institute. Recently the old letter printed below was found by a prominent U. D. C., woman and sent to this Department. It is printed in "Littell's Living Age" in September, 1855. and is headed: "Lieutenant Maury's Observations on Land." The letter suggests to farmers a plan for securing a more intimate acquaintance with the influences which surround them in the atmosphere, and says: "Some years ago I commenced such a system for the sea as I am now advocating—and as I now both see and feel the necessity of—for the land." After we had been at work a little while, Congress authorized the Secretary of the Navy to employ three small vessels of the navy to assist me in perfecting these discoveries and pushing forward investigations. Now, you would have said, what two things can be more remote than maps to show which way the winds blow and a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic? Yet it seems they are closely connected, for researches undertaken for the one are found to bear directly upon the other. Among the early fruits gathered by pushing our discoveries is the promise of a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic. Storms on land have a beginning and an end; that is, they commence at some place and frequently, after several days' travel, end at some other. What would it be worth to the farmer or the merchant or to anybody if he could know, with something like certainty, the kind of weather he might expect one, two, or three days ahead? I think it not at all unlikely that such, to some extent at least, would be among the first fruits of this system of observations I am proposing. I do not suppose that we should be able to telegraph in advance of every shower of rain, but without doubt the march of the rains that are general can be determined in time to give the people, in some portions of the country at least, warning of their approach. Such an office as will be required here in Washington is already here; it was established by Mr. Calhoun when he was Secretary of War. Some of the leading scientific men of Europe are ready to join us in such a plan, and I have no doubt most of the governments of the world would undertake, each for itself, and within its own territories, a corresponding series of observations so that we should then be able to study the movements of this great atmospherical machinery of our planet as a whole and not, as heretofore, in isolated, detached parts. Very respectfully, M. F. Maury, Lieutenant United States Navy."

FROM ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS.

DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS,
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.
WILMINGTON, N. C., July 16, 1923.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

To be read before all Camps of the Department.

1. By virtue of my reelection as Commander of the Department of the Army of Northern Virginia, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at the twenty-seventh annual convention and reunion of the Son's organization, held in New Orleans, April 10 to 13, I have assumed command of the Divisions, Brigades, and Camps composing the Department, which consists of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, District of Columbia, New York, and all the States east of the Mississippi and north of Maryland, and establish headquarters at Wilmington, N. C.

2. I hereby officially announce the appointment of the following comrades as members of my staff for the Army of Northern Virginia:

Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff, W. H. Brown, Wilmington, N. C.

Department Quartermaster, Robert D. Wright, Newberry, S. C.

Department Inspector, James H. Miller, Jr., Hinton, W. Va.

Department Commissary, F. R. Fravel, Washington, D. C.

Department Judge Advocate, John A. Cutchins, Richmond, Va.

Department Surgeon, Dr. John G. South, Frankfort, Ky.

Department Chaplain, Rev. H. W. Battle, Charlottesville, Va.

Department Historian, Josephus Daniels, Jr., Raleigh, N. C.

Assistant Department Adjutants: James L. Haney, Ashland, Ky.; W. T. Ball, Hinton, W. Va.; J. F. Little, Washington, D. C.; C. J. Epps, Conway, S. C.; David A. Lyon, Petersburg, Va.

Assistant Department Commissaries: Braxton D. Gibson, Charles Town, W. Va.; T. W. Peyton, Huntington, W. Va.; L. A. Boozer, Newberry, S. C.; William A. Nesbit, Crewe, Va.; G. O. Cable, Greensboro, N. C.

Assistant Department Quartermasters: Lloyd M. Robiette, Jonesville, Va.; A. D. Marshall, 1790 Broadway, N. Y.; W. R. Burdett, Lewisburg, Va.; Walter S. Wingo, Spartanburg, S. C.; Davis S. Oliver, Wilmington, N. C.

Assistant Department Inspectors: J. R. Williams, Berkley, Norfolk, Va.; Silas W. Fry, 515 West End Avenue, N. Y. C. M. Brown, Asheville, N. C.; J. F. Tatom, Berkley, Norfolk, Va.; Y. B. Wickliff, Wickliff, Ky.

Assistant Department Chaplains: O. A. Bird, Elkins, W. Va.; W. D. Upshaw, Washington, D. C.; H. C. Ruffin, Petersburg, Va.; E. L. Andrews, Cadiz, Ky.; Rev. William Byrd Lee, Blacksburg, Va.

Assistant Department Judge Advocates: Albert L. Cox, Raleigh, N. C.; F. F. Conway, Washington, D. C.; Peter Saunders, Rocky Mount, Va.; J. W. Blackburn, Frankfort, Ky.; Joseph H. Chitwood, Roanoke, Va.

Assistant Department Surgeons: Dr. B. H. Hume, Huntington, W. Va.; Dr. T. Y. Cooksey, Spartanburg, S. C.; Dr. E. Ackley Moore, Upperville, Va.; Dr. W. M. Newberry, Glasgow, Ky.; Dr. Lawrence T. Price, Richmond, Va.

Assistant Department Historians: G. Nelson Wilson, Elkins, W. Va.; E. H. Birchfield, Roanoke, Va.; E. W. R. Ewing, Washington, D. C.; J. Allen Taylor, Wilmington, N. C.; Charles S. Roller, Jr., Staunton, Va.

By order of: W. C. GALLOWAY,
Commander, Army of Northern Virginia,
Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Official: WILLIAM H. BROWN,
Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

VIRGINIA DIVISION S. C. V. REUNION.—On September 11 to 13, inclusive, the Virginia Division S. C. V. holds its twenty-eighth annual convention and reunion at Roanoke. Walter L. Hopkins, Commander Virginia Division, and Lee O. Miller, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, in General Order No. 6, outline the program and make definite announcements. Among prominent speakers are mentioned Gov. Lee Trinkle. Past Commander in Virginia Division, and former Congressman J. P. Woods. Col. McDonald Lee, Commander in Chief S. C. V., and Mrs. James A. Scott, President Virginia Division U. D. C., will also make addresses. A grand parade on Thursday September 13, will be followed by the Sons' grand ball at the Auditorium, where the Confederate Veterans (who are meeting coincidentally) will be guests of honor.

THE SONG THAT MADE A RIVER FAMOUS.

(Continued from page 353.)

been sung by millions the world over and has long since passed out of the realm of written song to be incorporated into the body of folk music passed orally from generation to generation, breathing the very soul of the people. The magic of this wonderful melody defies analysis. In some subtle and instinctive way it expresses the homesick yearning over the past and the far away which is the common emotional heritage of the whole human race."

Some of the other songs composed by Foster are: "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Oh! Susanna," "Old Dog Tray," "Old Uncle Ned," "Louisiana Belle," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming."

Foster was born on July 4, 1826, and died on January 13, 1864, at the age of thirty-eight. While born in Pennsylvania near Pittsburgh, he was of Southern descent, his father being a Virginian and his mother having been born in Maryland. A simple tablet marks his grave in the Alleghany Cemetery at Pittsburgh.—*The Lookout*.

IMPARTIAL AMERICANISM.

Rhea Kuykendall, of Weatherford, Tex., writes of some interesting correspondence with the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which he complimented him on the lack of articles on Lincoln in the *Atlantic* as compared with other magazines of the North and East; that hardly a month passed without noting some such articles praising Lincoln, and as the main periodicals of the country were published in the North, and as they emphasized Lincoln and wholly ignored the great men of the South, they were not practicing an impartial Americanism. "So," says Mr. Kuykendall, "I complimented the *Atlantic* for being so markedly free from the fault of contemporary magazines, and then I asked what the editor thought about this matter. His reply, here given, was a pleasing surprise, so much so that I am passing it on:

"BOSTON, July 16, 1923.

"Dear Mr. Kuykendall: Many thanks for your recent note regarding Southern heroes and Northern magazines. We can, however, prove to your satisfaction that the *Atlantic* is an exception to the rule. We published not one, but a whole series of articles on Robert E. Lee in the year 1911, which seemed to us perhaps the most interesting material which had ever been published on this subject. Moreover, we have published individual sketches of Jackson, Davis, and others. All of which goes to show that we quite agree with your letter.

"Yours faithfully, THE EDITOR."

"The last sentence is significant. If such is *really* the attitude of the *Atlantic Monthly*, it is one with which the whole loyal South should become acquainted. The *Atlantic* is recognized as the most excellent magazine in America for literary merit, and it is probably the first, among the big publications, to agree that Lincoln is overemphasized by the leading periodicals of the country.

"At any rate, it is an incident worthy of remark that a Northern periodical, one of the best, should exhibit such an impartial Americanism; and I would like for more Southerners to know of this just attitude of the *Atlantic Monthly* toward our Southern heroes.

"In the August *Atlantic* is Woodrow Wilson's first public writing since his retirement, 'The Road Away From Revolution,' and in the same number we see such expression as this: 'You understood, then, how Pickett's men went up the slope

of Cemetery Ridge, and how Lee's ragged gray line died in their tracks at Cold Harbor,' in the article on 'The Individuality of the States.'"

SURVIVORS OF MOSBY'S COMMAND.

BY CHANNING M. SMITH, DELAPLANE, VA.

The survivors of Mosby's Command, Camp No. 110, U. C. V., will hold their next reunion at Leesburg, Va., Friday, October 19, 1923.

Since our last reunion at Culpeper, Va., Sept. 7, 1922, the following members have died: Capt. I. Fountaine Beatty, Lieut. John A. Ballard, J. H. Bishop, — Baker, Ludwell Lake, C. B. McIntosh, Thomas B. Rector, W. H. Robinson, George M. Slater, Thomas Russell, H. Bolton, W. C. Anderson.

Out of forty-six officers, only five are living—viz.; Lieut. Col. W. H. Chapman, Greensboro, N. C.; Lieut. Frank Rohn, Richmond, Va.; Lieut. John Russell, Berryville, Va.; Lieut. I. C. Puryear, Luray, Va.; and myself, C. M. Smith, Delaplane, Va.

Out of 1,024 men and officers, ninety-six are living.

I will take this opportunity of saying, that, for the size of his command, Mosby accomplished wonderful results. From the spring of 1863 to that of 1865, he captured two generals, one colonel, one major, thirty-two captains, thirty-six lieutenants; officers killed, thirty-two; wounded, thirty-six. Privates captured, 2,102. Horses captured, 2,300; mules, 1,068. Total value of enemy's property burned or brought off, \$1,406,300.

This is a very conservative estimate of values and is for value of horses, mules, and their equipment of harness, saddles, etc., and for five hundred and six loaded wagons burned or brought off, 220 big beef cattle sent to General Lee; 35 sutler wagons and contents, 150 pairs of cavalry boots, \$168,000 in greenbacks; engines and trains burned near the Plains and Catlett Station, Fauquier County, Va., and 500 wagons loaded with supplies for Sheridan's army, then operating in the Shenandoah Valley. The beef cattle were captured at the same time.

Sheridan was so crippled in the loss of these supplies that he was compelled to suspend operations for some time and fall back to his original position. Though Colonel Mosby had over 1,000 men, yet 300 was the largest number present at any time, and it was with small force that he destroyed Sheridan's train near Berryville, guarded by a brigade of infantry under General Stephenson and 250 cavalymen. (See "History of Mosby and His Men," by W. Williamson, page 210.)

His constant attacks upon Sheridan and the other officers of the Yankee army, upon their lines of communication and transportation, made the employment of from twenty to twenty-five thousand men necessary to guard them. This is stated by the Confederate authorities. But for Colonel Mosby and his gallant men, these men would have been added to the number confronting General Lee and other officers of his command. As I did not join Mosby's command until the last few years of the war, I am not entitled to any credit for their work.

Maj. C. E. McGregor, Commissioner of Pensions for Georgia, writes from Atlanta, sending a copy of his "cartoon which had effect on 'General Apathy' in defeating four bills inimical to the Confederate pensioners of Georgia and getting a tax on cigars and cigarettes which will pay the pension deficiencies."

CAMP OF VETERANS AT PARIS, TEX.

On June 3 of each year, the Lamar Chapter, U. D. C., of Paris, Tex., gives a picnic to the veterans of the county, an outing which is looked forward to with pleasure from year to year. A list of those present was taken this year, with their ages, and this list was kindly sent to the VETERAN by Mrs. Constance McCuistion, who is Adjutant of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 70 U. V. C. It will be of interest to note that about fifty per cent of them have passed into the four-score, presumably in health and vigor, and one comrade leads the way into the nineties. The average of the list is eighty-two years.

OFFICERS OF ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON CAMP U. C. V.

T. J. Vansant, Commander; G. P. Henley, First Lieutenant; J. H. Smith, Second Lieutenant; A. K. Oliver, Flag Bearer; W. L. Gill, Chaplain; F. D. Mallory, Quartermaster; Mrs. O. L. Means, Historian; Mrs. Constantine McCuistion, Adjutant.

MEMBERSHIP.

T. J. Vansant, 79; George P. Henley, 79; S. A. Griffith, 85; C. W. Driskell, 79; I. F. Baker, 83; R. M. Stamper, 76; W. J. Moran, 77; F. P. King, 83; P. M. Speairs, 89; Carroll Smith 78; A. K. Oliver, 84; J. T. Webster, 81; J. K. P. Hays, 77; S. S. Spcairs, 77; J. M. Long, 79; M. A. Bridges (visitor), 78; C. B. Jennings, 81; John H. Smith, 78; T. H. Chenault, 77; J. W. Deckay, 83; J. A. Scott, 83; D. D. Duncan, 82; F. D. Julian, 75; J. E. Bobo, 76; J. Q. Griffith, 79; J. W. Hardy, 82; J. K. Long, 82; G. A. Reynolds, 82; P. S. Simpson, 80; W. B. Stilwell, 79; W. H. Partin, 78; W. B. Lillard, 78; S. H. Neathery, 82; T. D. Wilkinson, 82; W. A. Martin, 77; J. R. Justiss, 81; W. W. Stell, 90; W. K. Griffin, 77; H. L. Clark, 77; L. W. Deweese, 77; E. K. Gunn, 82; Bob S. Pope, 77; J. T. Henley, 86; P. M. Warlick, 87; W. F. Martin, 77; J. E. Stallings, 76; D. S. Hammond, 81; W. H. Harmon, 81; J. T. Woodard, 79; J. M. Summer, 80; John Webb, 82; W. L. Gill, 83; J. C. Porter, 82; J. O. Bradley, 80; H. M. Copeland, 78; J. W. Deweese, 82; J. F. Keal, 79; A. P. Pettiville, 82; R. P. Rooks, 80; A. S. Wall, 80; Charlie Mathews, 86.

"BOYS WILL BE BOYS."

BY C. H. GILL, BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.

After the capture of John Brown at Harper's Ferry in October and his execution at Charles Town, Va., December 2, 1859, it was thought that the Abolitionists of the North were sending emissaries into the South disguised as teachers, peddlers, etc., to further stir up the negroes to insurrection. As a means of protection, the county courts of Virginia appointed patrols in every neighborhood to see that there were no unlawful assemblages at night. If a negro wished to visit, he was required to have a written pass from his master. After the young men went to war, the patrols were composed of boys from sixteen to eighteen years and old men.

On the night I have in mind the patrol consisted of four or five boys, evidently the old men preferred their comfortable firesides to tramping over the country. When we came to the home of Mr. David Thaxton, we heard music and dancing in a cabin some distance from the house. We pushed open the door and found a large crowd of negroes of both sexes having a great time. We concluded we would have a little fun too, so we told them we would have a contest and the best dancer should go free. Two young bucks stepped out on the floor, the music started up, and of all dancing I ever saw that was never excelled. We enjoyed it so much we told them we could not decide who was the winner, but we would give them thirty

minutes to close their party and then, if there were any who did not have a pass, we would have to deal with them. We visited with Mr. Thaxton till the time was up. They kept up the dance till we opened the door, when there was a great rush and scattering in the dark, probably to return after we left.

I think Smith Jones, of Thaxton, Va., was one of the patrol, and perhaps Charles Maupin, of Oklahoma City. If either of them is alive and sees this, I would be glad to hear from him. I think all of us went into the army later.

LOYAL TO THE END.

In firm, clear script, a letter comes from R. F. Learned, of Natchez, Miss., whose name has been on the subscription list from the beginning, and with that letter he sends five dollars to keep the VETERAN going to him. And he writes: "As I am rounding out my eighty-ninth year, I will probably be laid to rest ere it expires. Then my son will probably keep the good work going. I served in the 10th Mississippi from 1861 to 1865, under Albert Sidney Johnston, Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and Hood. After Hood's disastrous campaign into Tennessee, we were rushed to North Carolina, where, under 'Old Jo,' we fought Sherman to a stand at Bentonville, after which we rushed to join Lee, who had been forced out of Richmond and Petersburg, to surrender at Appomattox. We got as near as Greensboro, where, a few days later, with Grant on one side, Sherman on the other, Johnston surrendered his depleted army. I received \$1.25—one Mexican dollar, the quarter being a dollar cut in four pieces—and it was all my worldly possessions, the Yankees having laid waste to the rest. I blew in the quarter and gave the dollar to her who became my wife till her death fifty-one years later (1919), and it is now held a sacred trust by our son, Andrew Brown Learned. 'There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.' My guardian angel has been kind to me."

MOSBY'S TERRITORY.

Charles Baird, Jr., of Glen Welby Farm, Marshall, Va., sends his renewal for several years, and writes: "I am interested in the VETERAN because of the reminiscences written by veterans which prove that time does not make every one forget. My own memories of war date back only to the World War, in which I participated for three years in the French army and our own army; but after all, in a general way, men experience about the same things in one war as another. Except for difference in locality and time, soldiers endure the same hardships—hunger, thirst, frozen feet, rain, mud, and long marches and counter-marches. So I am very much interested in the stories and sketches in the VETERAN of other times.

"I live in a house which Mosby frequented during the War between the States. The trapdoor in the floor of my library, through which he and his men are said to have left the house often on the approach of Federal troops from Salem or Rector-town, is still preserved. On one occasion he slid down from the roof of what is now a sleeping porch, and galloped off through the woods at the end of my alfalfa field."

SPANISH WAR VETERANS.—The National Encampment of Spanish War Veterans is to be held in Chattanooga, September 16-20, this being the first time for the encampment to be held in the South. Ellsworth Wilson, commanding the Department of Tennessee, is General Chairman of Committees, with headquarters in the Pound Building, Chattanooga.

FROM THE DAILY MAIL.

Abner J. Strobel, of Chenango, Tex., writes, in sending his renewal order: "I started with the *Southern Bivouac*, and as soon as I found out the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was being published, and that it was the official organ of Confederate survivors, I subscribed for it and have been a regular subscriber ever since, and hope to continue to the end."

N. A. Gregg, of Burlington, N. C., says of the VETERAN: "I enjoy it so much that I read everything in it, even the advertisements, the day I receive it, then pass it on to some old vet who can't take it. My father, George W. Gregg, served the full term of the war, under General Morgan as long as he lived, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., at the close. He was from Kentucky."

From Hon. Pat Henry, Brandon, Miss.: "I cannot do without the VETERAN. It comes to me like a voice from the past, a veritable benison, beguiling me of loneliness and carrying me back to the associations of my youth, when the young nation's banner floated proudly on the angry front of battle fought for constitutional rights."

Capt. W. C. R. Tapscott, of Berryville, Va., renews for two years, and writes: "We can't do without the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and the ones who fought for the cause."

In renewing subscription, W. L. Truman, of Gueydan, La. writes: "Thanks for your valuable offer of the book, 'Christ in the Camp.' I am an old Reb and knew personally J. William Jones, the author. I have been wanting the book a long time. God bless all of you VETERAN people."

E. M. Kirkpatrick, Greenville, Ala., renews subscription, and says: "I prize the VETERAN highly and do not want to miss a single number."

M. L. Vesey, Memphis, Tenn., sends renewal order, and adds: "I celebrated my eighty-sixth birthday on the 8th of last June. I wish to take the VETERAN as long as it and I live."

Mrs. Annie E. Mauck, Jamestown, O.: "Among the many magazines that come to my home I give the VETERAN first place."

Mrs. George F. Longan, Sedalia, Mo.: "Our CONFEDERATE VETERAN continues the greatest good that our cause has."

Mrs. J. R. D. Smith, Historian Ann White Chapter U. D. C., Rock Hill, S. C.: "The VETERAN is fine!"

Harvey L. Clough, of Somerville, Mass., a young veteran of the World War, writes "in praise of your wonderful magazine. Each number seems better than the last."

Mrs. J. B. Powell, of Waco, Tex., continues subscriptions as a memorial to her late husband, and says: "I am interested in every number."

Benton B. McGown, of New London, Mo., says: "I enjoy and appreciate the VETERAN, from which I have obtained much valuable history which I was unable to glean elsewhere."

Mrs. S. W. Sholars, of Orange, Tex., writes: "I always enjoy the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

NOT COMMISSIONED.—Referring to his name having been given in a list of surviving Confederate generals, Col. E. W. Rucker, of Birmingham, Ala., writes: "Although I commanded a brigade in the Confederate army, I never received a commission appointing me as general. During my command of this brigade the men called me 'General,' and while I have corrected this mistake many times, I have been called that ever since, though my real official title is 'Colonel.' I will be glad to have this correction made in the VETERAN, so it may not be thought I lay claim to a title which I did not possess."

OUR PRESIDENTS FINANCIALLY.

The following list, taken from an exchange, gives the worldly circumstances of our Presidents from the first to the last, and is interesting in showing that wealth is no aid to the position and poverty no barrier. It is sad that Washington was the richest man in America at the time of his inauguration, but the position sought the man. It will be seen that more of the occupants of the White House were poor than rich, some of them even to the time they became President; others started life in poverty and gained a competence by their own efforts. Andrew Johnson was probably the poorest man to occupy the executive mansion.

Washington, wealthy; John Adams, moderate means; Jefferson, moderate means; Monroe, moderate means; Jackson, poor; Van Buren, poor; W. H. Harrison, poor; Tyler, wealthy; Polk, moderate means; Taylor, poor; Fillmore, poor; Pierce, wealthy; Buchanan, poor; Lincoln, poor; Johnson, poor; Grant, poor; Hayes, well-to-do; Garfield, poor; Arthur, moderate means; Cleveland, moderate means; Benjamin Harrison, moderate means; McKinley, poor; Roosevelt, wealthy; Taft, moderate means; Wilson, moderate; Harding, well-to-do; Coolidge, moderate means.

A NONSECTIONAL OPEN-DOOR MUSEUM.

A. D. Babcock, of Goodland, Ind., seems to have the right idea in making a collection of books, papers, etc., from the point of view by both North and South, for he thinks that his people have never learned that the South had any viewpoint. At his own expense, he has put up a fireproof building to house the things he has gathered up in forty years' collecting, "in which," he says, "may be found something from every country on earth." He is building up a library in connection with the museum, and wants books by Southern writers, especially books on Confederate history, pictures of Southern heroes, files of war newspapers, and other things of that interesting period. He would be glad to hear from any one interested in his undertaking. The museum is intended for all classes.

A FINE RECORD.—On August 4, a picnic was held at Amherst, White Sulphur Springs, Va., in honor of James Clement, of Willow, who reached his hundredth year on that date, and William A. Miller, of Lynchburg, who will be one hundred this year. A special program was carried out, ending with the basket lunch on the grounds. Comrade Clement is a farmer by occupation, and every year still raises a small crop of tobacco and works his garden. He has seven children, seventy-three grandchildren, one hundred and thirty-three great grandchildren, and five great great grandchildren. His present wife is now ninety-seven years old.

REUNION 20TH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.—The annual reunion of the 20th Tennessee, Battle's old regiment, and Rutledge's Battery, will be held at Centennial Park in Nashville, Tenn., on September 21. Commander D. C. Scales extends a cordial invitation to all survivors of those commands and their friends to meet and participate in the pleasures of the occasion. There will be a picnic dinner at which the celebrated "Dalton pies" will be served.

The contract has been made to build one hundred feet more to the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky., which will make it 316 feet, the second highest monument in the world.

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PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

B. M. Hughes, of Agua Dulce, Tex., wants a copy of the old songs, "I will Lay Ten Dollars Down" and "Who Will Care for Mother Now."

The following are samples of notes from parents to teachers: "*Dear Miss Smith:* Please excuse Rachel; she had to fetch her mother's liver." "*Dear Miss:* Please excuse Mary been late she has ben out on a herring." "*Dear Madam:* Jane has had to stop home as I have had twins. It shan't occur again."—*Boston Transcript.*

THERE IS A TIME TO TRAVEL.

It is a time for traveling!

The age of moving on!

We run, we ride, we roll, we slide,

We travel, every one!

Some are tired of sitting still,

Some are fond of motion,

Some are ordered to the springs,

Others to the ocean.

Some to see the sun's eclipse,

Some to see the moon's,

Some a-sailing in the ships,

And some in the balloons!

This is on a "breach of trust."

That is his pursuer!

She is on her bridal bu'st,

And he is close up to her!

Some to find a starting place,

Some a place to settle,

Some to find the slippery face

Of Popocatapetl!

It is time of traveling,

And soon the time will come

When all the world will go to see

A man that stays at home.

—F. O. Ticknor.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—"I hear that you have given up singing to prisoners?" "Yes. They complained that it wasn't in the penal code."

Deafness

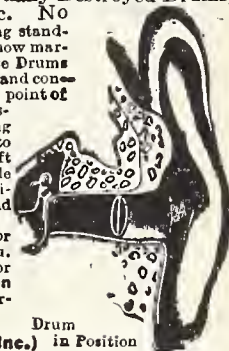
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What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our **FREE 168 page Book on Deafness**—giving you full particulars.



Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position 102 Inter-Southern Bldg. Louisville, Ky.

GOT HIS FURLOUGH.—Sometimes it pays to be original. A marine on furlough wired in as follows for an extension, and got it: "Nobody sick. Nobody died. No train wrecks. Everything fine. Still got a lot of money. Having a good time and going strong. Request extension."—*Exchange.*

In an effort to eradicate the wild morning-glory pest in the State of California, the University of California Agriculture Experiment Station, located at Berkeley, has printed and distributed more than ten thousand copies of a circular prepared by Clyde C. Barnum, a trainee of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau. The circular is entitled "The Control of the Wild Morning-Glory."

ONE OF THE "NOBLE 600."—Only one noncommissioned officer of the "Noble Six Hundred" of the famous charge of the Light Brigade, is now living, and he has reached the advanced age of ninety-two. He is Edwin Hughes, troop sergeant major of the 13th Hussars, and is the only person now receiving aid from the Balaklava Fund, which was organized shortly after the Crimean War to support the widows and children of the noncommissioned officers and to provide old-age pensions for the officers.—*Canadian American.*

The Family and Early Life of STONEWALL JACKSON

BY ROY BIRD COOK

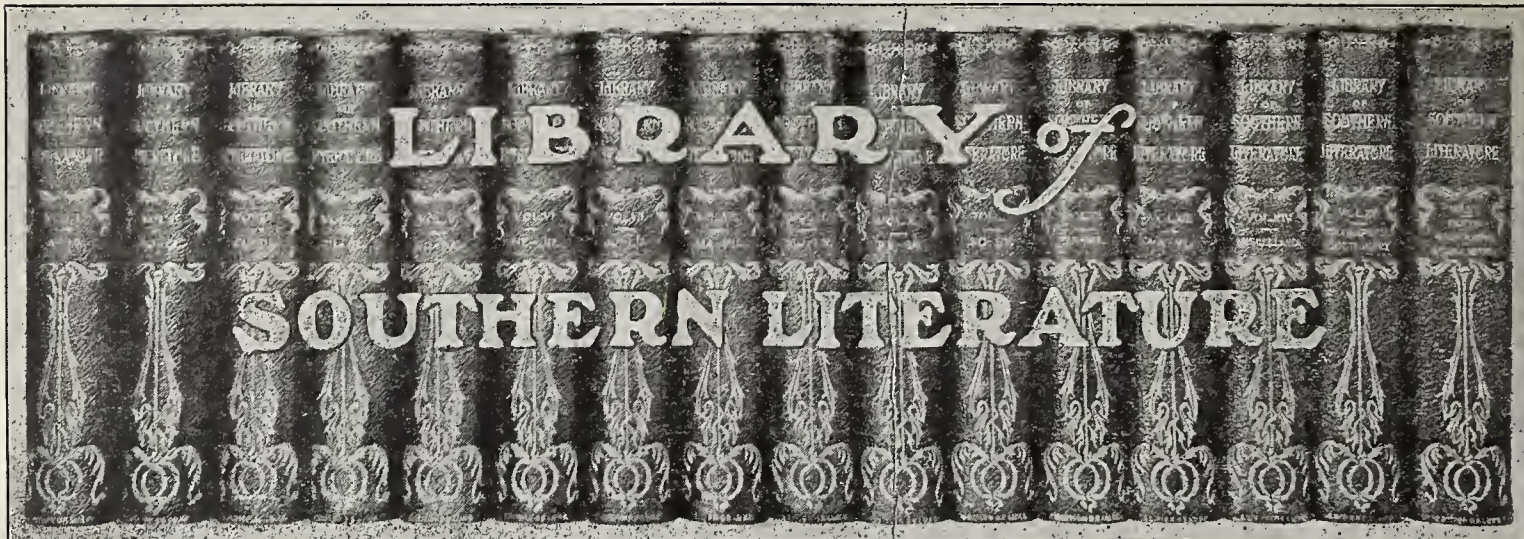
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The book will comprise about 100 pages, profusely illustrated, and cloth bound. The edition will be limited, and advance subscriptions at \$2.00 per copy are now being received by

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STONEWALL JACKSON

(Would you know Stonewall Jackson? Read the forty page oration by Moses Drury Hoge, D.D., delivered October 26, 1876, from which this extract is taken)

"The day after the first battle of Manassas, and before the history of that victory had reached Lexington in authentic form, rumor, preceding any accurate account of that event, had gathered a crowd around the post office awaiting with intensest interest the opening of the mail. In its distribution the first letter was handed to the Rev. Dr. White. It was from General Jackson. Recognizing at a glance the well-known superscription, the doctor exclaimed to those around him 'Now we shall know all the facts!' This was the bulletin:

"My Dear Pastor: In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday school. Inclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige

Yours faithfully,

'THOMAS J. JACKSON.'

"Not a word about a conflict which electrified a nation! Not an allusion to the splendid part he had taken in it; not a reference to himself beyond the fact that it had been a fatiguing day's service. And yet that was the day ever memorable in his history—memorable in all history—when he received the name which is destined to supplant the name his parents gave him—STONEWALL JACKSON." (Library of Southern Literature.)

SOUTHERN ORATORS AND STATESMEN

It is questionable whether the Anglo-Saxon people ever produced greater orators or statesmen than those of the South who helped make this nation, or those who later defended the rights of the individual States and the principles upon which, in their opinion, this nation was founded.

One-fourth of the 8,000 pages in the Library of Southern Literature are given to the genius of the South for statecraft and the national gift of her people for utterance; *gems too priceless to be lost, and therein worthily perpetuated.*

Judah P. Benjamin
John C. Breckinridge
Henry Clay
John B. Gordon
Wade Hampton
William Henry Harrison
Benjamin H. Hill
Andrew Jackson
H. S. Legare
John Marshall
John Randolph

Alexander H. Stephens
Robert Toombs
Zebulon B. Vance
George Washington
Thomas H. Benton
John C. Calhoun
Jefferson Davis
Henry W. Grady
Robert Young Hayne
Patrick Henry
Samuel Houston

Thomas Jefferson
L. Q. C. Lamar
Robert E. Lee
James Madison
Walter Hines Page
James K. Polk
Sergeant S. Prentiss
William Russell Smith
Zachary Taylor
George Graham Vest
William Wirt

And many others.

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VOL. XXXI.

OCTOBER, 1923

NO. 10



U. D. C. CROSS OF HONOR FOR WORLD WAR VETERANS

This handsome decoration will be given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to veterans of the World War who are descendants of Confederate soldiers

(See page 390)

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BOOK OFFERING FOR OCTOBER.

Nearly all of these are the out-of-print books and getting more and more scarce and difficult to procure. Now is a good time to get them at a reasonable price. Give second and third choice:

Short History of the Confederacy. By Jefferson Davis.....	\$5 00
Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfried.....	3 50
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke.....	5 00
Life and Campaigns of Stonewall Jackson. By R. L. Dabney.....	4 00
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Campaigns of Gen. N. B. Forrest. By Jordan and Pryor.....	5 00
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Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.....	4 00
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UNCLE SAM'S DEBT.

There appeared in the daily papers this message from Washington: "Congress to-day passed a measure of unanimous consent providing for the payment of an annuity for life of \$125 a month each to the widows of Surgeons James Carroll and Jesse Lazear, United States army, in recognition of their discoveries in connection with the transmission of yellow fever by mosquitoes."

It was not a charge with drum beating, colors flying, boom of cannon, rush of shot and shell; it was the steadfast facing of death, going to meet it alone and unafraid; not on

the battle field, but in the mosquito-infected hut they laid down their lives for the country and their fellow men; and Congress, speaking for the people, thought it only common gratitude that the widows of these heroes should have ease and comfort while they lived.—*Exchange.*

HE GOT \$5 FOR THIS.—John S. Campbell, well-known British-American steamship agent of the Marquette Building, thought of a success motto the other day and entered it in the Chicago *Tribune* contest, winning \$5. "Do Not Bare Your Troubles; Bear Them," it read.—*Canadian American.*

THE RED CROSS ROLL CALL.

The seventh annual roll call of the American Red Cross will be held from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving, November 11–29. The work for which it asks the support of the American people includes disaster relief, work for the disabled ex-service men, the maintenance of a nursing reserve of 40,000 trained nurses, available in emergency to the army, navy, United States Public Health Hospitals, and Veterans' Bureau. Instruction in First Aid, in Life Saving, in Nutrition, and in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, public health nursing, and the Junior Red Cross.

The membership dues are one dollar, half of which sum goes to the local chapter for local work; the other half to National Headquarters in Washington. Your dollar is needed. Remember the dates, and join during the roll call.

Mrs. Mollie Miller Graves, of Ryan, Okla., Box 86, is trying to establish the war record of Thomas L. Miller, of Rogersville, Hawkins County, Tenn., who entered the Confederate army at the age of nineteen and served four years with the 19th Tennessee Infantry, surrendering with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C. His younger brother, Charles Miller, was killed early, and his half brother, James R. Miller, eight years older, served with the 1st Tennessee as regimental quartermaster until the battle of Murfreesboro; afterwards was post quartermaster at Rome, Ga., and served on General Cheatham's staff until the close of the war.

Mrs. J. D. Rushing, Arlington Hotel, Tampa, Fla., desires information of the service of her husband, John David Rushing, who served in Scott's Squadron, also Company A, 1st Battalion (Stirman's) Arkansas Cavalry, C. S. A., and was later captain of the company. He enlisted December 31, 1861. Any comrade knowing of enlistment and discharge will please write to her at above address. She is trying to get a pension.

Information is sought of the war record of W. D. (Bill) Young, who joined the Confederate army in Hempstead County, Ark., in 1862, and served under a Colonel Johnson. Any surviving comrades will kindly write to Jeff T. Kemp, County Judge, Cameron, Tex., who is trying to get a pension for Mrs. Young.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. }

VOL. XXXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1923.

No. 10.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

REUNION NOTES.

Comrades: Through the courtesy of Assistant Adjutant General C. A. DeSaussure and Mr. William C. Headrick, Assistant Manager of the Memphis Chamber of Commerce, I am in receipt of a communication which will advise you as to what has been done and is being done by the Memphis Reunion Committee in preparation for the great reunion of Confederate veterans to be held in Memphis June 4, 5, and 6, 1924. June 3 will be an added day, on which memorial exercises in honor of the birthday of President Jefferson Davis will be held by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, thus making it the opening day of the reunion. The ceremonies attendant upon the day will be greatly emphasized by the visitors and veterans who are early arrivals at Memphis. The opening day for the convention of the Confederate veterans will be June 4, and continue through the 5th and 6th.

The large hall of the new Auditorium will be used for public meetings of the convention, and small halls will be assigned for two business meetings for accredited delegates from the United Confederate Veteran Camps to the convention. These two meetings will be strictly business meetings and will be open to delegates only. You will find the report herewith submitted one that will interest you.

W. B. HALDEMAN,
Commander in Chief U. C. V.

REUNION WORK IN MEMPHIS.

(Notes from report of the Memphis Reunion Committee.)

Memphis sent a strong delegation to the New Orleans reunion and secured the convention for 1924. The city's invitation was unique in having the names of 16,000 school children displayed on a huge scroll inviting the veterans to Memphis. A meeting was held immediately after the return of the delegation, its report made, and a special reunion committee appointed as follows:

John D. Martin, Chairman; Dr. Austin P. Finley, Vice Chairman; Capt. C. A. DeSaussure, Dr. R. E. Bullington, Dr. J. L. Jelks, T. B. Hooker, E. W. Ford, Percy N. Sholars, Bernard Cohn, Judge L. T. Fitzhugh, John T. Walsh, George

W. Person, E. R. Barrow, L. S. Lawo, R. Henry Lake, Frank Gilliland, Dr. A. B. DeLoach, George T. Cross.

The chairmen of subcommittees appointed to date are:

Military.—Frank M. Gilliland.

Education.—Dr. Austin P. Finley.

Medical.—Dr. J. L. Jelks; vice chairman, Dr. A. B. DeLoach.

Commissary.—G. W. Person; vice chairman, George T. Cross.

Music.—E. R. Barrow.

Publicity.—Percy N. Sholars; vice chairman, L. S. Lawo.

Sons of Confederate Veterans.—T. B. Hooker.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association.—Mrs. C. B. Bryan.

Transportation.—E. W. Ford.

Program.—C. A. DeSaussure, Dr. R. E. Bullington.

Sponsors and Maids.—R. Henry Lake.

For the very first meeting of the Reunion Committee, on May 7, Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief, was invited to come to Memphis and advise with the committee. It was desired to begin work in an orderly manner and in line with the wishes of the Commander in Chief and his comrades. There were also present at this meeting the mayor of the city, Hon. Rowlett Paine, and representatives of all the Confederate organizations in Memphis. Among the suggestions made by General Haldeman was that the chief consideration is the proper care and comfort of the veterans. There will be from 850 to 1,000 official delegates and a total of 3,000 veterans for whom homes must be provided. Arrangements must also be made for two meetings of *delegates only*; and there must be proper arrangements to register and assign delegates immediately upon arrival.

Another meeting was held on September 20, attended by the Commander in Chief and his Adjutant General, I. P. Barnard, and valuable information and suggestions were given to the members of the committees. General Haldeman emphasized the importance of the transportation committee securing from the railroad associations uniform rates from all sections of the South for the veterans and members of all other Confederate organizations.

The local committee realizes the large task ahead if the reunion is to be all that has been planned, but interest is keen, and there is no lack of enthusiasm. Memphis likes

big things, and it is the purpose to give the veterans one grand party on June 4, 5, 6, 1924. Every activity will be directed with the care and comfort of the veterans in mind, and the social features and activities for the younger people, while secondary to the prime purpose, will be delightful to every Son and Daughter in attendance, and no less pleasing to the wearers of the gray.

Since the date of the first meeting in May, regular meetings of the committees have been held each Wednesday, and careful consideration given to selection of the chairmen of the various committees. The dates for the reunion were selected as the best time for the meeting, as Memphis is very attractive the first week in June, schools will be closed, and the great new auditorium, one of the finest in the country, will have been completed, and this reunion will dedicate it to useful service.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

Gen. William B. Haldeman, President of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, reports the receipt during July of \$1,000 for the monument from the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, this amount having been raised through the efforts of Mrs. William A. Wright, of Atlanta, President of the Georgia C. S. M. A., a most earnest worker in behalf of this great undertaking.

A musical entertainment and bazaar for the benefit of the monument fund was given September 27 at the home of Mrs. S. M. Fields, of Dallas, Tex., under the auspices of the Dallas Chapter U. D. C. This date being the birth anniversary of Admiral Raphael Semmes, something on his life and work in the Confederate navy was given by Mrs. J. C. Muse, President of the Chapter.

Work on the monument at Fairview, Ky., was resumed some time ago, and it is the plan to have it completed in time for dedication on June 3, 1924, the anniversary of President Davis's birth.

A PAPER FOR THE SOUTHERN LIBRARY.

"Gen. William B. Haldeman, who was elected Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans at the New Orleans reunion—Haldeman was the one man in whose favor it may be remembered General Carr was willing to step aside—is an old newspaper man, and naturally he made inquiry into the state of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the official organ of the association. General Haldeman found it well established after thirty-one years' experience, and some of the experience was of the strenuous kind. General Haldeman's newspaper instinct, however, told him that the VETERAN would fare better if there should come to it a greater degree of friendship and coöperation on the part of the newspapers of the South, so he has made provision for its regular visitation to the newspaper offices. It is a gift the *Observer* is a little bit ashamed to accept, and we are going to do now what we had often intended to do in the past, send it our check on the annual renewal plan. We have long recognized the fact that the VETERAN is a publication which should have permanent place in every Southern home. Certainly it is a magazine dear to the heart of every woman of the South. The Sons and Daughters ought to keep it going in fine shape. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is published at Nashville, Tenn., and carries fine stories, past and present, of the Confederacy and the people who figured and who yet figure in it. Each Southern home should set aside \$1.50 a year to make it an institution therein."

[This editorial in the *Observer*, of Charlotte, N. C., was fol-

lowed by a check for the year's subscription. Truly evidence of sincere interest in this journal of Southern history.]

GENERAL LEE'S SENTIMENT.

Extract from a letter of Gen. R. E. Lee to Col. Charles Marshall, of Baltimore, his military secretary, never published:

"My experience of men has neither disposed me to think worse of them nor indisposed me to serve them; nor, in spite of failures which I lament, of errors which I now see and acknowledge, or of the present aspect of affairs, do I despair of the future. The truth is this: the march of Providence is so slow and our desires so impatient; the work of progress is so immense and our means of aiding it so feeble; the life of humanity is so long, that of the individual so brief, that we often see only the ebb of the advancing wave and are thus discouraged. It is history that teaches us to hope."

STATE REUNIONS U. C. V.

The veterans of Arkansas will meet in reunion at Little Rock October 10, 11, the first day's sessions being held in the War Memorial Building. The feature of the second day will be a visit to the Confederate Home, near the city, where a session will be held, and there will be music and speaking for entertainment of the veterans. The Sons of Confederate Veterans will be escorts to the Home, and there the Daughters of the Confederacy will serve dinner.

The annual reunion of the Oklahoma State Division was held in the city of Ada, on September 19, 20, 21.

North Carolina held a most successful reunion at Winston-Salem on September 4, over a thousand veterans in attendance, and the city entertained them most royally. Gen. William B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief, was the honor guest of the occasion.

The Kentucky Division had a happy reunion September 13, 1923, at the Confederate Home, Pewee Valley, Ky. Rev. Dr. A. N. White conducted devotional exercises and made a historical talk. There were also addresses by Mrs. Andreelle Reeves, State President U. D. C., Gen. William B. Haldeman, Commander in Chief U. C. V., John E. Abraham, N. B. Deatheridge, and Thomas D. Osborne.

Officers were unanimously elected as follows: Major General Thomas D. Osborne, Brigadier Generals John E. Abraham, N. B. Deatheridge, and Will H. Robb. Tributes were paid to the notable dead of the year. Pension Commissioner W. J. Stone died March 23; Commandant of the Home C. L. Daughtry died July 11; and Major John H. Leathers died June 29.

Of the 2,951 Confederates pensioned in Kentucky, 807 have died, 103 having passed this year up to September 1 (seven died in August, four veterans and three widows). Since the opening of the Home, October 23, 1902, it has admitted 724; of these 505 have died up to September 1; two died in August.

The Division voted in favor of June 4-6, 1924, for the reunion at Memphis, Tenn.

The Daughters of the Confederacy aided liberally in the entertainment under charge of Col. A. S. McFarland, Commandant of the Home. Greetings were exchanged with Georgia, Missouri, and Virginia.

"Swing, rustless blade, in the dauntless hand;

Ride, soul of a god, through the deathless band,

Through the low green mounds, or the breadth of the land

Wherever your legions dwell!"

THE BATTLE ABBEY.*

The beams of light which fill the place
Through heaven-ward windows shine,
Befitting means to light aright
This monument sublime;
The Southern heart, the Southern love,
Symbolic of the light above,
Keep bright this sacred shrine.

Yet other lights make bright the place,
Those lights of history
Immortalized by Southern deeds,
Immortalized by Lee;
No battle's lost if in the fight
The battle flag waves for the right,
As waved the flag of Lee.

—*Sterling Boisseau, R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, S. C. V., in Tyler's Quarterly for July.*

FUTILE CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letters were sent to the VETERAN by John W. Lokey, of Byars, Okla., as copied from an old book by Capt. William Snow on "Lee and His Generals," published in 1866. The correspondence began with a protest by General Longstreet to the commander of the Federal army in East Tennessee, the spirit of which was ignored by the latter in response, as it evidently went over his head. The first letter was as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE FORCES,
EAST TENNESSEE,
January 8, 1864,

Sir: I find the proclamation of President Lincoln, of the 8th of December last, in circulation in handbills among our soldiers. The immediate object of this circulation seems to be to induce our soldiers to quit our ranks and take the oath of allegiance to the United States government. I presume, however, that the great object and end in view is to hasten the day of peace. I respectfully suggest for your consideration the propriety of communicating any views that your government may have upon this subject through me rather than by handbills circulated among our soldiers. The few men who may desert under the promise held out in the proclamation cannot be men of character or standing. If they desert their cause, they disgrace themselves in the eyes of God and of man. They can do your cause no good, nor can they injure ours, as a nation can accept none but an honorable peace. As a noble people, you could have us accept nothing less. I submit, therefore, whether the mode that I suggest would not be more likely to lead to an honorable end than such a circulation of a partial promise of pardon.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,
J. LONGSTREET, *Lieutenant General Commanding.*"

General Foster's reply:

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,
KNOXVILLE, EAST TENN.

"Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated January 3, 1864. You are correct in the supposition that the great object in view in the circulation of the President's proclamation is to induce your soldiers to lay aside their arms and to return to their allegiance as citizens of the United States, thus securing the reunion of States now arrayed

in hostility against one another and the restoration of peace. The immediate effect of the circulation may be to cause many men to leave your ranks to return home, or come within our lines, and in view of this latter course, it has been thought proper to issue an order announcing the favorable terms on which deserters will be received. I accept, however, your suggestion that it would have been more courteous to have sent these documents to you for circulation, and I embrace with pleasure the opportunity thus afforded to inclose you twenty copies each of these documents, and rely upon your generosity and desire for peace to give publicity to the same among your officers and men.

"I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER, *Major General Commanding.*"

General Longstreet's reply:

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT EAST TENNESSEE,
January 11, 1864.

"Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th of January, with its inclosures, etc. The disingenuous manner in which you have misconstrued my letter of the 3rd has disappointed me. The suggestion you claim to have adopted was in words as follows: 'I presume, however, that the great object and end in view was to hasten the day of peace. I respectfully suggest for your consideration the propriety of communicating any views that your government may have on this subject through me rather than by handbills circulated among our soldiers.' This sentence repudiates in its own terms the construction which you have forced upon it. Let me remind you, too, that the spirit and tone of my letter were to meet honorable sentiments. The absolute want of pretext for your construction of the letter induces me to admonish you against trifling over the events of this great war. You cannot pretend to have answered my letter in the spirit of frankness due to a soldier, and yet it is hard to believe that an officer commanding an army of veteran soldiers on whose shoulders rest, in no small part, the destiny of empires, could so far forget the height of this great argument at arms and so betray the dignity of his high station as to fall into a contest of jests and jibes.

"I have read your order announcing the favorable terms on which deserters will be received. Step by step you have gone on in violation of the laws of honorable warfare. Our farms have been destroyed, our women and children have been robbed, and our houses have been pillaged and burned. You have laid your plans and worked diligently to produce wholesale murder by servile insurrection. And now, most ignoble of all, you propose to degrade the human race by inducing soldiers to dishonor and forswear themselves, soldiers who have met your own on so many honorable fields, who have breasted the storm of battle in defense of their honor, their families, and their homes, and for three long years, have a right to expect more honor even of their adversaries. I beg leave to return the copies of the proclamation and your orders. I have the honor to renew to you the assurances of great respect.

"Your obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET, *Lieutenant General Commanding.*"

"Maj. Gen. J. G. Foster, Commanding Department Ohio."

"Swing, Rebel blade, through the halls of fame,
Where courage and justice left your name;
By the torches of glory your deeds shall flame
With the reckoning of time!"

*Confederate Memorial Institute, Richmond, Va.

ECHOES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[This splendid poem was written by Prof. H. L. Piner, Superintendent of the State Blind Institute, of Texas, and delivered by him on the occasion of the Lee anniversary celebration at Austin some years ago.]

They tell me that you have survived the long war and the crash of a new Nation's fall,
And the vultures whose black aftermath was a feast of your dead hopes that lay over all;
And they tell me that Hannibal's troops were no braver in fighting for Carthage than you,
That the Trojans, whose armies were masses of courage, were not more courageous and true;
And they say that Napoleon's hosts fought no harder, when France and her lilies were crushed,
Than you fought for your own Southern lilies, whose petals dropped blood for the hearts that were hushed;
They tell me you fought like the legions of Cæsar with more than a Rome to defend,
That you battled like Cromwell's "Old Ironsides," with more than the crown of an England the end;
And they tell me that wherever brave men are mentioned the lips of love whisper your names,
And the poets who sing of the things not of earth say that you are your country's and Fame's;
And they tell me, as you would have died for the South when you mustered and fought in the gray,
That your lives, like the saints', are with reverence embalmed in your country's affections to-day.
And this is no legend, though history sometimes is silent where it should speak out;
And sometimes the histories taught to our children are tinctured with error and doubt;
All honor to every true soldier in blue who fought under Grant and his corps,
And God knows the brotherly, peace-loving Southerner doesn't want the war any more;
But, since it is done, though the issues are dead, it is truth that forever abides,
And so let the histories taught to our children tell all of the truth on both sides.
Teach the children our soldiers were traitors? No, no! Ten thousand times over, still no!
But teach them the truth with proud lip and strong heart—truth that bows not its head to the foe;
Though the Southern Cause lost, there's more honor and glory to those who go down with the right
Than to those whose cheap triumphs are rooted in error and flourish on muscle and might.
Wrap the flag round the mem'ry of those who stood by it, let partisan censors be dumb,
And let no lying epitaph slander their ashes in paper in ages to come.
Take the children and show them one hundred and ten battle fields where the forests are scarred,
Like the men who sleep under them—there where the heroic dead, still on duty, shall guard
Southern honor forever—there where the dead comrades you fought with shall listen and greet
All you say, tell the children who gather with uncovered heads and with unsandaled feet
That heroes, not traitors, sleep under those trees! And show them the valleys and hills
Made fertile with blood that was royal as King David's—with blood whose rich essence distills

In the dews of the evening, still quivering with life on the lilies and goldenrod there.
And let them hear Lee on the eve of some battle get down before heaven in prayer,
And while his petition goes up to the God of the war for the South once again,
Let them hear in the hush and the fervor of prayer the troops reverently saying, "Amen!"
Unfurl and present them the Cross of St. Andrew, and tell them when that banner fell,
It was snatched from Death's fingers and hoisted aloft to be hailed by that old Rebel Yell!
And tell them the Red and the White and the Blue have their symbols outside of the war—
That the Red was your blood, and the White was your honor, and Blue were the skies you fought for!
Tell them how at the Second Manassas, and Franklin, and Shiloh, and Gettysburg, O!
Tell them how in these battles, and others, that banner was carried, God only can know
How gallantly carried, right over the enemy's breastworks, with hail of hot lead
And the batteries mowing them down like a scythe—on to death—marching over the dead,
Till the stars of St. Andrews in glory were gleaming full down in the face of the foe,
And that old Rebel Yell made your courage beat high as that banner still waved to and fro!
That old Rebel Yell! How I hunger to hear it before those who gave it are dead,
To feel the earth quiver and hills make obeisance to Lee and the armies he led!
Let historians searching for chivalric deeds but acknowledge and write Southern men
In the annals of knighthood, and each ex-Confederate will prove himself knightly again.
For, let England or Europe make war on this land, ex-Confederates wearing the gray
Would marshal with soldiers who fought in the blue to whip England or Europe to-day!
I believe that the heroic mothers and daughters, the sweet hearts and sisters and wives,
Did as much for the South in the silence of love as the soldiers who gave it their lives.
While the husbands and brothers and fathers bore arms, Southern women were soldiers at home;
And they were as true, patriotic and loyal as lived under heaven's blue dome.
And they fought none the less that they shouldered no guns, for they battled with Famine and Want.
Where Pillage and Plunder preside at the board and specters of Poverty haunt
The fireside, and Murder grinds out the last hope of the land 'neath the wheels of his ponderous car,
And the vampires of war suck the blood of the children who know not the meaning of war.
It was here, and like this, that the women endured; here, alone, did they grapple with Death
In a more horrid form than the soldiers encountered while facing the cannon's hot breath;
They were watchful by day, they were wakeful by night, and, like Ruth, they most faithfully cleaved,
And many a lady and lassie have died of the wounds which the soldiers received!
And the fingers that swept the lute strings and the harp, made the socks for the soldiers' bare feet;

And the hands that knew how to rear soldiers from birth
made the bread for the soldiers to eat!
And many a Joan of Arc, left at home, sent her brave spirit
battling a-field.
And many a Spartan commanded her boy to return with or on
his own shield,
And never a groan from the Valley of Death, but an answer
came back from the hills,
Where the women stood guard, like the Marys at Calvary,
weeping the weeping that kills.
And never a soldier grew weary or faltered, but some woman's
voice from afar
Stopped singing her little one's lullaby song to sing "Dixie"
for those at the war.
And they toiled in the meadows and fields every day, and they
carded and spun every night,
And the click of the shuttle was heard in the loom for each
click of the trigger in fight.
And whenever the soldier's canteen was turned dry, then the
larder was empty at home;
You suffered in body, they hungered in soul for the soldier
who might never come.
And they loved native country whose blood they inherited,
loved her at every heartbeat,
With a love that was high as her mountains, and deep as the
oceans that sing at her feet;
In the camp, on the march, pierced with saber, or shell, cruci-
fixion was your bitter part;
But they bore the griefs and the anguish of war, the Gethse-
mane's travail of heart,
And, so, when the harvest of souls shall appear, and the reap-
ers shall gather the grain,
And the Angel shall shout "Resurrection!" for those that
have died and those who were slain,
A million of women who fought this same fight will ascend
through the blossoming sod
And to up through the lilies that bloom o'er them here to live
on as the lilies of God!
I believe when the archives of God shall unbosom the things
that forever endure,
Southern valor, immortal as truth and as love, will abide there
forever secure;
For courage like yours, Southern men, cannot die; it was
born of your blood and your tears;
And the life that you gave it was your life, immortal, it can
not be measured by years.
Human rights must forever be rights; they can never, should
never, will never, be wrongs;
And the truth shall be sifted through long generations, and
classified where it belongs.
The sleeve you call empty—ah, it is not empty, but honor its
meshes enfold;
And holy the timber of that wooden leg as the cedar-built
temple of old!
And the scars you call ugly are symbols of beauty whose mean-
ing the years will unroll—
That the body was bruised, lacerated, disfigured to keep you
a beautiful soul.
I believe when the Angel of Judgment shall call for the brave
and heroic to rise,
That the hosts of the North will come forth in the blue to con-
form with the blue of the skies;
For no men were common who conquered such soldiers as
fought under Jackson and Lee,
They fought hard and they had to fight hard from the Mason
and Dixon line down to the sea.

I believe when the trumpet shall sound the long roll of the
men of eternal renown,
Where every bright name shall be jeweled with stars, and each
star shall emblazon a crown—
I believe that a million of graves will burst wide, and a million
who sleep in the gray
Will marshal themselves as they did on the field, not afraid of
the great Judgment Day;
For, men who have fought and endured like the South where
the very earth which they have trod
Was made holy with blood and with right and with honor—
such men cannot fear to meet God!
Fame sent out her messenger over the ages to seek for the
chieftains of time,
And to bring to her temple the heroes whose characters make
all the ages sublime.
And the messenger came with the worthies of earth, and they
sat in this Temple of Fame's,
While Fame frescoed the walls of that temple in gold with
Celebrity's magical names.
In this panel she carved "Alexander the Great;" in this one.
"Anæas of Troy;"
Here, "Achilles;" here, "Hector;" here, "Cyrus;" here,
"Hannibal, True to His Oath From a Boy;"
Here, "William of Orange," "Napoleon," "Leonidas,"
"Ajax" "Kosciusko," and "Tell,"
"Lafayette," "Agamemnon" "The Scipios" "Cromwell,"
and "Bruce," and "The Cæsars," as well;
Then high over these did she fashion the names of "Mc-
Clellan" and "Grant," and all those
Who manfully fought in the blue, whom we honor as friends,
whom we honored as foes;
Then higher again she engraved a design and wrote "Lincoln!"
and "Jeff Davis!" too;
For she found a great soul that had fought in the gray for each
one that had fought in the blue;
Then high over all did she sculpture the name of "Washington,
Sire of the Free;"
And standing on tiptoe she stenciled in gold, "Stonewall
Jackson" and "Robert E. Lee!"
In the lives of such heroes an infinite meaning lies hidden be-
yond human ken;
God wanted to show to a wondering people that he was still
making great men!
You are old, and gray haired; how we honor that gray! For
gray was the color you wore;
You have made it the symbol of patriotism, the emblem of
truth evermore.
Shall their monument be of the Parian marble like that which
the sculptors of old
Have carved into forms of the mythical heroes and gods of a
heavenly mold?
Not of marble, for marble will break and discolor, and waste
with the changes of time.
Shall we make it of iron? 'Twill rust; or of brass? It will
tarnish, or gold for the slime
Of the serpent of Avarice? No! Shall it be then of diamonds
and rubies and pearls?
No! For these have a price in the markets, wherever the
banner of commerce unfurls.
Like a temple not builded with hands, without hammer or
saw, let the column be built
In the faith and the love and the life of the race who count
priceless the blood you have spilt!
But this monument, soldiers, you have it already, in history
and in the arts,

Wherever there is a humanity—have it wherever there are human hearts.
 This testament lives in the loins of the race for survivors and those 'neath the sod;
 And on through the blood of the ages it flows to the bloodness white ocean of God,
 Ah, the Blue and the Gray! As they fell on the field, let them sleep there in each other's arms,
 Like children grown weary and fretful, at rest in the same mother's bosom and charms.
 Dead soldiers in each other's arms! Gracious God, make the living on both sides affectionate, too!
 For, O, when the Blue puts its arms 'round the Gray, let the Gray put its arms 'round the Blue,
 And there in the hush of a new-plighted love, let the hearts that passed under the rod
 Swear eternal fealty to fealty eternal—ONE COUNTRY, ONE FAITH, AND ONE GOD!

HISTORICAL FICTION.

DR. LYON G. TYLER, IN RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH.

It is said that Henry Ford once declared that history is "bunk." If this be a correct description of history, what must be the description for the popular historical novel? Persons who have written history often accompany their so-called facts with vigorous assertions that they have strictly pursued the evidence as recorded in the documents, and yet in many cases such works have only illustrated the biting sarcasm attributed to Henry Ford, "bunk," all "bunk." We are so easily persuaded to think things that we wish to believe! Prejudices have such strong hold on us that often when they are most flamboyant they appear to us to be garbed in the dress of truth. No doubt, therefore, that in any work largely of popular fiction, where the author was not strictly bound to a statement of the facts as they really were, he should, nevertheless, persuade himself that he was pursuing the literal truth in depicting his characters.

Here is what Thomas Dixon says of his book, "The Man in Gray:" "Every character in it is historic. I have not changed even a name. Every event took place. Therefore, it is incredible. Yet, I have in my possession the proofs establishing each character and each event as set forth. They are true beyond question." Now, what are we to say of this self-deception, when Mr. Dixon's story is not only not true to history, but very unjust to some of his characters. It is a contradiction to say that his story is incredible because it is true. On the contrary, it is incredible because, in many particulars, it is not true.

In depicting John Brown as a murderer and an outlaw of unparalleled ferocity and unscrupulousness, Mr. Dixon is singularly truthful, but there is absolutely no foundation for his eulogy of Abraham Lincoln and as little foundation for his representation of Edmund Ruffin.

Mr. Dixon appears to have thought, unconsciously no doubt, that in order to get the great Northern reading public to accept his version of their quondam hero, John Brown, he must throw a "tub to the whale" in his account of other characters. He, therefore, presents a picture of a gentle-hearted Lincoln doing all he could to prevent the war. But did he tell the truth "beyond question"? Decidedly not. Mr. Dixon quotes some cheap expressions in Lincoln's inaugural; but actions speak louder than words, and the most conspicuous proof that Lincoln did not attempt to stem the red tide, as Mr. Dixon terms it, is his failure to call Congress in session to

consult with him over the momentous question at stake. It is impossible to imagine an occasion more suggestive of having the advice of the great council of the nation, and yet Lincoln took no steps to summon Congress to his side. Instead of delaying the war, he precipitated it, assuming the whole dreadful responsibility.

How different from Woodrow Wilson before entering upon the World War, which, in its significance, was, after all, not one-tenth as important as the war that confronted Lincoln. He did not care to plunge the country into war with Germany, but waited for Congress to take action. But, further, Lincoln's resolve to reinforce the fort was undertaken against the advice of a large majority of his Cabinet, who warned him that his action must provoke war. When a whole section of his country thought themselves oppressed with a grievance, he refused to have a word of talk with the representatives of that section, although he could readily have guarded himself against any committals of an unnecessary nature. On the contrary, this "great, peaceful man" shrouded himself in the darkness of his presidential closet and suffered Seward, the Secretary of State, to represent him at second hand in matters that seriously compromised the honor of the nation; and, at the last moment, in a private interview with Col. John B. Baldwin, the delegate of the Virginia Convention, placed his ultimate decision for war on the miserable and contemptible pretext of the tariff. "What will become of my tariff?" he asked. What Lincoln really did do was to send great armies to destroy the self-determination of a nation, whose conquest was impossible except with the aid of a part of its own population. He himself declared that without the aid of the 200,000 Southern negroes that his generals had forced into his army, he would have had to give up the war in three weeks.

In Mr. Dixon's account of Edmund Ruffin, the celebrated Virginia agriculturist, who fired the first gun at Fort Sumter, he is equally far from the mark, and Mr. Ruffin has plenty of relatives in Virginia who could easily have set Mr. Dixon right.

In holding that secession was necessary for the South, Mr. Ruffin held a view essentially expressed by Patrick Henry and William Grayson in the convention which adopted the Federal Constitution (1787). These gentlemen had, at that time, shown that the Union consisted of really two nations, differing in institutions, habits, climate, and thought. Over and over again after that time, Southern orators had told of the absolute contradictions which prevailed in the relations of the two sections, contradictions as hopeless as the materials which composed the statue of Nebuchadnezzar.

The war that followed proved that Mr. Ruffin was right, for secession itself was not the work of Mr. Ruffin or any other one man, but the logical outcome of the strong and conflicting forces which, under British oppression, had been temporarily laid to rest, but awoke at once to fierce antagonism as soon as that pressure was removed. Lincoln and Seward both recognized this antagonism and both freely admitted, long before the war, that the Union could not endure "half slave and half free," and yet that was exactly what the Union stood for. It was a Union of free and slave States, one of oil and water, one of iron and clay, and Mr. Ruffin, in espousing secession as the remedy for an impossible condition, was only showing a vision which is surprising that everybody else did not have.

And after the failure of the war for independence, for which he struggled and gave his money and his best efforts, he closed his career in a way that may be condemned, but can never be scorned, as long, at least, as the memory of the Roman Brutus survives. There were men quite as hot as Mr. Ruffin who advocated secession, and, after the cause went down, they

made humiliating spectacles of themselves in taking all kinds of oaths of submission and submitting to all kinds of degradation and despicable associations. It is possible that his course was extreme, but, in taking his own life, he acted like a man, a desperate man it might be, but still a man.

But the worst departure from the truth that Mr. Dixon appears to make is his representing Mr. Ruffin as an expert in profanity. Doubtless this is due to Mr. Ruffin's known character as a Southern secessionist, and as the British in the Revolution were prepared to say anything monstrous of the Massachusetts "Fire-eaters," John Hancock and Samuel Adams, so Mr. Dixon gives popular expression to the ideas in the North of the Southern secessionists of 1861. Now, Mr. Dixon's estimate of Mr. Ruffin's profanity is not only absolutely ridiculous on the evidence of those who knew him in Virginia, but is directly falsified by his diary in possession of the Library of Congress. This shows him remarkably free from the use of strong language, intoxicants, and human weaknesses or frivolities of all kinds. Though stern in his virtues, he had all the manners of a courteous, refined Virginia gentleman of the period before the war.

He devoted eight hours every day to reading, had one of the best libraries in Virginia, and his knowledge covered a wide range of history, chemistry, philosophy, and politics. He was highly cultured, and while he was undoubtedly radical in his views on slavery, he was kind and generous to his servants and solicitous of their welfare at all times. On his plantations everything was reduced to system. His slaves were housed in neat and comfortable cabins, had plenty to eat, and, while order prevailed everywhere, there was never at any time the semblance of cruelty in his treatment and handling of his slaves, who loved and revered him.

In the high order of his intellect, his steady application to study and reading, the intense sincerity of his motives, and the purity of his private life, he very much resembled the great South Carolinian, John C. Calhoun. To both of them, so far as their private character is concerned, the words of the poet are applicable:

"Chaste as the icicle that is curdled by the frost from purest snow that hangs on Dian's temple."

In one respect they differed greatly. With Calhoun, office-holding was an absorbing passion, but with Mr. Ruffin, as his diary shows, though he loved politics and was fully conversant with public measures, his proud and sensitive spirit could not reconcile itself to the methods which popularity required him to pursue, and one term of three years in the Senate of Virginia was the extent of his political service. Whatever judgment we may pass on his political opinions, there will be common agreement on his comprehension and grasp of the agricultural necessities of the State. As a farmer and a writer of agricultural books, he had no superior and no equal in Virginia. And to his example and teaching, East Virginia owed that astonishing recuperation which characterized its development from 1837 to 1861. During only a part of that period, from 1837 to 1850, the increase in value of the lands in Eastern Virginia amounted to \$23,000,000, which was concededly due to the farmers in that section redeeming their worn-out lands by following the methods advised by Mr. Ruffin in his numerous and varied writings, a good account of which is given by Henry S. Ellis in his article published in the John P. Branch historical papers.

Secession was ratified in Virginia by a popular vote of 96,750 to 32,134, 1861.

BOYHOOD DAYS IN ALABAMA.

BY O. H. P. WRIGHT, SELMA, ALA.

When war came on between the States, I was in my seventh year, and we lived in Canton Bend, the garden spot not only of Wilcox County, but of the State of Alabama. My home was nine miles west of Camden, the county site, and two miles from the east bank of the Alabama river. I left my home county in my twentieth year, dividing the time since in three other counties. A man seldom forgets his first love for the old home, no matter in how many other counties or States he may live, so it is that my affections for the old home have become a permanent, precious fixture. I am sure I make no mistake when I say that the people living in this section of the country were among the best in the South. They owned beautiful plantations, with numbers of slaves; they were highly educated, true, and brave, and the ties of neighborly love and friendship were sublime. I think we had the best lawyers, judges, preachers, and doctors of any county in the State, and I know we had the prettiest and sweetest women that ever lived; among these were my dear mother, sisters, aunts, and cousins, and their friends. Could one be blamed for saying that the sky was bluer; the star and moonlight softer and more beautiful; the water in the streams clearer and cooler; the songs of the birds sweeter; the flowers more beautiful and their fragrance more delightful in old Canton Bend than any place I have ever been or ever expect to go to, unless it should be heaven.

From the brief outline I have given of these people, one can well imagine the prominent part they would naturally take in the War between the States. With the exception of one young man in my neighborhood, all the boys big enough to carry a gun were either in the army or in the military school at Tuscaloosa. Thus it was that the women and children were left in the care of the few old men and the negro slaves.

Robert——, the young man who did not go to the war, was about eighteen years of age, and one of the smartest boys I ever knew; he was small of stature, with a head out of proportion for his size, being much too large; he wasn't a bad looking fellow, but was very peculiar. His forehead was large, and in the center of it was a dark purple mark, resembling a club, and when he became excited this mark would become almost crimson, while his small, piercing black eyes would sparkle and seem to dance and quiver. Robert was wild to join the army, but the examining board rejected him on account of his mental condition, although he had done nothing to give occasion for alarm, until one evening in returning from a squirrel hunt he passed my grandmother's home; she had a yellow boy named Jim, who was cutting wood close by the house. Robert came up and, a few minutes after, the people were startled by the report of gun, and my grandmother owned one negro less, for poor Jim was dead. How it all happened nobody ever knew. Robert went wild, and all the women were frightened out of their wits, imagining all kinds of horrible things that Robert might do.

Not long after the killing of Jim, the people were in possession of an approved petition assigning poor Robert to the asylum. This duty fell to the lot of a man named Whittmyer, the laziest and most stupid looking fellow I ever saw. This man was called a general overseer, his duties being to look after the several plantations where there were no white men. So a scheme was concocted to lead Robert into believing that they were going to take him to war. This pleased Robert very much, so he and old Whittmyer were soon on the way to the asylum, and the funny thing about it was, when they went into the asylum, Robert caught on to the

trick, and met the manager, and took him aside, and informed him that Whittmyer was the crazy man, so old Whittmyer was locked up and Robert, to the surprise of everybody, came home. Then it became necessary to issue another set of papers, and send another man to the asylum to get old Whittmyer out. Just when and how Robert was ever gotten into the asylum, I do not know, but he was kept there until the Yankee's turned him out in 1865.

(Dedicated to Company F. 2nd South Carolina Rifles.)

A WEEK WITH THE ARTILLERY, A. N. V.

BY CAPT. GEORGE PERCY HAWES, RICHMOND, VA.

On May 4, 1864, at 4:30 P.M., our staff was near Morton's Ford on the Rapidan. I was sent back with orders to hasten along the artillery, as it was probable that we would have to engage in battle the next morning. Colonel Carter told me that on my return I would find him at Locust Grove near Gen. R. E. Rodes's headquarters. My ride was a long one, so I did not get to the staff until nearly daylight next morning.

In the morning of May 5, after feeding my horse and self, I dropped down on the grass near my horse and went to sleep until I was awakened to find all the staff mounted and ready to move. Colonel Carter directed me to get some breakfast and follow. After a cup of rye coffee and a light lunch, I hastened to join the staff and the artillery, to which I had carried orders the night before. In a few hours we were notified that our army and General Grant's were about to meet, and preparations were being made by both armies for battle. Our battle line was formed with Ewell's Corps on our left, A. P. Hill in center, and Longstreet on the right. This wilderness in which both armies were located was a mass of timber and underbrush, consisting of vines, bramble bushes, and a mixture of heavy timber, through which it was difficult to go, in many places the thicket being so dense that one could not see fifty feet. No suitable position for artillery could be found, though every effort was made to do so; consequently there was but little used that day by either side.

Our skirmishers and those of the Federal army were often within a few feet of each other. On one of my rides, as I was forcing my horse through the tangle, I came upon an infantry lieutenant kneeling and looking through the brush. He remarked that he thought he heard one of the enemy near him and was trying to locate him. He had just made the remark when a shot was fired not more than ten feet off, and the ball went clear through the lieutenant's thigh. One of his skirmishers shot the Federal soldier. I mention this to illustrate the situation.

All during the day the fighting continued in the brush with but little advantage to either side, the Federals attacking us at various points as if to find the best point of attack. At many places the fire was very heavy and the fighting at close range, for the men could see but a short distance on account of the denseness of the woods. The staff officers and couriers had a hard and slow time going about. At the close of the day the armies were facing each other and, as many of both were seasoned men, they "dug in" and threw up breast-works, and there the night was spent.

During the night of May 5, couriers and scouts were sent out in various places to ascertain the exact location of the enemy. We knew very well, early in the morning of the sixth, just the location of the various commands opposing us. Sedgwick's Corps, of Grant's army, was on our left facing the 2nd Corps, and scouts reported that the right flank of

Sedgwick's Corps could be easily turned. The matter was suggested, but no action was taken until late in the afternoon.

Gordon's Division was thrown forward late in the afternoon and succeeded in turning Sedgwick's right, and the movement would have been a complete success if it had been put into execution earlier in the day. During this day Longstreet's Corps, on our extreme right, had all it could take care of, as the fighting was very heavy on that front.

While General Gordon was executing a flank movement on Sedgwick's Corps, Colonel Carter found a position for one battery on Gordon's extreme left, but this position was so far in advance of Gordon's line the Colonel was apprehensive that General Gordon might think it was a battery of the enemy, so he sent a courier to General Gordon to notify him of the advanced position of this battery. This battery was so far in advance of Gordon's line and pouring its fire into the Federal line that a Federal officer came toward the battery, evidently mistaking it for one of theirs and wished to stop the firing. He was captured by a courier and that ended his knowledge of the fight that day.

During this time several of the Federal infantrymen jumped over a fence almost in front of this battery and were easily captured and sent to the rear. The fighting all of the day of the sixth was extremely severe all along the line.

On the morning of the seventh it was ascertained by scouts that the Federal army during the night of the sixth was being moved to our right in an attempt to turn Lee's right, and it was supposed by this flank movement that it was General Grant's idea to get between the Confederate army and Richmond. His movement being started during the night of the sixth his troops had advanced some distance to our right before the movement was ascertained, consequently the Confederate army had to do some forced marches to their right to prevent being flanked. In this marching on the night of the sixth and the day of the seventh, the destination of both armies seemed to be Spotsylvania Courthouse. It was the general purpose of the army in this flank movement for the men to keep the high ground as far as possible, and that, in many instances, caused the line to be very irregular in its formation.

After marching on the seventh, eighth, and ninth, the armies were facing each other in the neighborhood of Spotsylvania Courthouse. In this movement to the right of the Confederate army, the command came to a farm of a Mr. McCool, and a short distance from his house there was a very bold stream produced by several springs, which formed a marsh down in the woods just below the McCool house. The ground to the north of this marsh rose to the north and formed a ridge of country, and along this ridge the Confederate forces were marching in order to keep on high ground. In doing so they formed almost a crescent, or, as some would term it, a horseshoe, which went by various names, such as salient, Bloody Angle, etc., and, as stated before, wherever this command stopped in the line of battle, either in the day or night, they, in a very few minutes, began to throw up breast-works.

On the afternoon of the 10th of May the line to the north-west of this salient was charged by a heavy body of Federal infantry. The artillery in this position, or at the heel of the salient or horseshoe, was by the 3rd Company of Richmond Howitzers, commanded by Capt. B. H. Smith, of Richmond. The infantry line of the Federal troops broke through the Confederate line to the left of that battery and succeeded in capturing the battery and many of the cannoneers, and also Captain Smith. Captain Smith himself might have escaped but for the fact that he had, the year before, lost half of one

foot and, consequently, could not move rapidly. A Federal soldier, seeing that Captain Smith could not run, grabbed him around the waist and took him on his shoulder into the Federal line.

During this movement to the west of the salient, and while the fighting was going on, the batteries that were in the salient wheeled their pieces and directed their fire straight up the front of the line. At the same time the Confederate forces were rallied, made a countercharge and recaptured the battery which had been taken, and turned the guns on the enemy when many of them were only a few yards away from the pieces, thereby reestablishing the line. This was all of the severe fighting that day.

On the 11th of May the scouts reported a continuous movement of the Federal army in its apparent attempt to outflank the Confederates. As we had several times had to make night marches in order to catch up with the movement of the Federals, and as the McCool swamp in rear of the salient was very muddy and difficult to go through with the horses, it was thought wise, as the enemy was moving to our right and usually started their movement at night, that we take the artillery out of the salient on the afternoon of the 11th, so as to have it on the right and ready to move to our right the next morning in case the Federals had moved during the night, as reported.

At 3:30 on the morning of the twelfth the scouts reported that there was a great deal of movement in the rear of the Federal forces and that troops were being massed in front of the salient, also to the west, where the fighting took place on the afternoon of the tenth. Orders were quickly issued to the artillery which had been in the salient to return to its position as quickly as possible. Orders were executed promptly, considering the conditions, and some of the pieces succeeded in getting into their positions in the salient before the Federals charged and broke the line to the west of the salient, as they had done on the afternoon of the tenth; then, by marching to the left, they cut across the salient and captured most of the infantry and artillery in the salient. They were looking for a charge in their front, to the north, and were not aware that the line on their left had been broken through until the enemy had practically overrun the salient. Some of the pieces of artillery were turned to the left, and several charges were fired right in the faces of the advancing enemy.

A few minutes after the capture of the salient, a large number of Federals advanced directly on the salient to the north and made complete the capture of all that were in the works. The fighting on this day, from before daylight in the morning until after 11 o'clock at night, was as violent as any that had taken place during the war.

To give a slight idea of conditions existing at this particular point, there were in the woods just in the salient two white oak trees growing as close together almost as if coming from the same root. One of these trees was twelve or eighteen inches in diameter, and the other one about half that size. The smaller tree was struck about ten or twelve feet from the ground by a shell and cut half in two and Minie balls completed the job, cutting it entirely off. The larger tree, standing within a few feet of the smaller, was literally cut in two by Minie balls alone. The fact that the contestants fired their guns before they got them to their shoulders, thereby shooting high, accounts for these trees being cut off about ten or fifteen feet above the ground.

During the day there were more deeds of personal valor and bravery to be seen than can be fitly described by anyone. I would like here to give an incident that fell under my personal observation. The artillery staffs were below the

salient, in McCool's swamp, and during the fighting a Confederate infantryman came through the swamp, wading nearly knee deep in mud, having an ugly wound made by a bullet in his left forearm. He stopped before one of the officers and asked him to have some one tie up his arm. The officer directed a courier to bathe the wound in the creek and administer to the man's need, making him as comfortable as he could. After the wound had been bandaged, the officer said: "Young man, what is the situation up there?" The infantryman replied: "General, it's hotter than hell up there, but we're certainly piling them up." The officer told the infantryman to continue down the creek and he would come out on the road on which he would find a field hospital. The young man turned indignantly to the officer and replied, "I am not going to a hospital" and, wheeling about, he turned back up into the woods, saying, "I am going back to the boys; I've shot many a squirrel with one hand and I know I can shoot a Yankee," and that was the last we saw of him. I mention this only to show in a slight degree the character of the men composing the Army of Northern Virginia.

It is a well-known fact that during this week General Lee twice rode into the battle line and attempted to personally lead the men in a charge, and on each occasion the men called to him to go to the rear, saying they could take care of the situation, which they did.

At one time during the day of the twelfth, when the infantry fighting was heaviest in the salient, in many cases the men fighting hand to hand, it was necessary to draw the Confederate infantry on the right and left of the salient down into the woods to reinforce the line where the fighting was heaviest. In doing so it was necessary to take nearly all of the infantry from the right of the line near Spotsylvania Courthouse, and General Lee, with his staff, rode down the field and ordered Col. Thomas H. Carter to get all of the available artillery and place it in the works across this field, saying to him it was necessary that that position be held to prevent any flank movement of the enemy. Colonel Carter assured him that he would hold the position with artillery at all hazards. After giving the order to Colonel Carter, the General started off to the left toward the salient, accompanied by his staff. After riding about one hundred yards, he wheeled around and rode back saying, "Colonel Carter, I wish to impress upon you the necessity of holding this line," to which the Colonel replied: "I assure you, General, the line will be held or every man will die in his tracks." The General wheeled and went off toward the salient.

A short time after his disappearance, several couriers and staff officers were ordered to go over the brow of the hill overlooking the creek bottom and act as videttes. They had been over the brow of the hill but a short time when it was discovered that the enemy was massing troops in the bottom just beyond. Notifying the artillery of the fact, they got ready to receive them as soon as they showed themselves above the crest of the hill. They did not have to wait long, for the enemy came up, well massed, and attempted to charge this position of the line, which was defended entirely by artillery. The artillerymen, as usual, did good work and succeeded in crushing the advance completely, and the movement was not again attempted.

I have tried to describe the movements of the artillery in Northern Virginia as I saw the situation during the week. It was my good fortune to be a courier to Col. Thomas H. Carter, commanding the artillery of the 2nd Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and as such I was his constant companion and saw many things and heard much more which prudence forbids my making any allusion to.

LONGSTREET BEFORE KNOXVILLE.

BY J. A. H. GRANBERRY, WAVERLY HALL, GA.

In the latter part of the summer 1863 two divisions of the Army of Northern Virginia, Hood's and McLaws's, were detached and sent to reinforce the Western Army near Chattanooga. Being on the sick list, I was left at the Henningston Hospital at Richmond, but was able to rejoin my command as the two divisions were crossing the Tennessee River en route for Knoxville.

We crossed the river on a pontoon bridge on or about the 12th of November.

Here we encountered a force of the enemy, its strength unknown, but upon our forming in line of battle, it gave way. The retreat of the enemy toward Knoxville was rapid and the pursuit equally so. On the entire route the enemy made two stands, but in each instance, when we got in position to advance the Federals retreated without a fight. As we were attended by a large cavalry force, I have often wondered why this force of the enemy could not have been flanked, if not surrounded and captured, for it was not large.

We followed the retreating enemy to within a mile or so of Knoxville. On the way we came upon a collection of about a hundred wagons, from which our teamsters selected the best in exchange for their own. What became of the remainder I do not know, but suppose they were burned.

If our army had followed the enemy right into the city without giving him time to fortify, it was believed by many that the city, with the force that held it, would have been taken, but our gradual approaches, occupying so many days, gave the enemy ample time to build new works and strengthen those already built.

On the night before the assault on Fort Sanders was made, my regiment, the 20th Georgia, was detailed to drive or capture the picket force between us and the fort. Some were captured, but most of them escaped into the fort. The cannon on the fort opened continuously upon us, but the missiles hurt no one, for they flew far above our heads. There was a peculiarity about the shells fired from the fort that night such as I never observed elsewhere; there were three separate and distinct explosions from each shell. Doubtless there were shells within a shell. The exterior shell exploding first, the two remaining ones would go something near a hundred yards more, the outer one then exploding, while farther on the last one would explode.

As our men advanced to the fort they encountered a ditch around it several feet in depth and too wide to be crossed. We fell back something near a hundred yards from the fort and dug pits which would protect the men next morning. Other troops on our right did the same. The assault on the fort was to be made at daylight the next morning, which was on the 29th. The picket force was instructed to open fire on the embrasures in the fort when the assault was made to prevent the enemy from using their cannon. The firing of the picket force was the first intimation I had that the assault was being made. Not a cannon was fired. Three brigades constituted the assaulting force—a Mississippi brigade of McLaws's Division, Wofford's, and Anderson's brigades, the former of McLaws's Division, and the latter of Hood's. In his account of the affair, Longstreet mentions Bryan's Brigade, but we knew of no such brigade. He does not mention Anderson's Brigade, but I saw General Anderson himself with his brigade; he passed near me. My position was on the left of my regiment and the assaulting troops passed over it. Not being able to cross the ditch, the men were massed around the fort. Lieutenant Bostick, of Company

"C," 20th Georgia, did succeed in getting over the ditch, and stood on the parapet of the fort. He afterwards said the occupants were lying down, and the fort could have been taken easily if the ditch could have been crossed. In a short time afterwards the force within began throwing hand grenades over the walls among our men. This created a panic, and our men made a hurried retreat down the long slope that extended to the fort. Then the enemy in the fort fired a volley into the masses of our retreating troops, and this volley caused the only loss of killed and wounded our army suffered that day.

In less than an hour after the assault was made, a flag of truce was raised from the fort and remained till late in the afternoon. A long ditch was dug on the hillside, and our dead were buried therein. I counted them; there were just ninety-seven buried in that long ditch.

General Burnside, commanding the Federals, sent a telegram to President Lincoln in these words; "Two thousand rebels assaulted Fort Sanders this morning. Not a score of the gallant stormers escaped." His estimate of the size of the Confederate force attacking the fort was probably near the truth, but as to the number who escaped, he was far off. There were no prisoners captured, and the dead were buried in the ditch. Of course, a few died afterwards of their wounds. Burnside's report would mean the annihilation of the three brigades making the charge, but those three brigades afterwards took a prominent part in checking and driving back Grant's tremendous force at the battle of the Wilderness on the second day of the battle, the 6th of May following.

The assault on Fort Sanders was made near sunrise on Sunday morning and probably would not have been made at that time, but our army had suffered a reverse at Missionary Ridge and a force under Sherman was sent in our rear to relieve the Federal force at Knoxville. General Longstreet, in his book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," states that we remained several days around Knoxville after the attack on Sanders. I know my immediate command left Knoxville that night about nine o'clock, marching all night till ten o'clock next day before making any stop. We crossed a stream by wading it, the water coming well up on our bodies. Our clothing froze upon us, but I do not remember that we suffered much from cold, as constant marching kept us warm. We went in a northeasterly direction, making a permanent halt in the vicinity of Rogersville. The weather was extremely cold.

As the campaign was a failure and worth little or nothing to the Confederate cause, General Longstreet saddled much of the blame upon some of his subordinates. He demanded the removal of General McLaws, and his demand was complied with by the Richmond authorities. General Law resigned. No more capable officer could be found in the Confederate ranks. He carried a company into the service raised in Tuskegee, Ala. He was first made lieutenant colonel, afterwards colonel of the 4th Alabama Regiment. Later he was promoted to brigadier, and then to major general. He died some years ago in Florida.

I was sergeant major of the 20th Georgia Regiment, Benning's Brigade, Hood's Division.

"They are passing away, those dear old friends,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past."

INCIDENTS OF THE SURRENDER.

The following version of the surrender at Appomattox was written by Gen. Horace Porter, on the staff of General Grant. It is copied from the *National Tribune* and will be followed by an account from the Southern side. General Porter says:

"The contrast between the two commanders was striking and could not fail to attract marked attention as they sat ten feet apart facing each other. General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were a nut brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on a single-breasted blouse, made of dark blue flannel, unbuttoned in front, and showing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes, were spattered with mud. He had worn a pair of thread gloves, of a dark-yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt 'sugar-loaf,' stiff-brimmed hat was thrown on the table beside him. He had no sword, and a pair of shoulder straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

"Lee, on the other hand, was fully six feet in height, and quite erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver gray, and quite thick, except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray buttoned up to the throat, and at his side he carried a long sword of exceedingly fine workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was said to be the sword presented to him by the State of Virginia. His top boots were comparatively new and seemed to have on them some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were singularly clean and but little travel stained. On the boots were handsome spurs with large rowels. A felt hat, which in color matched pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long buckskin gantlets lay beside him on the table.

"We asked Colonel Marshall afterwards how it was that both he and his chief wore such fine toggery and looked so much as if they had turned out to go to Church, while with us our outward garb scarcely rose to the dignity even of the 'shabby genteel.' He enlightened us regarding the contrast by explaining that when their headquarters wagons had been pressed so closely by our cavalry a few days before, and it was found that they would have to destroy all their baggage except the clothes they carried on their backs, each one, naturally, selected the newest suit he had and sought to propitiate the god of destruction by a sacrifice of his second best.

"General Grant began the conversation by saying: 'I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico, when you came over from General Scott's headquarters to visit Garland's Brigade, to which I then belonged. I have always remembered your appearance, and I think I should have recognized you anywhere.' 'Yes,' replied General Lee, 'I know I met you on that occasion, and I have often thought of it and tried to recollect how you looked, but I have never been able to recall a single feature.'

"After some further mention of Mexico, General Lee said: 'I suppose, General Grant, that the object of our present meeting is fully understood. I asked to see you to ascertain upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army.' Grant replied: 'The terms I propose are those stated substantially in my letter of yesterday; that is, the officers and men surrendered to be paroled and disqualified from taking up arms again until properly exchanged, and all arms, ammuni-

tion, and supplies to be delivered up as captured property.' Lee nodded his assent and said: 'Those are about the conditions which I expected would be proposed.' General Grant then continued: 'Yes; I think our correspondence indicated pretty clearly the action that would be taken at our meeting, and I hope it may lead to a general suspension of hostilities and be the means of preventing any further loss of life.'

"Lee inclined his head as indicating his accord with this wish, and General Grant then went on to talk at some length in a very pleasant vein about the prospects of peace. Lee was evidently anxious to proceed to the formal work of the surrender, and he brought the subject up again by saying:

"'I presume, General Grant, we have both carefully considered the proper steps to be taken, and I would suggest that you commit to writing the terms you have proposed so they may be formally acted upon.'

"'Very well,' replied Gen. Grant, 'I will write them out.' And calling for his manifold order book he opened it on the table before him and proceeded to write the terms. The leaves had been so prepared that three impressions of the writing were made. He wrote very rapidly, and did not pause until he had finished the sentence ending with 'officers appointed by me to receive them.' Then he looked toward Lee, and his eyes seemed to be resting on the handsome sword that hung at that officer's side. He said afterwards that this set him to thinking that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to require the officers to surrender their swords and a great hardship to deprive them of their personal baggage and horses, and after a short pause he wrote the sentence: 'This will not embrace the side arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage.' When he had finished the letter he called Col. (afterwards General) Ely S. Parker, one of the military secretaries on the staff, to his side and looked it over with him and directed him as they went along to interline six or seven words and to strike out the word 'this' which had been repeated. When this had been done, he handed the book to General Lee and asked him to read over the letter. It was as follows:

"'APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, VA., April 9, 1865.

"'Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.

"'General: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the eighth instant I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms—to-wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the government of the United States until properly (exchanged) and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers nor their private horses and baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

"'Very respectfully,

"'U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General.'

"Lee took it and laid it on the table beside him while he drew from his pocket a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles and wiped the glasses carefully with his handkerchief. Then he crossed his legs, adjusted the spectacles very slowly and deliberately, took up the draft of the letter, and proceeded to

read it attentively. It consisted of two pages. When he reached the top line of the second page he looked up and said to General Grant: 'After the words "until properly" the word "exchanged" seems to be omitted. You doubtless intended to use that word.'

"'Why, yes,' said Grant; 'I thought I had put in the word "exchanged.'"

"'I presumed it had been omitted inadvertently,' continued Lee, 'and with your permission I will mark where it should be inserted.'

"'Certainly,' Grant replied.

"Lee felt in his pocket as if searching for a pencil, but did not seem to be able to find one. Seeing this, and happening to be standing close to him, I handed him my pencil. He took it, and laying the paper on the table, noted the interlineation. During the rest of the interview he kept twirling this pencil in his fingers and occasionally tapping the top of the table with it. When he handed it back it was carefully treasured by me as a memento of the occasion.

"When Lee came to the sentence about the officers' side arms, private horses and baggage he showed for the first time during the reading of the letter a slight change of countenance and was evidently touched by this act of generosity. It was doubtless the condition mentioned to which he particularly alluded when he looked toward General Grant as he finished reading, and said with some degree of warmth in his manner: 'This will have a very happy effect upon my army.'

"General Grant then said: 'Unless you have some suggestions to make in regard to the form in which I have stated the terms, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink and sign it.'

"'There is one thing I would like to mention,' Lee replied after a short pause. 'The cavalymen and artillerists own their own horses in our army. Its organization in this respect differs from that of the United States.' This expression attracted the notice of our officers present as showing how firmly the conviction was grounded in his mind that we were two distinct countries. He continued: 'I would like to understand whether these men will be permitted to retain their horses?'

"'You will find that the terms as written do not allow this,' General Grant replied; 'only the officers are permitted to take their private property.'

"Lee read over the second page of the letter again, and said:

"'No, I see the terms do not allow it; that is clear.' His face showed plainly that he was quite anxious to have this concession made, and Grant said very promptly and without giving Lee time to make a direct request:

"'Well, the subject is quite new to me. Of course, I did not know that any private soldiers owned their own animals, but I think this will be the last battle of the war—I sincerely hope so—and that the surrender of this army will be followed soon by that of all the others; and I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and as the country has been so raided by the two armies, it is doubtful whether they will be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they are now riding, and I will arrange it in this way: I will not change the terms as now written, but I will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms.'

"(This expression has been quoted in various forms, and has been the subject of some dispute. I give the exact words used.)

"Lee now looked greatly relieved, and though anything but a demonstrative man, he gave every evidence of his appre-

ciation of this concession, and said: 'This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying and will do much toward conciliating our people.' He handed the draft of the terms back to General Grant, who called Col. T. S. Bowers, of the staff, to him, and directed him to make a copy in ink. Bowers was a little nervous, and he turned the matter over to Colonel (afterwards General) Parker, whose handwriting presented a better appearance than that of anyone else on the staff. Parker sat down to write at the table which stood against the rear side of the room. Wilmer McLean's domestic resources in the way of ink became the subject of a searching investigation, but it was found that the contents of the conical-shaped stoneware inkstand which he produced appeared to be participating in the general breaking up, and had disappeared. Colonel Marshall now came to the rescue and pulled out of his pocket a small boxwood inkstand, which was put at Parker's service, so that, after all, we had to fall back upon the resources of the enemy in furnishing the stage 'properties' for the final scene in the memorable military drama.

"Lee in the meantime had directed Colonel Marshall to draw up for his signature a letter of acceptance of the terms of surrender. Colonel Marshall wrote out a draft of such a letter, making it quite formal, beginning with 'I have the honor to reply to your communication,' etc. General Lee took it, and, after reading it very carefully, directed that these formal expressions be stricken out, and that the letter be otherwise shortened. He afterwards went over it again, and again seemed to change some words, and then told the Colonel to make a final copy in ink. When it came to providing the paper, it was found we had the only supply of that important ingredient in the recipe for surrendering an army, so we gave a few pages to the Colonel. The letter when completed read as follows:

"'HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

"'April 9, 1865.

"'General: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the eighth instant they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE, *General.*'

"Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant.'

"While the letters were being copied, General Grant introduced the general officers who had entered and each member of the staff to General Lee. The General shook hands with Gen. Seth Williams, who had been his Adjutant when Lee was Superintendent at West Point some years before the war, and gave his hand to some of the other officers who had extended theirs, but to most of those who were introduced he merely bowed in a dignified and formal manner. He did not exhibit the slightest change of features during this ceremony until Colonel Parker, of our staff, was presented to him. Parker was a full-blooded Indian and the reigning chief of the Six Nations. When Lee saw his swarthy features he looked at him with evident surprise and his eyes rested on him for several seconds. What was passing in his mind probably no one ever knew, but the natural surmise was that he at first mistook Parker for a negro, and was struck with astonishment to find that the commander of the Union armies had one of that race on his personal staff.

"Lee did not utter a word while the introductions were

going on, except to Seth Williams, with whom he talked quite cordially. Williams at one time referred in rather a jocose manner to a circumstance which occurred during their former service together, as if he wanted to say something in a good-natured way to break up the frigidity of the conversation, but Lee was in no mood for pleasantries, and he did not unbend, or even relax, the fixed sternness of his features. His only response to the allusion was a slight inclination of the head. General Lee now took the initiative again in leading the conversation back into business channels. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men as prisoners, General Grant, a number of them officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them into your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. I have, indeed, nothing for my own men. They have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage. I telegraphed to Lynchburg, directing several trainloads of rations to be sent on by rail from there, and when they arrive I should be glad to have the present wants of my men supplied from them."

"At this remark all eyes turned toward Sheridan, for he had captured these trains with his cavalry the night before near Appomattox Station. General Grant replied: 'I should like to have our men sent within our lines as soon as possible. I will take steps at once to have your army supplied with rations, but I am sorry we have no forage for the animals. We have had to depend upon the country for our supply of forage. Of about how many men does your present force consist?'"

"Indeed, I am not able to say," Lee answered, after a slight pause. "My losses in killed and wounded have been exceedingly heavy, and, besides, there have been stragglers and some deserters. All my reports and public papers, and, indeed, my own private letters, had to be destroyed on the march to prevent them from falling into the hands of your people. Many companies are entirely without officers, and I have not seen any returns for several days, so that I have no means of ascertaining our present strength."

"General Grant had taken great pains to have a daily estimate made of the enemy's forces from all the data that could be obtained, and, judging it to be about 25,000 at this time, he said: 'Suppose I send over 25,000 rations; do you think that will be a sufficient supply?' 'I think it will be ample,' remarked Lee, and added, with considerable earnestness of manner, 'and it will be a great relief, I assure you.'

"General Grant now turned to his Chief Commissary, Col. (now General) M. R. Morgan, who was present, and directed him to arrange for issuing the rations. The number of officers and men surrendered was over 28,000. As to General Grant's supplies, he had ordered the army on starting out to carry twelve days' rations. This was the twelfth and last day of the campaign.

"Grant's eye now fell upon Lee's sword again, and it seemed to remind him of the absence of his own, and, by way of explanation, he said to Lee:

"I started out from my camp several days ago without my sword, and as I have not seen my headquarters since, I have been riding about without any side arms. I have generally worn a sword, however, as little as possible, only during the actual operations of a campaign."

"I am in the habit of wearing mine most of the time," remarked Lee; "I wear it invariably when I am among my troops moving through the army."

"General Sheridan now stepped up to General Lee and said that when he discovered some of the Confederate troops in motion during the morning, which seemed to be a violation

of the truce, he had sent him (Lee) a couple of notes protesting against this act, and as he had not had time to copy them, he would like to have them long enough to make copies. Lee took the notes out of the breast pocket of his coat and handed them to Sheridan, with a few words expressive of regret that the circumstance had occurred, and intimating that it must have been the result of some misunderstanding.

"After a little general conversation had been indulged in by those present, the two letters were signed and delivered, and the parties prepared to separate. Lee, before parting, asked Grant to notify Meade of the surrender, fearing that fighting might break out on that front and lives be uselessly lost. This request was complied with, and two Union officers were sent through the enemy's lines, as the shortest route to Meade, some of Lee's officers accompanying them to prevent their being interfered with.

"At a little before 4 o'clock General Lee shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers, and, with Colonel Marshall, left the room. One after another we followed, and passed out to the porch. Lee signaled to his orderly to bring up his horse, and, while the animal was being bridled, the General stood on the lowest step and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond where his army lay, now an army of prisoners. He smote his hands together a number of times in an absent sort of way; seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard, who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unconscious of everything about him.

"All appreciated the sadness that overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at this supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from this reverie, and he at once mounted. General Grant now stepped down from the porch, and, moving toward him, saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present; Lee raised his hat respectfully and rode off to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded.

"General Grant and his staff then mounted and started for the headquarters camp, which in the meantime had been pitched near by. The news of the surrender had reached the Union lines and the firing of salutes began at several points, but the General sent orders at once to have them stopped, and used these words in referring to the occurrence: 'The war is over, the rebels are our countrymen again, and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field.'"

OUR COUNTRY.

After all,

Our Country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the supreme republic; we must be
The makers of her immortality—
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame.
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free.

After all,

'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal.
Her brow is to the morning; in the sod
She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod
Answers her call
And rises like a wall
Against the foes of liberty and God!

—Frank L. Stanton.

THE BATTLE OF RIO, VA.

BY MISS SALLIE N. BURNLEY, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

It happened in April, 1864, and while a veteran of that period might smile at the above title, that is what we children, who were eyewitnesses, called it then, and call it now, though seen through the long vista of many bygone years and many hard-fought battles of various kinds.

The little hamlet, Rio, situated upon the Rivanna River, was as thrifty, peaceful, and picturesque a little place as one would wish to find, and was as yet unvisited by the rude hand of war that had desolated so many other not far-distant localities. The river there flowed between two very steep hillsides and was spanned by a long wooden bridge just a few feet above the dam, whose never-ceasing roar was music to our childish ears. A little farther down the river were the three mills whose yards were resonant with the cries of the teamsters as they unloaded their sacks of corn and wheat or rolled the heavy logs in place for the busy saw. The millers' houses, cooper shop, blacksmith shop, and other necessary accompaniments of a milling village lay scattered cosily around, while in the house on the hill, overlooking and satisfied with all, dwelt the owner.

About a mile away was the neighborhood school in which was being dispensed that day, as usual, knowledge and justice, when suddenly the sound of rapid hoof beats startled the small assembly, and the cry, "The Yankees are coming!" sent teacher and pupils scurrying in various directions, while the rider hurried on to notify the neighborhood people. How our feet did fly down that sandy road to the "house on the hill" to tell our uncle, its owner, to fly for safety. The rider had passed rapidly on, calling the news as he went, over the bridge and up the hill to a small camp of our men about a mile beyond the top of the hill on the road to Charlottesville. They thought it only one of the many false alarms, but took the precaution to send out scouts to ascertain the truth.

We reached home, breathless, just in time to see the three scouts come flying back around the curved road, across the bridge, and up the hill, firing over their shoulders as their horses ran at the firing men in blue close behind, and then pass safely out of sight.

As the head of the long blue column (Custer's brigade, said to be 3,000 strong) swung around the bend in the road below, our uncle seized his gun and ran to the body of woods back of the house. He had to cross a cleared field between two pieces of woodland, and our hearts almost stopped beating as we saw several of the enemy take deliberate aim and fire, but the flying figure kept on and, darting into the friendly shelter of the woods, was safe.

Early that morning another Confederate soldier and relation had left our house to join his regiment some distance away, and as we turned to look again at that dread column of blue, we thought we saw him near the head of the line, but neither he nor we dared make any sign of recognition, until after a little he, with a gesture peculiarly his own, removed his pipe from his mouth and slowly replaced it. With heavy hearts we recognized the gesture and the prisoner.

The enemy then swept over the bridge and up the long, red, winding road on the other side, until suddenly the boom of cannon called an abrupt halt. A hurried consultation seemed to follow, and soon a reversed column of blue came flying back down the long, red hill and across the bridge, pausing only long enough on the other side to unhitch from the plows and take nine fine horses belonging to our people. In less time than it takes to tell it, men with axes had chopped

great holes in the sides of the bridge, torches had been stuck in every available place, and tongues of flame soon devoured the structure, thereby cutting off all chance of immediate pursuit by our soldiers, who were now rapidly forming a line of battle along the hilltop, with Commanders Chew and Brethard. The Northern soldiers planted their batteries along the ridge back of our house, while the hillside in front was filled with cavalymen, who ordered us to leave the porches to keep from being hurt by our own men.

A lively skirmish followed, but, so far as we could tell, no one was badly hurt.

One of the Northern officers came to the house and asked my aunt to tell him the size of the Confederate army between them and Charlottesville. She told him that she did not know exactly, but *perhaps* there were *forty thousand*. While the firing was going on between the two hill crests, works of vandalism proceeded in the little valley. The flour mill was set afire in spite of the pleadings of our aunt that they would take what breadstuffs they pleased and only spare the structure, but the pleadings fell upon deaf ears, and soon dense columns of smoke and heavy odors of burning grain filled the atmosphere. Peach trees were in blossom, and, as the incense from our burning property arose to the rude god of war, the men in blue, seeming like demons to us, chopped the blooming branches from the trees. One squad seemed particularly merry over the occasion as, with drawn swords, they chased a large turkey gobbler around and around the miller's house, until finally, after a desperate fight, poor soldier in gray, his head was severed from his body, which was swung lightly up behind his captor's saddle. Many pigs suffered the same fate. We could forgive them for the turkey and pigs, and also the burned mills, but even now my heart swells with indignation when I think of *the peach trees*.

They evidently believed that our forces were much stronger than theirs, for after the first lively skirmish they swiftly withdrew. None of them came in our house, and all treated us politely, but as they were leaving an Irishman appeared at a back door and asked for *bread*. I can see the lady of the house now as, with figure erect and eyes flashing, she pointed to her burning mills and said: "*There is our bread.*"

Soon all was quiet, and so quickly had it transpired that it might have seemed a dream but for the rude scene of desolation on every hand, which kindly night soon hid from view, kindly night in a double sense, as it brought back to us our beloved uncle. He remained with us a short while, then joined the army only to be taken prisoner and carried to Fort Delaware to suffer for many long, weary months.

Later in the year, when the two hostile armies lay upon opposite banks of the Rappahannock, a little episode occurred which was of intense interest to our family.

One day a commotion was observed in a part of the Federal camp, and a large gray horse was seen to break away and gallop toward the river, closely pursued by several men. He rapidly distanced his pursuers, dashed into the stream, and swam across to our side, being received with yells and cheers of delight by the onlookers. One young soldier especially was overjoyed when he recognized the "gallant gray" as an old friend and as a comrade in harness of his own horse, whose neighing had attracted him from the other shore. The young soldier boy was granted a furlough and was sent to return the much-needed horse to his people, it proving to be one of the number taken from the plows at **Rio**.

ASSAULT OF ANDERSON'S DIVISION, JULY 2, 1863

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The brigades of Wilcox, Perry, Wright, and Posey, of Anderson's Division, Hill's Corps, began their advance soon after the advance of McLaw's Division, about 5:30 P.M., from right to left in the order named. "Never did troops go into action with greater spirit or more determined courage. The ground afforded them but little shelter, and for nearly three-quarters of a mile they were compelled to face a storm of shot, shell, and bullets; but there was no faltering."

Wilcox's Brigade moved forward in an open field, the ground rising slightly to the Emmitsburg road, two hundred and fifty yards distant. It encountered a line of the enemy's skirmishers along the fence parallel to the road. After crossing the fence, the brigade encountered a line of battle. After a brisk musketry, for a few minutes, the line of battle gave way, leaving two pieces of artillery in the road, the horses having been killed.

On the opposite side of the road the ground sloped for some six hundred or seven hundred yards to a narrow valley, through which ran a rocky ravine. From this ravine the ground rose rapidly for some two hundred yards to Cemetery Ridge, upon which numerous batteries were posted. Though rising on Wilcox's right, the ground sloped on his left. When the line crossed the pike and began to descend the slope, it was exposed to the fire of numerous pieces of artillery from front and both flanks.

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd."

Though subjected to this withering and fearfully destructive enfilading fire, Wilcox's line met and broke two lines of musketry, driving these pell-mell across the ravine. Here a second battery of six pieces of artillery was captured. A deadly stream of canister was poured into their ranks from the batteries on Cemetery Ridge. This stronghold, with the numerous batteries stationed thereon, was nearly won, when still another line of infantry descended the slope in double-quick time to the support of their fleeing comrades and in defense of the batteries.

With this unequal condition confronting him, Wilcox sent a messenger to his commanding general, Anderson, three separate times for support, but none came. The last attempt to drive back Wilcox's command was repulsed three separate times. The unequal struggle was kept up for some thirty minutes. Without support on either his right or left, Wilcox withdrew his men to prevent their entire destruction and capture. He was not pursued, but his men were subjected to a heavy artillery fire, and returned to our original position. The brigade consisted of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th Alabama Regiments. Brig. Gen. A. R. Wright states that the signal having been given about 5 P.M. by the advance of Wilcox's and Perry's brigades on his right, he immediately ordered his brigade forward, attacking the Federal forces on the range of hills running south from the town of Gettysburg. He was compelled to move "for more than a mile across an open plain intersected by numerous post and rail fences, and swept by the enemy's artillery, which was posted along the Emmitsburg road upon the crest of the heights on McPherson's farm, a little south of Cemetery Hill."

The 22nd, 3rd, and 48th Georgia regiments, of Wright's Brigade, were posted from right to left in the order named, and the 2nd Georgia Battalion, of the same brigade, was de-

ployed in front as skirmishers, and these were directed to close intervals on the left as soon as the brigade reached the line of Federal skirmishers, and form upon the brigade. The advance of the brigade was so rapid and the line so long that the battalion was prevented from forming all of its companies on the left of the brigade, some of them dropping in line with other regiments.

The brigade moved steadily forward until it encountered a strong body of Federal infantry posted under the fence near and parallel to the Emmitsburg road. Here in rear of this line were the advanced Federal batteries, with a field of raking fire over the whole valley below. About this point Wright observed that Posey's Brigade, on his left, had not advanced, and fearing if he proceeded farther, with his left unprotected, his command might become seriously involved in difficulties, he sought the aid of Major General Anderson, his division commander. The latter urged him to press on, that Posey had been ordered forward. Wright's troops immediately charged the Federal line, and drove it in great confusion upon a second line, which had formed behind a stone fence. Here he encountered considerable resistance, but the Federal troops were forced to retire.

Wright's gallant force was now within one hundred yards of the crest of the heights, which were "lined with artillery, supported by strong bodies of infantry, under protection of a stone fence." But the brave Georgians, by a well-directed fire, "soon drove the cannoneers from their guns and, leaping over the fence, charged up to the crest, and drove the Federal infantry into a rocky gorge on the eastern slope of the heights some eighty or a hundred yards in rear of the batteries."

Having gained the key of the whole Federal line, Wright's brave Georgians were masters of the field. Their triumph, however, was brief. The discovery was now made that Perry's Brigade, on their right, had not only not advanced across the Emmitsburg road, but had actually given way and was rapidly falling back to the rear. This left both of Wright's flanks unprotected. The opposing Federal forces were quick to take advantage of this condition. Wright soon found fresh troops enveloping both flanks of his thinned ranks. He was really in a precarious condition.

The converging Federal lines were rapidly closing upon his rear, and in but a few moments his force would be completely surrounded; his longing gaze for coming support was met with a blank, and with painful hearts his men abandoned their captured guns and excellent prospects for final victory, faced about, and, with grim determination, prepared to cut their way through the closing lines in their rear. Though this was effected in fairly good order, it was accomplished at an immense loss. As soon as the brave Georgians began to retire, the discomfited Federal troops rushed to their abandoned guns and poured a stream of canister into the thinned ranks of Wright's Brigade as they slowly and sullenly retired down the slope into the valley. The retreating Georgians were not pursued, and halted in the position from which they had advanced.

The loss in the brigade from this charge numbered 688 in killed, wounded, and missing, including many valuable officers.

Wright expressed the opinion that he could have maintained his position on the heights, and could have secured the captured artillery, if there had been a protecting force on his left, or if the brigade on his right had not been forced to retire. His troops had captured twenty to twenty-five pieces of artillery. The colors of the 48th Georgia Regiment "were shot down no less than seven times, and finally lost."

Mahone, commanding a brigade in Anderson's Division,

said of the battle of Gettysburg: "This brigade took no special or active part in the actions of the battle beyond that which fell to the lot of its skirmishers."

Maj. Gen. George G. Meade, commanding the Federal army, stated that about 3 P.M., July 2, he rode out to the left of the army to post the Fifth Corps upon its arrival, and found that Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, commanding the Third Corps, had advanced, or was in the act of advancing, his corps some half mile in front of the line of the Second Corps, on the prolongation of which it was designed his corps should rest, and was explaining to him that he was too far in advance, when the enemy opened upon him with several batteries, and immediately brought forward several columns of infantry, and made a most vigorous assault, when troops from the Second, Fifth, Twelfth, Sixth, and even from the First and Eleventh Corps, were brought forward to reinforce the Third. The fighting along the west side of Cemetery Ridge embraced troops from every Federal corps of infantry present.

Under such conditions it is entirely consistent with the record to place the troops brought forward as reinforcements, and such as were previously posted, at 45,000 which encountered Longstreet's two divisions, and Anderson's four brigades, of Hill's Corps. The latter force numbered less than 20,000 troops.

WARTIME SCENES ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

BY MRS. LIZZIE REDWOOD GOODE, ACWORTH, GA.

During the early part of the War between the States most of the Yankee troops passed through Washington City for inspection before going to the front, and, as my mother, sister, and I, like many other Southerners, had been caught north of Mason and Dixon line, and were boarding on Pennsylvania Avenue, we had a fine opportunity of witnessing their advent into the city. It was up this famous avenue that they all marched. On this account I read with interest "Picturesque Soldiery" in the June number of the *VETERAN*, by I. G. Bradwell, in which he wrote of the "Buck Tails, Zouaves, and Garibaldi Guards."

I have a very distinct recollection of the New York Zouaves, which were among the first troops to arrive in the city, and were nearly accurately described by Mr. Bradwell. They made a fine show with their gaudy and brilliant uniforms, especially to the young folks, as they were not expecting such an array of bright colors after the sober blue uniforms of other troops. They impressed us with the idea that it was a very "picturesque" uniform for war, but a fine target for "our boys." This regiment was stationed over at Alexandria, where the officers were quartered at the Marshall House. Mr. Jackson, the proprietor, had a Confederate flag floating from the roof, and this flag was ordered by Colonel Ellsworth to be removed. Mr. Jackson refused. Colonel Ellsworth then mounted the stairs and pulled the flag down. On coming down the steps Colonel Ellsworth was shot and killed by Mr. Jackson, and the latter was instantly killed by Colonel Ellsworth's troops. This created quite a stir in Washington, and much bitterness.

The next I heard of this much-talked-of regiment was after the first battle of Manassas. We heard such a racket and much confusion up Pennsylvania Avenue, and, on leaning out of the window (which was at that time considered an unpardonable breach of custom for a young lady), we saw a complete rout of the Yankee army from the battle field. Pennsylvania Avenue was filled, both street and sidewalks, with cavalry, infantry, artillery, government wagons, and horses cut from wagons, with trace chains dangling. A mad rush.

I went down to the front door and stopped a member of the infantry and asked the cause of confusion. He replied: "They told me those rebels wouldn't fight, but they fought like h—." I asked where he was going. He said, "Home, and they don't get me any more." and with a look behind he ran on. I have often wondered what became of him and if he reached home. The New York Zouaves were among this rout, but not in the same spick and span condition.

As to the "Buck Tails," I know nothing of the time of their arrival in the city. My first knowledge of this regiment was the early spring of 1863, or perhaps late fall of 1862. I think there was but one regiment, and that was the 139th Pennsylvania Volunteers. This regiment (or perhaps only a portion of it) was connected with the Provost Marshal's Department. Their uniform was the regulation army uniform and cap, with a buck tail on one side of the cap, hence their name.

Two of the officers of this regiment boarded at our place on H Street, in the home of a Mrs. Blake, whose husband figured around Galveston in trying to land troops. These officers were Dr. Whiteside, Godfrey Hunter, surgeon, and Dr. W. R. D. Blackwood, of Philadelphia, assistant surgeon, two very cultured, educated young men, and to whom I want to give credit where credit is due. We were known in the city as Southern "secesh" sympathizers, consequently put to great inconvenience, as we were constantly under surveillance of secret detectives. These officers knew our situation and protected us in every possible way, too numerous to mention, but still remembered with gratitude and appreciation. At this same house there boarded a Major Wade, of Pittsburg, Pa., his wife, and old maid daughter. Jealousy arose on account of little courtesies paid to my sister and me by these officers to the exclusion of the old maid daughter.

In February, 1863, I received a letter, coming in an unaccountable way, unless through the so-called "underground tunnel," which contained notice of the death of an idolized son and only brother. Our grief was intense, especially as our sorrow had to be borne in silence. In a few days we also had a letter from my father conveying the same sad news. No sorrow nor trouble could equal our grief, as, not being able to hear, we had been under much anxiety. It was "the heart bowed down by weight of woe," and we just had to give vent to our grief. Our bereavement was soon rumored through the house. Major Wade, glad of an opportunity to retaliate, as he thought, to make trouble for us, reported both our family and these young officers to the Provost Marshal's Department, not knowing that these officers were connected with that department (nor did he until after the war). An officer was sent to investigate, with authority to arrest. Fortunately for us, my father's letter had come through a legal route, the War Department, United States government, sent by Col. R. Ould, commissioner of exchange of prisoners, Confederate States government, to Colonel Ludlow, commissioner for the United States government. Fortunately, the first letter was not asked for, or trouble would have ensued. Consequently, we were exonerated. The young officers of the 139th Pennsylvania Volunteers ("Buck Tails") were also cleared for their "kindness to Southern sympathizers." After this, to avoid trouble, we moved; but more trouble followed. Indeed, we were never out of sight of detectives, traced wherever we went. In July, 1863, we were exchanged as prisoners of war at City Point, after imprisonment in Annapolis, Md.

After the evacuation of Richmond, the surrender of General Lee, and my mother's recovery from a critical illness, we returned to Washington friends and relatives until times became settled. When Grant's army was mustered out of service, after a grand dress parade, marching twenty abreast

up Pennsylvania Avenue for a final inspection, these young officers, hearing we were in the city, called to see us. It is useless to say we were glad to see them, and to know that they, with such big hearts, souls, and sympathy, could be once more restored to the family circle. Occasionally after this letters passed between Dr. Blackwood and our family, in which he never failed to speak in the highest terms of Generals Lee and Jackson.

Dr. Blackwood was a prominent physician of Philadelphia. Dr. Hunter, an Englishman, told me that he "came to America and enlisted in the army for experience." He settled in Kentucky afterwards and was the Republican candidate for governor of that State, now deceased.

I do not know when the "Garibaldis" arrived in Washington, nor who they were and what they were, nor whence they came, but there was such a "Guard" or regiment at one time in the city, and at the same time that the papers were filled with write-ups of Garibaldi's army in Italy. The fact of this small body of Garibaldis being in the city was very vividly impressed upon my memory from the knowledge of the blouse waists they wore. This blouse attracted much attention, especially of the mothers of schoolgirls and young ladies, who were at that time wearing tight basques and waists. It looked so comfortable that it was immediately adopted and was known as the "Garibaldi waist." The front of the waist was made very loose and full and gathered on the shoulders into a strap that ran down the shoulders, bordered on each side by braid with a row of brass buttons. This blouse is similar to the one now worn, and I believe was the first of its kind which has since at different periods been the fashionable blouse, and known as the "Garibaldi blouse."

THE FIFTH ALABAMA BATTALION AT GETTYSBURG.

BY CAPT. W. F. FULTON, GOODWATER, ALA.

In Major Stiles's book, "Four Years under Mars' Robert," he says: "On June, 29, Hill [meaning A. P. Hill], who was at Fayetteville, under general orders to coöperate with Ewell in menacing the communications of Harrisburg with Philadelphia, sent Heth's Division to Cashtown, following it on the 30th with Pender, and on the 1st of July with Anderson's Division. On July 1, Heth sent forward Pettigrew's Brigade toward Gettysburg, where it encountered a considerable Federal force, how considerable Pettigrew could not determine. He did find infantry, a large body of it, and, finding himself unable to draw away from it, soon became hotly engaged."

Now this sounds a little odd to me (I was there), and I feel that there must be a slight error about it. On the night of June 30, Archer's Brigade, of A. P. Hill's Corps, camped at Cashtown, and on the 1st of July moved out on the road leading to Gettysburg, the advance brigade of Hill's command; and the 5th Alabama Battalion and two companies from the 13th Alabama Regiment were detached from the brigade and sent forward in skirmish line to drive in Buford's Cavalry, which they did in gallant style. My recollection is that the distance over which they drove this cavalry was some three or four miles, may be more, hardly any less. Anyway, they were driven rapidly back upon their infantry support. General Archer, following close behind the skirmish line, pushed the brigade forward, passing on beyond the skirmish line, and soon was hotly engaged with what soon developed into a superior force, which outflanked his brigade and succeeded in capturing the General and a considerable portion of the 13th

Alabama Regiment, and many from a Tennessee Regiment. The remainder of the brigade fell back and was thenceforward commanded by Colonel Fry, of the 13th Alabama Regiment.

This was certainly the first fighting done at Gettysburg and General Archer's Brigade deserved the credit and not General Pettigrew; and as I was a small part of the 5th Alabama Battalion, I am particularly anxious to see them get full credit for the noble part they had in this historic affair.

As our skirmish line neared Willoughby Run, near Gettysburg, in passing an occupied residence a large watchdog bounded out and set up a determined protest to our passing his master's premises; and directly a man emerged from the cellar, bareheaded, with spectacles pushed up on his forehead, in his shirt sleeves, with a shoe knife in his hand and a leather apron on, and he appeared much surprised at sight of men around and in his yard with guns in their hands, and at once demanded what it all meant. When one of the boys told him that General Hill sent us to drive back the cavalry, and that there would soon be some hot fighting nearby, judging from appearances, he at once became greatly excited and exclaimed: "Tell General Hill to hold up a little, as I turned my milch cow out this morning, and I wish to get her up before the fighting begins." Well, well! Such a request under such circumstances.

A Birmingham daily paper published an item recently that the man who fired the first shot at Gettysburg, on the Northern side, had just died; and he is mentioned as a sergeant in Buford's Cavalry. Note the fact that he fired the first shot on the Northern side. Now I have stated that the 5th Alabama Battalion of Archer's Brigade was detached to drive in this cavalry, and the inference is conclusive that my contention is correct—namely, that Archer was the man who brought on the battle of the 1st of July, and the 5th Alabama Battalion fired the first shot on the Southern side.

One word about General Pettigrew. I was looking at him, riding with his arm in a sling (having been wounded at Gettysburg), trying to arouse his weary soldiers, who were asleep after an all-night tramp in rain and mud on retreat from Hagerstown, Md., just a few minutes before he received his mortal wound. This was at Falling Waters on Potomac River. I was at the time acting commissary for our battalion (the regular commissioner being absent), and had a horse to ride, for which I felt sorry because he had been long without food of any kind, and I had ridden him out in the old field back toward Gettysburg and had turned him loose to graze. While watching him enjoy his morning meal my attention was suddenly called to a startling vision on the hill just beyond me. There on that ridge I saw a sight that for a moment paralyzed me. A long line of blue rapidly forming in shape for a charge. It flashed over me in a minute what was going to happen; and I fairly flew toward my comrades, lying stretched out in sleep in an old apple orchard in the edge of the old field, and yelling at the top of my voice: "Look out! look out! the Yankees! the Yankees! look out!" I soon bounded in among the boys, still yelling, and had just time to see them begin to get up and rub their eyes, when the Yankee cavalry came bursting in among us in full tilt, shouting as they waved their carbines: "Surrender!" Of course, it was hard for the poor tired fellows to realize what was to pay, but as the cavalry passed on, after seeing their orders to surrender complied with, they began to wake up and speedily drop in a cartridge, and if the gun wasn't too wet to fire, Mr. Yank was sure to get it in the back; and it was only a short while till they began to scamper back from where they came. Had not the guns and powder been damp that morning, none would have survived that foolhardy

charge; and it was in this *melée* that General Pettigrew, one of North Carolina's great men, was killed.

It has always been a mystery to me why we had no pickets out to warn us of impending danger, but it seems there were none.

The Legislature of Alabama has just passed an act allowing all Confederate veterans \$25 per month in place of the \$12.50 heretofore granted as pensions, and Governor Brandon has given it his approval. This will be welcome news to the few old veterans still lingering on this side, and I am sure they fully deserve this raise. I feel like saying "Well done!" for Alabama.

[In a sketch of General Archer in the "Confederate Military History" (page 171, Volume II, Maryland), it is stated that the first shot of this memorable struggle (Gettysburg) was fired by Archer's Brigade, and the first Confederate who fell was a private of one of his Tennessee companies.]

HISTORY DEPARTMENT OF THE U. D. C.

BY MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

It is of interest to note the development of the department of history in the general organization and to study its growth from small beginnings to the mighty force which it has now become.

The importance of having correct, fair, and unbiased history taught in the Southern schools has impressed itself upon the members of this organization from its earliest incipency, this being one of the objects laid down in the constitution adopted by the Daughters of the Confederacy in Nashville, September 10, 1894.

At this 1894 convention the "History of the Civil War," by Mrs. Ann E. Snyder, was indorsed as a supplemental reader in the schools.

At each succeeding convention the voice of the members was raised in protest against the use in Southern schools of improper, unfair, and sectional histories. It remained, however, for that epoch-making convention of Baltimore, Md., in 1897, to deal definitely with this matter. Attention was called to the danger of using biased history by various Division Presidents in their reports read before the convention, notably by Mrs. Charlotte Palmer Capers, in her report of the South Carolina Division. These reports were followed by a resolution offered by Miss Poppenheim, of South Carolina, protesting against the unfair history taught at Sewanee, and by a resolution offered by Mrs. Helen Millington, of Chattanooga, Tenn., to the end that the organization take steps toward having a proper history prepared and taught to the youth of the country.

This resulted in the appointment by the President of the first Committee on History in this organization, with Mrs. James Conner, of Charleston, as chairman. This committee made its first report at Hot Springs, Ark., in 1898, and recommended for use in our schools the histories of Dr. J. William Jones, "the three Lee Histories," and the history by Miss Field.

The History Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. James Conner, South Carolina; Miss Dunovant, Texas; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Virginia; Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, Baltimore; Mrs. Sarah D. Eggleston, Mississippi; Mrs. Thomas M. Long, Illinois; Mrs. William J. Benson, Illinois; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Kentucky, blazed the way for the organization along this line of endeavor. So vital was the work done by this committee in collecting fragmen-

tary and scattered information of value, by reviewing histories, by encouraging the study of history as well as safeguarding it in the schools, and so painstaking was the report, so carefully prepared by Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, collecting and placing before the Daughters this information, that the scope and dignity of the work seemed to demand an officer in charge of the Historical Department on the Executive Board of the U. D. C.

Therefore, in 1908, this office of Historian General was created by an amendment to the constitution offered by Miss Decca Lamar West, of Texas. Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond, Va., was elected to this position of first Historian General U. D. C.

The women who have conducted the affairs of this office from 1908 to 1922 are: Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Virginia; Miss Mildred Rutherford, Georgia; Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Mississippi; Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, Tennessee; Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, Tennessee; Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Virginia.

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond, the first Historian General, found it necessary to plan for the conduct of this newly established office. During the three years of her stewardship she successfully arranged and conducted three instructive historical evenings at the general convention. She proposed the system of U. D. C. Exchange Libraries in order to preserve Confederate history. She proposed the mottoes for the inspiration of historical workers, "Let every State preserve its own Confederate history," and "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history." She had the reports of the Historical Department printed in separate pamphlets and distributed. Many valuable papers, pamphlets, and manuscripts were saved during her term of office.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, second Historian General, serving from 1911 to 1916, attracted great attention to her office by her striking personality, by her addresses delivered at the general conventions and published in pamphlet form, and by her stupendous amount of original historical work. Her pamphlets and published addresses have been spread far and wide. Programs for historical study during the year were distributed among the Chapters, this study being founded upon her addresses delivered at the general conventions—viz.: "The South in the Building of the Nation;" "Wrongs of History Righted;" "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission;" "The Civilization of the Old South."

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of Mississippi, third Historian General, served the organization in that capacity from November, 1916, to May, 1917, when her work on earth was ended. Even in the few months in which she conducted that office she displayed marked ability. With a strong grasp of the work and a clear conception of the needs, she builded for the future. She believed more good could be accomplished by confining the historical study to a definite period, therefore, 1861-1865 and the Reconstruction Period were chosen as that on which attention should be concentrated. The programs for suggested study were planned to cover that period. Working with promptness and efficiency, her "Yearbooks" were in the hands of Division Historians by January 1. These books were handy references, containing much condensed history.

Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, of Tennessee, with great faithfulness and devotion to the cause, filled the unexpired term of Mrs. Rose and presided at the Historical Evening in Chattanooga in 1917.

Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Chattanooga, was elected in 1917, and served as Historian General during those trying years of the World War. For 1917 she had a consecutive plan of study, giving a brief outline of the career of our greatest generals from each State, with date of birth, death, and place of burial,

which, in many cases, she was at greatest pains to verify. For the Children of the Confederacy she selected "Confederate Soldiers Who Were Poets," and she made brief sketches of these and published them in the VETERAN. For 1918 her subjects for study were "Early Abolition in the South," "The Immortal 600," and "Confederate Submarines." For the Children of the Confederacy, "Noted Southern Products—Rice, Silk, Tobacco, and Indigo."

Her articles for the VETERAN were historic parallels, drawn between incidents of the World War and those of the War between the States. Notably, "The Argonne Forest and the Immortal 600," "The Submarine Warfare of 1917 and that of 1860-65."

Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Virginia, served with great brilliancy and distinction as Historian General from 1919-1922. The course of study prepared by her for 1920 covered the "Famous Homes of the South"—"Mount Vernon," "Monticello," "The Hermitage," "Arlington," "The War Poets of the Confederacy," the "Renaissance in Southern Literature," "Southern Historians of the Post-Bellum Era," "Reminiscences of Soldiers, Statesmen, and Sailors." For 1921 she selected for study "Southern Ports and Poets"—Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, Wilmington, Norfolk, and New Orleans; Henry Timrod, Paul Hamilton Hayne, William Gilmore Simms, Sidney and Clifford Lanier, Father Ryan, and James Hope. The year 1921 for the Children of the Confederacy was called "Hero Year," and they were given to study twelve heroes—Davis, Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Beauregard, Gordon, Hill, Stuart, Forrest, Hampton, and Morgan. The year 1922 was designated "Lee Memorial Year," and was devoted to the study of that great general. The C. of C. program included "Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy" and Girl Heroines."

Wielding a facile pen, her articles from time to time appearing in the VETERAN were particularly brilliant, notably, "Father Ryan" and "The Merrimac and Monitor."

In each of the twenty-five Divisions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy there is a duly elected historian. These twenty-five Division Historians, with the Historian General as chairman, constitute the History Committee of the U. D. C., whose duty it is to forward the interests of accurate and impartial history.

There are now offered through this History Department eleven valuable prizes, medals, and trophies for meritorious historical work. These contests began in 1912 by the presentation of the Raines Banner, followed in 1913 by the gift of the Rose Loving Cup. The friends of the department have shown an interest by offering various prizes and medals. Some have been competed for year after year and withdrawn, others of equal value and merit would then be given, until the year of 1923 sees eleven contests covering a wide range of Confederate subjects and interests

THE FLAG OF MERIT OR THE RAINES BANNER.—To encourage interest in historical work, Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., in 1912, offered to present to the Division which accomplished most in collecting and compiling historical records during the year a beautiful silk banner. The first presentation was made during the convention in Washington in 1912, the Texas Division being the winner. The banner on that occasion was styled "The Flag of Merit," since then it has been known as the Raines Banner, and is competed for annually.

THE ROSE LOVING CUP.—The contest for the Rose Loving Cup was inaugurated by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of Mississippi, in 1913, for the purpose of advancing interest in the study of Southern history. The cup is awarded annually for the best

essay on a subject of Southern history, and was her personal gift to the United Daughters of the Confederacy for this cause. This "First" Rose Loving Cup, with the names of the six winners engraved upon it, having been won by South Carolina in 1913; Tennessee, 1914; Arkansas, 1915; Texas, 1916; Missouri, 1917; and Kentucky, 1918, was presented in April, 1923, by Mr. Clifton Rose, through the Historian General U. D. C., Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton, to the Mississippi Room in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., where it will be safely kept.

Since the death of Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of Mississippi, her son, Clifton Rose, has continued this contest, and has presented a second Loving Cup, which is now being competed for annually under the same rules governing the first.

In addition to the Raines Banner and the Rose Loving Cup there are:

1. "The Mildred Rutherford Medal," given by Miss Rutherford, of Georgia, for the best historical work done by small Divisions numbering less than ten Chapters. This medal is competed for annually and kept by the Division winning it until the next convention, when the decision of the winner is announced. It has been continually won by Colorado.

2. "Anna Robinson Andrews Medal," given by Mr. Matthew Page Andrews and his sister, Miss Andrews. This medal is given absolutely to the winner.

3. "A Soldier's Prize" of \$20. The identity of the donor is a mystery which only the Presidents General are permitted to solve.

4. "Roberts Medal," given annually by Mrs. C. M. Roberts, of Little Rock, Ark., for the next best essay in any contest.

5. "Youree Prize" of \$100, given annually by Mrs. Peter Youree. This was placed by Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, Historian General (to whom it was given as a \$50 prize) with the War Records Committee, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Chairman.

6. "Hyde Medal," a very handsome and artistic medal, offered by Mrs. Charles R. Hyde in 1919; awarded first in 1920.

7. "Orren Randolph Smith Medal," given by Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, of Washington, D. C., in memory of her father. Awarded first in St. Louis, 1921. Artistic and well worth winning.

8. William Alexander Leonidas Cox Medal," given by Mrs. Eleanor Cox Griffith, of Washington, in memory of her father.

9. "The Hyde-Campbell Prize" of \$75, offered by Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, of Charleston, S. C., in compliment to Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Tennessee, and Mrs. A. A. Campbell of Virginia.

History has been personified as a woman holding in her left hand a mirror in which she sees reflected those things of the past. With her right hand she records those things she sees.

May it be granted the women of the U. D. C., who love and follow history, to see clearly those great deeds of the past and the principles involved, and to record them fearlessly and accurately, remembering that to collect and preserve true history is the duty of each passing generation."

"But taught by heroes, who had yielded life,
We fainted not, nor faltered in the strife;
With weapons bright, from peaceful Reasons won,
We cleaved the clouds and gained the golden sun."
—James Ryder Randall.

MEMORIES OF 1860.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

How easily impressed is the mind of the young and how lasting! Trifling events fix themselves in memory for life and remain there fresher than those of more importance in later years.

The year 1860 was an eventful period in the history of our country—the closing of the golden age ushered in by our forefathers, who won our independence and gave us our Constitution guaranteeing to the States their rights and every citizen justice in the courts. I was a small boy then, attending school with the idea of entering the University of North Carolina the next year. But politicians, North and South, were shaping my destiny for a different course, and had been doing so before I came into the stage of action; and instead of continuing my studies in mathematics and the classics, I was doomed to assist in the demonstration of military tactics under Professors Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

Among the books forming our curriculum at that time was Mitchell's Geography. In the back of the atlas were the statistics of the United States census for 1850, which showed that the majority of the population of the country was north of the Mason and Dixon line and that a large part of our people were negro slaves. Since this census had been taken, vast numbers of foreigners from Europe had come over and settled in the Western States and territories, all of whom were aliens and enemies to the South. These people were still coming in increased numbers, while few or none came South. It was very evident that if this thing continued, the South would have very little influence in the government, and the power which our section of the country had always exercised would pass to the North and Northwest.

War on a small scale was already in progress on the border, which the government seemed powerless to suppress. This influenced the minds of the people of the two sections against each other. Politicians and the press on both sides took advantage of the occasion to increase this bitterness. Old John Brown had been hanged by the State of Virginia for making war on her people, and this intensified the feeling of ill will already existing. All this increased the prospect of war and a dissolution of the Union. Division among our own people at home only added gloom to the perspective. Wisdom seemed to have fled from our prominent statesmen, and their eyes were closed to the impending calamity about to fall with so much force on our beloved Southland. The great Democratic party that had ruled the country almost from the beginning split up into factions over minor questions and each put out a candidate for President with the vain hope of electing him over the united opposition, when they well knew that in the previous election four years before the Free Soilers and Abolitionists came near electing Fremont, an Abolitionist, an enemy to the South and her institutions. The different factions fought each other as if there were no common danger, while we floated down stream to our inevitable destruction; and when November came with the news that Lincoln was elected, our people woke up to their folly, as if there was any cause to be surprised.

The first impression this news made on my youthful mind was "the end has come; it means war, and the destruction of our country, a radical change in our laws and institutions from honesty and virtue to corruption and venality." All of this was realized under reconstruction and carpetbag rule often after the war.

Some said: "We will fight; we will not live under Lincoln's government." But others said: "No; let us wait and see. If he violates the Constitution, we will take up arms and fight for

our rights under the flag of our country, and we will have thousands of friends in the North who will fight with us." This argument might have prevailed in my State (Georgia), but under the influence of the governor and most of the members of Congress and many other men of prominence, leading politicians in the different counties visited the various precincts and made an active canvass for the immediate withdrawal of the State from the Union. They told the voters that Lincoln would not fight; and if he did one Southern man was equal to thousands of such men as he could put in the field, men who knew nothing about the use of guns.

One prominent speaker, Colonel S, in our county (Decatur) asserted that if Lincoln sent his soldiers to the South, he would muster an army of old women armed with broomsticks and drive them back out of the country. After he had finished, the wife of a prominent citizen stepped out on the platform and addressed the voters in about these words: "I have listened carefully to what Colonel S had to say, but I am afraid if we have war it will be a more serious matter than he seems to think. I am an old woman, and I volunteer now to fight it out with broomsticks; but it wont do to listen to such a foolish argument." This same Colonel S and many others like him who were so reckless in what they had to say at the time did little or nothing to support the cause either at home as citizens or on the firing line as soldiers.

Among the more conservative citizen was an old man by the name of Clay. He was truly a prophet. He was a poor man and had little to lose in case of war; but he quit his business on his little farm and followed these speakers over the country and told the people what would result from secession. He told them it meant war, for which we were entirely unprepared; that we had no trained army and no guns and ammunition; and no place where these things could be made; that we had no ships to bring these things to us from foreign countries; that our ports would all be blockaded, and we would be shut up to ourselves and cut off from all nations and finally subjugated. Everybody laughed at the old man and called him an old fool; but he was wiser than any of them, as future events proved.

A short while after the result of the election was known, I was standing in a crowd on the sidewalk in front of a store with some of my schoolmates and others and saw a tall, handsome young man going toward the courthouse square. On the bosom of his Prince Albert coat was pinned a red, white, and blue cockade. That attracted my attention, and I asked what it meant. Some one said; "That means that he is in favor of war; he is going into the courthouse now to make a speech in a meeting up there." This answer very much depressed me; it was the first move I saw for action. This young man was the brave Captain Waller, who died afterwards so nobly at Sharpsburg, Md., while leading his men with the colors of his regiment in his hand. When he fell with his body riddled with bullets, he reached up and tore the colors from the staff rolled, himself up in them, and died. If every man in the South had been made of the same kind of stuff our country would never have been overcome until the last defender was killed.

Though I looked upon the result of the election of 1860 as the "abomination of desolation"—and I might say that I have never been able to see it from any other standpoint—I loved the Union. But when Lincoln sent his armies across the Potomac to kill the citizens of Virginia and burn their homes, I and my schoolmates, though too young for such service, volunteered, and those of us who were not killed remained on the firing line until the end.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

From "Official Records," Series III, Volume II, 1863-64.

Noncombatants in Mobile.—General Maury, on January 16, wrote General Polk: "I will state that the removal of the non-combatants of Mobile is entirely beyond our control. I have been endeavoring ever since Vicksburg fell to get the people to go away and keep away, but the population has continued steadily to increase by natural and other process, and my observation, while at Vicksburg, and the history of the siege of Charleston, do not justify the expectation that non-combatants will go away before the enemy actually commence operations." They just wouldn't go, or, if they did, would come back at the first opportunity.

Rations for C. S. Officers.—This general also said, "Pork is sold to officers at \$2.40 per pound. I hope Congress will pass some measure of relief at an early date. The proposition to issue rations to officers of the lower grades in actual service seems but just." On February 2, the officers of Bate's Brigade, petitioned Congress to issue rations to officers, "as it has become impossible for regimental or line officers, especially subalterns, to subsist and clothe themselves out of the pay allowed by the government." And General Johnston told the War Department: "At the present prices of provisions, the pay of company officers is worth less than that of a private." Which resulted in Congress passing a law that allowed officers the same privileges as enlisted men as far as rations were concerned, thereby relieving the situation greatly.

Evidently Raised in the Country.—On February 20, Colonel Perrin, C. S. Army, wrote General Polk: "I remained at Old Town until one hour by sun yesterday P.M." Where I come from "one hour by sun" means one hour to sunset.

On February 25, General Reid, U. S. A., telegraphed Grant: "Reports just received, believed to be reliable, that General Sherman entered and holds Selma, after a severe fight." Sherman did get as far as Meridian.

On February 16, General Polk C. S. A., wrote S. D. Lee: "The rumor reaches us that Longstreet has retaken Knoxville with 5,000 prisoners." Merely a rumor, as Longstreet, acting alone, never took anything.

The Dignity of Guard Duty.—On February 2, General Hindman, C. S. A., ordered: "Putting men on extra guard duty as a punishment is prohibited. Standing guard is the most honorable duty of a soldier, except fighting, and must not be degraded." I certainly never looked at it in that light in my militia days.

Depopulation.—General Sherman, on January 31, said: "The rule was and is that wars are confined to the armies. But in other examples a different rule obtained the sanction of historical authority. In the reign of William and Mary, the English army occupied Ireland, then in revolt, and the inhabitants were actually driven into foreign lands and were dispossessed of their property and a new population introduced." And he would have been glad to do that in the South.

Confederate Washers.—General Hindman ordered, on February 6: "Slaves may be employed to cook and wash for the enlisted men at the rate of four to each company, receiving the pay of soldiers, with rations, and being reported as 'laundresses.'"

A Drastic Order.—On March 19, at Athens, Ala., Gen. G. M. Dodge, U. S. Army, ordered: "All citizens living in Decatur, or within one mile of the limits of the town, shall move outside of the lines within six days from this order." Well, he gave them six days, and they could go in any direction they wanted.

Newspapers.—Sherman, on April 10 said: "The damned newspaper mongrels seem determined to sow dissensions wherever their influence is felt." Of a surety, he did not like the press.

Submarines.—General Hurlbut, U. S. Army, wrote the Secretary of War on April 12: "A submarine torpedo boat is in the course of preparation for attack upon our fleet at Mobile. She knows only a small stack above the surface, which can be lowered and covered. She will drop down close to the vessel, put out fires, sink beneath the surface, work the propeller by hand, drop beneath the ship, ascertain the position by a magnet, rise against her bottom, attach the torpedo to it by screws, back off to a suitable distance, rise to the surface, light fires, and fade away. The torpedo to work by clock work, and when it strikes the hour, 'Good Night.'" Lovely surely lovely, but I wonder who was going to hold the water back while they were screwing the infernal contraption to the vessel's hull?

Untrue to His Cloth.—General Thomas, U. S. Army, said on April 22: "A rebel chaplain came into our lines to-day. He left Dalton the day before yesterday, and reports Hardee's, Hood's, and Polk's corps there." Well, that man of God had it pretty straight, and he was also the only instance of such infamy on record during the entire war.

King Cotton.—General Sherman wrote the Adjutant General on March 11: "In regard to sending guards for the cotton plantations as a speculation, this a bad one. Every pound of cotton raised will cost the Government \$500, and and so far as effect is concerned, it will not have one particle on the main war, and it would be far wiser to pension the lessees of the plantations." But the King still reigned.

Deserter's Information.—A deserter told General Thomas, U. S. Army, on February 8: "A fight took place yesterday between the 2nd Kentucky and 3rd Alabama Cavalry; the former refused to reenlist, as ordered; the latter was ordered to fire on them; did so, killing 3, wounding 5; 2nd Kentucky returned the fire, killing and wounding 30, then dispersed." Well, the Kentuckians seem to have gotten the decision. Are there any survivors of either organization living that can tell us about it?

Didn't Want Suspense.—On January 27, some citizens of Knoxville, Tenn., wrote General Carter, U. S. Army: "If the army needs all we have, let us know, and we will leave the country. The soldiers are robbing smokehouses and taking supplies, even when your safeguard is shown. Deal with us as you please, but let us know the worst." Evidently a pretty well crushed lot of Tennessee Yankees.

Rebellion against the Confederacy.—General Maury, C. S. Army, wrote on March 3: "There is a body of armed traitors in Jones County, Miss., who have become so formidable that I have sent a force to break them up. They have been seizing government stores, have been killing our people, and have actually made prisoners of and paroled officers of the Confederate army. They now threaten to interfere with the repairing of the Mobile and Ohio Railway. They are represented to be more than 500 strong, with artillery." A pretty state of affairs. Two wars on our hands at the same time, but this one was soon quenched.

Scalp Wanted.—General Sturgis, U. S. Army, wrote Sherman on May 13: "My little campaign is over, and, I am sorry to say, Forrest is still at large. I regret very much that I could not have the pleasure of bringing you his hair." But if Sturgis hadn't torn out ahead of his black-and-white command in his leisurely retreat from Brice's Crossroads later in the war, Forrest would have got not only his locks, but hide also.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Wearing the gray, wearing the gray,
Longing to bivouac over the way,
To rest o'er the river in the shade of the trees,
Unfurl the old flag to eternity's breeze,
To camp by the stream on that evergreen shore,
And meet with the boys who have gone on before,
To stand at inspection 'mid pillars of light,
While God turns the gray into robings of white."

JUDGE CARRICK W. HEISKELL.

In the fullness of time, in the ripeness of age, upon an eminence from which he could look down upon each year of long life without a pang of remorse for evil knowingly done, and with the consciousness of the approval of all mankind and a sublime faith in God and his promises, there gently passed into the life beyond on July 29, 1923, a brother comrade, Carrick W. Heiskell.

A native of Knox County, East Tennessee, born July 25, 1836, he was educated in what has since grown to be the University of Tennessee. He was admitted to the bar in 1857, and had just settled down to the practice of law when the War between the States took shape. To enter the conflict was but a part of his active and impetuous nature. But few understand what it meant in those days to live in East Tennessee and yet cast one's lot with the Confederacy. With him as a boy, as throughout his life, there was but one right and one wrong and no compromise between. Going against the sentiment of the country side and the holdings of neighbors and friends, he joined the Confederacy and helped to raise a company, which afterwards became Company K of the 19th Tennessee, one of the finest under command of Gen. Felix Zollicoffer, the gallant Swiss, and in Bragg's Army. Young Heiskell rose rapidly. He was elected first lieutenant, then captain, then major, then lieutenant colonel, and finally colonel of his regiment. He was in the fight at Fishing Creek, participated in the battle of Shiloh, and assisted in the capture of Prentiss. After Vicksburg and Baton Rouge, the Nineteenth joined Bragg's Army. He was promoted to major, and as major took part in the battle of Chickamauga; was wounded there, but rejoined his regiment before Atlanta and commanded it there. He was with Hood at Nashville and was in the thick of it at Franklin, where, being promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy, he was in command of Strahl's Brigade. After the Tennessee campaigns, his command was consolidated with Joseph E. Johnston's army, and with it surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., after the battle of Bentonville.

After the surrender, East Tennessee became a most undesirable residence for any Confederate, so young Heiskell and his brother Joseph left it and came to Memphis, where both settled and soon were recognized as welcome additions

as citizens, as lawyers, and as great forces toward law, order, and the uplift of the community. After five years' residence, he was elected circuit judge and was of invaluable assistance in those troublous times. A fall several years ago resulted in his being largely confined to his house, and when the final summons came, due respect was paid by as large and as representative an assembly of men and women as ever gathered to bear testimony to worth.

Judge Heiskell was one of the founders of our Confederate Association, and has continued a member since its formation forty-seven years ago.

[C. A. DeSaussure, Chairman Memorial Committee, Camp 28 U. C. V., Memphis, Tenn.]

REV. AUGUSTUS H. HAMILTON, D.D.

Rev. A. H. Hamilton, who died at Staunton, Va., on September 17, 1923, was a native of that State, born in Monroe County (now West Virginia), on January 26, 1846, the son of Samuel and Sarah Hamilton. He was also reared in that county. Though too young to enter the Confederate service when the war came on, at the age of eighteen he joined the Confederate army and served gallantly to the close as a member of Chapman's Battery. His first fight was at New Market, after which he was promoted to corporal. He was in the battle of Cold Harbor and helped to chase Hunter down the Valley; at Winchester his battery lost two of its four guns and nearly half of its men, Captain Chapman among them. After the battle of Cedar Creek and various other engagements, he became ill and was placed in the hospital at Staunton, rejoining his command in winter quarters the following January, 1865, his arduous service coming to an end with the close of the war.

Entering Washington College in 1866, he was graduated from there with the degree of D.D. in 1870, and for many years was a trustee of Washington and Lee University, and graduated from the Union Theological Seminary, then located at Hampden Sidney, in 1873, in the next year taking up his work as a minister of the gospel. His great life work began, however, with his pastorate of the Mount Carmel Church in the Lexington Presbytery, which he served from 1875 to 1913, and during this time he also occupied other positions of honor and usefulness in the Church at large. He had a great part in the establishment of the Davis and Elkins College, for the founding of which he raised a large sum of money and with which he was long connected as trustee.

A long and useful life given to the service of his master and fellow men has closed in the passing of his great spirit. Faithful in every relation of life, a devoted friend, a loving husband and father, he leaves a record of a notable and honorable career. His wife, who was Miss Mary Archie McChesney, of Charleston, W. Va., died some years ago; he is survived by two sons and a daughter.

COMRADES OF HOUSTON, TEX.

The following report of losses in the membership of Dick Dowling Camp at Houston, Tex., comes from J. T. Eason, Adjutant. These comrades have died since April:

John F. Staley, O. H. Pollard, T. L. Loughridge, H. Holtkamp, W. C. Kelly, C. J. Wolkarte, S. T. Lewis, Mike Dwyer, S. F. McGinty, A. J. Simpson, George H. Moody, S. J. Duff, A. P. Gwynn, J. A. Scott, Almond Fuller, B. F. Weems, W. F. McLean.

W. E. Jones, a member of R. A. Smith Camp No. 24 U. C. V., of Jackson Miss., died in that city on September 20. He served with Company C, 3rd Mississippi Infantry

MAJ. JOHN HESS LEATHERS.

Maj. John H. Leathers, born April 27, 1843, in Middleway, Va., died at his home in Louisville, Ky., on June 29, 1923. He attended school in his native community, completing his education at Martinsburg, and at the age of eighteen went to Louisville, Ky., and began his business career. When the war came on in the sixties, he hastened back to Virginia and entered the 2nd Virginia Infantry, which became a part of the Stonewall Brigade, with which he served valiantly. At one time he was courier for General Lee, fought with great gallantry at Gettysburg, and after that battle was taken prisoner and confined one year at Point Lookout. When exchanged his meritorious actions were rewarded by his promotion to sergeant major, which position he held to the end.

Returning to Louisville after the war, he again began a business career, which proved successful in every way. In 1885 he entered the banking field, and won high position with different banks and with the Banking Association of his State, which he served as President. He was also prominent in the Confederate work of the city and State, the first organization being the charity for Southern soldiers' widows and orphans, and he was also among the leaders in the literary and historical work connected with the South. He was connected with the Confederate Association of Kentucky from the first, serving as President, and when it went into the United Confederate Veterans he was its First Brigade Commander.

Major Leathers had served as Paymaster General on the staffs of all the Commanders in Chief U. C. V., and General Haldeman had reappointed "our beloved Leathers." He served as general manager of the reunions held in Louisville in 1900 and 1905, and he led in securing the ground for the Confederate plat in Cave Hill Cemetery, at Louisville. He was honorary member of the Orphan Brigade Association of Kentucky, and also of the Army of the Potomac, going North to address them, wearing his Confederate uniform. One of Major Leathers' quiet good deeds was in giving a stand at the door of his bank for the famous disabled Confederate, Sergeant Beasley. He was also treasurer of the Confederate Home, the Jefferson Davis Home Association, and connected with many other organizations. He led in fraternal affairs as well as financial. A Mason since 1869, he had held all the places of honor, and he was a choice worker in charity, Church, and Confederate undertakings, serving his city, his State, and his nation with ability and success.

In 1868 Major Leathers was happily married to the accomplished Miss Kate Armstrong, who, with their three sons and a daughter, survives him. His funeral was held at the Second Presbyterian Church, of which he had been an elder and treasurer for many years, and many gathered there to honor his memory.

"Never to the mansions of the righteous blest
Was a nobler spirit called to rest."

CAPT. A. WILKERSON.

The following is taken from the memorial tribute to A. Wilkerson, of San Angelo, Tex., by the committee appointed by Camp No. — U. C. V.:

"Comrade A. Wilkerson, whose death occurred on August 12, was a member of this Camp in good standing, a resident of San Angelo for some eleven years. As a good citizen and loyal Confederate veteran and comrade of this Camp, his death is greatly deplored. He was eighty-two years of age. Surviving him are his wife, two sons, and two daughters, the sons—W. A. and Lee Wilkerson—being Deputy United States marshals of Deming, N. Mex.

Comrade Wilkerson was a native Texan and served the Confederacy as captain of the Montello Guards in Uvalde County; he was also in the Ranger service during the early days of Texas history."

[Committee: G. D. Felton, O. F. Spring, J. W. Israel.]

THE NEW YORK CAMP C. V.

At the Memorial Day exercises held by the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, special reference was made by Commander Clarence R. Hatton to the friends and comrades of the Camp who had passed over the river during the year. Of these he said:

"Since last we gathered here, many comrades and friends have answered the Last Roll call and 'crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees.' Among them, Mrs. William E. Florence, the widow of our late comrade, William E. Florence, who was the first to occupy our sacred ground, and an always faithful friend.

Dr. George H. Winckler, a cannoneer in the battery of our comrade, Capt. Hugh R. Garden, always cheery.

Col. Thomas L. Moore, former Adjutant of our Camp, who, as a lieutenant, trod the decks of the famous Shenandoah as she proudly bore the Starry Cross triumphantly around the world, and, months after the surrender, grandly sailed up the Mersey, lowered her colors, and turned the ship over to the British.

Dr. John Herbert Claiborne, the genial son of the gifted, magnetic Dr. J. H. Claiborne, surgeon of our time, always so cheery and sympathetic as to make it almost a pleasure to have one's wounds dressed by him.

Claudius Crawley Phillips, an associate life member, son of the sturdy, gallant old friend and comrade, Col. James Jasper Phillips, colonel of the 9th Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Brigade, and wounded in the Gettysburg charge.

James T. Bussey, captain 2nd Maryland Infantry C. S. A., a descendant of Maryland's old Colonial stock and one of its early governors.

DAVID F. THOMPSON.

David Fleming Thompson died at the home of his son, F. M. Thompson near Pulaski, Va., on August 9, after several months' illness, and was buried in the family cemetery at Altoona. He was nearly eighty-three years of age.

He was the son of James Thompson, a native of Bland County; and spent his boyhood in his native county. At the outbreak of the War between the States he was one of the first to offer his services to aid the South in her struggle for freedom. He served well and faithfully the full four years of the war, taking part in many battles in his native section. His every thought was of and for his country, and one of his last requests was that his Confederate badge and medal of honor be placed upon his breast in his final sleep.

Some fifty-eight years ago he was married to Miss Catherine Munsey, of Giles County, who preceded him to the grave. To them were born ten children, five of whom survive, two sons and three daughters. He is also survived by twenty-nine grandchildren and twenty-eight great grandchildren. One brother and a sister are left of his immediate family.

Ten years ago he and his wife went to the home of their son to spend the evening of their lives, where every comfort was provided them in their last days.

Comrade Thompson united with the Methodist Church in early life. He was honored and respected by all who knew him, and a host of friends mourn his passing.

LEMUEL S. WOOD.

After a short illness, Lemuel S. Wood, highly esteemed citizen of New Bern, N. C., died at his home there in his eighty-first year. He was a native of Craven County, born May 8, 1842, and, with the exception of his service in the Confederate army, spent his entire life there. At the age of eighteen, in 1861, he enlisted in Company K, 2nd North Carolina Regiment, and served with his unit until it was captured by Northern troops at Kelley's Ford, Va., November 6, 1863. Enlisting as a private, he was promoted to sergeant on May 5, 1863, after having gone through severe service. After the war he became a lieutenant in Company C, of the State Guard, and held that commission until the organization disbanded. From the records of New Bern Camp No. 1162, U. C. V., the following summary of his service is taken: "He was with the Regiment (2nd North Carolina) in every skirmish and battle in which it was engaged up to November, 1863, including the seven days fighting around Richmond, first Maryland campaign, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg." A member of Company K, one of the last two of the famous unit, said of Comrade Wood: "He was in many battles, was beloved by his comrades, and characterized by them as a good soldier and one of the brave."

In civil life he was known universally as a man of excellent character, one who was honorable in all things, and possessed of a genial personality. He had many close friends among both old and young, and by them he was held in highest esteem. Notable about him was his love always for anything Southern. The cause for which he fought and for which he offered his life was always dear to him.

WILLIAM B. MCNEW.

William B. McNew was born in Campbell County, Tenn., July 24, 1845, and died in Amarillo, Tex., May 17, 1923. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company D, 2nd Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, Col. Henry M. Ashby, in June, 1862, and served with that regiment in Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, and South and North Carolina, surrendering under his colors with the Army of Tennessee under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston on April 26, 1865, and was paroled with Humes's Division of Wheeler's Corps, at Sugar Creek Church, five miles from Charlotte, N. C., May 3, 1865, whence he returned to his former home.

Leaving Tennessee soon afterwards, he went to Missouri and settled on a farm near Carthage, where he spent most of his life. He was married to Miss Emma Green, of Barnesville, Mo., in 1871, who, after a happy married life of forty-two years, died in March, 1913. Seven children were born of this union, of whom only two survive, Willis C. McNew, who lives on the old homestead near Carthage, Mo., and Mrs. John Copp, of Amarillo, Tex. The last three years of his life were spent at the home of his daughter in Amarillo, where he was laid to rest beside his wife, both "to await the resurrection of the just." He was a member of the Central Presbyterian Church of Amarillo, consistent in his walk and faithful to his duties.

LUKE B. FORREST.

Luke B. Forrest, formerly sheriff of Sumter County, Ga., and one of the best known among the older residents of this section, died at Smithville, Ga., on May 23, 1923, and was buried in the Oak Grove Cemetery.

He was a native of Edgefield County, S. C., and moved to Sumter County, Ga., with his parents, April 9, 1848. He was a Confederate soldier, serving during two years of the war

with courage and distinction. Surviving him are two daughters and three sons, also a brother, J. L. Forrest, of Plains, Ga.

REV. J. E. SLIGH.

On July 19, 1923, at Long Beach, Cal., Rev. J. E. Sligh passed away at the age of eighty-two years. He was born July 31, 1841, in Bossier Parish, La., and entered the Confederate army before he was twenty years old, giving active service during the entire four years. He was made lieutenant under Col. Henry Gray in the 28th Louisiana Regiment, and was with him in the battle of Mansfield, La.

Comrade Sligh was married in January, 1865, to Miss M. L. Butler, of Minden, La. Three children were born to them, a son and a daughter surviving him. In 1870 he moved with his family into East Texas and had charge of pastorates in several towns, Terrell, Greenville, and Paris being among them. In 1877 he joined the sturdy band of pioneers and went West, settling in White Oaks, N. Mex., where his brave and loving companion passed away in 1889.

For many years he was the pastor of the White Oaks Church, and also the editor of its most progressive newspaper.

He was a great reader and deep thinker, and took keen interest in the religious and civic welfare of his country up to the day of his death. It was on his way from the newspaper office where he had been to contribute a small article that he was stricken with heart failure and passed away instantly before kind passers-by could render any aid. He was loved and honored by all who knew him, especially by the members of the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter U. D. C. of Long Beach, and was lovingly laid to rest by them.

They had tenderly cared for him for more than a year, as his two children could not be near him.

REV. JOHN H. PRICE.

Rev. John Henry Price, well-known Methodist minister and Confederate veteran, died suddenly on the morning of September 23, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lulu Nelson, in Jackson, Tenn., where he and his wife were on a visit. He was taken back to the old home at Bowling Green, Ky., and laid to rest in Fairview Cemetery.

John Henry Price was born May 1, 1847, and in November, 1862, he enlisted for the Confederacy, joining Company D, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, serving under Colonels Starnes and Dibrell, Forrest's command. He was captured near Franklin, Tenn., and paroled during the latter part of January, 1865, a few days after his capture. A faithful soldier of the Confederacy, there was none more interested in the preservation of Confederate memories. At the time of his death he was Commander of the Kentucky Division of Forrest's Cavalry Association and a member of General Collier's staff. The only survivors of his old command left in Warren County, Ky., are: James Bemiss, William M. Cox, James Choate, William Cole, Dr. William M. Baily, Beverly Thomas, E. C. Brown, B. W. Atkinson, Dr. Ward, and William S. Overstreet.

Comrade Price was twice married, his first wife being Miss Helen Potts, who died many years ago. Six children were born to them, two daughters only surviving him. In January, 1890, he was married to Miss Addie Edwards, and in November of that year he located at Bowling Green, Ky. He had been a member of the Methodist Church since he was eight years old, and had also served the Church as minister in different localities. For forty-one years he was connected with the L. & N. Railroad Company, having been retired on August 1.

STEPHEN S. LYNCH.

After a long illness, Stephen S. Lynch died at Asheville, N. C., where he was visiting his daughter, on September 6, at the age of eighty-one years. For the past two years his home had been in Atlanta, Ga., where three other children resided, but for the fifty years previous he had lived at Asheville, engaged in the contracting business. Many of the finest residences of that city were built by him. He had retired from active business because of suffering from old wounds received as a soldier of the Confederacy.

Comrade Lynch was born at Holly Springs, Miss., May 25, 1842, and in that community his youth was spent. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the outbreak of war and served four years; he was seriously wounded in battle.

He was twice married, and of the first marriage one son, a citizen of Texas, survives him. His second wife was Miss Jane S. Butler, of Clinton, S. C., who survives him with three sons and a daughter. There are also two brothers left—Columbus Lynch, of Hico, Tex., and Newton C. Lynch, of Lindsay, Okla. He was buried in Riverside Cemetery, Asheville.

In a tribute to this comrade, known and appreciated for his worth as a former citizen, the editor of the Asheville *Times* says: "This valiant soldier bore upon his body the scars of the War between the States. The wounds which he carried with him down to the end of his days proclaimed the courage and patriotism of the man. His loyalty to the Southern cause was exceeded only by his devotion to his family."

HARRISON HOWELL.

Harrison Howell, affectionately called "Uncle Dick" by those who knew him best, died at his home near Morganfield, Ky., on August 14, 1923, after a week of patient suffering. He was born in Trimble County, Ky., November 27, 1843, the son of J. D. and Milicent Breckinridge Howell, the latter a cousin of Gen. John C. Breckinridge. The family removed to Union County in 1851. Enlisting near the beginning of the War between the States, Comrade Howell served with Capt. J. J. Barnett's company, which was part of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, serving with the company through its many changes and taking part in all of the battles of his regiment—Perryville, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and many smaller engagements. This company formed part of the escort of President Davis and surrendered at Washington, Ga., in April, 1865.

Comrade Howell was converted at a revival held in the camp at Rome, Ga., and with about two hundred fellow soldiers joined the Methodist Church, of which he remained a faithful member until death. He was also a charter member of Shiloh Lodge F. and A. M., and was always proud to show his Masonic pin. He is survived by two brothers, Henry Howell, of Peru, Nebr., and Walker Howell, of Denver, Col. He had never married, but made his home with his sister until her death, and then remained in the home with his nephew and niece, near Morganfield.

SIMMONS BAKER PARKER.

Simmons Baker Parker, a member of New Bern Camp No. 1162, U. C. V., was born at Scotland Neck, Halifax County, January 19, 1847, and died September 6, 1923, at his home in New Bern, N. C. His remains were taken to Goldsboro, N. C., and buried in the Goldsboro cemetery by the side of his wife. Perhaps there was no man in the community who was more beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends.

When the call was made in 1863 for the Junior Reserves, he enlisted at once and was attached to Company K, 2nd Regi-

ment Junior Reserves, and served faithfully until the close. In 1895 he removed to New Bern and established a large and profitable business in tinning and hardware, styled the S. B. Parker Hardware Company, and by persevering industry and square dealing his business has grown to large dimensions, and which, in memory of the father, will be carried on under the same firm name.

JAMES M. MOREY.

One of the most loved and highly valued citizens of Greenville, Tenn., was lost to that community in the death of James M. Morey on August 18. He was of New England ancestry, his parents having come South a few years before his birth at Jonesboro, Tenn., in 1844. His father, Rev. Ira Morey, was a Presbyterian preacher at Franklin, Tenn., at the outbreak of the war in 1861, and on account of his strong Union sentiment he was advised to go North, which he did in 1862. "But the boy Jimmie, seventeen years old, strong in the hot-blooded convictions of youth, could not be restrained from casting his lot with his boyhood friends on the side which he firmly believed was right, and that same year he joined the Confederate army. Here is the story of the boy's game as he played it, told in the application blank for the Roll of Honor, C. S. A., in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.:

"James M. Morey, Company D, 32nd Tennessee Infantry.

"When Company D was organized at Franklin, in September, 1861, James M. Morey was too young to be sworn into the service. When the company (which had been captured at Fort Donelson) arrived at Knoxville after exchange, he voluntarily left Franklin and joined the company in October, 1862. From that day to the date of his capture in Orangeburg, S. C., in February, 1865, he never missed a roll call, he was not absent from his command for a single day, nor did he shirk a single duty. He was in every battle in which his regiment was engaged, from Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge down through the Georgia campaign from Dalton to Jonesboro, with Hood in his march to Tennessee and battles around Nashville and then back south. On Christmas Day, at Anthony Hill, Tenn., he was the first man to put his hand on a captured cannon, and captured a horse belonging to an officer to the battery. In fact, in every engagement he was at the front, and a better, a cooler soldier never fired a gun. For several months he suffered with an abscess upon his leg, and seven out of ten men would have given up; but, although he was urged to do so by his company officers, he refused to go to the hospital, but stayed with his command and performed every duty.

"The above statement is here put upon record by two of his company officers as a matter of justice to a true, tried, and worthy soldier.

"W. W. Courtney, Lieutenant Company D.

"A. P. H. Watson, Sergeant."

From 1865 to 1890 Comrade Morey lived at Malden, Mass., his business interests being in Boston; and in 1868 he was married to Miss Louisa M. Broughton, daughter of Capt. Nicholson Broughton, of Boston. His health breaking down, he returned to Tennessee in 1890 and made his home in Greenville, where he had lived for a time in boyhood. His dominant characteristic was his religion, which he practiced daily in his life. He was an enthusiastic Presbyterian, and for thirty-two years served as elder in his Church, and for many years was its treasurer, also superintendent of its Sunday school. He was a great student, finding enjoyment in his books and delight in quiet pleasures. All who came under the influence of his genial personality became responsive to the inherent friendliness of his nature, and he made friends wherever known.

OSCAR F. ARNOLD.

After a short illness, Oscar F. Arnold died at Webb City, Mo., at the age of seventy-nine years. He was born in Franklin County, Va., and served through most of the War between the States. After the close of hostilities, he removed to Cooper County, Mo., and located near Bunceton, where he taught school for a number of years, and afterwards served six years as superintendent of schools. He was also active politically in that section, serving one term as representative of his district in the State legislature. He removed to Webb City in 1899, and had since been engaged in business there.

For fifty years Comrade Arnold was a member of the Methodist Church, and had been superintendent of the Sunday schools at Bunceton and at Webb City. It was his pride to state that he never swore, never smoked, and never drank during his life; and he had never been sick until the short illness which preceded his death.

He is survived by his wife and one son, W. W. Arnold, of Kansas City. After funeral services at his home in Webb City, he was taken back to Bunceton and laid to rest in the cemetery there. His body lay in state in the church he had helped to build, in which he had been an officer, and whose Sunday school he had directed so devotedly.

JACOB LITTERAL.

Jacob Litteral, a pioneer resident of Cartersville, Mo., died at his home there on August 14, after an illness of two years. He was born in Meigs County, Tenn., August 10, 1840, the family removing to Washington County, Ark., while he was very young. He spent his youth there, and at the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving three and a half years, and taking part in the campaigns along the Mississippi; he was wounded once. Returning to Arkansas at the close of the war, he engaged in farming and stock raising for a number of years. In 1893 he removed to Jasper County and settled on a farm near Cartersville. He afterwards became interested in the mines of that section, he and associates buying up large tracts of mining lands and being successful in their development. At his death he was a stockholder in banks of Joplin and Cartersville, Mo., and at Bentonville, Ark.

Comrade Litteral was a thirty-second degree Mason, a member of the Joplin Lodge of Knights Templar, and had served in all the offices of the Blue Lodge of Masonry. For several terms he was a member of the board of education of Cartersville and of the city council; he also served one term as city treasurer.

In 1880 he was married to Miss Adelia Anna Hatcher, who died last February. To them were born three children—a son and two daughters, the daughters surviving him, also a sister and four grandchildren.

WILLIAM HOYLE GARDNER.

William Hoyle Gardner, Deputy Grand Master of Thomaston Lodge No. 197 I. O. O. F., of Thomaston, Ga., died there on July 25, following a brief illness. He was born near Shelby, N. C., September 20, 1847, and was one of the very young soldiers of the Confederacy. At the close of the war he walked from Atlanta, Ga., back to his home in the old North State.

After the war he was a photographer in Atlanta for a number of years, then resided in Florida some two years, afterwards becoming a traveling photographer in Georgia. Some twenty years ago he located at Thomaston, Ga., where he made many friends.

While living in Atlanta he became a member of the Odd Fellows, of the Knights of Pythias, and of the Red Men. At the regular meeting of the Thomaston Lodge I. O. O. F., in July, a memorial committee was appointed to draft resolutions in tribute to his beloved brother, the committee being composed of Past Noble Grand G. W. Mitchell and J. E. F. Matthews, Rev. C. W. Richardson, and Raymond Black.

THE GENERALSHIP OF LEE AND GRANT.

(In a debate on the above subject some years ago, the winner, championing General Lee, was Mrs. Grace Jewett Austin, of Bloomington, Ill., a native of New Hampshire, and daughter of Capt. Albert Henry Clay Jewett, of the 4th New Hampshire Regiment. A copy of her argument in the debate was sent to the VETERAN by R. E. Holley, of Bloomington, who thought it would be of interest to VETERAN readers to know what was said by this "real Yankee, but a real admirer of General Lee.")

In comparing Grant and Lee as commanders, it should first be held clearly in mind that victory does not always wait upon the greater general, nor is defeat always the portion of the weaker leader. It was the fate of Napoleon to be conquered by Wellington, but history scarcely bears a comparison of the two men as generals. In our own Revolution, we glory in Bunker Hill, and Prescott's supreme power is unquestioned, yet General Gage of the British forces remained the victor of the day.

There is an old saying that "money breeds money." It is equally true that victory breeds victory. If ever a general had a free hand and every opportunity in his favor, it was Grant. Money, men, supplies, both military and commissary, were his in unbroken streams. An eager and triumphant and wealthy North, itself unravaged by war, poured resources at his feet. No test ever met him such as Washington passed through at Valley Forge. War is always terrible, but his men met it under the most favorable conditions.

Contrast with this Lee's position. A wasted and desolate country behind him, which even in times of peace had never depended upon its own resources for arts and manufactures; a lack of men so great that even feeble grandfathers and the merest boys were pressed into service; a debased currency so useless in purchasing value that a market basket of bills would hardly buy a beefsteak; and, above all, scarcity in every needed military utility. The spirit of Prescott's command to "Save powder till you see the whites of their eyes" was forced upon Lee during the whole later years of the campaigns of the Civil War.

Looking through Grant's "Memoirs" themselves, one cannot fail to remark how much more ably Grant was supported by his subordinate generals than was Lee. Both Sherman and Sheridan were marvelous factors in Grant's success, while Lee, in the modern phrase, "had to be the whole thing." Many authorities have felt that if Stonewall Jackson had survived to be a support to Lee, Grant's task would have been far more difficult, and it is possible the entire result would have been different. The fact of Lee's solitary position is proved by Grant's own words to Lee at the time of the surrender of his army. Said Grant: "I suggested to General Lee that there was not a man in the Confederacy whose influence with the soldiery and the whole people was as great as his, and that if he would advise the surrender of all the armies, I had no doubt it would be followed." Such a position as that, in regard to the North, Grant himself never held for a moment. It was the place of Lincoln.

There is no doubt that the supreme military genius of Lee prolonged the terrible war. At the beginning the North thought a three months' campaign would end the war, but it grew to be almost a religion in the South to obey Lee and carry out his plans.

A man of Massachusetts, Charles Francis Adams, a descendant of the famous Adamses, a few years ago declared that Lee's greatest power in generalship was shown at the close of the war when he rejected the advice of Jefferson Davis and directed that after the surrender there should be no scattered warfare. If he had not done this, our country might have been ruined as badly as South Africa was by General Kruger.

It is impossible in this short time to take up battle after battle of the Civil War and compare the generalship of the two men. But when great military authorities have done this, especially in Europe, and have decided in favor of Lee, I think we can abide by their decision.

THE ERROR OF EXTREMISTS.

The following came from an interested patron who sees the harm being done by extremists in our historical work. This letter gives food for thought:

"For some time I have been watching the partisan eulogy of a certain fallible human being pass from praise into the apotheosis stage, from which good Americans recoil, whether they be in agreement with the partisanship of the one so apotheosized or not.

"Although protest against the popular apotheosis of any man for political and sectional purposes is legitimate, the subordination of everything to a violent attack upon the person and character of an apotheosized individual, *instead of preventing, actually promotes the process of apotheosis.* Important principles are injured or completely sacrificed in the pursuit of this objective, since it is an inevitable law of psychology that the direct abuse of an individual by his opponents serves only to enhance his fame in the minds of his admirers until they reach a condition where they completely subordinate his personal traits to the extent of eliminating all human faults and emphasizing merely the 'martyr,' thus completing the process.

"I have also been interested to note in this attack upon the life and acts of the so-called War President that eulogies have been paid to men who were, and are, totally antagonistic to the South; and for the sake of those who might be deceived concerning the different persons eulogized, I have felt impelled to give this word of warning to those who might otherwise be influenced.

"In protesting against this apotheosis, a Southern woman recently wrote to a professor of history in a Northern college that she hoped the North and South would unite in erecting a memorial to Robert E. Lee and William McKinley, regardless of the fact that Representative McKenley supported the infamous Lodge Force Bill and frequently spoke of Robert E. Lee as one who had hearkened to the 'siren voice of treason.' If she thought this remarkable proposition would illustrate broadmindedness in general, while striking at another President, it was unfortunate that she did not have the facts, for it is not wise to barter away the birthright of the South to attain a particular aim, the aim being to attack the fame of the so-called 'War President.'

"How could Lee and McKinley have a monument in common in view of Major McKinley's strongly expressed sentiments of contemptuous condemnation of General Lee and

his cause—not in war times, which would perhaps be natural, but long after the war was over?

"Besides the bullet of John Wilkes Booth, nothing has aided this semipolitical campaign to aptheosize the first Republican President as have certain attacks upon his character. We should remember, even though we may not hope to emulate his example, that General Lee never indulged in personalities. He contended for what he rightly called certain sacred principles.

"But the Lee-McKinley monument is by no means the most unfortunate conception of this writer. Her motives may be all right; but linking the name of Lee with that of H. L. Mencken for the purpose of attacking the character of the 'War President' is certainly to be deprecated. Mencken's sole apparent claim to belong to what has been called by this writer 'a group,' including Dr. A. W. Littlefield, Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, Chief Justice White, L. T. Everett, and Robert E. Lee, lies in the fact that the Mencken person discovered a flaw in the argument of Lincoln's Gettysburg address! Mencken, therefore, is forthwith commended to receive the grateful support of 'our people.' Yet the once (and now?) pro-Prussian Mencken, while ridiculing everything 'Anglo-Saxon,' in general, *sneers at the South in particular*; hence, for the information of your readers, I quote, in part, from a Mencken outburst which appeared this year in a Western publication:

"There are single acres in Europe that house more first-rate men than all the States south of the Potomac; there are probably more worth-while men in some single square mile north of it in America.

"If the whole of the late Confederacy were to be engulfed by a tidal wave to-morrow, the effect upon the progress of civilized men in the world would be but little greater than that of a flood in the Yangtse-Kiang.

"It is not by accident that the negroes of the South are making faster progress, economically and culturally, than the masses of the whites. It is not by accident that the only visible æsthetic activity in the South is wholly in their hands. No Southern composer has ever written music so good as that of half a dozen mulatto composers who might be named.

"Even in politics the negro reveals a curious superiority' etc., *ad nauseam.*

"More might be quoted, but much of the remainder is a disgustingly gross extension of the wholesale slanders in Elson's alleged 'histories.' I have felt that it is my duty to expose these conditions in order to prevent the misrepresentation of Southern principles. All should be warned against following a guide who, in an excess of attack aimed at the foolish apotheosis of one man, recklessly or unconsciously associates the names of Robert E. Lee and others with those who have defamed the cause and character of the South.

"If certain historical principles are thoroughly understood and consistently maintained, any *false apotheosis of a historical character will fall of itself, or, at least, be lowered to something like a proper proportion!*

"On behalf of the cause of truth, I hope some good may come of exposition of the harm being done, the scope of which has been brought to my attention and carefully substantiated."

Winchester, Va., August 20, 1923.

"The glory that needs no column
To point to the hallowed bed
Where the blood-stained banner of Freedom
Droops over the deathless dead."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*

520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga.... *First Vice President General*
 MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, Riverside, Cal.... *Second Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark.... *Third Vice President General*
 MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.... *Recording Secretary General*
 MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala.... *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo.... *Treasurer General*
 MRS. ST. JOHN ALLISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C.... *Historian General*
 MISS IDA POWELL, 1447 E. Marquette Road, Chicago, Ill.... *Registrar General*
 MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio.... *Custodian of Crosses*
 MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala.... *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: In the face of a great calamity like that which has befallen Japan the whole world becomes akin, for it is joy and suffering that bring us together and makes us realize the oneness of the great human family. I have just received a check for one hundred dollars from the President of the New York Chapter, Mrs. James Henry Parker, for the suffering people of that distant island; and I know that all the Daughters will respond liberally to this call for assistance, so I beg that you will send your checks immediately through your Chapter and Division Treasurers to the Treasurer General. This titanic disaster, the greatest of all history, is beyond our realization, and for that reason we cannot fully express our sorrow, but what little we can do in the form of material aid let us pour out quickly, and remember them in our prayers.

The U. D. C. Cross of Honor for World War Veterans.—Acting under instructions from the last general convention, your committee has completed its work in connection with the U. D. C. Cross of Honor, a picture of which is the frontispiece of this issue of the VETERAN. I am informed by the Chairman, Mrs. Rountree, that this Cross will be conferred under the rules governing the "Southern Cross of Honor," which for years the Daughters have been giving to the Confederate veterans. Referring to the report of Mrs. Rountree to the convention in Birmingham, you will see that it was necessary to make five thousand of these crosses to secure a rate. It is for the purpose of drawing your attention to the fact that these crosses should be ordered promptly that I am emphasizing the Cross of Honor in this letter, as I am anxious to have the Chapters send in their requests immediately after the general convention in Washington, since we should redeem these crosses, as the manufacturer has assumed this large expense, and is holding them subject to your orders. The design, as you will see, is the Cross of the Crusader, bound by the battle flag of the Confederacy to the Southern Cross of Honor, with the inscription: "*Fortes creantur fortibus*" (The brave give birth to the brave). The Cross is of bronze connected with the ribbon (red, white, and red, with a khaki stripe down through the center) by the entwined monogram of the organization, U. D. C. For overseas service, a dolphin is added to the ribbon. The beauty of this design shows the wisdom of the committee in selecting the artist, Chester Beach, who was recommended to them by the Numismatic Society of New York.

Lee Memorial Chapel.—A photograph of the design of the Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington, Va., has just been received, showing the new structure overlooking the Lee Highway below in a most imposing manner. It recalls the view of the wonderful Walhalla at Ratisbon, a Bavarian Temple of Fame, built by King Lewis I in 1830, and one of the most imposing buildings in all the world. If this chapel when com-

pleted presents a picture of stately beauty which will remain impressed upon the memory for all time as that of this famous temple, then the United Daughters of the Confederacy can feel that they have contributed something to the memory of General Lee. Let us strive to make this a reality, as it will be a shrine to which thousands will go who will remember that wonderful recumbent statue of General Lee presented in a worthy setting.

Convention.—We have but one month more to complete our work before the convention, November 20-24, but it has been my experience that more can be accomplished in a short period by all uniting in an energetic drive for the goal than when months stretch out before us and we feel no need of haste. It is, therefore, my sincere hope that we may meet in Washington with every pledge redeemed and all of our obligations met. When I contemplate the fact that the organization has more than doubled its pledge for this year to the Jefferson Davis Monument, I am happy to feel that I am the leader of such splendid women. Make your *thirtieth* convention an epoch in the history of the organization, for we are to meet in the capital of these United States, and the eyes of the country are upon us.

Presentation of the Portrait of Matthew Fontaine Maury.—The date of this presentation has been definitely decided upon as Tuesday, November 20, and a special train will leave Washington that afternoon for Annapolis for the ceremony. All those who desire to attend this event should be in Washington by Tuesday morning; they should also notify the Division President, Mrs. Walter E. Hutton, 1411 Newton Street N. W., Washington, D. C., in order that she may provide sufficient transportation for the journey.

Reunion and Division Conventions.—As I have accepted the invitation of the United Spanish War Veterans to be their guest at their twenty-fifth annual reunion to be held in Chattanooga, Tenn., on September 16 to 20, I shall be absent from New York for more than a week, and later I anticipate visiting the conventions of Virginia and North Carolina. Owing to the conflicting dates, I have been forced to decline the invitations of West Virginia and Oklahoma. Again I am calling to your attention the advisability of coördinating work among the Divisions, for it would have given me great pleasure had I been able to go from State to State for their several conventions, as it was my privilege to do last spring when I visited Louisiana, Alabama, and Tennessee.

With fraternal greetings, faithfully yours,

LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER.

"Ah, realm of tears! But let her bear
 This blazon to the end of time:
 No nation rose so white and fair,
 None fell so pure of crime."

U. D. C. NOTES.

Mrs. William Stillwell, of Arkansas, has sent to the editor a copy of a heretofore unpublished letter, the original of which belongs to a member of her family:

"RICHMOND, March 15, 1864.

"To the Agents for Collecting Funds for Remounting Gen. J. H. Morgan's Command.

"Gentlemen: I have received the sum of \$1,052 from your true friends of the South, and, therefore, friends of mine, to aid me in remounting my command.

"The daily acts of sympathy which I meet with from my fellow citizens of all grades affect me very deeply, knowing, as I do, that it is not to me as John Morgan, but to the Southern cause, with which I am identified heart and soul, that they are addressed. May God defend the right! And if I am permitted to live long enough to see and to assist in the redemption of this land from Northern thralldom, my mission will have been accomplished and I leave my future fate trustingly in the hands of Divine Providence. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obliged and obedient servant.

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Brigadier General Commanding Cavalry."

* * *

Mrs. Preston Power, of Maryland, writes as follows of their interest in the veterans: "At the Confederate Home, located at Pikesville, Baltimore County, the Division President, Mrs. Gittings, and the chairman of the U. D. C. visiting committee, Mrs. Power, were much pleased, during their call last week, with the room, placed at the disposal of the Baltimore County Public Health Association by Major Hollyday, the Superintendent, of which the veterans receive the benefit. This Association aims to educate the public how to prevent disease, how to care for the sick, how to save life. The room at the Home is equipped with hospital necessities. Three public health nurses visit the Home at stated times, or when called upon, to render aid to the ill veterans, who are carefully looked after in this attractively arranged little hospital."

Through Mrs. Power, Miss May Sellman, of Frederick, President of the Ridgely-Brown Chapter, wishes to thank all who so kindly sent their names to represent an hour in her "Calendar," mentioned recently in this column. As yet she has not all of the 4,000 names needed, and will appreciate additional ones. In sending names, give address of each; if a Daughter, give Chapter; if a veteran, company and regiment. "In Memoriam" names may be accompanied by a short sketch. The amount of ten cents accompanying each name goes to a fund being raised by Maryland Daughters as a memorial to Maryland boys in the World War, a loan fund for medical students at Johns Hopkins and University of Maryland. The finished "Calendar" will be placed in the Maryland room in the Confederate Museum.

* * *

Mrs. Sanford Hunt, President of the Missouri Division sends copy of a resolution which will be offered by a delegate from Missouri to the U. D. C. convention in Washington by which the U. D. C. will be asked to indorse the resolution passed by St. Louis Camp No. 731 U. C. V., in May 17, 1922, providing for the admission of certain Confederate veterans to Soldiers' Homes maintained by the Federal government. Lack of space prevents putting a copy of the circular in this column; but Mrs. Hunt (Columbia, Mo.) will be glad to mail them to interested Daughters.

A friend living abroad has sent the following paragraph clipped from the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* showing that the generosity of the New York Chapter is not confined to its own shores: "The American Hospital of Paris has received from the New York Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, through its President, Mrs. J. Parker, a donation of \$100 for the Memorial Building Fund. The United Daughters of the Confederacy have always helped the hospital and shown much interest therein."

* * *

Miss Edith Loryea, of St. Matthews, unites of a plan adopted in Pickens, County, S. C. In this county there are four U. D. C. Chapters, each located in a different town. Once a year one of these acts as hostess to all the members of the other three. Division and District officers who can attend, do so, and talks are made on different phases of U. D. C. work. One of the results of this plan is a decided increase of information and consequent increase of interest among these four chapters.

* * *

Miss West, of Texas, is exuberant over the following communication, which not only brings joy to the hearts of Texas Daughters, but causes all other Divisions to rejoice with them in "this stupendous and constructive achievement":

"Received of Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, the sum of five thousand dollars, donated to the Texas University by said Texas Division, U. D. C. for the sole purpose of endowing a perpetual scholarship to be named from time to time by or under the directions of the said Texas Division, U. D. C.

"It is understood that in case the continued use of this scholarship should ever be denied or forbidden by the law or the rules of said University, then this donation shall be returned to said Texas Division, U. D. C.

W. W. LONG, *Auditor University of Texas.*"

The Texas Division meets October 23-25, at Baylor College, Belton. This is the third largest Woman's College in the world, according to last year's bulletin. The college authorities have requested the Daughters to take charge of the chapel hour each morning during the convention, thereby giving an opportunity to put the U. D. C. work before more than six hundred young women students. One of the features of the convention will be "Presidents' Evening." It is hoped to have all ex-Presidents present, each to speak two minutes, and each introduced by the first President of the Division, Mrs. Katie Cabell Muse, of Dallas. This should prove unique and be a historical symposium of great interest.

* * *

A belated report from Miss M. Adelaide Gray, official correspondent for Colorado, mentions that at the State convention in October, 1922, held at Denver, Mrs. W. T. Duncan was elected Division President with a new corps of supporting officers. The outgoing President, Mrs. Joseph H. Puckett, was presented with a beautiful U. D. C. pin as an expression of the high regard in which she is held by the Division.

This Division had an almost irreparable loss in the death of Mrs. Rosa M. Bowden, State Historian, on December 31, 1922, "rich in length of days and filled with honors." Through her untiring efficiency the Division had been the proud possessor of the Mildred Rutherford Historical Medal for six successive years.

The Children's Chapter, of Denver, with Mrs. Atkins as Chapter Leader, is doing splendid work.

Again the Treasurer General, Mrs. Higgins, sends a statement of contributions to the Jefferson Davis Monument up to September 1, 1923;

States.	Amount Contributed.	No. of Chapters.	Average per Chapter.
New York.....	\$ 227 00	3	\$75 66
Pennsylvania.....	90 00	2	45 00
Kentucky.....	1,599 75	37	43 23
Maryland.....	250 00	6	41 66
Massachusetts.....	25 00	1	25 00
California.....	502 70	21	23 93
Florida.....	878 33	39	22 52
West Virginia.....	537 50	25	21 90
New Jersey.....	20 00	1	20 00
Illinois.....	40 00	2	20 00
Arkansas.....	705 00	45	15 66
Louisiana.....	432 50	29	14 91
North Carolina.....	1,562 51	111	14 07
Ohio.....	93 30	7	13 32
Missouri.....	517 65	47	11 01
*Texas.....	820 35	76	10 79
Indiana.....	10 00	1	10 00
South Carolina.....	1,025 00	104	9 85
*Tennessee.....	422 25	63	6 70
Washington.....	20 00	3	6 66
Georgia.....	821 30	127	6 46
*Oklahoma.....	216 50	36	6 01
Mississippi.....	321 90	59	5 43
Alabama.....	416 25	81	5 13
New Mexico.....	5 00	1	5 00
Virginia.....	128 75	130	99
District of Columbia.....	5 00	9	55

States not contributing to date: Arizona, Colorado, Minnesota, Montana, Oregon, Utah.

* * *

The Tennessee Division is deeply interested in completing the fund for the dormitory at Peabody College for Teachers, in Nashville, which will be a memorial hall for the benefit of girls of Confederate ancestry. Mrs. Owen Walker, of Franklin, is State chairman on this work, and under her leadership the fund in hand has more than doubled. In a late report on the work, Mrs. Walker says: "The campaign to complete the fund for Confederate Memorial Hall is being extended to May, 1925. Please take careful note of the date, for the dollar-for-dollar gift to Peabody College was limited to about two years and before it is withdrawn we must complete our fund or forfeit our opportunity to secure \$50,000 additional.

"I am glad to report progress in the work. Since March 15 I have received in pledges about \$7,000, more than \$4,000 being pledged at the Dyersburg convention. To the list of Chapters accepting full quota of \$12 per capita, seven Chapters have been added, as follows: William B. Bate and Kate Litton Hickman, Nashville; Frances M. Walker, St. Elmo; General Forrest, Memphis; Leonidas Polk, Union City; Russell-Hill, Trenton; Kirby Smith, Sewanee; Sarah Law, Memphis, full quota for 1924.

"Many Chapters are doing fine work. A few are setting an example which is a real inspiration. V. C. Allen, of Dayton, though a weak Chapter, was the first to pay its full quota: South Pittsburg paid its full quota promptly, and volunteered an additional \$5 per capita for 1924; Francis M. Walker has its full quota ready; Jennie Drane Lyerly, Chattanooga, increases its pledge from \$500 to \$1,600, in order to endow the living room of the Hall. It is not this, a per capita of \$66.67 wonderful from a Chapter of twenty-four young girls?

"Cash and pledges now total about \$35,500, leaving the sum of \$14,500 not covered by pledges."

* * *

Mrs. Blanche Sydnor Robinson, wife of Capt. William Pleasant Robinson, and for more than half a century a beloved, noble, patriotic resident and consecrated Christian woman of Danville, Va., entered into eternal sleep on January 17, 1923.

A devoted Daughter of the Confederacy, she was for several years President of the Danville Chapter U. D. C., and for an even longer period was Historian of the Chapter, a position she held at the time of her death. She never wavered in her loyalty and devotion to the Confederate cause and by her guidance and leadership the Daughters of the Confederacy in Danville were able to do some very constructive work. Her good works and her faithful devotion to the cause will ever keep her in loving memory.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED STUDY FOR U. D. C., NOVEMBER, 1923.

Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. Not humanitarian, but a war measure. Prepared before the battle of Sharpsburg, to take effect January 1, 1863.

PROGRAM FOR C. OF C., NOVEMBER, 1923.

Jefferson Davis: Travels in Canada and England, 1867-1869. Action of Supreme Court of United States.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

Responding to a letter from the VETERAN in the interest of extending its circulation, Comrade Robert Wiley writes from Fairfax, Va.: "I assure you that very few men now living feel and take a greater interest in the VETERAN than your humble servant. My old comrades whom I enlisted when the VETERAN was in its infancy have passed away, and their children do not take the interest in these matters which are so dear to the old Confederate soldier. . . . Though too feeble to get around without help, I will again try my hand. I still suffer from old wounds received during the sixties; am now climbing my eighty-fourth milepost; still trying to keep my old Camp together, the few of us who are left."

In renewing his subscription for two years, R. M. Colvin writes from Harrisonburg, Va.: "I just cannot do without the VETERAN." He also refers to the poem by Lester Williams, Jr., in the VETERAN for July, page 209, and says: "I was one of that small band, and a member of Company E, 11th Virginia Regiment, Kemper's Brigade."

James Kennedy, of Kansas City, Mo., renews his subscription into 1925, and writes: "I have been on your subscription list for many years, and hope to live to be one hundred and twenty years old so I may keep taking the VETERAN, the only true paper of our Southland. Keep up the good work. I am writing at the age of eighty-seven—born July 9, 1836, at Jefferson City, Mo."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

PLANNING WORK AHEAD.

My Dear Coworkers: The summer has passed, and we begin facing a new year of endeavor. To each of you I hope the season has brought renewed strength and renewed interest, with a broader vision to so plan that you may go forward in putting our beloved work before your community in such a way as to let it be seen and known that yours is a live association, and that the inertia which leads to paralyzed effort has no place in your ranks.

Remember the prize of \$20 in gold offered for the largest increase in membership this year and make the winning a distinctive honor, for we hope that the award will go for no meager increase.

Again let me urge that every association hold a get-together meeting to talk over plans. Make your meeting short and worth while, but by all means meet. Seek out the unmarked graves in your vicinity and place markers where needed. We hope you will join forces in making this the very best year your association has ever had. First and foremost, remember the Jefferson Davis Monument. Let us make an earnest effort to help finish it this year. Send what money you can raise to Mrs. William A. Wright, General Chairman, East Fifteenth Street, Atlanta, Ga.

MEMORIAL DAY.

That your observance of Memorial Day may be a joy when the day arrives, begin now to make your plans. Select and secure the best speaker possible for your address. By beginning early, you will be able to get the choice of speakers, as they are engaged months ahead. Secure your flags, get your orders in for them early, so as not to be disappointed at the last. Have your committees appointed to get flowers, and, as Memorial Day approaches, to make wreaths so that each may know and feel responsibility on her part in making the day a success.

THE NEW ASSOCIATION.

The Mary Taliaferro Thompson Memorial Association of Washington, D. C., held a meeting on Saturday evening, August 11, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Day, with many members present. Mrs. Elizabeth C. Fred, President, presided and extended hospitality and welcome. Miss Jessica Smith and Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer called attention to the work of Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier in preserving in beautiful form the personal history of many of the leading women of the South. A letter from the President General to Mrs. Webster brought greetings and spoke of the pleasure of having the new Association formed.

Mrs. Fred outlined plans for a reception in December to be given to the members and their friends; also stated that the plan was to limit the membership to one hundred. On motion of Mrs. Frank Morrison, a letter of condolence was voted sent from the Association to Mrs. Harding on the death of her husband.

After a charming musical program of old-time Southern songs, delicious refreshments were served on the porch and lawn. From this small gathering of inspired women we look forward to a wonderfully strong association, for they are women with a vision of the great opportunity for service which lies before them.

THE MONUMENT AT OKLAHOMA CITY.

Last month we spoke of the wonderful work done by the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association at Oklahoma City under the leadership of Mrs. James R. Armstrong, in erecting in Fairlawn Cemetery, the beautiful monument to our Confederate dead, but we failed to get the description with its masterful tribute. On one side of the monument is "United Confederate Veterans" with their three flags underneath, and date in each corner, "1861-1865," and beneath the flags this inscription:

"These were men
Whom power could not corrupt,
Whom death could not terrify,
Whom defeat could not dishonor."

On the other side:

"Erected by Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, June, 1923, to our Confederate dead," with our motto
"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

PERSONALS.

Your President General, on returning from a month's sojourn in Atlantic City, stopped over in Washington and was the guest of the Mary Taliaferro Thompson Association at a charming afternoon tea given in the new Willard Hotel, where Mrs. Fred, President, assisted by a group of most representative women, gave welcome and beautiful flowers. The joy of renewing old acquaintances and gaining fresh inspiration through interchange of ideas gave much to encourage and inspire for future endeavor.

Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer, Past President General of the U. D. C., big of heart and brain, and always ready to lend her support to any cause for the advancement and interest of work pertaining to the South or its history, is among the

charter members of this representative body of women, by whom she is beloved as her broadmindedness makes her beloved wherever she is known.

Mrs. James Dinkins, President for the Louisiana C. S. M. A., has been with Captain Dinkins touring Europe this past summer and recovering from the arduous duties of the New Orleans reunion.

Our Historian General, Miss Rutherford, has been spending the summer quietly at her cottage at Lakemount, Ga., and getting the much-needed rest and strength for her year's work. Let each association fail not in electing or appointing a historian where there is none, and send Miss Rutherford material for her historical work.

Our dear Recording Secretary General, Miss Hodgson, has "stood by the guns" bravely through all the trying heat of summer, and from New Orleans at every call has answered "Here."

At the April convention in New Orleans, Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Gulfport, Miss. was made State President of Mississippi. The happy selection of Mrs. Kimbrough met most enthusiastic and cordial approval, as her record of past achievements and her love and devotion to every phase of Southern work bring confidence in a future of splendid achievements for Mississippi. It is felt that when her clarion call goes out for lining up the women of her State, there will be no uncertain answer.

THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL LITERARY SOCIETY, OF RICHMOND, VA.

Reports from the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, of Richmond, Va., are that it is well alive to its purposes and the work grows more interesting each year, as additional memorials of valuable data, relics, and portraits of our brave Confederate heroes are placed in the Museum.

It is gratifying to note the interest manifested by Northern and foreign visitors in the Confederate Museum. Many find it the most interesting spot in Richmond and consider it the most wonderful museum in this country. The number of visitors for the year totaled 9,443, of which 3,840 were Northern and foreign; school children admitted, 503. During the reunion in June, 1922, there were registered 1,838, though more than 5,000 visited the Museum during the time.

Roll of Honor blanks are being filled. In these bound volumes kept in the Museum are the records of soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy. Blanks for filling out the true records of the Confederate army and navy can be secured from the Museum. In the Georgia room is a valuable collection of navy records.

As the U. D. C. considered the ground offered by the C. M. S. for a library not sufficiently large for the purposes of the general association, all action has been rescinded. This building is absolutely necessary, as records are collecting so rapidly, and we hope in the near future to have a building of our own. There is need for an adequate general endowment, for when the women who are now doing the work for the love of the cause have passed away, it will be necessary to have paid assistants in order to keep it up. The Museum has always been run on an economical scale. Only four persons are paid for their services—our faithful house regent, two guides, and a negro man who attends to the furnace and grounds. The endowment for the Museum is growing, and several States have made liberal appropriations to their respective rooms during the year. The annual and life member additions have been encouraging. Annual membership, \$1.00; In Memoriam, \$10.00; life membership, \$25.00; sustaining

membership, \$10 annually. This list should grow rapidly, as it is the fund which will aid the general endowment.

The Society extends grateful thanks to the C. S. M. A. for its contribution of \$187 during the year, which was given to the endowment fund in memory of Mrs. Behan.

The new "Yearbook" will soon be ready for distribution.

THE VIRGINIA VICTORIOUS.

BY T. G. DABNEY, NEW ORLEANS LA.

The article in the *VETERAN* for September on "Contributions of the Confederacy to Naval Architecture and Naval Warfare" is extremely interesting and contains much information that is not generally known. However, in his description of the historic battle between the Monitor and Virginia (Merrimac) in Hampton Roads, on March 9, 1862, the writer of the article falls into a current error in saying that the fight ended "without decisive victory to either flag." He had previously stated that "during the night the Monitor arrived—most inopportunistly for the Virginia;" the truth of the latter assumption does not appear from the events of the conflict between the two ironclads. He also says that the Monitor "was built hurriedly by the Federals in answer to the Virginia." That may be true, but it has been the impression of this writer that Capt. John Ericsson was a long time incubating his novel type of fighting vessel which he named the Monitor.

Immediately after the fight between the two ironclads, Northern writers and the Northern press began a vigorous propaganda upon the assertion that "the Monitor whipped the Merrimac," which propaganda was spread abroad over the country, and is to this day believed as true throughout the land.

This statement falls into the category of historical untruths that Senator John Sharp Williams on the floor of the Senate stigmatized as "an organized lie."

Capt. John R. Eggleston, Confederate States navy (then lieutenant), was an officer on the Virginia and commanded some of her guns in the fight. It was he who fired the "hot shot" that burned one of the Federal ships the day before.

Captain Eggleston published several communications in various newspapers in which he gave correct descriptions of the fight with the Monitor, which seem to have had no effect in effacing from the public mind the falsehood that has become part of the current history of the war.

Captain Eggleston (now dead) was a relation by marriage of this writer, to whom he related the events of the battle of the ironclads.

The Virginia was commanded by Flag Officer Buchanan, who was blinded and disabled by the explosion of a shell against his periscope. The command then fell to ranking Lieut. Catesby Jones. Captain Eggleston's recital, briefly summarized, is as follows: The two vessels had pounded each other at short range for four hours, without perceptible damage to either, when, as he relates, "Catesby Jones passed by my guns and said: 'I am getting ready to ram her.' A few minutes later the Virginia headed her prow toward the Monitor and gave her a powerful blow, but the engines were stopped too soon, otherwise we should have run her under."

He then relates that as soon as the Monitor recovered from the shock, she ran off full speed to the cover of Fortress Monroe, the water being too shoal for the Virginia to follow. She remained at the place of combat for an hour after the flight of the Monitor, shelling at long range one of the stranded

(Continued on page 398.)

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief. W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Adjutant in Chief. Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings. Lynchburg, Va.

[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

COMMENTS IN GENERAL.

THE AMAZING APOTHEOSIS.—When a man's *post-mortem* fame, as in the case of Lincoln, is worked up to such a point that any criticism of him or it seems like defaming the dead and slandering the great, it should be the work of all to see how far truth extends into that fabric of fame and how the apotheosis was founded.

Commander in Chief Alvin Owsley, of the American Legion, in a speech made at Springfield, Ill., last February, is quoted as saying, "Abraham Lincoln is the greatest man ever born," and this quotation from the press is on file at the Legion headquarters. No statement could go further than that. "The greatest man ever born" is a superlative expression, no pent up Utica, no limitation of time confines it. It subordinates every character of ancient and modern history, religious and profane, sets all mankind from Moses to Washington on the shelf, and places Lincoln as preëminently the greatest of all created beings of all time.

In every story and magazine or paper, Lincoln is held up in terms only second to these. Occasionally, but only occasionally and then forced by circumstances, we may hear of Washington, and Jefferson, or Benjamin Franklin, of Patrick Henry or Alexander Hamilton. We may even hear of Maury, most decorated and honored by foreign governments and societies of any American; we may even hear of our own Lee and Jackson, or of Jefferson Davis, who, before he was President of half of this great country, was described as the best Secretary of War this country ever had. Great names like Cæsar and Napoleon, Wellington and Peter the Great, great names of all countries and all times, we see occasionally, but to one mention of one such name we see dozens of Lincoln notices. This most amazing apotheosis and astounding obsession must be based upon something. What is it? A careful search of authentic data shows Lincoln a man to whom can be ascribed some remarkable qualities and also some reprehensible qualities. Yet if one mentions the latter, he is practically hooted down in a storm of derision. Certain delicate, Christian, humane qualities ascribed to him are contrary to all evidence and authentic data and are propaganda pure and simple, the ullulations of worshipers, not history nor biography. His emancipation laurels are laughable to anyone who will read his own words describing how entirely indifferent he was to the fate of slaves as compared to his determination to hold the South in the Union, "the tax-paying States of the South," as they had been called. That he was the forefront of a movement which set aside State rights, advanced the idea of centralization of power as our theory of government; that he was the forefront of a government which forced this theory into effect at the bayonet's point, none can deny. He is entitled to all the credit and glory which extends to that achievement, whatever that may be. The greater part of the flood of laudation is mostly maudlin mush, cold and calculated propaganda, or pitiable ignorance of facts. If this be treason, make the most of it!

BLACK HORSE CAMP.—Comrade J. Edward Beale sends an account of the annual meeting of Black Horse Camp S. C. V., of Warrenton, Va. This meeting was held at Fauquier Springs on Friday, August 10, and mingled with the observances were appropriate ceremonies commemorating the commitment to its last resting place of President Harding's body. There was the usual business meeting and election of officers, and a conspicuous feature of the occasion was the entertainment by the Camp of about twenty-five old veterans from the neighborhood.

THIS THING BACKFIRES.—A strange movement seems on foot to try to swell the number of men in the Confederate armies up to something approximating what the Union army totalled. The object of this can be perhaps imagined. As all of Lee's great victories were won with much smaller forces than the Northern armies had, it would make a better showing for the future Northern historian if these things could be "revised." The August number of *Current History* contains a labored article by Mr. A. B. Casselman in which he contends that evidences have arisen from obscurity to show that the Confederate armies numbered a million more men than they actually did, and he places the new figures at one million six hundred and fifty thousand. If the Confederacy had possessed that many fighting men in its ranks, with something for them to eat and to shoot with, they would have reached the farthest outlying trading post of the Hudson Bay Company within six months after Manassas. But to resume: this gentleman has a great deal to say about card indexes and certain other paraphernalia whereby this number is arrived at. With this million extra men, it might be of interest to know where they operated. Lee's armies in his different movements show official numbers which much have approximated closely the actual number of his soldiers. His army was about at its height when he went into Pennsylvania and fought Gettysburg. He had then, all told, less than 100,000 men, some estimates put the number as low as 62,000. It is fair to assume it was not over 80,000. When Lee first invaded Maryland his army numbered only about 40,000 men. Some claim some ten thousand more than this, but the stronger evidence places his army between 35,000 and 40,000 men. Lee had some eighty thousand men when he and Jackson whipped McClellan back to the James River through the battles of Savage Station, Frazier's Farm and Malvern Hill. It is safe to assert that Lee never had under him in his superb Army of Northern Virginia as many as one hundred thousand men. The Western armies, as at Chickamauga, when Lee had sent Longstreet to reinforce Bragg, could not have been overly large, or the small forces of Lee would not have been depleted to send them reinforcements. If there had been three times the number of Confederate soldiers present, why did Lee always fight with such small numbers? Did he despise his antagonists? But in spite of the fallacy of this whole idea, there is an angle wherefrom we can view the effort with equanimity and wish well for the success of the enterprise. It is generally assumed that one in five of a total population is a man of voting age, somewhere between twenty-one and one hundred or so. The Confederacy had a total population (white) of less than six millions, that cannot be denied. This would have given a voting population of about a million; and when we consider the very old men, the professional men, the unfit and sick, and those engaged in work which kept them out of the ranks, we see that six hundred thousand soldiers (and that is about the correct figure) drained the South to its very bottom. The "seed corn" of the Confederacy went into the

hopper! Now if we add a million more to this, as our friend Mr. Casselman says we should, we behold the amazing spectacle of the Confederacy parading in its armies every male in its boundaries between the ages of twenty-one and a hundred, the lame, the halt, and the blind, and, besides this, some half a million men more!

Surely, if these figures can be enrolled upon the walls of time the Confederacy stands unique as a nation offering its very all and then some, its old men and its tottering babes all carrying muskets and wearing its butternut gray. Go to it, brother!

TWO DRAB PICTURES.—A recent publication gives a quotation from the *New York Times* printed directly after the battle of Fredericksburg, where Burnside went down in such dire defeat. The *Times* said: "Sad, sad it is to look at this superb Army of the Potomac, the match of which no conqueror ever led, this incomparable army, fit to perform the mission the country has imposed upon it, paralyzed, petrified, put under a blight and a spell. You see men who tell you they have been in a dozen battles and have been licked and chased every time, they would like to chase once to see how it feels. Their splendid qualities are oozing out. Certainly never were a graver, gloomier body of men than the Army of the Potomac at the present time."

A Johnny Reb was marching along through the drizzling rain, mud was six inches deep in the road along which his column was forging to the front. His stomach was empty and misery spread all through his system. "Damn me," he said, "damn me if I ever love another country."

INTEREST.—There is a deal of interest the country through in our Confederate matters and our Southern history. If it could be corralled and directed along effective lines, what a power it would be. But even our working forces scrap with each other at times and expend useless energy. There is far more speech making at reunions than there is real work along lines of organization and direction; there is more of politics than there is of patriotism dominating the work of many of our men. This is all human, we suppose, and must be borne, but it nevertheless shows the need of every really interested person stopping a moment now and then and seeing if he cannot *do something*. Join a S. C. V. Camp; refute some history lie you have just read; write a note to this department. Do *something*!

PROTEST FROM WASHINGTON U. D. C.—This Department received the following letter from Mrs. Charles F. Taylor, Chairman of the Press for District of Columbia U. D. C., which we gladly publish:

"As Chairman of the Press for the District of Columbia Division U. D. C., I was authorized by the Executive Board of this Division, at a meeting held on September 6, 1923, to write a letter to you in regard to a mention in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* of June, 1923, in which Camp No. 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans, is credited with sending the veterans to the reunion at New Orleans last April. In justice to all, we would like to say that a committee was formed to get funds for this purpose, with Capt. Fred Beall, Commander of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., as President; Mrs. Walter E. Hutton, Division President of the District of Columbia U. D. C., as Vice President; Mr. Frank F. Conway, Secretary; Mr. Wade Cooper, Treasurer.

"The District of Columbia U. D. C. gave \$648 toward the

success of this trip for the veterans separate from any other fund.

"We are asking that a correction of this be made in the October or November issue of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*."

The editor remarks that the section objected to in June issue of the *VETERAN* was based upon information forwarded him here from Washington. He is quite sure, however, that there could have been no intent to depreciate the work the U. D. C. did toward this object. Personally, the editor well knows from long experience that the U. D. C. are the backbone of all Confederate effort, and nothing could be further from his mind that any slightest intimation that challenges their entire supremacy in all matters of Confederate work.

THE SOUTH EXPRESSED ARTISTICALLY.

Too big to be homogeneous, this country loves to play the innocent game of sectionalism. Not long ago we were pointed to Chicago as the center whence emanated the greatest amount of significant modern literature. Chicago, of course, was understood to have tapped the resources of the great West and Northwest. Now, it appears by the dictum of Mr. Irvin Cobb, "if you divide the United States into four sections, the South, the North, the Mid-West, and the West, you will find that the South has to her credit more writers than any of the other sections." Not at all disheartened, as a feeder for Chicago, the Cincinnati *Times-Star* takes up the cudgel and, instead of combating it, sets about proving Mr. Cobb's case:

"In the plastic arts the South has done less, largely because so much of its endeavor has gone into Civil War monuments; perhaps the colossal monument to the Confederacy which is being carved on the face of Stone Mountain near Atlanta, under the direction of Gutzon Borglum, will be the final as well as the finest expression of this memorial impulse. The South has few great painters, and among dramatists only the notable names of Augustin Daly, William C. DeMille, Thomas Dixon, and David Wark Griffith. Musically, the South has done better, producing many singers, pianists, and composers, among whom Riccardo Martin's name stands out; providing excellent audiences for visiting orchestras, and offering a rich field for the collection of native folk-song. But its greatest contribution to American life is in letters.

"Living Southern authors, as listed by Archibald Henderson in the *New York Herald*, include such historians like Woodrow Wilson, Edward Dodd, and John Spencer Bassett; critics like James Brander Matthews; poets like Olive Tilford Dargan, Cale Young Rice, John Gould Fletcher, and Robert Loveman; novelists like James Branch Cabell, Willa Sibert Cather, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Mary Johnston, Corra May Harris, Amelie Rives Troubetzkoy, George W. Cable, and James Lane Allen; and short story writers like Irvin Cobb, Harry Stilwell Edwards, and Octavius Roy Cohen. This roster of contemporary letters would be significantly amplified if the names of those who died but yesterday were added, authors like Walter Hines Page, Thomas Nelson Page, Madison Cawein, John Fox, Jr., Will N. Harben, Charles Egbert Craddock, and Ruth McEnery Stuart."

Through backgrounds which the art of various of these craftsmen has woven into the nation's romance, the Cincinnati Good Will train pursues its way.

"The great Southern tradition in literature, established by William Gilmore Simms, Edgar Allen Poe, Sidney Lanier, and Mark Twain, carries on."—*From Literary Digest, June 16, 1923.*

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Report of Mrs. Tempe Whitehead Holt, Chairman.

The Chairman of Publicity of "The Women of the South in War Times" has to report that there is more activity during the summer months in some of the States than had been anticipated. In the early part of September, special activity has been shown in West Virginia and Georgia. The Bluefield Chapter, in West Virginia, has outshone all others in this period by sending in an order for forty-six books at one time through the State Director, Mrs. Edwin Robinson, and the President of the Bluefield Chapter, Mrs. W. A. Pankey. Missouri has recently filled out all her special subscriptions pledged at the Birmingham convention. Additional orders on the St. Louis pledge came in from Kentucky, Arkansas, and Texas. The quotas of the various States are published below, and the number of copies taken by each, although the ranking given below was made out for the middle of August, since which time several of the States have shifted up the line. This is the last time these figures will be published before the awarding of the prize at the general convention in Washington. Three States have indicated a strong desire to go "over the top" by the time of the general convention in Washington next November.

States.	Quota.	Copies Taken.
South Carolina.....	775	307
North Carolina.....	875	145
California.....	200	80
Texas.....	700	69
West Virginia.....	200	64
Florida.....	400	47
Ohio.....	50	43
New York.....	75	41
Alabama.....	700	37
Virginia.....	1,100	33
Missouri.....	400	31
Kentucky.....	300	30
Maryland.....	75	23
Tennessee.....	500	22
Oklahoma.....	375	10
Pittsburgh.....	15	10
Washington.....	30	10
District of Columbia.....	150	9
Arizona.....	10	7
Arkansas.....	450	3
Georgia.....	1,200	1
Louisiana.....	400	1
Minnesota.....	10	1
Colorado.....	40	...
Illinois.....	10	...
Indiana.....	35	...
Massachusetts.....	10	...
Mississippi.....	600	...
Philadelphia.....	20	...
Utah.....	10	...
Total.....		1,024

Recent contributions to the Publicity Fund will be published in the next report.

Now, Daughters, you see we are yet a long way from redeeming our pledge, and I do hope those States which have not been at work will get to work in earnest, and may every Division be able to answer at Washington, "We have sold our quota."

I hope every Director will send me a list of sales in her

Division by November 5, by Chapters, so that we may be able to give credit to those who have sold the most.

A telegram from Mr. Andrews reports that West Virginia is the first to "go over the top" in distributing its quota of the book, with two to spare. He was advised of this from the West Virginia convention at Martinsburg.

A WAR RECORD WANTED.

An inquiry comes from Brooks Bradley, of Fayette, Mo., for some information of a soldier buried in that community, Richard Benedict, of Virginia, who went into Missouri in 1864 to secure recruits and information, and while there was taken ill and died. Mr. Bradley is very interested in securing the record of this soldier, as he and a few friends wish to erect a monument at the grave, which is on the old Bradley farm.

The following is taken from a newspaper story of this long-forgotten soldier:

"In a neglected grave on a farm some seven miles northwest of Columbia (Mo.) rest the remains of a Confederate soldier whose tragic death is still remembered by a few Boone County people. The name of this soldier was Benedict, a commissioned officer of the Confederate army, and his business in this part of the country was to secure recruits. The county at the time was overrun with Federal commands.

"While on this mission, Benedict was taken sick, and, to keep his whereabouts a secret, he was placed in a camp on what was then the William Wade farm. In the same camp was a wounded soldier, Andrew J. Caldwell, now a resident of Columbia, who had been shot in a sharp skirmish on what was known as the John Fenton Ridge.

"So completely was the county overrun by Federals that it was almost impossible to give Benedict's body a decent burial. An attempt was made to secure a suit of gray for burial purposes, but this was impossible. During the night his body was removed to the residence of James Boyce and prepared for burial. James Bradley made the coffin, and the immediate neighbors gathered and conveyed the body to its final resting place. In passing through this old deserted graveyard to-day, a close observer will find a plain, flat rock upon which is inscribed the word 'Benedict.'"

Mr. Bradley is a young man and the nephew of a Confederate soldier. He writes: "My grandfather raised the first Confederate regiment in Boone County, Mo. He was a sort of preacher and sent out a call to meet at the church. Going into the pulpit, instead of preaching a sermon, he read the 'Ordinance of Secession.' At the conclusion, they all sang the 'Bonnie Blue Flag.' The old church yet stands as a shrine of democracy, and he is buried there. The monument marking his grave reads: 'Here lies buried a Hardshell Baptist and an Unreconstructed Rebel.'"

ERRORS.—Comrade W. M. Ives, of Lake City, Fla., calls attention to an error in his article on page 334 of the September VETERAN by which he was connected with the 1st Florida Cavalry, when it should have been the 1st Florida Consolidated Regiment, so called after the consolidation of the 1st and 4th Florida. He also makes correction as to their fighting at Dalton, February 24-27, and May 8 to 13; Resaca, May 14-15; Calhoun, May 16, 1864. Just a little transposition of dates.

THE VIRGINIA VICTORIOUS.

(Continued from page 394.)

frigates, and then returned to her moorings at Norfolk. Next day the Virginia again steamed out into Hampton Roads and paraded before Fortress Monroe, challenging the Monitor to come out and fight. Captain Eggleston said he felt ashamed of the officers of the Monitor, whom he knew in the old navy, for showing the "white feather" and not accepting the Virginia's challenge.

About a week later, seeing a group of Federal ships out in the Roads, with the Monitor in company, the Virginia again steamed out to engage them, but, seeing her approaching, they all ran to cover in shoal water.

The above recital of facts shows rather conclusively that there was a very decisive victory for the Confederate flag; but this fact has been persistently obscured by falsified "history."

PAY THE REBEL SOLDIER.

BY SENATOR C. W. BROWN, OF ALABAMA.

(Dedicated to Hon. John Purifoy.)

Pay the rebel soldier,
Pay him prompt and well;
For us he fought his battles;
For us his comrades fell.

Pay the rebel soldier,
Pay his widow too;
Show the world we love the gray
As others love the blue.

Pay the men who fought with Lee,
And met a stubborn foe;
Pay the men who live to-day
That followed "Little Joe."

Pay the men who rode with Forrest,
That wizard of the horse,
Who spurred his steed to victory
O'er many a mangled corps.

Pay the Emma Sansons
Who pointed out the ford,
And showed the world she was not afraid
To go where cannons roared.

Pay the rebel soldier,
And the girl he left behind;
No truer, nobler woman
In all the world you find.

Pay the rebel soldier
Who fought for you and me;
No braver hand has ever drawn
The sword of liberty.

He brought us home no money,
But we love him all the same;
He brought a willing spirit,
He brought a world-wide fame.

Pay the rebel soldier
Pay him solid gold;

'Twill buy his few and simple wants
When he is growing old.

Pay the rebel soldier;
He's old and feeble now;
He paid his blood so freely
When youth was on his brow.

Children love the soldiers,
And climb about their knees:
They soon shall cross the river
And rest beneath the trees.

Pay the rebel soldier,
And decorate his grave;
Pay a willing tribute
To memory of the brave.

Judge Purifoy adds this: "With a friendly legislature, a friendly governor, a friendly press, and friendly people in the entire State of Alabama, we have succeeded in having a pension law enacted which provides for the payment of \$300 per year, in quarterly installments, to every veteran on the State's pension roll and to every other Confederate veteran who has been a resident of the State for the past five years, regardless of the amount of property he may possess. While the State has had a pension law in force since 1890-91, this is the first pension law enacted that did not require the applicant to make affidavit that he was "a pauper."

"WHO MADE THE SOUTH WHAT IT IS TO-DAY?"

This query is brought out in a letter to Judge Purifoy, of Montgomery, Ala., whose articles on Gettysburg have occasioned much favorable comment. The writer of this letter is Thomas C. McBryde, of Dalton, Ga., who says:

"You doubtless will be surprised to get this from an old friend. I have been living here for the last sixteen years. I transferred my membership on coming here from Raphael Semmes Camp No. 11 U. C. V., Mobile, to the Joseph E. Johnston Camp No. 34, of Dalton, Ga. I have been enjoying your splendid letters in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and especially your Gettysburg letters. Your description of the second day's battle brings it back to me as vividly as if it had occurred yesterday. My object in writing this to you is to ask you to write a letter for the VETERAN on "Who Made the South What It Is To-Day?" You know, when we got back from Appomattox, we found only (I am thankful for that much) our homes and land. Wilson's raid had just been through Alabama and had taken our stock, provisions, and everything that was movable, with only the disabled brothers, old men, and women and children left.

"When I read the criticisms on the Georgia and Alabama legislatures about the pension, and by men who are sons or grandsons of those old heroes, it made me boil. Your State does nobly compared with Georgia. We get the large amount of \$100 a year, provided we own less than \$1,500 worth of property. Had we come home and done as many of the World War boys have done and are doing, the South to-day would be quite different from what it is. The old Rebs set the pace, and their children made it the most prosperous spot on the globe. You state everything so accurately that I am prompted to ask you to do this for future generations."

— PETTIBONE —



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CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"When de Jedge he say t' me is I guilty," said Charcoal Eph, ruminatively, "I says if yo' all kin prove hit, Jedge, I is; but ef'n yo' all got any doubt about hit, not guilty, Jedge, not guilty!"

GOOD RIDDANCE.—During the war, Army Headquarters received the following:

Deer United States Army: My husband ast me to rite you a reckmend that he supports his family. He kaint read, so dont tell him. Just take him, he aint no good to me. He aint done nothing but drink lemmen essence and play the fiddle sence we married eight years ago. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun. He is good on squirrels and eating. Take him and welcome to him."

HOW HE SAW IT.—Several Americans and an Englishman were touring the Pacific Coast in an automobile. The Americans were much amused at a roadside sign, which read: "Three miles to San Francisco. If you can't read, ask the blacksmith."

When nearing San Francisco, the Englishman burst out laughing, saying that he had just caught the joke. When the Americans asked what it was, he said:

"Suppose the blacksmith wasn't at home?"—*Canadian American.*

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VIRGINIA AN APPLE STATE.

Nearly all the apples now being consumed by natives, by transients, and by permanent dwellers, in office, or other pursuits, are grown in the orchards of the "across-the-river" State, Virginia, once called the Old Dominion. She is one of the four great apple-growing States in the Union, which are: first, New York; second, Washington; third, Virginia; and fourth, Pennsylvania. This is according to official figures.

It is computed that the number of trees now of bearing age in the chief apple States are: New York, 9,636,698; Washington, 7,964,167; Virginia, 7,385,277; and Pennsylvania, 6,981,128. In the number of trees not of bearing age the rank is: New York, 2,932,281; Virginia, 2,857,007; and Pennsylvania, 2,603,516. Washington is not among the first twelve States in the number of trees not in bearing.

The main apple-culture districts in this part of the country are the Cumberland and Shenandoah Valleys from Harrisburg to Staunton, with the adjacent Piedmont counties east of the Blue Ridge, and sections of Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia lying in or adjacent to the Potomac and Monocacy Valleys.

Judging by the way the great piles and barrels of apples in commission houses, in the markets, and in peddler's wagons melt away in a day, all Washington must be apple eaters, and certainly there is nothing better.—*National Tribune.*

FOR CONFEDERATE ENTERTAINMENTS.

E. Boyd Martin, of No. 444 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md., makes a specialty of furnishing favors for Confederate entertainments, such as place cards in Confederate colors, Confederate flags in colors, etc. He also furnishes attractive novelties in these colors, such as candy boxes, screens, etc., and a Confederate calendar that will make an appreciated Christmas gift. Write to him for prices and other information.

VERY EVIDENT.—They were looking down into the depths of the Grand Canyon.

"Do you know," asked the guide, "that it took millions and millions of years for this great abyss to be carved out?"

"Well, well!" ejaculated the traveler, "I never knew that this was a government job."—*Chicago Herald.*

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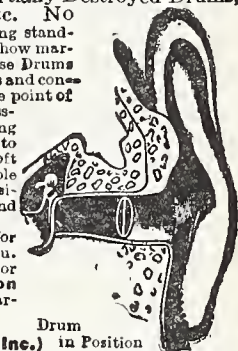


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What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay. Write today for our FREE 168 page Book on Deafness—giving you full particulars.

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ARGUMENT FOR INDUSTRY.—Old Hen: "I'll give you a piece of good advice."

Young Hen: "What is it?"

Old Hen: "An egg a day keeps the butcher away!"

ALL SERENE.—The Florida beach and blue sea looked inviting to the tourist from the North, but before venturing out to swim he thought to make sure.

"You're certain there are no alligators here?" he inquired of the guide.

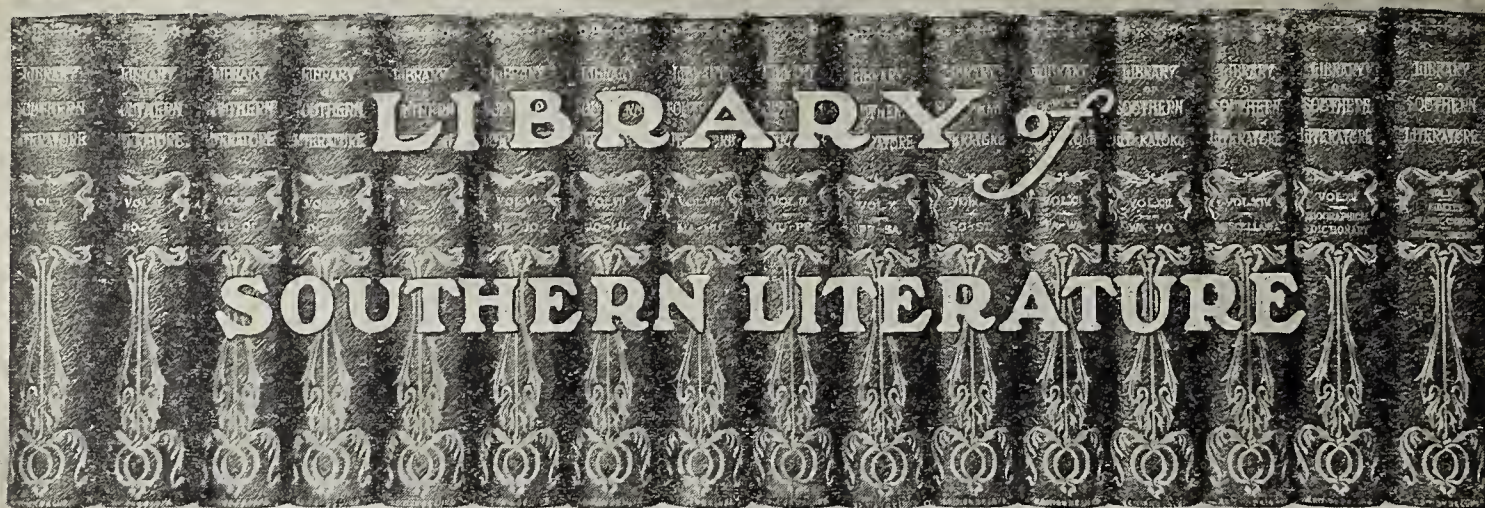
"Nossuh," replied that functionary, grinning broadly. "Ain' no 'gators hyah."

Reassured, the tourist started out. As the water lapped about his chest he called back:

"What makes you so sure there aren't any alligators?"

"Dey's got too much sense," belated the guide. "De sharks done skerred dem all away."—*Canadian American.*

Old age is the final test of a man's genuine sincerity. It shows where he has really lived in his soul. Life's motives are so mixed through the years that not until old age removes many of them can it be determined what a man truly cherishes in the inner citadel of his being.—*Christian Sun.*



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VOL. XXXI.

NOVEMBER, 1923

NO. 11



MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT LOUISBURG, N. C.

Beneath the Confederate flag carved in the stone is a bronze tablet on which is inscribed: "Erected September, 1923, by the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in appreciation of the fact that the first flag of the Confederacy, 'The Stars and Bars,' was designed by a son of North Carolina, Orren Randolph Smith, and made under his direction by Catherine Rebecca (Murphy) Winborne, forwarded to Montgomery, Ala., February 12, 1861, adopted by the Provisional Congress March 4, 1861. First displayed in North Carolina at Louisburg, March 18, 1861 "

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A Soldier's Story of the War, including the marches and battles of the Washington Artillery and other Louisiana Troops. New Orleans. 1874. (This book was issued anonymously, but Napier Bartlett was the writer.) Short sketches given in Appendix. 252 pp. Listed in dealers' catalogues at \$25. Sent postpaid.....	17 50

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Any comrade who served with Capt. Charles G. Graham, in the 1st Texas Infantry, C. S. A., in Virginia, will please communicate with Davis Biggs, of Jefferson, Tex., who is trying to obtain a pension for Captain Graham's widow.

E. L. Bailey, of Erwin, Tenn., who was home guard at Burnsville, Yancey County, N. C., from 1862 to 1864, and afterwards joined the 58th North Carolina Regiment, would like to hear from anyone who remembers him during this service, as he wishes to secure a pension.

John Kelly, of Beeville, Tex., is anxious to get in communication with anyone who was associated with his father in the Confederate service. His father, William Green Kelly, was born in Hinds County, Miss., but went to Texas in 1848, and he enlisted in Williamson County, near Georgetown. A comrade of the same company was Henry Baker, and they were together during the war, guarding the fort at Galveston. Any surviving comrades, or anyone knowing of his service, will confer a favor by writing to Mr. Kelly, who is anxious to join the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXXI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1923.

No 11

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Comrades: The reports that come to me are very cheering as to the successful efforts which are being made in the various Divisions of the United Confederate Veterans in adding members to the Camps now in good standing and to the reorganization of Camps which have been out of commission for years. Owing to the diminished and diminishing numbers of Confederate soldiers, Camps have ceased to exist when there were, in the various communities where they existed, many men who had served in the Confederate army, but who had failed to become members of their community Camps. Let an active effort be made all along the line in seeking recruits among those who were former members and those who never were members but who were Confederate soldiers of good record and repute.

There have been several changes suggested to me in the present Constitution which governs us. To make alterations or amendments to our Constitution, the various Camps in good standing must be notified as to the amendment or alteration proposed three months before the meeting of the next annual reunion, and then passed upon by the delegates in convention assembled, a two-thirds vote of delegates present at an annual meeting of the Confederation being required to make any amendment or alteration in the present Constitution. This is provided for in Section 1, Article 2, of our present Constitution. Any proposed amendment or alteration may be submitted to our Camps through the New Orleans Headquarters, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

W. B. HALDEMAN,
Commander in Chief U. C. V.

STATE REUNIONS.

Glowing reports come from those attending the late State reunions as to the cordial hospitality extended by the people of the hostess cities. Nothing was left undone to make these gatherings a time of general enjoyment. Everything was free to them. "Confederate money doesn't pass here," was told them when they offered payment. Cars in numbers were at hand to take them wherever they wished to go, and special trips to places of interest added greatly to their entertainment. All returned home planning for the meeting in 1924.

A YOUNG WORKER.

The VETERAN is gratified to report the good work of little Miss Eleanor Chambers, of the Mildred Lee Chapter, Children



ELEANOR CHAMBERS.

of the Confederacy, of Washington, D. C., in securing a list of ten new subscribers to the VETERAN, and by which she won the prize offered by Miss Jessica Randolph Smith. This prize was the C. of C. pin, which she will cherish doubly—as representing her membership and as an honor fairly won. All praise to this little friend, who has shown her loyalty and interest by this good work.

Mrs. Maud Howell Smith, Director of the Children of the Confederacy of Washington, writes: "We have a wonderful Chapter here, and the children are doing splendid work. On the Lee anniversary they marched through the Capitol with their banners and flags

and sang 'Dixie' at Lee's statue."

MEMORIAL TO THE STARS AND BARS.

A beautiful drinking fountain has been placed in front of the courthouse at Louisburg, N. C., as a memorial to the first Confederate flag, the Stars and Bars, and to Maj. Orren Randolph Smith as its designer; and its placing in the old town of Louisburg was fitting in view of that being the place where Major Smith's flag was first flung to the breezes. The monument is a tribute from the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. It is of

Georgia silver gray marble, the central shaft standing seven feet high, with a drinking fountain at each end. On the central shaft is carved the Stars and Bars in high relief, and just beneath is a bronze tablet with a fitting inscription. The dedication exercises were held on the 19th of September, the day being one of importance and interest to the citizens of Louisburg. Attending the ceremonies was the daughter of Major Smith, Miss Jessica Smith, known as "Dad's unforgetting daughter," who has faithfully worked to get the claim of her father as the designer of this Confederate flag fully substantiated and accepted. The beautiful silk flag draping the monument was her gift to the Division, and the children who unveiled it were grand-nephews of Major Smith and other members of the Children of the Confederacy Chapter named for him.

The meaning of this design of the Confederate flag was beautiful expressed by Major Smith:

"The idea of the flag I took from the Trinity—Three in One. The three bars were State, Church, and Press. Red represented State—legislative, judiciary, and executive; white for Church—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; red for press—freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, liberty of press, all bound together by a field of blue, the heavens over all, bearing a star for each State in the Confederation. The seven white stars, all the same size, were placed in a circle, showing that each State had equal rights and privileges, irrespective of size and population. The circle, having neither head nor foot, signified: 'You defend me and I'll then protect you.'"

STAFF OFFICIALS U. C. V.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., September 6, 1923.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 3.

The General Commanding herewith announces appointment of his official and personal Staff for the term of his administration. All comrades will properly recognize these appointees.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Maj. Gen. I. P. Barnard, Louisville, Ky., Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Mrs. W. B. Kernan, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La., Assistant to the Adjutant General, in charge of New Orleans General Headquarters.

Brig. Gen. R. E. Bullington, Memphis, Tenn., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. James Koger, Paducah, Ky., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. C. A. DeSaussure, Memphis, Tenn., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. W. C. Kinsolving, Abilene, Tex., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. Jack Hale, Blanchard, Okla., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. W. W. Carnes, Bradentown, Fla., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. John W. Clark, Augusta, Ga., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. J. S. Millikin, Millikin, La., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. James Diukins, New Orleans, La., Assistant Adjutant General.

Brig. Gen. Charles M. Steadman, Greensboro, N. C., Assistant Adjutant General.

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Lieut. E. Rotan, Waco, Tex., Colonel and Assistant Quartermaster General.

Col. J. L. McCollum, P. O. Box 892, Atlanta, Ga., Assistant Quartermaster General.

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Maj. Ben Randal, Hico, Tex., Colonel and Assistant Paymaster General.

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Col. S. H. Hargis, Oklahoma City, Okla., Assistant Judge Advocate General.

Judge V. S. Lusk, Asheville, N. C., Colonel and Assistant Judge Advocate General.

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Maj. Giles B. Cooke, Mathews Courthouse, Va., Assistant Chaplain General.

Rev. S. S. Key, Dardanelle, Ark., Assistant Chaplain General.

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Col. C. F. Harvey, Kinston, N. C., Aid-de-Camp.

Col. E. D. Hotchkiss, Richmond, Va., Aid-de-Camp.

Col. Nathan Bachman, Chattanooga, Tenn., Aid-de-Camp.

Col. Walt Holcomb, Cartersville, Ga., Aid-de-Camp.

Col. Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va., Aid-de-Camp.

Col. W. A. Love, Columbus, Miss., Aid-de-Camp.

Col. John C. Lewis, Louisville, Ky., Aid-de-Camp.

Col. J. T. Garretson, Birmingham, Ala., Aid-de-Camp.

Col. H. M. Taylor, Carlisle, Ky., Aid-de-Camp.

Col. Peter Pelham, Poulan, Worth County, Ga., Aid-de-Camp.

Col. Pat. Henry, Brandon, Miss., Aid-de-Camp.

Further appointments will be announced later and also the list of ladies to serve as Chaperon, Matron, Sponsor, Maids of Honor, and Official Reception Committee.

By command of:

W. B. HALDEMAN, *General Commanding.*

I. P. BARNARD, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

SHENANDOAH.

BY ARTHUR LOUIS PETICOLAS, CHICAGO, ILL.

Shenandoah!

Is it thunder of cannon we hear in the name,
 Musketry crashing and rifles aflame,
 Where bold Massanutten towers over the flood
 That once to Potomac ran crimson with blood
 Of heroes? Ah, does the great Valley remember?
 Ay! Hark to the shrill blast of gloomy December—
 With the ears of the soul if you listen, full well
 You may hear in the storm wind the high ringing yell
 With which, like a torrent, on-rushing, a-foam,
 The gray gallant legions, the gaunt gallant legions,
 The loved gallant legions, charged the foe home!

Does the Valley remember? Ay! Hark as the blast
 Of boisterous March through the forest sweeps past—
 In the groan of the boughs, in the deep, distant roar,
 As of breakers that beat on a desolate shore,
 You may hear the deep rumble of guns, and the beat,
 Deep cadenced and steady, of swift marching feet,
 As of gray, ghostly legions that march evermore
 On thy echoing highways, O loved Shenandoah!

When in summer you pause by the road, and on high
 Yellow dust clouds arise as swift motors speed by,
 And you think on the long-distant past with a sigh;
 Let mem'ry, swift winged, bear you back through the years—
 On the famed Valley road a gaunt column appears,
 With rattle of saber and rumble of guns,
 And bayonets a-glint; while along the line runs
 Quaint jest and gay song, although ragged and torn
 Are their coats—the loved gray, like a panoply worn.

Down the "Pike" swings the column, gaunt, gallant and gay—
 "Stonewall's" "foot cavalry"—through the long day
 They have flung back the foe from their flanks, from their rear,
 The blue hosts of Fremont and Shields hov'ring near,
 Like hounds on the track of a lion that ever
 Turning fiercely at bay, balks their eager endeavor;
 Till at vantage he turns upon Fremont. The foe,
 Though eager and gallant, reels back from the blow;
 While beyond the swift river bold Shields, though so near,
 Outmarched and outgeneralled, impotent, can hear
 In the thunder of battle, far-borne on the breeze,
 Port Republic foretold by the guns at Cross Keys.

Through all the broad Southland is ringing his name—
 "Stonewall"! our Stonewall"! Immortal his fame!
 Does the Valley remember? Her hills shall lie low,
 And Shenandoah cease toward Potomac to flow,
 Ere the Valley forgets him! He sleeps on her breast,
 The Southland's great soldier, forever at rest.

As the sultry day wanes and the thunderheads lower,
 The tempest's presage, in the still evening hour;
 In the rush of the gale, in the thunder peals crashing,
 The uproar and tumult, the swift lightnings flashing,
 You may hear the wild war cry ring high o'er the field
 As the gray lines advance and the foe stands revealed;
 The flash and the roar as the batt'ries engage;
 The rush of the onset, the shock, and the rage
 As o'er battle lines, swaying, the dread bay'nets gleam
 Through the eddying murk, and the fighting men seem
 Like figures unreal of some hideous dream.

Ha! they waver, they break, like a sword-cloven targe!
 Like a whirlwind resistless the gray squadrons charge,
 And "Ashby's!" the shout that rings high o'er the plain!
 Sab'ring the fighting men, trampling the slain,
 Rout and ruin in front, death and anguish behind,
 While high and more high rings that shout on the wind,
 The wine cup of fury they drain and ride on!
 The thunder peals cease and the tempest is gone;
 And afar on the hills flame the banners of dawn.

Does the Valley remember? Hear ye not the low sigh
 That the still forest wakes as the breeze passes by?
 And the drops shaken down—seem they not like soft tears,
 Sun-jewelled and precious? Through all the long years
 The Valley remembers. That sigh but caressed
 Her children, her heroes, asleep on her breast,
 And her tears fall for aye o'er the graves of the slain:
 Her sorrow time heals not, though softened its pain.

NORTH CAROLINA FIRST.

BY JOHN WILBER JENKINS IN NEWS AND OBSERVER.

First English colony in America landed on Roanoke Island,
 July 16, 1584.

First white child born of English parents in America,
 Virginia Dare, Fort Raleigh, August 18, 1587.

First battle between American insurgents and troops of
 royal governor, Alamance, May 16, 1771.

First formal Declaration of Independence, Charlotte,
 Mecklenburg County, May 20, 1775.

First colony instructing its delegates to the Continental
 Congress to vote for absolute independence. Resolutions at
 Halifax, April 12, 1776.

First decisive American victory in battle, Moore's Creek
 Bridge, February 27, 1776.

First man killed in battle in the War between the States,
 Henry Wyatt, of Tarboro, at Big Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861.

First man killed in action in Spanish-American War,
 Ensign Worth Bagley, at Cardenas, Cuba, May 10, 1898.

ITS RECORD IN THE SIXTIES.

At the outbreak of the War between the States North
 Carolina had 112,586 voters. She furnished to the armies of
 the Confederacy 125,000 "Tar Heel" troops. She also
 furnished to the Union army 3,156 men. This record has
 never been surpassed by any country in the world's history.

The 26th North Carolina Regiment at Gettysburg went
 into the charge of Pickett and Pettigrew with 820 men. It
 lost in that charge 86 killed, 502 wounded, and 120 missing,
 a total of 708 men, the largest loss recorded by any command
 in either army in the War between the States. The three
 colonels of the regiment were Zebulon B. Vance, Harry K.
 Burgwyn, and John R. Lane.

In Capt. J. B. Carlyle's table of casualties, in the "Con-
 federate Military History," page 502, he states that North
 Carolina lost 40,275 men in the war, the next largest loss of
 any State being 17,682. The total dead of the Confederacy
 recorded in the rosters was 133,821 men, but Gen. Stephen
 D. Lee declares that the total loss was 325,000.

Losses of the leading North Carolina regiments at Gettys-
 burg were: 26th, 708; 11th, 209; 45th, 219; 55th, 198; 6th,
 172; 47th, 161; 3rd, 156; 2nd, Battalion, 153; 52nd, 147;
 5th, 143; 32nd, 142; 43rd, 147; 23rd, 134. Of the twenty-
 seven regiments which suffered the greatest loss, thirteen
 were from North Carolina.

FACT IN FICTION.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, FLORENCE, S. C.

I was truly glad to read in the October VETERAN Dr. Lyon Tyler's article on the preface of Dixon's "Man in Gray," showing that while the author says, "I have in my possession the proofs establishing each character and each event as set forth. They are true beyond question," yet, nevertheless, he sacrifices to the gods of dramatic writing at the expense of fact. Being only one of the Sons, I am compelled to depend on books for my knowledge of that wonderful war so worthy of the old South and so formative of the new, and "The Man in Gray" interested me greatly. It is indeed an admirable book, so vivid and picturesque and clear in argument. But it wont do to take one's facts from it.

I will give three instances from this book:

General Lee himself, in four letters which are given both in Gen. Fitz Lee's life of General Lee and the volume of "Recollections and Letters of General Lee," by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, sets forth the events of five days in which he considers and acts on the problem of his position in regard to the coming war. That both of these members of the Lee family should give in General Lee's own words this record shows that it was desired to keep the matter simple and straight. The Ordinance of Secession was passed by the Virginia convention on April 17. While apparantly still ignorant of this action, he declines on the 18th the proposal coming through Mr. Francis P. Blair that he accept the command of the army in the field of the United States government, and goes at once to see General Scott and tells him about it. He also on that day talked with his brother, Sydney Smith Lee, about it. On the morning of the second day after, he writes his resignation from the army and three letters, one to General Scott, one to Mrs. Marshall, his sister, and one to his brother, Capt. Smith Lee, all of them explaining his position briefly. Two days later, at the invitation of the Governor, he goes to Richmond, finds the "Ordinance" had been passed, and accepts the command of Virginia's forces.

But the dramatic writer puts all this before breakfast on the 18th. All the day before, dinnerless and supperless, and all through the night he had walked the floor, only stopping to drop on his knees to pray. Stuart (J. E. B.) rushes in and announces Virginia's secession. Mrs. Marshall drives up, and rushes in to argue with General Lee. Mr. Blair arrives, and, with Mrs. Marshall to aid, presses his offer. And, finally, the Governor's messenger dashes up; and in less time than it takes to tell it, General Lee, still breakfastless, mounts his horse and rides toward "Richmond—and immortality."

The second instance is a more serious departure from fact, for, in order to make General Lee's entrance on the scene of war dramatic, the author tangles up Johnston's, Jackson's and Lee's campaigns in a truly awful way. He says: "The war really began on Sunday the 2nd of June, 1862, when Lee was sent to the front. . . . The new commander, with consummate genius, planned his attack and flung his gray lines on McClellan with savage power." Then follows paragraph upon paragraph descriptive of some terrible battle, and the people praying in their churches, with the wagons and ambulances bringing in the wounded, etc. But in the midst of it, he says: "The men in blue could have moved in and bivouacked on the ground they had lost." Also, "The armies paused next day to gird their loins for the crucial test. Jackson was still in the Valley holding three armies at bay." And, "Lee summoned Stuart (for his ride around McClellan, of course). Then, "Jackson's little army joined Lee at Gaines's Mill on the 27th." And, finally, "The first great

battle of the war (Shiloh, I suppose, was nothing but a skirmish—and Seven Pines also) had raged from the first of June until the first of July."

I have tried to see if some of the items were misplaced in the pages, but there is no way that I can make out by which history as it really occurred can be detected. Johnston's battle of Seven Pines was on May 31, Smith's small affair on the 1st of June, McClellan never attacked, and Lee did not do so till after Stuart's ride, and the date is June 26, at Mechanicsville. As for a "raging" battle from June 1 to July 1, no writer even hints at that.

The third instance occurs when Lee is offered the dictatorship by an emissary from Congress, and, of course, declines. A Mr. Rives has written Colonel Taylor, of Lee's staff, to collect a kind of council of army men to voice the military appeal when he makes the civil. Congress has secretly determined to go over Mr. Davis's head and appoint Lee supreme head of affairs. It may be that Mr. Dixon has proof of some such movement, but the composition of the military council can hardly be taken as serious. At any rate, Mr. R arrives the night of the second day of the battle of the Wilderness, May 6. Two brigadiers (if indeed Alexander was at that time a brigadier), Gordon and E. P. Alexander, and Stuart constitute the council membership. General Lee is said to be out on the lines trying to solve the problem of Grant's intentions. In the end he tells Stuart that night that Grant will move to Spotsylvania, but historically it is Stuart who next day gives Lee the information on which Lee bases his judgment—the movement of wagon trains toward Chancellorsville. Stuart's cavalry is strung out all the way from the two armies to Spotsylvania. As soon as Lee determines the above point, he loses no time in sending Anderson's Corps there. Colonel Taylor says in his book that Lee spent the 7th on his lines trying to solve the problem of Grant's next move, but night was hardly a propitious time for Stuart to be in the council and Lee himself out reconnoitering. As to Gordon, he had been engaged till dark in exciting battle, rolling up Grant's right wing (Sedgwick's Corps, not Hancock's, as Dixon tells it. It was Longstreet that flanked Grant's left and defeated Hancock), and, after all, he was only a brigadier. Alexander* was an artillery officer and only a colonel as late as Gettysburg, but as the artillery at the Wilderness could not be used, he had a far better chance than Gordon or Stuart to attend the evening council. The date must have been the 6th, for on the 7th Colonel Taylor himself went with Anderson to Spotsylvania and carried orders from Lee to Stuart, who was already there, And, to cap the climax, the bathos, if not the improbability, of this council is seen in the last words spoken in it, where the author tells how Lee, who had come in, listened to them all, and rejected the proposition, reads a message just brought in by a courier, and, turning, says: "This discussion is closed, gentlemen. General Grant is moving on Spotsylvania, My business is to get there first. Move your forces at once."

I wonder what the two brigadiers thought of that order. They certainly did not obey it.

Just as Dr. Tyler shows in two instances that the claim of the rhetorician that he can prove every character as set forth must not be taken seriously, so, also, in the matter of the events narrated by him, there is little dependence to be placed in the author's researches. In short, it may be safely said that whenever history is molded into drama, the better the

*NOTE.—E. P. Alexander, was commissioned Brigadier General in February, 1864.

drama the more incredible the history, and if only Mr. Dixon did not claim to be able to prove events and characters "as set forth," almost all readers would allow for the *flair* of a dramatist for skating on the blue empyrean.

NEVER DESPAIRING.

BY BERKELEY MINOR, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

In the October VETERAN appears "General Lee's Sentiment," giving an extract from a letter of Gen. R. E. Lee to Col. Charles Marshall, of Baltimore, his military secretary, "never published."

This extract from Lee's letter to Colonel Marshall appeared in a letter to the Baltimore *Sun* of May 10 (or there about), 1919. I give the whole letter, hoping you will think it worth reproducing in the VETERAN:

"In reviewing the years since 1914, even now when a lull in the storm of war has come, it is hard not to despair of the world. The concluding lines of Pope's 'Dunciad' give at such times fit expression to our feelings:

"She comes! She comes! the sable throne behold!
Of night primeval and of chaos old.
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires:
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
Art after art goes out, and all is night;
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head;
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares mortally expires.

"Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored;
Light dies before thy increating word.
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.'

"In the Crusade's Christendom stood together fighting Mohammed, and might have used Whitefield's motto: *Nil desperandum, Christo duce, et auspice Christo*," Now it is divided against itself by war and bitter hate. It looks as if we must leave 'Christianity' and go back to Christ. His teachings, taken pure and unadulterated, will save the world, or all of it that is willing to be saved.

"In an old letter (of April, 1904) of Captain R. E. Lee (the General's son and my old comrade of the Rockbridge Battery) I find some comforting words of his father, our great Captain of the Confederate States army. I had said to Captain Lee that I wondered why our Heavenly Father had allowed such a cause as ours and such a leader as General Lee to fail. Captain Lee wrote: 'As to finding out why Providence allowed our cause to fail, I'll send you what my father said in a letter to Colonel Marshall in the darkest hour of his own life and of the fortunes of the Southern people. "My experience [he wrote] of men has neither disposed me to think worse of them, nor, in spite of failures which I lament, of errors which I now see and acknowledge, or of the present aspect of affairs do I despair of the future. The truth is this: the march of Providence is so slow, and our desires so impatient; the work of progress is so immense and our means of aiding it so feeble; the life of humanity is so long, and that of the individual so brief, that we often see only the ebb of the advancing wave and are thus discouraged. It is history that teaches us to hope.'"

"General Lee knew, no doubt, Pope's verses to the same tenor, and not more forcible than his prose:

"Safe in the hands of one dispensing power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour,
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction which thou canst not see,
All discord, harmony not understood,
All partial evil, universal good.'

"How calmly and wisely Lee views that 'ebb of the advancing wave,' which he had so bravely and steadily resisted for four long years of fierce battle, yielding at last to the inevitable, recognizing the hand of Providence in it all, though so disastrous to all he loved best. I never read Thackeray's 'End of the Play' without thinking of General Lee, hardly keeping back the tears.

"Come wealth, come want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize.
So, lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"



Capt. L. Y. Dean, of Eufaula, Ala., as a soldier of the Confederacy, and his granddaughter, Miss Carolyn Dean Moore, representing "a girl of the sixties."

Capt. Leonard Yancy Dean, one of Alabama's most influential citizens, is a native of Edgefield, S. C., and a veteran of the sixties. Enlisting at the age of sixteen, he served with Hampton's Legion, distinguished himself at the first battle of Manassas, and was made a non-commissioned officer. At Seven Pine he lost an arm, but when well enough he rejoined the army and fought to the end. He then went back to his native hills in old Edgefield to help redeem the land he loved so well.

The State of his adoption says of him: "L. Y. Dean is the best known, best loved man within Alabama's borders"

FIRST BLOOD SHED IN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY GEORGE W. WILSON, RAPHINE, VA.

The statement that Archer's Brigade brought on the fight at Gettysburg induces me to tell of the company that shed the first blood on Pennsylvania soil. It was in the winter of 1862-63. The 14th Virginia Regiment was formed at Salem, Va., and assigned to Gen. Albert G. Jenkins's Brigade of Cavalry in May, 1863. We were camped at Tinkling Spring Church, in Augusta County, Va., five or six miles from Staunton, and drilled every day while there. We were inspected by the chief inspector, C. S. A., who pronounced the 14th Virginia Regiment the second best mounted men in the service. The 14th was made up of seven companies from down the valley counties, two companies from Greenbrier County, now West Virginia, and one company from Charlotte County, Va., and numbered about 1,100 men.

The brigade consisted of the 14th, 16th, and 17th Regiments and Witcher's and Sweeney's Battalions. In June, the brigade moved down the Valley from Staunton, going in front of General Lee's army, and had several fights with Federal cavalry before we came to the Potomac River. We led the way to Greencastle, Pa., and went into camp just north of that village on the right of the Harrisburg Pike. On the following morning a portion of our company (twenty or thirty men) was detailed to go toward Harrisburg with orders that if we found the Federal cavalry to "toll them in." After going three or four miles, we went up a hill, and just as we got to the top we ran into a company hunting for us. We obeyed orders strictly by drawing them in. The brigade was not ready for such guests that early in the morning. Some of the men were cooking their breakfast, and some were still asleep, while their horses were out in the clover field. We fell back in good order four abreast. When we got in sight of the brigade, the captain, J. A. Wilson, saw what the result would be if he let them run into camp, shooting and yelling. So, just as we neared the camp, the captain ordered us to dismount and get over the fence and let our horses run into camp. Besides our pistols and sabers, each man carried a short Enfield rifle.

There was a post and rail fence on both sides of the road at this point, and in their charge the enemy rode right up to the fence and attempted to cut us over our heads with their sabers. We put eleven balls through one man, and, although we also shot his horse, the animal jumped the fence before the mortally wounded cavalryman fell off.

The scheme was fine, and every time we shot a man or a horse would go down. A big fellow charged right up to us riding a magnificent big horse. We put four balls through the man; the horse was also shot. We buried the man near his dead horse. We recaptured a prisoner that we had taken a few days before and who got away from us. He was shot in the leg and our surgeon amputated it. There were many wounded men and crippled and dead horses. Their bugler sounded the retreat, which they willingly obeyed after we finished up with them. Those who could go were soon out of sight. General Jenkins soon formed his men on foot and, coming up, asked Colonel Cochran about the men "who put up such a good fight." He was told that it was the Churchville Cavalry from Augusta County, and one of the first companies that went to the front in 1861. Not one of us received a scratch in the encounter.

Several years ago, during a reunion at Gettysburg, Captain Wilson met the captain commanding the Federal company, who said he had always wanted to meet the men he fought at Greencastle and who had cut his company to pieces. The

Federal government has erected a monument at that place to show where the first blood was shed on Pennsylvania soil.

The monument is inscribed as follows

TO THE MEMORY OF
CORPORAL WILLIAM H. RIHL,
Company G, N. Y. Lincoln Cavalry
Killed on this spot June 22nd, 1863.

Erected by
Corporal Rihl Post,
G. A. R.
Of Greencastle,
June 22nd, 1887.

In the "War Records," Volume XXVI, Parts 1 and 2 this affair is mentioned with the statement that there are no circumstantial reports on file.

General Jenkins was wounded in the first day's fight at Gettysburg near a college, and he was never with us again.

We were transferred to Beale's Brigade, William H. F. Lee's division. Our regiment, the 14th, made the last charge that was made at Appomattox, capturing two guns and the gunners. Our flag bearer, James A. Wilson, was killed that morning after going through the war.

Wilson was a Rockbridge man, and was born at New Providence Church. After capturing the two guns at Appomattox and taking them out of a woods into an old sedge field, we received orders to abandon them and our prisoners, and to fall back. Upon going some distance we joined Gen. Fitz Lee and General Roberts, of a North Carolina brigade. The latter was carrying his own flag, which he tore from its staff and stuck in his shirt bosom, declaring that the Yanks should not have his colors. We were told that General Lee had surrendered, but were ordered not to surrender, Fitz Lee saying that our horses and arms would probably be taken and that he did not think there were any of the enemy between Appomattox and our homes.

Capt. E. E. Bouldin, who was in command of our regiment being the senior captain, and the regimental commander having been killed, brought the company home with Captain Hanger.

IN THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Back in the early days when Liberty was but a babe in arms,
'Twas woman rocked the cradle, taught the first
Half-uttered speech of freedom; when the war's alarms
Rang through colonial forest, when the worst
Seemed imminent—then mother's, sister's, sweetheart's,
daughter's hand
Soothed, steadied, guided, in its destinies the land.
She suffered, sacrificed unselfishly without one halting pause—
It was the future children's Cause.

Now, in these latter days when Liberty is grown to man's estate,

And is endangered, threatened, tested sore,
And needs the strong and tender touch to turn the fate
Of nations, it is woman, as before,
Who soothe's and steadies, guides, inspires, and points the shining way

To universal liberty, th' eternal day
Of permanence in peace, who, hating war, will give the more to save

Her children's children from an unknown grave.

—D. G. Bickers, in *Macon Telegraph*.

THE CONFEDERATE HOME AT MOUNTAIN
CREEK, ALA.

BY MRS. C. L. MERONEY, MONTEVALLO, ALA.

(Paper read before a meeting of the Josiah Gorgas Chapter
U. D. C.)

The Confederate Home at Mountain Creek was founded in 1902, largely through the efforts of Capt. Jefferson M. Falkner, of Montgomery. His father, Jefferson Falkner, was the fine old pioneer who, though exempt from military service in the War between the States, did his full share in checking the invasion of his Southland. He raised the company which became Company B, 8th Cavalry Regiment, in which he reached the rank of lieutenant colonel. The son, Jeff. M. Falkner, left college at the age of eighteen and enlisted in his father's cavalry regiment, in which he became captain. As a tribute to Captain Falkner and a recognition of his many acts of kindness to his comrades, a second Camp of Confederate Veterans was organized at Montgomery in 1901, and by unanimous consent named "Camp Jeff. Falkner." This was the beginning of what in the end resulted in the Confederate Home of Mountain Creek. For years the State had been granting pensions to Confederate soldiers and their widows, but Captain Falkner believed that something more should be done—that a *home* should be erected as an asylum and refuge for those who might need the comforts of such an institution. So this Camp (chartered under his name as No. 1382 U. C. V.) went at once to work soliciting subscriptions from sympathetic friends.

It was decided, after Captain Falkner's generous gift of a large tract of land at Mountain Creek, to locate the home at the little community which for years had been a summer resort on account of its high and healthy location. At first some tents were set up, then some cottages erected and several old soldiers admitted. It was not long until this noble undertaking was established in public favor, and liberal donations to the Home were made from all parts of the State. At its session in October, 1903, the legislature took over the control and administration of the Home, provided a board of control (of which Captain Falkner was made chairman), and gave an appropriation of \$25,000 to complete the buildings. An initial appropriation of \$125 per annum for each inmate was made, a limit of \$12,500, being fixed as the gross amount expended yearly for its support, and the total number admitted not to exceed one hundred at any one time. Additional sums were voted by the legislature in 1907, and from that time on proper provision has been made for the upkeep of the Home, which cares for needy Confederate veterans (and wives when accompanied by their husbands) who have been residents of Alabama for two years before applying for admittance. The immediate management of the home is in the hands of a commandant (at present Dr. J. T. Fowler), who is also secretary and treasurer of the board.

The principal building of the home is of wood and native stone. The administrative rooms are on the ground floor; the library is filled with volumes on the War between the States, while on the walls are pictures of great Confederate generals, and on the stone mantel are busts of our heroes. The assembly hall upstairs is draped with Confederate flags, and here the patriotic ceremonies and religious services are held. The wide veranda, extending around the building, affords a good place for the old soldiers to sit while they spin yarns about the battles in which they fought. The grounds are most attractive and the views are lovely. Around the memorial hall are located eight cottages used only for sleeping

quarters, a central dining hall being operated. The hospital will accommodate twenty-five patients comfortably. The dairy is up to date and the stock well kept. On a near-by hill is the new cemetery (the old one being about a half-mile away). About three hundred have been laid to rest since the Home was opened. Captain Falkner's country residence was near the home, and he was buried at Marbury, less than two miles from it. A handsome monument (used as one of the supporting columns of the veranda of the Home) was erected to his memory, and it bears a beautiful inscription.

But more interesting than buildings and grounds are the old heroes who occupy the Home; they come from all walks of life; some have occupied high positions in Church, State, society, and business. The story of any one of them would make an interesting volume, and one of the sweetest features of their present lives is the survival of romance, thus proving that "love springs eternal" in the hearts of the *old* as well as the young. Marriages frequently occur among the inmates, one a short while ago presenting a groom of eighty-six and a bride of eighty.

Visits of the Daughters of the Confederacy are always welcomed in the Home. Recently, on being told of the loving words spoken about our beloved veterans at the State Convention in Anniston, one old hero cried out: "Boys, the daughters *never will* forget us!" And he was right; never, so long as Southern women live, will the memories of the men who wore the gray fail to receive their reverence and praise.

WHO AND WHAT WAS RALPH ABERCROMBIE?

MRS. L. R. GOODE, ACWORTH, GA.

During the first two years of the War between the States my sister and I were at school in Maryland, having been caught north of the Mason and Dixon line, and we spent the vacation in Washington. At the same place where we boarded in that city, a very nice young man by the name of Ralph Abercrombie also took his meals. It was the custom at that time for the boarders to assemble in the parlor after meals for music, a game of cards, or to embroider. This young man frequently joined us. My sister and I being the only young ladies, we were thrown together as partners for cards or music. Evidently from this young man's gentlemanly deportment, culture, and education, he was well born and possibly Southern. One trait particularly attracted my attention; he always sat facing the door. I laughingly asked why. He replied: "I like to meet people face to face."

One evening he came to bid all good-by, saying: "I am going to leave to-night." On being asked, "Where?" "I have not decided. I am waiting for friends," he replied. After being held as prisoners and exchanged July 5, 1863, at City Point, Va., we went to Richmond. My father, being in charge of one of the hospitals in the city, obtained for us a nice place to board. The city was filled with refugees and transients. The dining room was in the subbasement, with a long table running lengthwise of two rooms, with an entrance from the street down a few steps into the hall. The boarders occupied the back room, with transients in the front. Our seats faced the hall. One evening as I glanced up, I very unexpectedly saw this young man enter the door, cast his eye hurriedly down the table, walk around, and take a seat facing the door, refusing the seat the waiter offered with back to door. After calling my mother's attention, we leaned forward and caught his eye. He left immediately. We spoke of the occurrence after he left, and several of the boarders

ran in search, but without success. We have often wondered who he was and what position he held. He certainly must have been a spy or secret detective, but for which army? Did anybody know him?

He was of medium height, light hair, blue eyes, exceedingly alert, and graceful of motion. We have wondered if he was spying on us. While in Washington we were, like all Southern people, constantly under surveillance of detectives. Why was he in Washington and Richmond?

FAMOUS WAR PRISONS AND ESCAPES.

(FROM RICHMOND TIMES DISPATCH.)

The records in the War Department at Washington show that nearly a tenth of the entire Federal army was captured and held as prisoners of war. The Confederate researchers state that as nearly as they can compute from their existing records about a third of their soldiers were forced to experience the hardship of prison life.

The actual figures from all sources show an average estimate of 270,000 Federals held in Southern prisons and 220,000 Confederates held in Northern prisons. Gathered into one community they would make a city larger than the great industrial center of Buffalo, or nearly two cities the size of Kansas City, more than three the size of Atlanta, or four the size of Richmond. There are but six great American cities to-day that exceed in population the citizenship of the "prisons" of the Civil War.

There has been a controversy for many years regarding the number of deaths in prisons during the war. A conscientious effort has been made to make an estimate that could be agreed upon by both claimants. Evidence has been collected from every known source which results in the estimate that 26,436 Confederates and 22,570 Federal soldiers lost their lives in captivity.

It is significant that neither the British nor the American government has delved into the prison records of the Revolution—they are too horrible. The evidence that exists, however, in relation to British prison ships is a revelation of torture that would make the stories of the prisons of the War between the States pale in comparison.

The prisons of the War of 1812 were jails of brutality. The stories of the prison at Dartmoor are almost unbelievable. In both the British wars the governments frowned upon a disclosure of the sufferings. It made war too barbaric; it took the chivalry out of soldiery. In partial reparation, an American patriotic society, in conjunction with one in England, erected a monument at Dartmoor to the memory of the American and French prisoners who died there.

This is simply an insight into the bloody history of all wars. In the earliest combats all captives were executed or sold into slavery. In later epochs they were held for exorbitant ransom. When it became necessary to hold them for exchange, they were starved or treated like beasts. This is the record of all wars before the American Revolution—and it still is the record of some wars to-day.

Investigations show that whatever unfortunate conditions may have arisen during the war in the sixties there was at least a more general endeavor to uphold the principles of humanity than in any other war up to that time. It was a tremendous task to endeavor to hold a half million strong men in captivity without any previous preparation and, in frequent instance, without resources for feeding or housing them. That this attempt was made, however, is proved by the fact that there were over 150 "military prisons" in

operation during the war. Both governments were forced to meet the overwhelming difficulties according to their resources. They utilized everything that came within their reach—abandoned warehouses, former jails tobacco houses, instruction camps, space devoted to State fairs, or the open fields. Disease and hunger frequently secured the upper hand; human nature was tested to the uttermost; and at times individuals became brutal; but through it all it is found that both governments were struggling to bear the burdens.

It is interesting to visit these old prison grounds, which, in many instances, still stand as shrines for thousands of old soldiers who make pilgrimages to the scenes of their captivity.

The largest prison in area in the North was located at Point Lookout, Md. It was a great city of tents, which held as many as 20,000 prisoners at one time. It arose like magic to hold the soldiers who were being marched daily into its strange streets, which led through long avenues of white canvas. This historic ground stands vividly to-day in the memories of hundreds of gray-haired warriors throughout the South who were held captives within its gates.

The largest prison in area in the South was at Andersonville, Ga. This, too, is one of the best known of the prisons of the war because it witnessed the greatest difficulties. It was an overflow prison, erected toward the end of the war to meet an overwhelming emergency. The original plan for Andersonville was designed with much engineering skill. It was a stockade inclosing seventeen acres, built in a warm climate, which it was believed would meet the emergency for the short time that the war was expected to last.

Never before in the history of warfare has there been such a test of a prison's capacity. During the first month it held 7,500, which allowed 100 square feet for each man. As the burdens of war increased the number soon became 10,000; then 15,000, and finally 22,000 men were crowded into its inclosure.

The stockade was enlarged until it included twenty-seven acres, but the flood of prisoners grew in even greater proportion until in August, 1864, there were 32,899 prisoners at Andersonville, and the Confederate government was taxed beyond its power to maintain its burden of war. The total number of prisoners at Andersonville during the war reached 49,485, of which 12,800 died.

The most famous prison in the North was the "Old Capitol," at Washington, which stood in the shadow of the National Capitol. It was first built to house the national Congress after the British had destroyed the Capitol in the War of 1812. Later it became a boarding house and was finally abandoned. When the war began a shoemaker and his family were the only occupants.

Six months after Fort Sumter it was crowded almost to overflow with prisoners of State, spies, citizens suspected of disloyalty, and a few government officials. It was here that the four conspirators in the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, and later were executed on the scaffold in the prison yard. Captain Wirz, keeper of Andersonville, also was executed at this prison.

During the war days the Old Capitol Prison was a point of much interest to sight-seers, but they were ruthlessly hurried on by guards stationed outside the building when they halted for even a moment on either side of the street.

The most famous prison in the South was located at Richmond. It is historic old Libby, which stood at the corner of Twentieth and Cary Streets. Before the war it had been William Libby & Son's establishment, where they conducted a ship chandler's business. It was a brick building three

stories high. The lower half of the structure was painted white, or whitewashed.

In this large building nearly 12,500 Federals, mostly officers, were held captive. A rude bathroom was installed, and the walls were whitewashed. But the increasing number of captives soon prevented even these sanitary precautions.

Richmond also had a provost prison, which was known as Castle Thunder. It may have been this place to which the cavalier General Stuart referred when he sang his humorous song, "My Wife's in Castle Thunder." It was a three-story brick building, which had been a tobacco factory.

A large Confederate camp prison was erected in sight of the Capitol of the Confederacy at Richmond. It was known as Belle Isle and was situated on that island in the James River. The shelter consisted of tents intended to house 3,000 prisoners, but its burden frequently exceeded 6,000.

Among the most famous prisons in the West is Camp Morton. It was located at Indianapolis, Ind., and was first used as a camp of instruction for Indiana troops. The captured Confederates from the battle fields of Forts Henry and Donelson, and later Western battles, were brought here and placed in the sheds where formerly horses and cattle were housed during fair days. Many soldiers who were not accustomed to rigors of a Northern winter succumbed.

The old Rock Island Prison stood opposite Davenport, Ia., in the Mississippi River. It was situated on the island, which is about three miles long and a half mile wide. The records show that from 5,000 to 8,000 prisoners were held here at all times during the war. Eighty-four barracks were erected for the confinement of the captives, and they were arranged in six rows of fourteen each. They were long, narrow, rambling buildings, measuring twelve feet high, twenty-two wide, and eighty-two long. Each end of a barrack was partitioned off to form a cookhouse. A scourge of smallpox swept the prisons and a hospital was erected at a cost of \$175,000.

Chicago also has its prison memories. Camp Douglas, an instruction camp in that city, was turned into a prison to hold the overflow. It holds the mortality record for a single month, losing 10 per cent (387) of its inmates within that time. Camp Chase, at Columbus, Ohio, and Camp Butler, at Springfield, Ill., were also hastily prepared prisons much like Camp Morton in layout.

St. Louis recalls many prison reminiscences. The Federal provost prison in the West was located on Gratiot Street. Formerly it had been the McDowell Medical College, built in 1847 by Dr. J. M. McDowell. The capacity of this prison was 500, but frequently it held over 1,000. The inmates twice set fire to the building, hoping to escape during the confusion. Tunneling, as in other prisons, was resorted to, but few escapes are recorded against this bastille.

The most northern of the Federal prisons was that of Fort Johnson, in Sandusky Bay, Lake Erie, about two and a half miles from the city of Sandusky, Ohio. A fence was built to inclose seventeen acres on Johnson Island and two-story rude barracks were erected. A war-time photograph of this historic jail shows numerous cannon pointing at the barracks to quell an outbreak if it should be attempted.

The prison at Elmira, N. Y., held an area covering forty acres. A board fence surrounded the numerous barracks. On the outside of the fence a platform, about two-thirds up from the bottom of the fence, ran around the stockade. Here the sentry paced as he guarded the captives. At regular intervals sentry boxes were located wherein the sentry could rest in inclement weather. The record books of the prison show that during the war 12,122 prisoners were received.

Nearly 3,000 died, seventeen escaped, and 218 were in the hospital on July 1, 1865.

The forts on the coast were utilized by the United States as prisons. Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, became a military post and bears the distinction of being the best conducted prison of the war, it being the only one of which the inmates all seem to have words of praise.

In New York harbor there are two forts that served as military prisons during the war—Fort Lafayette and Fort Columbus. In Patapsco River, Maryland, is Fort McHenry, which served as a military prison. It was while this historic old fort, built in 1794, was under bombardment by the British in 1814 that Francis Scott Key wrote his memorable national song, "The Star Spangled Banner." Fort Delaware, situated on Pea Patch Island, in the Delaware River, was one of the most dreaded forts in the North to the Confederate captive.

Historic old Castle Pinckney, in Copper River, opposite Charleston, S. C., was another fortified prison. It was a circular structure, built of brick, at a cost of \$53,809, many years before the war, and was the only fort prison in the Confederacy. It was guarded by the Charleston Zouave Cadets, an organization of youths. Castle Pinckney has the distinction of not having a single escape of a prisoner chronicled against her.

Thousands of men still living can testify to their experiences and adventures in these old prisons. It took a man of iron nerve to stand the hardships or the long monotony of captivity, whether in the North or the South.

The prisoner arose merely to eat and wait. He began his breakfast when food was to be had, and then waited for dinner, which might come some time during the afternoon. Two meals were all that were served in most of the prisons. Both governments tried to give their prisoners the same fare that was served to the soldiers in the field. In the South it became impossible to maintain this plan, either in the field or in the prisons. The navy gradually closed in on the coasts and cut off importations; the Federal armies devastated the farm lands of the South, and what they did leave was even insufficient to support the fighting armies of the Confederacy.

Prison camps became little cities. There were plutocrats—the possessors of a frying pan or some such luxury, which he could rent to other prisoners. Merchants were symbolized by the vendors who traded about the tents with articles to wear or eat. Some squatted before a mound of beans or mush, which they called to the attention of the prisoners. Others maintained restaurants, while several were the proprietors of wood yards, where fuel could be purchased by those who had money.

Some of the prisoners, as in all community life, had a corner on the available cash. The medium of exchange was usually gambling, for the inmates frequently became inveterate card players. A pack of cards on which the spots had nearly disappeared made the possessor immediately an object of envy. Checkers and chess early found favor, and as the men had twenty-four hours of time on their hands, they became experts in the game. A rough piece of plank, patiently planed with a pocketknife, and marked off in squares, served as the board. Carving became an industry, and some of the work produced was marvelous, when the tools—a single knife—are considered. Gutta-percha buttons and beef bones, which had been licked clean, were magically converted into some form of adornment under skillful hands.

The most "talked of" subject in all prisons was not the war, but how to wscapc and the possibilities of exchange. In several instances the officers who were serving as prisoners

of war conceived the idea of debating societies. On Johnson's Island the Confederate officers formed a government, with a house of representatives, and here questions on international law were threshed out. In other prisons classes in French were organized and presided over by some officer proficient in the language. Dancing and music classes also served to pass away the heavy hours.

At Fort Lafayette, New York, and in Camp Ford, Tex., also in a Richmond prison, the inmates issued newspapers filled with "local" news and written in long hand. [At Fort Delaware, the Rev. I. K. Handy conducted religious services among the Confederate prisoners whenever he could gather a group of listeners.

The stories of the ingenious escapes from prison would baffle the cleverest detectives. There were dynamite plots that would have taxed the ingenuity of such a man as Burns. One of the most dramatic of these scenes occurred at Libby Prison, in Richmond, when 105 officers fled to safety. One of the officers discovered a passage into a storeroom in the basement. The secret was kept religiously among a few, while several of them dropped into the room and began to remove the stones from the eastern wall, which faced the street. Across the thoroughfare was a vacant lot surrounded by a board fence. It was decided to attempt to tunnel under the street. As the gigantic plot progressed the excavated dirt was hidden in a dark corner where no one ever passed. Day after day the few human moles burrowed under the thoroughfare of Richmond, their operations shrewdly concealed from the guards. After digging thirty feet from the basement, the tunnel was turned upward and a slight hole appeared in the roof. An old shoe was placed near the opening to enable watchers from the prison windows to determine how much further the tunnel had to be extended to pass under the fence.

On the night of February 9, 1864, the tunnel was completed. The news was quietly passed around, and in the dim recesses of the basement a dramatic scene was taking place. Men, wild with the thought of escape, fought like demons to be the next to enter the tunnel, which was only wide enough to allow a man to lie on his face and pull with his hands while he pushed with his feet. In this way the men crawled for about fifty-three feet until they came to the opening in the lot. While the escapes were taking place an officer stood by the opening into the basement and whispered to each soldier as his turn came:

"Feet first; back to the wall; get down on your knees; make a half-face to the right, and grasp the spike in the wall below with your right hand; lower yourself down; feel for the knotted rope below with your legs."

The prisoner, following directions, would then drop into a bed of straw, and cross to the tunnel opening. Only one man was allowed in the tunnel at a time, and as it required about three minutes to pass through the tunnel, considerable time was lost, and the waiting men still on the inside only restrained themselves with the greatest impatience.

After 105 officers had passed to safety, the noise of the struggling men in the basement warned the guards that something was wrong, and they investigated, finding the tunnel. Searchers started on the trails of the escaped prisoners, and a majority were recaptured. Those who evaded recapture had a fearful experience before they finally won their way through to the Federal lines on the Pamunkey River.

One of the most daring plots occurred in the old and abandoned cotton warehouse at Salisbury, N. C., which was used as a Confederate prison. Three Northern newspaper correspondents were held as prisoners of war in the crowded bastille. Two of them, J. H. Browne and W. T. Davies, became trusted

prisoners and were given passes that would admit them to hospital dispensary on the outside of the prison. There was still another line of guards, however, that stood between them and liberty. The inner guards had become accustomed to the two men passing, and soon did not require them to show their passes. It was in this fact that the correspondents saw an avenue of escape and bringing out their companion scribe, who was without this privilege.

On the winter evening of December 17, 1864, Browne loaned his pass to Richardson, the third of the correspondents, and the three walked to the gate, taking with them a boy who carried a box filled with medicine bottles. When they reached the gate, Richardson turned to the boy, saying in a loud voice for the benefit of the sentinel:

"I am going outside to get these bottles filled. I shall be back in fifteen minutes, and want you to remain right here to take and distribute them among the hospitals. Do not go away."

"Yes, sir," exclaimed the lad, as Richardson turned to pass the sentry. But the latter held his musket before the man.

"Have you a pass, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly, I have a pass," replied Richardson. "Have you not seen it enough to know it by this time?"

The assurance of the man confused the sentinel.

"Perhaps I have," he replied, "but they are strict with us, and I am not quite sure."

The pass was examined and Richardson was allowed to pass. The other two were passed on recognition. A line of guards still barred their way in the twilight. The two companions went direct to the dispensary and Richardson dropped under a convenient shelter to wait for darkness. When night came he slipped through the guard and found Browne and Davies on the road. They were scantily clad for such weather and tramping. Seven days after leaving Salisbury they found that they had covered fifty miles. The story of their narrow escapes from recapture are thrilling. Twenty-seven days after their escape from the prison, Richardson reached Knoxville, Tenn., having traveled more than 340 miles before he was safe from pursuit.

The escape from the State Penitentiary of Ohio, at Columbus, in which the prisoners dug through two feet of solid masonry with two table knives is one of the most thrilling on record. Among these prisoners was Gen. John H. Morgan, who was captured on his famous raid in Ohio. He and several of his officers, were locked in strong cells between the hours of 5 P.M. and 7 A.M. During the day they were allowed to leave their cells and walk in the long corridor. A solid stone wall thirty feet high and four feet thick inclosed the prison yard and buildings. The cells were arranged in tiers. General Morgan was on the second tier. Captain Hines, with others, including General Morgan's brother, occupied cells on the lower tiers.

The confinement wore on the cavaliers, and they racked their brains for a plan of escape. Hines, by accident, discovered a method. He noticed that the walls of his cell were dry.

"If they rested on the ground as the others do," he exclaimed, "they would be damp."

He reasoned that there must be an air chamber underneath. The discovery was passed on to his comrades, and they agreed. Two table knives were obtained from sick comrades in the hospital, and Hines began his work. To prevent discovery by an inspection of his cell, he obtained permission to sweep his own cell. The cleanliness pleased the

guards, and he was permitted thereafter to take care of it himself.

Beginning underneath his cot, Hines patiently dug at the masonry until he had removed six inches of cement and six layers of brick. The opening disclosed the air chamber as he had foretold.

"We will now dig a tunnel through the prison foundation," he exclaimed, "and bring it to the surface in some unfrequented spot in the prison yard.

This operation was performed by Hine's comrades while he stood guard at the cell door. His attitude was one of deep interest in the book he was reading, while, in fact, his eyes were sweeping the corridor and his ears were strained to catch the first sign of an approaching guard. By a system of taps on the cell door he was to warn the workers of danger. With the completion of the tunnel there was still a serious problem. There must be an entrance from the other ground floor cells into the tunnel. This must be done by cutting through the masonry floor into each cell. But exact measurements had to be made.

This difficulty was overcome by a most ingenuous ruse. The prisoners involved the warden in a dispute about the length of the corridor, and when the measure was produced Captain Hines "borrowed" it unseen, long enough to answer their purposes. It was still necessary, however, that accurate knowledge of the prison yard be known. It could not be seen from the prison windows. Fortunately for the conspirators, the warden at that time ordered walls and ceiling to be cleaned. A long ladder was produced for this purpose. Taylor, one of the prisoners, saw the opportunity and again resorted to stratagem.

"I'll wager," he exclaimed to a guard, "that I can climb hand over hand to the top of the ladder and down again without touching the ladder with my feet."

"You can't do it," replied the guard.

Taylor made the attempt, and while resting at the top of the ladder on the upward trip he viewed the conditions in the prison yard. Incidentally, Taylor won the wager.

From accomplices on the outside they finally succeeded in obtaining money and information regarding the time a train would leave for Cincinnati. Then their preparations were complete, all but bringing General Morgan to the lower tier. There was no egress from the second row, where the General was locked up each night. This was overcome by Morgan's brother exchanging places with him.

The night of November 27, 1864, was intensely dark, and the men decided to try their fate. The passage from cell to tunnel and to prison yard was made without mishap. It was a difficult task, for the tunnel was only eighteen inches wide and thirty inches deep. A rope was made of strips of bedclothes. A grappling iron made of an iron poker was thrown over the wall, and each man swarmed up and dropped on the other side.

Of the seven men who escaped, two were later caught. Morgan boarded the Cincinnati train, sitting beside a Union major dressed in full uniform. As the train bore the escaped prisoners past their recent place of residence, the major turned to Morgan, and remarked:

"That is where the rebel General Morgan is now imprisoned."

"Indeed," said the general. "I hope they will always keep him as safely, as they have him now."

The Southerners found it best to leave the train at Dayton before reaching Cincinnati, for they found that it would be daylight when they arrived. All but two won through to the Confederate lines. The escape created one of the greatest

sensations of the war—how it was possible to escape from that strong bastille it was difficult to understand at that time.

There was an escape from old Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, in which a young lad, slender but courageous, escaped through a loophole scarcely over eight inches in diameter. Just as he landed two sentinels came. Lieutenant Alexander, the youth, slipped into the water and lay motionless. One sentinel thought he saw a suspicious object and extended his bayoneted gun until the point pricked the lad. But he remained motionless until the two had passed. He then swam to a small island and boarded a fishing smack, but was captured and again placed within Fort Warren.

The prison guards were always on the watch for tunnels as this seemed the favorite method of escape. In some prisons the inmates burrowed like rabbits—numerous defeats could not destroy their hopes. It was at the Salisbury prison that an officer making the rounds suddenly sank to his waist in a tunnel—the digger had neglected to leave a strong roof.

Tunneling, in some prisons, became a game of wits. Andersonville has a story of a prisoner who started a tunnel from his hut. A spy evidently informed the guard and a sergeant came to investigate. With a steel ramrod he prodded the ground while the prisoners looked on innocently. At last his divining rod sank into the excavation, and a negro was sent to discover how far the tunnel progressed. The negro brought back the box in which the dirt had been removed.

"Hello," exclaimed the sergeant, "that is the third time I have caught that same box. Take it and go to work somewhere else, boys!"

One of the longest tunnels on record is that dug by Confederates—Sergeant Benson and his comrades at Elmira. It extended for sixty-six feet and required two months in digging. Benson and nine soldiers safely navigated the tunnel and escaped at 4 o'clock in the morning. After that sentries not only patrolled the elevated walk around the stockade, but also in the street outside.

The expedients of some plotters showed great courage. As a rule the hospitals were outside the stockade and were insecurely guarded. The keepers took it for granted that a patient in the hospital was too weak to go far. The prisoners soon discovered this and went so far as to thrust red-hot needles or some other like instrument, into the face and hands to require medical attendance. He was taken to the hospital as a victim of smallpox. From there it was a comparatively easy matter to escape.

Not only must the prisoner conceal his operations from the guards, but in most cases from his comrades. A number of prisoners planned a tunnel, but the disposal of the dirt proved a great difficulty until one of their number hit upon a plan. The men dug during the night and threw the excavated dirt into an abandoned well. In the daylight they pretended to dig the well for water. The onlookers jeered at them and wagered they would not "discover" water. The suspicions of the guards were allayed by the sallies of the spectators. Finally the tunnel was completed, and about twenty prisoners escaped.

"Let the autumn hoarfrost gather,
Let the snows of winter drift
For there blooms a fruit of valor that
The world may not forget.
Fold your faded gray coat closer, for
It was your country's gift,
And it brings her holiest message
There is glory in it yet."

BOLD ATTEMPT TO ROB THE STATE TREASURY OF TEXAS.

BY HAL BOURLAND, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

In this day of a peaceful and quite life, seldom broken in the capital city of Texas by any noise except that of students of the University of Texas celebrating some great football victory, it is hard to realize that fifty-eight years ago bandits descended on the city "from out of the West" one Sunday night in a bold attempt to rob the State treasury, an endeavor that is without parallel in this part of the country.

It was on the night of June 11, 1865, just after the State was thrown into confusion by the surrender of Confederate forces. No officers were at their posts, and a better time for such an accomplishment could not have been found. From May 25 until July 25 there was no recognized authority in Austin. All civil officials had resigned with the exception of Mayor William Ward, and the new carpetbagger governor, A. J. Hamilton, had not then been appointed.

It was while the State was in such a medley of confusion that the gang of forty robbers came into Austin, broke open the treasury vaults, and escaped with about \$17,000. Only by the valiant services of twenty ex-Confederate soldiers were they prevented from procuring \$100,000 in gold and \$400,000 in paper money. These twenty Confederates were under the command of Capt. G. R. Freeman. Two of them, Fred Sterzing and Fernando Raven, are still living in the city. Mr. Sterzing is now city tax assessor, which position he has held for over forty-three years. Mr. Raven runs a tin and copper electro-plating shop in Lavaca Street.

In these days the town was very different from what it is to-day. The principal buildings were all of frame construction, except the State Capitol and a few others.

Capt. George R. Freeman, his brother, Capt. C. F. Freeman, and others, including Mr. Raven and Mr. Sterzing, had organized a volunteer company of about forty men for the purpose of suppressing lawlessness in the community.

"One wonderful night," said Mr. Sterzing, "I was engaged in the pleasant occupation of courting a young lady when hurried footsteps and knock brought me to the door to hear that the State treasury was being looted by a gang of forty or fifty robbers. As I ran up the street to the armory, which was in the top story of the old frame Dietrich building at Sixth and Congress, I could hear the drummer beating the roll and the church bells ringing the alarm.

"We were plainly outnumbered by the bandits, but when Captain Freeman stated the cause and asked for a vote on whether we would attack, there was not a dissenting vote. We loaded our muskets, fixed our bayonets, and double-quickened up the east side of the avenue to Tenth Street, where we turned west and stopped in the shadow of the Baptist Church for a final consultation."

The bandits were not a very quiet lot. They had placed pickets at each of the gates in the fence which surrounded the old Capitol grounds, and they were firing promiscuously down Congress Avenue. And during this time, the mounted bandits could be heard surging around the treasury building, as their crowbars and hammers resounded against the steel doors of the vault.

General Shelby, C. S. A., and a number of his command were encamped south of the Colorado River, on their way to join Maximilian in Mexico. Some of these men joined the little band of attackers when they reached the church. Again a consultation was held, and not one dissenting voice opposed the fight. These new reinforcements double-quickened across the open space of the church and drove the guards from the

west gates of the Capitol grounds. The pickets fired once and then ran. Captain Freeman and his party entered the east door of the building and mounted the stairway with his brother and Al Musgrove and Sterzing leading. Above the stairway were the two vaults. From a window in this room a bandit fired his revolver, striking Freeman in the arm and shooting Mr. Sterzing's hat from his head. This robber was fatally wounded. The rest of the gang made their escape. This dead man had his hat full of silver dollars, while a pair of extra trousers were stuffed with gold. The ends of the pants were tied together to prevent spilling.

"Al and I secured some candles and went into the treasury," said Mr. Sterzing, "wading above our shoe tops in State warrants and specie. The next morning money, including gold, silver, and specie, was found around the building and scattered along two trails—one leading toward the present location of Fiskville, and the other leading to Mount Bonnell. The wounded man was taken to the Swisher Hotel, where he died within a few hours."

Al Musgrove, recently deceased, agreed with Mr. Sterzing's statements in every detail. These two men headed the column which charged up the stairway of the treasury building. In a paper which Mr. Musgrove wrote about twenty years ago, he says:

"Several weeks before June 11 it was known by some that a band was being organized to rob the treasury. These men had a meeting at a rendezvous near the town and elected a captain.

"The safes, so we are told, were broken open by a blacksmith, who spent several weeks hardening his tools. The safes were thrown upon their faces and dug into with picks from the back. The robbers ran their hands into the holes and pulled out the money. They intended to take mostly gold, but in their haste they got considerable silver. It has been estimated that they obtained about \$17,000.

"It was supposed that about forty men took part in the robbery. Their horses were hitched north of the treasury. This part of town was extremely sparsely populated. On the avenue an hour or two before the robbery I met a man who was killed by our company. He seemed to have been drinking. As he passed me he said: 'It's about time for the boys to meet, isn't it?' I paid no attention to the remark and went on.

"When we were falling in at the armory a man ran up and handed guns to me and another man, saying, 'Take these, boys, to fight the thieves who are robbing our treasury.' I discovered that the gun had no lock on it, and that the other man's gun had no trigger. Consequently, I was forced to use only my six-shooter.

"When we formed for the charge, Fred Sterzing and I happened to be at the head of the column. Captain Freeman and Lieutenant Freeman ran forward slightly in front of us, and in that order we went up the stairs, the man who was killed a few minutes later shooting at us from the window. One of his bullets struck Captain Freeman in the arm and another passed through Sterzing's hat.

"As we reached the portico the man came partly out into the hallway and met us. In one hand was his hat folded and full of silver. In the other was his six-shooter, which he threw down upon us. Sterzing and I instantly fired. One of the bullets struck him in the stomach and passed through his body. Another struck him in the left elbow. He ran back into the treasury and fell among the money. I reached through the door of the room and started to fire at him again, but did not, as he exclaimed: 'Men, don't shoot any more; I am mortally wounded.'

"We ordered him to come out. He came on bent almost double and felt upon the floor, the whisky oozing from the hole in his body being plainly smelled.

"I ran through the hall to the door at the north end of the building and distinctly saw the robbers galloping away helter-skelter in the direction of Mount Bonnel. The bandits had lit a few candles and stuck them about the room. If I remember correctly, one of them was burning dimly in the room where the money was. I rejoined Sterzing at once. About this time Captain Freeman and his brother came in. We entered the room wading through the warrants and cash.

"The robbers left in a great hurry and dropped some of the money as they rode. A twenty-dollar gold piece was found almost as far as Mount Bonnel. Many of them left for Mexico and other hiding places, but others circled about the town and entered from the east that night and the following day. Suspicion pointed to a number of the latter, but the condition of the country was such that none of them were indicted.

"When the robbers started shooting," continued Mr. Musgrove's account, "our men farther back ceased to advance, thinking no doubt that the entire force of bandits had decided to make a determined stand. If the bandits had made a stand we probably would have been driven back to the Capitol and many of us killed. Captain Freeman disposed of his men so as to completely surround the Capitol. Sterzing and I stood guard in the treasury until morning. A company was then organized and a guard placed over the Capitol and treasury until the Federal soldiers arrived and took charge.

"The bandit that we shot soon died after the affair, although he was treated with every kindness. He showed no bitterness toward his enemies, but as he died he upbraided his fellow robbers as a "set of damn cowards who ran at the first shot."

For a long time after the attempted holdup feeling ran high in Austin. Once an attempt was made upon Mr. Sterzing's life. A man, probably one of the bandits, brazenly entered his room one night armed with a long knife, but beat a hasty retreat when he noticed that Mr. Sterzing had his Enfield rifle near his bed.

Later a bill was introduced in the legislature to reward the men who had defended the State treasury, but it was declared unconstitutional.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 2, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

ANDERSON'S ADVANCE AND WILCOX'S SKIRMISH.

Anderson's Division, of Hill's Corps, which occupied a position west of Seminary Ridge, near the Black Horse Tavern, on the night of the 1st of July, was ordered to extend Hill's line along Seminary Ridge about noon on the second and in doing so the 10th Alabama Regiment, of Wilcox's Brigade, of the division, had a spirited musketry fight with a detachment of Berdan's Sharpshooters and the 3rd Maine Volunteers as a support, sent on a reconnoissance. The reconnoitering party was driven back, "leaving twenty or twenty-five dead and twice that number wounded and prisoners of war." The 10th Alabama lost ten killed and twenty-eight wounded. The 11th Alabama, of the same brigade, was also engaged and lost one officer, Maj. R. J. Fletcher, severely wounded, and seventeen men wounded, six or eight of which were severely wounded. Colonel Lakeman, of the 3rd Maine Volunteers, reported a loss of forty-eight men killed, wounded, and missing. The loss of the Federal sharp-

shooters numbered one officer killed and two officers and sixteen men killed, wounded, and missing.

The Federal reconnoitering party, however, made the discovery that Longstreet's column was in motion toward the Federal left, which caused Major General Sickles, commanding the 3rd Federal Army Corps, to order an advance of his whole corps, that the elevated group about the Peach Orchard, near the Emmitsburg road, might be held. Until noon the line of the 3rd Corps had extended nearly due south from Cemetery Hill toward Little Round Top, with only a strong skirmish line extending along the Emmitsburg road, for about a mile from Cemetery Hill, to a crossroad at the Peach Orchard.

HOOD IN POSITION.

As soon as Hood's Division was discovered, it was opened on by the Federal artillery within its range, and in a short time it was replied to by the Confederate artillery, which consisted of ten guns of Henry's Battalion, posted across the Emmitsburg road; eighteen guns of Alexander's Battalion, in front of Barksdale, of McLaws's Division; and eighteen guns of Cabell's Battalion, in front of Kershaw's Brigade of the same division. Eight guns of Alexander's Battalion and ten guns of the Washington Artillery were held in reserve in the rear. This gave a total of forty-six Confederate guns against the Federal left about 3:45 P.M., total fifty-six guns, at ranges from five hundred to seven hundred yards.

As soon as Longstreet's two divisions of eight brigades assailed Sickles's two divisions of six brigades, Major General Meade, who states he was with Sickles discussing the propriety of withdrawing his corps from its advanced position, immediately began to send in reinforcements, ordering Maj. Gen. George Sykes, commanding the 5th Corps (the latter said Meade sent for him, and while he and other corps commanders were conversing with him, the enemy formed, opened the battle, and developed his attack on our left), to throw his whole corps to the left flank of the Federal line "and hold it at all hazards." Barnes's Division of the 5th Corps, three brigades, Tilton's, Sweitzer's, and Vincent's, were the first troops to reach the scene of activity. It was Vincent's Brigade which fought Oates on Little Round Top, and repulsed him. Vincent was killed. Tilton's and Sweitzer's brigades met Law's and Anderson's brigades, of Hood's Division, and were themselves forced back. Barnes's loss was 904. Not satisfied with sending Sykes's Corps to reinforce Sickles, Meade ordered Hancock, commanding the 2nd Corps, to also send in help, and, as Tilton and Sweitzer retreated, Caldwell's Division, of the 2nd Corps, came in with the brigades of Cross, Kelly, Zook, and Brook. This additional force caused the contending lines to swing back and forth for awhile, but Caldwell was forced back with a total loss of 1,275, about half his division. Cross and Zook were killed and Brook was wounded.

While Caldwell was hotly engaged in efforts to save his division from destruction, Sykes sent in Ayres's Division, three brigades, Weed's, Day's, and Burbank's. Weed's Brigade reached Little Round Top at the critical moment, and it was the combination of Weed with Vincent which forced Oates to the base of the mountain, where he was permitted to remain unpursued. Day and Burbank were also forced back and formed on Weed's left. Sykes said of Ayres; "But his loss was fearful; some of the regiments left 60 per cent of their number on the ground." Ayres's total loss numbered 1,029. The greater part of this bloody and destructive fighting took place in the wheat field, located between Little Round Top and the Peach Orchard. The con-

tending lines rolled back and forth across the wheat field several times, when Crawford's Division, two brigades, McCandless's and Fisher's, the last of the 5th Corps, was led to the scene of action by Captain Moore, an aide of General Meade.

In his report Crawford made a gloomy picture of the Federal forces, saying: "Our troops in front, after a determined resistance, unable to withstand the force of the enemy, fell back, and some finally gave way. The plain in my front was covered with fugitives from all divisions, who rushed through my lines and along the road to the rear. Fragments of regiments came back in disorder, and without their arms, and for a moment all seemed lost. The enemy's skirmishers had reached the foot of the rocky ridge; his columns following rapidly." (The "rocky ridge" here named is Little Round Top.)

Crawford formed his command and ordered an "immediate advance." After delivering two volleys upon the advancing Confederates, his whole column charged at a run down the slope, and drove the Confederates "back across the space beyond and across the stone wall, for the possession of which there was a short but determined struggle. The Confederates retired to the wheat field and woods."

Brigadier General Ayres, commanding a division of regulars in the 5th Corps, told Colonel Oates, after the war, that he lost eight hundred men in forty minutes and made a hurried retreat, by regiments, to Cemetery Ridge, the Confederates in such hot pursuit that some were mixed with his men. If they had been volunteers, instead of regulars, he said he could not have halted them in such a panic and have formed a new line. Wofford's Georgia brigade would have taken that part of Cemetery Ridge, and Little Round Top would have fallen into Confederate hands like a mellow apple from its stem.

Brig. Gen. E. Porter Alexander said: "One is tempted to pause for a moment to contemplate the really hopeless situation of the Confederate battle. Already Sickles's six brigades had been reënforced by ten brigades which had been defeated, one, two, or three at a time, with losses to the reënforcements alone of 3,108 men and five generals. The eight Confederate brigades had themselves suffered terribly and lost four generals. All had marched fully twenty miles in twenty-four hours, and the attack, much of it, through woods and over rugged ground, had mingled commands and broken ranks. Infantry can never deliver their normal amount of fire except in regular ranks, shoulder to shoulder. When ranks are broken, the men interfere with and mask each other. To say nothing of the probable need of ammunition at this stage of the action, one must recognize now, as the 11th and 12th brigades of the Federal reënforcements approach, the Confederate need of at least a fresh division is great. There are not only no reënforcements on the way, but none within two miles."

Ewell and Hill had orders to coöperate with Longstreet's battle, but were only doing so by long range cannonading of the Federal entrenchments in their front, while these were being stripped of infantry and marched to concentrate upon Hood, McLaws, and the three brigades of Wilcox, Perry, and Wright, of Anderson's Division, Hill's Corps, which had supported Longstreet's two divisions. But when Wilcox, Perry, and Wright succeeded in driving off the brigades of Carr, Brewster, and Burling, Humphrey's Division, 3rd Corps, Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock, commanding the 2nd Corps, brought up Harrow's and Hall's brigades of Gibbon's Division; and Willard's Brigade of Hay's Division. The Confederate brigades were driven back, one at a time, with

a loss of 1,565 men. The six Federal brigades lost a total of 3,940 men. (This is the loss shown in the official returns and includes the losses for all three days, but by far the greater part of it was suffered during the afternoon of the 2nd.)

Wilcox's Brigade, on its advance against the Federal position, captured, and held temporarily, eight pieces of artillery; Perry's Brigade, commanded by Col. David Lang, captured and temporarily held four or five pieces of artillery; Wright's Brigade captured and held temporarily, twenty-four or twenty-five pieces of artillery; total captures of these three brigades thirty-six or thirty-eight guns. But all not receiving support were forced to relinquish their captures when obliged to retreat by fresh Federal troops. Perry's Brigade was composed of three small Florida regiments, the whole numbering approximately 700 men. The killed, wounded, and missing of the brigade numbered 455, 65 per cent of the number carried into action. This brigade held all the Florida troops that were attached to the Army of Northern Virginia in the battle of Gettysburg.

The artillery reënforcements which came to the aid of Sickles's 3rd Corps were practically without limit. Brig. Gen. H. J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, mentions in his report, eleven batteries with sixty guns, being engaged from the general reserve. There were guns with the 2nd, 3rd, and 5th Corps engaged. Thus there were one hundred and forty Federal guns in action, while Longstreet and Anderson, of Hill's corps, had but sixty-nine guns on the field.

In addition to the fourteen brigades already mentioned as having been sent in as reënforcements, there were Robinson's and Doubleday's divisions, of the 1st Corps, five brigades, taken from the front of Hill's and Ewell's corps of the Confederate army, and William's Division, three brigades, and two brigades, Candy's and Cobham's, of Geary's Division, 12th Corps, withdrawn from Culp's Hill, in front of Ewell. While the two brigades of Geary's Division were withdrawn and ordered to the Federal left, they missed their way and failed to reach the scene of action in time. The brigades of Wheaton and Eustis, under the command of the former, and Bartlett, of Wright's Division, three brigades, of the 6th Corps, in reserve, were also ordered to reënforce the Federal left. Maj. Gen. Wright, commanding 1st Division, 6th Corps, said: "On our arrival, a portion of our line was falling back before the determined attack of the enemy's columns, and the 3rd Division, and the 2nd Brigade, of my division, were promptly moved into position. This timely arrival of reënforcements, with the determined resistance made by the troops already in position, who had borne with such heroic valor and so severe loss the brunt of the battle, forced the enemy to retreat, and put an end to the contest of July 2." The greater part of the last reënforcements enumerated made their appearance on the crest of the hill. The sight of such long lines of solid blue masses which appeared to the Confederates as they cleared the woods and scanned the opposite slopes tended to paralyze their advance. Thirteen fresh brigades were in position before them, besides the remnants of thirteen brigades which had been driven back. About seventy-five pieces of artillery were in action supporting this huge mass of soldiery. Brig. Gen. E. Porter Alexander very aptly says: "To this day there survive stories showing how the Confederates were impressed by this tremendous display. One, still told by the guides at Gettysburg, is that a cry was heard in the Confederate ranks, 'Have we got all creation to whip?' And another is that the Federal commander was heard to give his orders; 'Attention, Universe! Nations into line! By kingdoms! Right wheel!'"

ASSAULT OF JOHNSON'S DIVISION, EWELL'S CORPS.

Brig. Gen. A. S. Williams, temporarily in command of the 12th Federal Corps, says of Culp's Hill: "This strong natural position was at once strengthened by construction of log breastworks along the entire crest of the ridge. A thick stone fence parallel to the ridge, less than fifty yards behind it, furnished an excellent cover for the second line."

Prior to the advance of Johnson's Division to assault the troops on Culp's Hill, on the evening of the 2nd of July, Lieut. Col. R. Snowden Andrews's Battalion of Artillery, under the immediate command of Maj. J. W. Latimer, major of the battalion, engaged in an unequal and disastrous duel with the Federal batteries within his range, numbering more than double his own, posted on Cemetery Hill, Culp's Hill, and a battery to the Confederate left of Culp's Hill, with the result, as previously stated, that Major Latimer was fatally wounded, and, in addition, Capt. William D. Brown was severely wounded, Lieut. B. G. Roberts wounded, ten men killed, thirty-two others wounded, and thirty horses killed. A caisson was blown up and one gun disabled. These losses so crippled the battalion that it was withdrawn.

The distance traversed, the character of the ground over which it moved, and the difficulties encountered in crossing Rock Creek caused Johnson's division to be so impeded that it did not reach the foot of Culp's Hill, its objective point of attack, until dark. When his advance began his left was threatened. This necessitated the detaching of Walker's Brigade to meet it, hence Walker was prevented from joining in the attack in its earliest stage.

Capt. Jesse H. Jones, of the 60th New York Volunteers, a part of Brig. Gen. George H. Greene's Brigade, 2nd Division, 12th Corps, writing more than twenty years after the war, said after reaching Culp's Hill early on the 2nd of July: "This regiment was largely composed of men accustomed to woodcraft, and they fell to work to construct log breastworks with accustomed heartiness. All instinctively felt that a life-and-death struggle was impending and that every help should be used. Culp's Hill was covered with woods; so all the material needful was at our disposal. Right and left the men felled trees and blocked them into a close log fence. Piles of cord wood, which lay near, were appropriated. The sticks, set on end and against the outer face of the logs, made excellent battening. All along the rest of the line of the corps (12th) a similar defense was constructed. Fortunate regiments, which had spades and picks, strengthened their works with earth. By ten o'clock it was finished." ("Battles and Leaders.")

As Johnson's force struggled up Culp's Hill, Steuart's Brigade captured some of the Federal breastworks which extended up the hill at right angles from Rock Creek. These were partially abandoned by troops which had withdrawn to reinforce the Federal left. Greene's Brigade, referred to above, had been left in the entrenchments, and this was the first force encountered by Johnson's troops. The obstructions encountered, and the attending darkness, caused Johnson's line to halt at irregular distances, and his attack resulted in an ineffective musketry fire.

A Confederate officer of one of Johnson's brigades, describing the conditions, said: "Crossing the creek at the foot of the mountain, we charged up the hill, driving the enemy before us; but by the time we reached the enemy's breastworks it was so dark it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. All was confusion and disorder. The works in front of our lines were of a formidable character; in some places they could scarcely be surmounted without scaling

ladders." Brig. Gen. J. M. Jones, commanding a brigade in Johnson's Division, referring to some confusion in his line, said it "was perhaps unavoidable from the lateness of the hour at which the advance was made, the darkness in the woods, and the nature of the hill." Jones was wounded and borne from the field.

After taking possession of the slightly held entrenchments, Steuart stated that at one stage of the contest; "More, however, might have been done had not the impression at that time prevailed that we were firing upon our friends, and the fire been discontinued at intervals." The 10th Virginia Regiment of Steuart's Brigade, on his extreme left, had formed a line perpendicular to the stone wall, and moved by the left flank until it was supposed the regiment had gained the enemy's rear, when it opened fire and drove that part of the enemy's line back. Finding the enemy in its own rear, as shown by their fire, the regiment was compelled to change front to the rear and perpendicular to the wall, from behind which it repulsed a bayonet charge made by a regiment of the enemy which emerged from the woods on the left of the stone wall. This was evidently a part of the returning troops which had been sent to reinforce the left.

Captain Jones, of the 60th New York, referred to above, said: "Now was the value of breastworks apparent, for, protected by these, few of our men were hit, and, feeling a sense of security, we worked with corresponding energy. Without breastworks our line would have been swept away in an instant by the hail of bullets and flood of men." ("Battles and Leaders.") Wadsworth's Division was posted on Greene's left, and the latter immediately appealed to Wadsworth and was supplied with reinforcements. Reinforcements were also sent from Cemetery Hill and, very soon after the Confederate assaulting party came in contact with the entrenchments, the troops which had been withdrawn from the entrenchments began to return, the Confederate pressure on the Federal left having ceased.

Captain Jones and Brigadier General Greene both state that a disaster to the Federal army was narrowly averted; that had a sufficient Confederate force succeeded in driving the Federal line across the Baltimore pike, a short distance in rear of the Federal line, and establishing itself across that pike, it would doubtless have meant disaster to the Federal army. Greene further states that "to the discernment of Maj. Gen. Henry W. Slocum, who saw the danger to which the army would be exposed by the withdrawal of all the 12th Corps, and who took the responsibility of modifying the orders which had been received, is due the honor of having saved the army from a great and perhaps fatal disaster." Slocum detached Greene and left him in charge of the works on Culp's Hill.

HAYS AND AVERY'S CHARGE UP CEMETERY HILL.

The brilliant but abortive charge of the brigades of Hays and Avery up Cemetery Hill, and the temporary silencing of the batteries and muskets of the blue-clad soldiers who held that noted stronghold on the evening or night of the 2nd of July, 1863, was described at length in a previous sketch. Its temporary success is one of the many brilliant achievements of Confederate arms on the noted field of Gettysburg, and its ultimate failure marks the indifferent management, resulting in lack of coöperation in the conduct of the Confederate battle. This may be cheap criticism at this late day, but who will controvert the conclusion?

Of not less than sixty pieces of artillery captured by the Confederate forces on the 2nd of July, but the three guns

which Hood's Division captured of Smith's battery were permanently retained; the others had to be abandoned when the Confederate forces were forced to retreat.

COOKING IN THE ARMY.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Our mother Eve perhaps baked the first hoeecake for herself and father Adam soon after they were expelled from the Garden of Eden, and that duty has fallen on our mothers ever since, while fathers and sons have strolled around, exempt from this drudgery, without learning anything about preparing food for the table until forced to do so by actual necessity.

And so it was with most of us, I mean the younger set of us who volunteered for service in the earlier period of the war to get away from home and school; to have a vacation, where we should escape from discipline and have a free and easy time.

Not one of us in fifty had ever assisted in preparing a single meal, and none of us had any skill in this most common but very necessary service. It had never occurred to us when we were enlisting that we would have to do this and many other necessary things for ourselves—things that had always been done for us by others. But now these things were to be done by our own unskillful hands or go hungry.

I shall always remember the first time it was my duty to assist in preparing supper for our "mess" which consisted of three others besides myself. Up to that time the captain's cook had prepared our food, but now that duty fell to us, and were told to divide up into squads of six or seven to draw rations and cooking utensils. The rations were ample, and consisted of flour, corn meal, and bacon. To these afterwards were added, rice, pickled beef, peas, sugar, coffee, sometimes vegetables, and always hard-tack. This was a kind of cracker prepared for the army sometime previous to the outbreak of the war, and it was as hard as wood. No salt, shortening, soda, or other leaven whatever was used in its preparation, and it could be eaten only by those who had good, sound teeth; but we found out later that it could be soaked with hot water and grease in an oven and be made quite palatable. In its original state, I suppose it would keep indefinitely in any climate. Each cracker was about six inches in diameter and about an inch thick. When broken with a hatchet, or other instrument, the edges of the fragments were shiny and showed its solid composition. Later in the war the Confederate government prepared a cracker that was far superior to this.

As soon as the messes were formed, cooking utensils were issued to us. These consisted of one large sheet iron camp kettle, two iron pots, a frying pan, a "spider," or skillet, a small boiler, etc. Each man was given a tin plate, a tin cup, and knife and fork. A mess chest, with an extension top that could be opened up to form a table, was also given to each mess, and we were all then ready to begin our domestic duties in camp. All things started off well, but domestic trouble soon began and multiplied rapidly. Each member of the mess was expected to do the cooking for a day at a time, and this was done in such a careless manner by some that numerous complaints went up to the captain. Fighting and quarrelling over the way in which the affairs of the messes were conducted were of daily occurrence. This state of things continued for some time, when the captain grew tired of it and told our orderly sergeant to divide the men alphabet-

ically into messes of six or seven each. In this rearrangement, I lost two of my former friends, and some came to us whose cooking nobody would like to eat. Though the youngest in the mess, I took it on myself to do the cooking, if the others would supply me with wood and water and relieve me of all other duty. The men unanimously agreed to this, and I, having had some experience in this line, assumed the duty of chief cook and bottle washer. I drew the rations, cooked our meals, placed the food on the table, and afterwards cleaned up everything, and kept things in order. While busy at this, the other men sat around the fire telling jokes, singing songs, and smoking their long-stemmed pipes, criticizing my movements all the time. But I did not mind this, and we lived in peace until we were ordered to Virginia early in June, 1862.

When we reached Virginia, there a pot wagon was assigned to each regiment of the brigade. These followed closely our line of march, and as soon as we went into camp after a long and tiresome day, men from each company rushed to the wagons to get their cooking utensils. Those who brought them always had the first use of them, and after cooking could fall down and go to sleep. Others then took them in turn, and the last who used them were expected to take them back to the wagon. Our pots were now very few and were on double duty; but sometimes our wagons did not arrive, in which case we employed our steel ramrods. We wrapped the dough around them and held it over the coals, turning it all the time so as to bake every side of it thoroughly. And we broiled our meat in the same way, when we had any, or ate it raw. An oilcloth spread on the ground served as a tray to knead the dough. Sometimes in the midst of the preparation of our scanty rations, we were ordered to snatch up everything, seize our arms and fight, or march away. On the march some of our men cooked up their rations and ate them then and there so as not to carry them the next day. I became so accustomed to eating only one poor meal a day that I can live on one now, and I rather think we all would be healthier if we ate less. Oftentimes we went days without any food whatever, but after one meal, we were all right and experienced no bad effects from our long fast.

On our retreat from the trenches in front of Petersburg to Appomattox we were days without anything to eat. On one occasion, when the enemy was making a very strenuous effort to cut our line in two, I was trotting along in a shower of balls and shells when, looking down, I saw a new frying pan thrown away by some one. I took time to pick it up and fastened it to my equipment, thinking it might serve me well in the future if I should escape from the present predicament; and it was fortunate that I did. When we surrendered, it was five days before we received our paroles, and, although we were almost starved, we lived on two pounds of beef issued to us by the Yankees. On the morning of the last day when we formally surrendered our arms and started on our march to our homes, we were so weak from our long fast that some of us could go only some two hundred yards before we were exhausted and had to stop and rest. But we gradually gained strength, and late in the afternoon reached a mill where there was a supply of Confederate corn. We found the mill grinding and turning out excellent meal. The mill house was full of soldiers when I reached it, and I had to edge my way in to where I could get my tin cup under the spout. As soon as it was full, I retired and kindled up a little fire on the dam, and in a short while had a hoeecake in my frying pan that was good enough for a king. Many of my poor hungry comrades in passing asked me for the use of my frying pan,

and it cooked bread for our men a great part of the night and until we reached our homes.

These frying pans were very useful to us in many ways. They were light and could be carried on the march, so if our pot wagons did not arrive in time, we could bake our bread and fry our "flapjacks" without any other cooking utensils. Indeed, I was so well-pleased with them that if I should ever have to go to war again I would have one of them with me as a part of my outfit. They served us in other ways at times. They were known sometimes to turn the course of a bullet that otherwise would have gone through a soldier. The Yankees as well as the Confederates had them. On May 6, 1864, our brigade was so unkind as to make a sudden and unexpected assault on our blue-clad neighbors on Grant's right wing just at sunset, when they had kindled thousands of little fires behind their breastworks to make coffee and warm up their evening meal. So rapid were our movements that we swept Grant's entire right wing back to his headquarters, and they left their frying pans to be trampled on and knocked over. The next morning I was sent back down the captured works and saw the frying pans everywhere. But they were not the only things that favored us in battle. There was a boastful fellow in the 13th Georgia Regiment that used to carry a hatchet stuck in his belt before him so as to be independent of the company ax. In a hot fight at close range a bullet struck his hatchet and flattened itself to the thickness of a silver dollar. It did not have the force sufficient to drive the hatchet through his body, but he fell down and lay apparently dead for some time. His comrades grieved him no little, though it was no joke with him.

But I must not conclude this article without telling about Abbot. He was one of my messmates at Savannah in 1861-62, and was our company commissary at that time. He claimed to have had experience as a soldier in the Mexican War, and I am inclined to believe it from his shrewd ways of dodging and doing things to his own advantage, and incidentally to the company, and especially our mess; but not from anything he said. The night before we started to Virginia we were ordered to cook up three days' rations for the trip, and Captain Walker, our regimental commissary, was busy in our big storehouse, full of every kind of army supplies, issuing rations to the different companies. In the bustle and confusion incident to the occasion, Abbot was acting as his assistant. Now, there was a large pile of fine bacon hams stored there for the use of our officers, and Abbot was determined that every man in our company should have one of these hams for our long trip to Virginia. He got word to the men in camp to come to the commissary house and stand around in the dark near the door. This most of them were ready to do, and when Captain Walker was not watching, Abbot would pass a ham out to one of the men and tell him, without further explanation, to take it to camp. I was busy at our mess fire when the hams began to arrive, one at a time. This continued until there must have been several hundred pounds of them piled up in the street before our tents. But before Abbot got back to us to dispose of them our captain came along and, seeing the great pile of hams, made inquiry of the men who were bringing them and found that Abbot was slipping them out without authority; and he made them carry the hams all back. They were too good for common private soldiers and were kept for those higher up.

We had just detrained in the Valley of Virginia when Abbot put in for a bombproof position and got it. He was put in charge of our ordnance wagon and served faithfully

in that capacity until we were on the march from the Valley to Fredericksburg in the winter of 1862. On this trip he took pneumonia, was sent to Richmond, where, after partially recovering he had a relapse and died.

Since I have mentioned Captain Walker, I must say a word about him also. He was a citizen of Eufaula, Ala., and was made commissary of the 31st Georgia Regiment at Savannah when it was organized in 1861. He was perhaps the shrewdest man in all of Lee's army, and without him we would have been at our row's end at the beginning of 1864. By his wonderful management of the commissary department, he kept men and horses supplied with food to continue the contest when the country was exhausted, and all cattle, sheep and other things we had brought out of Pennsylvania were consumed. He seemed to know where every ear of corn in Virginia was to be had, and when starvation seemed evident, he always found something to issue to man and beast. When we went to Virginia he was made commissary for the whole brigade, but was soon after put in charge of that department for the division. General Lee soon recognized his ability, and from that time on to the end Captain Walker was his indispensable right-hand man. It was he who led our half dead soldiers from Appomattox to the mill where they got something to eat.

Thirteen years after the war ended, I was standing on a street in Eufaula and saw Captain Walker coming toward me, with a paper in his hand and his mind preoccupied, for he was a man of big business. When he got near me, I stepped in front of him with my hat off, told him I was one of the old 31st, and asked him if he knew me. He paused a moment and fixed his eyes on me and said: "No; I don't. You boys are grown and changed so much that you don't look like you used to. But I am glad I met you; I want to talk with you; I am too busy now. Go to my office and make that your headquarters as long as you remain in Eufaula." I did so, and he told me about many very important incidents connected with our regiment, brigade, and Lee's army which have never been published. Captain Walker asked me where I was going, and when I said, "To Texas," he said: "Don't go, you can't. There are yellow fever quarantines everywhere. Stay in Alabama." I took his advice and am here yet.

THE COAHOMA INVINCIBLES.

BY C. C. CHAMBERS, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

The first company made up in Coahoma County, Miss., soon after the State had seceded, was organized at Friar's Point, the county seat, and was called the Coahoma Invincibles, later becoming Company B, of the 11th Mississippi Regiment. Its officers were: Captain, S. N. Delaney; First Lieutenant John F. Cox; Second Lieutenant, H. H. Hopson; Third Lieutenant, Titus Johnson; Orderly Sergeant John Garner; Joseph Richardson and Joe Hopson, sergeants.

On the first call for troops we took a steamer for Memphis, Tenn., then on to Corinth, where other companies had assembled, forming regiments and drilling. The ten companies forming the 11th Mississippi were from all over the State, and it was under Col. William H. Moore. However, he did not remain with us long, and was succeeded by Lieut. Col. P. F. Liddell, of Carroll County. We soon entrained for Lynchburg, Va., where we encamped for a week and then went on to Harper's Ferry, where the brigade was organized under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Barnard E. Bee commanded our brigade, which was composed of the 2nd and 11th Mis-

Mississippi, 6th North Carolina, 4th Alabama, and Turney's 1st Tennessee.

While at Harper's Ferry we did some hard drilling, tramping down acres of fine red clover, and we had many hours of sight-seeing. The old John Brown affair interested many of us, and I made it a point to get all information possible, and handled one of the pikes. The negroes were to be armed with this ten-foot pole having a 12-inch blade hook on the end.

We were soon sent back by the trainloads to the hospital at Winchester on account of measles, and I was one of the unfortunates. My only consolation was that I did not have to march in column, and I was lucky to get out of the hospital to the home of J. B. Taylor, a fine old Virginia family.

As is well known, General Johnston vacated Winchester in quick order, and I had to follow on the trail of my command as best I could. Luckily for me, they did not get off on the first train, so I found the company resting while awaiting its return. On Sunday morning, Colonel Moore, with seven companies, took the train for Manassas, still leaving behind the 1st Tennessee. On this Sunday, the 21st of July, 1861, we were to the left of our army and not many miles distant from the raging battle. We could hear the musketry and cannon, and smoke was filling the air. A horseman called: "Stop the train, for God's sake; the Yanks have the road." "That false alarm prevented Colonel Moore and his seven companies from reinforcing our boys so sorely pressed. The train halted, men hustled out, formed in line, and the train was sent back for the 1st Tennessee; and when it returned, it left us still in the woods miles from Manassas.

A laughable instance occurred just at the most exciting time as we left the train. I had put on a red flannel shirt that morning, and I got to one side to divest myself of it, when Company B, swinging into line, stirred up a bushel of the biggest bumble bees I had ever seen. Of course, it caused much scurrying, and Captain Green, of Company G, seeing our men running, and a few of his company, charged down the line, swearing at the men for running, but when a few bees popped him, he just about wore out that big plume he had in his hat. It was many a day before he heard the last of it.

We got to the front after it was all over, making the run from Manassas Junction on double-quick time, just to turn and march back for sorely needed rations. We had no rations for two days, just a loaf of bread issued some time between midnight and day. That was the beginning of what we were to experience for four years. On Monday morning thousands of men went out seven miles to the battle field, our first sight of dead men and horses. I fell in with a squad of the famous Louisianians, the "Tiger Rifles," and went with them to the spot where lay many of the New York Zouaves just as the Tigers left them, a pine thicket where the Tigers had closed in on them in awful slaughter. This was near the old Henry House where lay the old lady, shot through the thigh. I talked with the daughters and mother. I have seen different reports in the VETERAN—that she was wounded, and that she was killed; but that she was alive twenty-four hours after the battle, I am sure. Major Wheat's Battalion was known as the Louisiana Tigers, dressed in stripes, a close fitting cap with a tassel down the back. Their knives, or cleavers, as they called them, were forged in shops, heavy long blade and solid long handle. Major Wheat was slightly wounded at this battle, and was afterwards killed at Gaines's Mill.

On Monday night rain set in, continuing all day Tuesday, and it was cold. We had no tents. I had stood the trip pretty well so far, but took cold and it settled on my lungs, so by

Wednesday I was sent off to Charlottesville to the supposed hospitals. It had no accommodations, a single blanket on the floor, and I was not to be kept in that town long. I was not sick, but all in from exposure after the measles, and it is a mystery that I did not go the way of thousands of others. I took my stand near the depot to look out for home folks that I knew would be on after news of the battle. Soon I saw Mrs. Flem Saunders, the sheriff's wife, with whom I had lived for a year, and I was supplied with money and other necessities; then off to the country for a rest. Robert H. Carter sent his carriage for me, and Dr. Randolph piloted me through.

Our brigadier general, Barnard E. Bee had been killed, also Colonel Fisher of the 6th North Carolina. Company B had no part in the fight, although crazy to get there. Our first battle was at Seven Pines, where we did get to do some shooting, though all to no good; but the company was not responsible for that. We spent the winter near Old Dumfries on the Potomac, the place known as Camp Fisher in honor of Colonel Fisher. From that camp men were given furloughs home. After a month at home, which I thoroughly enjoyed, I returned to Virginia to find the army at Yorktown, where, in April, we reenlisted for the war, electing J. K. Morton as captain; H. H. Hopson, first lieutenant; George Morton second lieutenant; and I think David Nunn was third lieutenant. Cox and Delaney left us for home, Cox joining the Western Department. Delaney married a Miss Burton and left the country.

Soon after the reorganization the retreat to Richmond began. At West Point, or Williamsport, some portion of our army had a tilt with McClellan's forces, but Whiting's Brigade escaped that encounter. We were encamped at Richmond until the last of May, when the battle of Seven Pines was fought. The 11th Mississippi made two attempts to get at the enemy, first, in the thick timber, retiring in confusion to the open field. Reforming, we went out in the open field where we could see the Yanks lie down and fire, mud and water half leg deep. After my second shot my old musket choked. I crawled to a stump some ten or fifteen feet in advance, where I could ram the ball down, but failing to get it down, I looked around—the command was all gone. Imagine my feelings! I had to go alone to join my comrades a hundred yards to the rear. Shot and shell were flying thick, and I felt sure I would be shot in the back. I found the regiment and went to Colonel Liddell to show him the fix I was in.

The 1st Tennessee made a useless move out to where we had been; went out in marching order until solid shot was thrown at them, throwing mud and water fifty feet in the air. Soon they were back as we were, nothing accomplished. General Johnston was shot off his horse just in rear of our command. The evening passed and not a Yank killed by our brigade, as far as I could see. Some very amusing scenes I witnessed, one of which was Major Butler going around fishing the boys out from behind stumps with his crooked saber, what we boys called a reap hook. He was one of the coolest men under fire that I ever saw. A member of Company B—Pridgeon was the name I knew him by—remained in the woods quite a while after we left, shot and shell crashing the fence just where we had crossed. Seeing a man leap the fence, without a gun, down on all fours, and making time as a scared wolf, I called to the boys: "See Pridge!" He returned to the regiment next day with the gun of Billy Maynard, whom we knew to be in camp at Richmond, ten or twelve miles distant.

After the wounding of General Johnston, Gen. R. E. Lee was in command and put things to moving. Troops would be sent out on dark nights, thousands at a time, for a rest of a

day or so. We were sent to the front on the most prominent highway, then pretty soon General Whiting's Brigade and Hood's Texans were sent to Staunton to reinforce Jackson. All this maneuvering was simply a ruse to deceive McClellan and, in fact, the entire country. Jackson finished up his job in the Valley with Banks, Fremont, and Shields, crossed the mountain, took our train, and we who were rested took our packs on our backs and lit out after Jackson, but not until we got to Asheville did we know what was up. General Whiting's two brigades were to fall in on Jackson's right.

The memorable battle of Gaines's Mill was soon to be history. This move caused McClellan to face about to meet Jackson, who fell in on his rear. The battle began at Mechanicsville on the 26th of June. To our right the ball had opened as we marched in quick time until late that afternoon; we slept on our arms, not allowed to build fires. Bright and early we were on the move to the right and soon shells began to cut across our line of march. At one point the Yankees had our exact range and were sending accurate shells at us. No use to dodge, for in a twinkling it was gone. One Texan I saw squatted just enough to the right for his head to be taken off. Dick Wilson, of our Company B, was thrown some ten feet by a shot striking his blanket roll, carried pouch fashion. It did not kill him, but the shock sent him out to be killed.

At the Wilderness, in May, 1864, General Whiting, finding a sheltered spot, put his own brigade into a hollow square and made it plain to us that we were expected to go to the crest of the hill; men are there now. There had been two different attempts to break that line, and in giving the order to charge, he said: "No order will be given to retreat. I know you will break that line. I will lead you." Which he did as far as the breastworks; then he gathered troops to protect our flanks, for the Yankees were filing in behind us, and there was stubborn fighting until late at night.

The cavalry charge is history. Just sixty years after this as I was sitting one fine day on the courthouse plaza at Phoenix, a fine looking man and his wife from New York took seats by me, and he remarked: "I see you wear the gray. What service were you in." "Virginia." "Do you know anything of the Peninsula campaign." "I went from Yorktown to Malvern Hill." "Then you were at Gaines's Mill." "I sure was." "Well, that day," said he, "I emptied my cartridge box of forty rounds at you fellows that day. Do you know anything of that cavalry charge just under the hill where your main battery was? I heard Fitz John Porter give the order. Did you know the fate of those men?" I only knew that they were badly cut up. History says that 280 went out, and only eighty answered roll call the next day. I told this old veteran that I had emptied the forty rounds and then got some twenty-five on the battle field, firing most of them. We were on the run to get the battery when the attack by his cavalry was made in order to try to save the battery. Failing in both, we shot the horses, and as they were limbering up, we got the entire outfit.

Colonel Liddell got to us soon after the firing ceased, and we slept on our arms that night near the Yankee hospital. To the 11th Mississippi, or, in fact, this brigade, the old third, belongs the credit of first breaking the first line and carrying the other two, repulsing the cavalry, and capturing the main line of batteries. We were fired on by troops to our left some time after all was quiet in front, and Colonel Liddell, seeing it was our own men, took the 11th Mississippi colors and galloped out toward them, waving the flag until they ceased firing.

The next engagement of the 11th Mississippi was at Mal-

vern Hill, and the first part of the day we were out in the open field to attract the attention of the enemy's battery while our attacking force got into line. We simply dug ourselves into the earth and lay close until such time as it suited the higher ups to relieve us; then it was to put us in support of batteries in the timber, ten times more trying. I saw a pine tree cut off twenty or thirty feet from the ground, fall on the 6th North Carolina Regiment, killing and wounding fourteen men. We were subject to sharpshooters and were not able to fire back, as it was impossible to locate them.

At daylight the next morning, the enemy all gone, I was surprised to hear officers whisper commands. I had not slept the entire night, and I knew the enemy had all gone from the front. By slipping out a short distance in the dark, we could distinctly hear the moving of the last cannon, which had kept up firing until midnight. Just before day I got a few short naps. Thus ended the seven days battle around Richmond.

The trip to Richmond was a tedious one to those like myself down with the camp trouble. I was dumped into a wagon with others in the same fix and hauled to Richmond. On Sunday morning, two comrades of Company B and I met President Davis and a companion on the way to church. I had "Company B, 11th Mississippi" in brass letters on my cap, and Mr. Davis, on seeing that, stopped us, saying: "I am always glad to meet a Mississippian." His companion said: "Our President." "Yes," said I, "I knew President Davis, for I heard him at a political meeting in Oxford, Miss., some years ago, and I never forgot his face." Mr. Davis said he did on one occasion speak at Oxford. "And," said I, "a man by the name of Cushman spoke the same day." To which he also assented. I then introduced my comrades as Mississippians, and this is what I gained by being "branded."

WHAT DID WE FIGHT FOR?

BY CAPT. T. C. HOLLAND, STEEDMAN, MO.

At the Philadelphia convention, convening May 14, 1787, for the purpose of discussing and devising means for a constitutional government of States, each State, in adopting the new government, seceded from the old, and at that time no cry of treason was heard. About nine States agreed to the new government, which were enough to put it into operation, but there were four other States which did not enter the compact. Therefore, each State acted for itself, and the Southern States did the same thing when they formed the Confederacy. In this agreement, New York and Virginia reserved the right to secede. History tells us that the little State of Rhode Island remained out of this government for two years. Several States declared absolutely for State rights, among them Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania. John Quincy Adams at that time was declared a secessionist. Later, when some one wished to let the Southern States go, Mr. Lincoln objected on the ground that their revenue was wanted. Again, in the Missouri Compromise, the South was not allowed to carry its slaves into northern territory—property bought from New England slave traders. Daniel Webster said that the anti-slave methods of New York, Ohio, and Massachusetts were against the constitutional provisions of 1787 and 1850 for noninterference with the return of fugitive persons held in lawful servitude, and distinctly treasonable. To uphold all our claims and our faith in the Constitution, in 1861 we shouldered our arms, as meager as they were, and marched to the front to drive the enemy off of our soil.

In the year 1861, while still a schoolboy at the Creacy schoolhouse near the Quaker Church in Bedford County, Va., taught by one A. L. Minter, I became interested in military drill by the teacher, who was the adjutant of the Southside Regiment of the county belonging to the Virginia militia. The country had recently had a shake-up by the John Brown riot at Harper's Ferry, and believing that our State should be prepared to drive away the foe from her borders, I enlisted as a drill boy while at school, on the second day of February, 1861, drilling on Tuesdays and Thursdays during the noon hour. On or about the 12th of March we organized a company, elected officers, and marched to Lynchburg, Va., where we were mustered into service by Col. J. Langhorne, of that city. On April 27, 1861, I was mustered in as second lieutenant, and the company was named the Patty Lane Rifle Grays; but the name was not appropriate, as we received flintlock muskets, shotguns, and anything that would shoot. Our first call was to Manassas, where we were joined by Captain Spessard's company from Craig County and Captain Pressman's company from Alexandria. This detail was sent immediately to Fairfax Station and in a few days began to tear up the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which, I believe, were the first rails removed from any road, unless it was in Baltimore. We skirmished in and around Mount Vernon, then returned to the army at Manassas and were placed in the 28th Virginia Regiment as Company G; was on picket duty on the night of the 20th of July, and on the morning of the 21st we met the advance picket of McDowell's army. We drove them back, but reinforcements from the enemy compelled us to return to our main army on the south side of Bull Run.

In our drive on the enemy on Sunday, the 21st, we captured Congressman Ellsworth, of New York. He was going to be one of the first of Mr. Lincoln's forces to ride into Richmond, and perhaps he was, as he surely landed there, but minus his fine phaeton and horse. Perhaps he landed in a coach or a box car. Frequently some one makes the inquiry: Why didn't we go on into Washington. In the first place, the roads were narrow, utterly blocked with cut down pieces, caissons, and vehicles of every description. Sometimes we had to cut new roads through woods around the debris in the road. A part of the army only reached Cub Run that night. Going into Washington was similar to Hooker, Burnside, Shields, Banks, McClellan, and Grant going into Richmond. It was not an easy task. Longstreet's Corps met the 2nd Corps U. S. A., on many fields. They were both acknowledged good fighters; taking the army of Northern Virginia as a whole, it had some splendid fighters. There was never more determined or harder fighters, than Generals Jackson, Johnston, Beauregard, and many others, but in neither army, North or South, was there ever a star that shone brighter than the immortal Lee. Some of the best men of the South are slumbering upon the numerous battle fields with unmarked graves. From my company G, 28th Virginia Regiment, I lost thirteen men killed at Seven Pines, and only six were ever identified. My loss at this battle nearly equaled my loss at Gettysburg. In the latter I lost many prisoners; at Seven Pines none. I went into action at Gettysburg with eighty-eight men rank and file. Seven answered at roll call after the battle. Many were wounded and taken prisoners, myself among the number, having been shot through the head and left for dead just about twenty steps in advance of where General Armistead fell. Both of us were taken from the field to a temporary hospital under some tress, where he breathed his last on 5th day of July, 1863. I was finally taken to David's Island, New York, where a part of my jaw-

bone was cut out and was buried there, and it is perhaps helping to fertilize the soil upon which the inhabitants are raising potatoes.

In the article in the *VETERAN* for July on who crossed the stone wall at Gettysburg first, the writer gives the names of John A. I. Lee, of Company C, of my regiment, 28th Virginia, who was a brother officer of mine. Also she mentions John J. Eakin, whom I knew intimately, all of us serving four years in the same regiment. I would add that after our Brigadier General Garnett had been killed upon the field (General Armistead was supporting Kemper and Garnett), Armistead rushed to the help of our brigade which was being annihilated and took Garnett's place. What few of us there were left, all rushed to a battery which proved to be Cushing's of Philadelphia. Quite a number of us crossed the wall at the same time. I could not say who was first. Perhaps Lee was, but if so, he had many very close seconds. If anyone will refer to an article I wrote in the *VETERAN* for February, 1921, they will find some of the reminiscences of the Gettysburg battle. I was appointed Adjutant General for the bogus charge at our peace meeting in 1913, and also made the survey of the distance of Pickett's charge, just one mile.

LOSSES IN TEXAS COMMANDS.

In the State library at Austin there is a book without precedent, of which only one copy has been made. It is the incomplete rolls of what was once known as Hood's Texas Brigade, of Longstreet's Corps of General Lee's army in Virginia, giving by companies and by regiments the casualties of that brigade during its service of four years in the Confederate army. It is a record without a parallel and a history without romance. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava during the Crimean war in 1854 has been immortalized as one of the most spectacular achievements of civilized warfare, and yet their total losses of killed, wounded, and captured in that famous charge were less than 37 per cent. The losses of the Texas brigade at either Gaines's Mill, Manassas, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, or the Wilderness were greater than the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and in some of the battles the percentage of loss was double that of the Light Brigade.

The rolls of the Texas brigade were compiled by Gen. William R. Hamby, of Austin, who was a member of the 4th Texas Regiment of that command. In the introduction prepared by him, he says:

"The following rolls were compiled from incomplete records and with the assistance of surviving comrades. There were many soldiers in the Texas brigade who were killed or wounded of which there is no official record, to whom justice, as far as possible, should be done. It was earnestly desired that the name of each comrade, especially those killed or wounded in action, or those who died in the service should be correctly reported, and it is a matter of lamentable regret that so many of the rolls are still incomplete, not only in names but in casualties, but incomplete as they are, it is believed they show a record for Hood's Texas Brigade, from 1861 to 1865, that is unequalled in modern warfare.

"These incomplete rolls show for the 1st Texas 1,302 names; for the 4th Texas, 1,251 names; for the 5th Texas, 1,331 names; total, 3,884 names.

"The 1st Texas lost 332 killed in battle, 476 wounded once, 119 wounded twice, 25 wounded three or more times, 159 died of disease; total casualties, 1,111, a loss of over 85 per cent.

"The 4th Texas lost 316 killed in battle, 451 wounded once,

98 wounded twice, 19 wounded three or more times, 123 died of disease; total casualties, 1,007, a loss of over 80 per cent.

"The 5th Texas lost 303 killed in battle, 506 wounded once, 138 wounded twice, 28 wounded three or more times, 140 died of disease; total casualties, 1,115, a loss of over 83 per cent.

"The aggregate losses of the three regiments in killed, wounded, and died of disease, 3,233 out of 3,884, makes the total loss over 83 per cent.

"Feeling it is the duty of the living to assist comrades and their descendants to establish their records, these incomplete rolls are filed in the archives of the State so that future generations may know the Texas men that composed Hood's Texas Brigade of the Army of Northern Virginia."

THE ARTILLERY AT KNOXVILLE.

BY W. MCK. EVANS, RICHMOND, VA.

I have read with interest the article in the October VETERAN on, "Longstreet before Knoxville," by I. A. H. Granberry, sergeant major of the 20th Georgia Infantry. Like most infantrymen, Sergeant Granberry seems to forget that there were any other troops in the army but the infantry, until they wish to shoot at the cavalry. The sergeant says he was sick at Richmond when the divisions of Hood and McLaws were sent to reinforce General Bragg at Chattanooga, which accounts for his not knowing that these divisions were supported by E. P. Alexander's Battalions of Light Artillery, consisting of the batteries of Parker, Woolfolk, Jordan, and Eubanks, of Virginia, the Brooks Artillery of South Carolina, and Moody's Battery of Louisiana. It took all of the box cars to haul the infantry, so, with the exception of one or two box cars for the officers and their horses, we had to travel on flat cars. This necessitated our leaving all of the horses for the batteries at Petersburg, expecting to be horsed at the end of our destination. It was easy enough to travel during the day by sitting on the sides of the flat cars, with legs hanging over the side, but at night we had to crawl between wheels of the guns and caissons to keep from being shaken off the train. The road was rough and worn, and not like riding in the Pullmans of to-day. We had one battery horse that was a kind of "mascot," and which we took with us. This mare, while we were going over a long trestle in South Carolina, was shaken out of the box car in which she was riding, and landed without hurt in a rice field. She was not missed for some hours. One of our battery was sent back to find her, as we were satisfied from her invariable good luck that she would show up all right. True to tradition, she was found quietly grazing in good shape near the place of her fall. After some trials and tribulations, she and her rider reported to the battery none the worse for her little adventure, and the writer had the pleasure of riding her later.

When our train reached a station just before Chickamauga, we found that a bridge crossing a stream had been blown up by our friends the Yanks, so, of course, we had to stop. Just at this point we saw a train slowly moving in our direction, which proved to be one bearing to the rear the wounded from the fighting we could distinctly hear in our front. No one seemed to know exactly where they were headed for. Our Captain Parker, being a medical man of note at our home (Richmond, Va.), halted the train and established a first aid station. With the help of his boys, he worked all night and the next day on the poor fellows who were thus brought by accident under our care, dressing their wounds and cooking for them, until they could be properly cared for by their own people.

We managed to get horsed in a day or two and pushed forward toward Chattanooga. Shortly after our arrival, two of Parker's guns were pulled up on Lookout Mountain, mounted on skids at an angle exceeding forty-five degrees, and fired sixty-second shells into Chattanooga. When Hood and McLaws were sent to meet General Burnside, coming from Knoxville to flank Longstreet, we were withdrawn from our elevated position and entrained for Knoxville. We were detrained at Sweetwater and marched up the beautiful valley of the Holston down which Burnside was moving. Now here is where my memory and that of Sergeant Granberry do not accord. He says: "Here we encountered the enemy, its strength unknown, but upon our forming in line of battle, it gave way." Again: "On the entire route the enemy made two stands, but in each instance, when we got in position to advance, the Federals retreated without a fight." What about Campbell's Station and Bean's Station? I have never heard that Burnside would not fight if he could get a position, and that we found to be the case in our march up the Holston Valley.

The cavalry led the advance, and my artillery command supported it. We had a very hot fight at Campbell's Station, and whether the infantry got into it or not, I do not remember, but there were two incidents that are as clear to me now as when they took place. Late in the evening, about dark, at Campbell's Station, a battalion of artillery (Laden's, of Georgia) came up. Our guns were under the brow of a hill over which we had been firing and started to take position in advance of us or on the top of the hill. We warned the officer in command that the Yanks were in force just over the hill. Our advice was not heeded, and one piece was advanced to the hilltop, but, before the gun could be unlimbered, the limber chest was struck by a shell from the enemy and exploded, with the result that most of the men and horses with that gun were wounded or killed. One poor fellow had the lower part of his face shot off, including his tongue. During the night, the moaning of this poor fellow attracted the attention of the English officer, with the staff of Colonel Alexander, Captain Whittworth, who crawled out to him. Finding out his condition, he came back to Captain Parker with the request for morphia to end the poor fellow's suffering. Captain Parker would not agree, claiming that as a doctor it was his duty to go to the wounded. Whittworth, as brave a soul as ever lived, told the captain that it was almost worth one's life to go, and as he was a single man and the Captain married, he would go. It ended in their both going to the wounded man, and, after finding that the man could live but a short while, the Captain administered the opiate. Poor Whittworth was killed in the Soudan.

Another is of a different character. The next morning, Burnside having moved during the night, we came to a little cabin on a clearing, where Burnside had formed his line. An old lady there appeared to be in a peck of trouble. She told me that the Yanks had made a streak of fight and upset her ash hopper.

Among Burnside's troops was a regiment composed entirely of Scotchmen living in New York City, whom we faced more than once. As my battery (Parker's, of Richmond, Va.) had quite a large number of white and gray horses, they always (I am informed after the war in their meetings) alluded to my battery as "The Scotts Grays," rather complimentary from a Scotchman.

Arriving in front of Knoxville, Burnside made another stand just beyond a large red brick building, a boarding school. There we had a rather warm December afternoon, and again the gallant Whittworth came into play. Whitt-

worth was sitting on his horse in conversation with Colonel Alexander, and seeing what he thought was a giving way of our advanced line, without a word he put spurs to his horse and rode into our line. In less than ten minutes Whittworth was brought out on a litter; his horse was killed.

We all then believed that we could have gone into Knoxville that evening, and my conversations since with men in Burnside's command convinced me of that fact.

We lay before Knoxville for about a week. My battery was moved across the Holston River to earthworks overlooking Knoxville. The river was narrow, and we had to cross in a flatboat with a wire cable, which would dip in the water and our hands stuck to it from the cold.

During the attack in Knoxville, my artillery command supported the infantry, whose action is described by Sergeant Granberry. The cavalry in our advance up the Holston Valley fought mostly dismounted—and they fought well.

The Holston Valley is narrow, and I am convinced that Burnside had his entire command with him when he marched toward Chattanooga to flank Longstreet, and he used them whenever opportunity offered.

WITH THE MISSOURI ARTILLERY.

BY W. L. TRUMAN, GUEYDAN, LA.

I was a member of the 1st Missouri Field Battery of Confederate State Volunteers, organized at Springfield, Mo., in December, 1861. The 1st Brigade of Infantry from Missouri for the Confederate service was also organized there at the same time. The battery was commanded by Capt. William Wade, and the brigade by General Little, who was killed at the battle of Iuka, Miss., in September, 1862, and Captain Wade lost his life at Grand Gulf in April, 1863.

This battery took part in twenty battles and at least one hundred artillery duels and was never knocked off the perch a single time; and this 1st Missouri Brigade took part in more battles even than the battery, was never driven one foot by a front attack, and never failed to move the enemy when ordered to go forward, except, perhaps, at the Franklin, Tenn., massacre.

General French, in his history of "Two Wars," says of this brigade: "They made the assault (at Franklin) with six hundred and ninety-six men and officers, and when it was over, he had (General Cockrell) two hundred and seventy-seven men in his brigade." That remnant did not come back, but remained in the ditch on the outside of the enemy's works and fought there the best they could in the darkness until the enemy retreated about twelve o'clock that night.

Their opponents were Casey's Illinois Brigade, armed mostly with repeating rifles, so one of his men wrote a few years ago in the *VETERAN*. Within forty feet of the enemy's works, all around their line of battle, they had an abattis, or obstructions of some kind, on their left, starting from the Harpeth River, for the first half mile they had a brush fence made out of the Osage orange hedge, which no man could touch on account of the thorns; and when our line of battle ran up against that, they had but one thing to do, get out of that death trap as quickly as possible. At the end of the brush fence they dug a ditch about ten inches deep by ten wide, and about a half mile long, and secured fence rails, sharpened both ends, cut them in half, and placed them in the ditch as close as they could stand, with the sharpened ends pointing at an angle of forty-five degrees from their works, and then shoved in the dirt and packed it hard.

It was this obstruction that Cockrell's 1st Missouri

Brigade (and perhaps some others) ran up against in its assault upon the enemy behind their works. They laid down their guns right in the jaws of this blazing, fiery furnace of death and tried to demolish this terrible obstruction. They only partially succeeded, and a remnant got to the enemy's works. I noticed some of our dead lying on top of the works, and many on the inside, and our dead lying in the ditch on the outside of the enemy's works, and the long line of our dead lying behind that solid row of sharpened stakes, about three feet high, I cannot describe without weeping to this day. Could Napoleon's Guard do more?

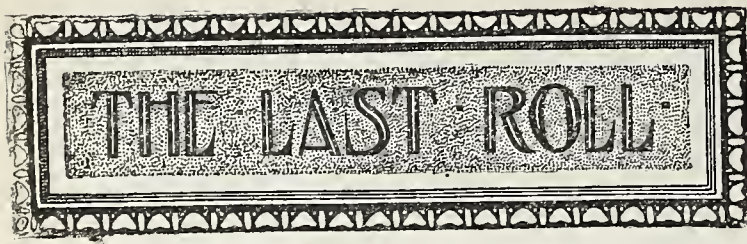
Can any brigade, in any of the Confederate armies, produce a record to equal the 1st Missouri's? Or can any Confederate battery produce a record equal to the 1st Missouri Battery? If so, let us have it through our *VETERAN*.

I will name part of the battles in which our 1st Missouri Brigade took part: Elkhorn, Iuka, Corinth, Hatchie Bridge, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Black River, Vicksburg, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Pine Mountain, Peachtree Creek, July 22, July 28, sieges of Atlanta, Jonesboro, Columbia, Franklin, Nashville, Mobile; total, 22. Our brigade boys can doubtless name others. The 1st Missouri Battery took part in all of them except Nashville and Mobile. After the battle of Franklin, the battery was sent with Forrest toward Chickamauga and fought a hard drawn battle. The artillery duels cannot be named. We had at least fifty during the ten days on Kenesaw Mountain, and during the siege of Atlanta more than that number.

Although General Hood had about one hundred pieces of artillery in his army, not a shot was fired at Franklin. He gave orders that not a cannon should be fired, as all the women and children were in the town, which was true, and no one censured him for giving the order. My 1st Missouri Battery was on our extreme right, following General Loring's Division as it moved forward in the attack; and just south of the Harpeth River, on a high bluff one of the enemy's batteries was located, which hurled death into our line at every discharge. We cannoneers begged our officers to let us go in battery and silence these guns, which we could have done without throwing a shell into the town. They told us they wanted to do it as bad as we did, but could not disobey orders. I saw one shell from this battery exploded immediately in front of our advancing line, and at least ten men fell in a heap and never rose again; but the line never lost step, nor did I see a man turn his head to look back at his unfortunate comrades.

I have noticed that some writers in the *VETERAN* stated that General Hood used artillery in the Franklin fight, which is a mistake. If General Hood had opened fire with his artillery before he sent his infantry in, which is generally done, we would have knocked all of the head logs off of their breastworks, and so demolished their abattis and other obstructions that our infantry would have succeeded. But, by so doing, we would have killed perhaps half of the women and children of the town and burned up every house, for every shell that was not stopped by the enemy's works would have gone into the town.

"But whilst the cycling seasons roll,
And time with earth shall still remain,
The Stars and Bars, that fallen flag,
So fair, so bright, so free from stain,
Shall still survive on history's page,
Where naught can dim its lustrous light,
For God above—the God we love—
Knows that its cause was just and right."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"The question, Whence do we come and whither go?
Does life forever cease with dying breath?
And is he loving friend or ruthless foe,
That phantom monarch dread whom men call Death?"

"Shall we at last in worlds of living men
Behold the loved ones coming on our sight?
And shall we hear their friendly speech again,
And dwell with them in realms of perfect light?"

Col. W. J. HALE.

Col. W. J. Hale, "the grand old man" of Trousdale County, one of the few survivors of the struggle of the sixties, passed away at his home in Hartsville, Tenn., on October 11, 1923, after a lingering illness.

Colonel Hale was born in Sumner County, Tenn., March 10, 1836. He had resided in Hartsville practically all his life, entering the Confederate army there in April, 1861, as first lieutenant in Company H, 2nd Tennessee Infantry, of which William B. Bate was colonel. He was promoted to adjutant of the regiment in 1862, and then to lieutenant colonel in the same year, the latter commission reading "for extra valor and skill." He took part in the following battles: Manassas, Shiloh, Richmond, Ky., Perryville, Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, and Peach Tree Creek, as well as other minor engagements. At Chickamauga, September 21, 1863, he was wounded, and was taken prisoner at Peach Tree Creek, but did not give up his flag. He was taken to Johnson's Island, where he remained in prison until released July 28, 1865.

Gallantry, bravery, and courage characterized his service, and he remained devoted to the cause of the Confederacy until the end.

After the war he returned to Hartsville and had long been identified with the business life of the section.

He served two terms in the State legislature, in 1883 and 1885, and was afterwards a member of the Chickamauga Park Commission.

Colonel Hale was long a faithful, consistent member of the Baptist Church, and was one of the oldest members of the Hartsville Lodge F. and A. M. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Sallie Hutchins, of Hartsville, and to them were born two sons, who survive him—John Hale, of Texas and E. V. Hale, of Hartsville. His second wife, who also survives him, was Mrs. Talmage DeBow. The one surviving brother is Jim Hale, of the same county.

Colonel Hale was a typical gentleman of the Old South, loved and honored by the entire citizenship of his section. His mind was clear, and he was remarkably active physically up to within a few weeks of his death. He was knightly and distinguished in his bearing, tender and kind to rich and poor, old and young. The entire county mourns his passing as of

one who truly represented the best of the traditions and sentiments of the chivalrous days of the Confederacy.

CAPT. J. K. P. BLACKBURN.

James K. Polk Blackburn was born in Tennessee, but at the age of nineteen he went to Texas with his father's family and was teaching school in Lavaca County, Tex., when the war came on in the sixties. He was enrolled with Terry's Texas Rangers, which command, with a unanimity never surpassed, enlisted "for the war." Young Blackburn fought bravely in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and was with General Forrest in numerous raids. He was given a saber by General Morgan for valuable service rendered during a scout at Murfreesboro under hazardous circumstances. At the battle of Farmington he was wounded and his horse killed. This was his last battle, for he was a prisoner on parole during the rest of the war. The chaplain of his regiment, in writing of the battle of Farmington, said: "And the noble Blackburn fell at the head of the column, leading a charge upon the enemy." After his wounds healed, he visited Brick Church, Tenn., where he met the daughter of Robert H. Laird, a wealthy planter, and a few years later they were married. He was a model husband and a good father to the seven sons and two daughters born to this union.

Captain Blackburn took a leading part in building up his country after the war. He represented Giles County, Tenn., with honor in both houses of the State legislature. He was a brave soldier for his beloved South, but it was as a Christian soldier that his character shines brightest. His place at church was never vacant except when hindered providentially, and he taught a Sunday school class for over thirty years in the Christian Church at Lynnville. He was a good neighbor, ever ready to help in time of need, and his passing leaves a vacancy in his community that cannot be filled. On July 6, 1923, he fell asleep peacefully at the ripe age of eighty-six years, and his comrades in arms laid him to rest in Lynwood Cemetery to await the resurrection of the just.

[A comrade of Harvey Walker Bivouac.]

THOMAS A. IRWIN.

Thomas Alexander Irwin, one of the most prominent citizens of Spartanburg, S. C., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Dashiell, near Whitney, S. C., on June 20, 1923, after years of failing health. He was in his seventy-seventh year.

Comrade Irwin was a son of William and Amelia Irwin, his father being a native of Roscommon County, Ireland, a graduate of the renowned Trinity College, of Dublin, and a noted scholar of his day. Moving to Spartanburg from Greenville, where he had married, he founded the old St. John's College for boys, which stood on the site of Converse College. In addition to managing this institution of antebellum days, William Irwin taught languages—Latin and Greek. His son Thomas was a student at this college, but when the War between the States came on he enlisted as a sixteen-year-old lad, serving in a cavalry company known as the Spartanburg Rangers, under Capt. William T. Wilkins. While this company was independent of any regimental organization, it rendered gallant and efficient service in both North and South Carolina, taking part in a number of engagements. Young Irwin was a sergeant in this company when organized, and later on was promoted to a lieutenant.

Returning home after the close of the war, Comrade Irwin did his part toward building up his country. For some

thirty-three years he was connected with the traffic department of a great railway system. He began working for the Spartanburg and Union road when that line was first built, and was continued when it became the Richmond and Danville, and still later the present Southern Railway.

In his young manhood he was married to Miss Helen Walker, who survives him with a son and two daughters. Two brothers and a sister are left of his immediate family. It was fittingly said of this comrade: "The end of a life of gentleness and neighborly devotion came with the passing of Thomas A. Irwin, whose life and memory linked the present with the past of Spartanburg. . . . Entering the Confederate army as a boy of sixteen, he served with enthusiasm and distinction and lived to make his contribution to the most wholesome ties and friendship of the people of his home town and community."

McHENRY HOWARD.

At Oakland, Md., September 11, 1923, McHenry Howard, in his eighty-fifth year, son of the late Charles and Elizabeth Key Howard. Inheriting the equipoise and soldierly qualities of his ancestor at Cowpens, he intuitively grasped the crisis of the battle.

Without the rank he merited, he prized above promotion the following autograph letter of Gen. Stonewall Jackson:

"HEADQUARTERS, 2ND CORPS, A. N. V.,
JANUARY 16, 1863.

"Hon. Jas. A. Seddon, Secretary of War.

"Sir: I respectfully recommend Mr. McHenry Howard, of Baltimore, Md., for a lieutenancy in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States.

"Mr. Howard was for twelve months a private in the 1st Maryland Regiment, subsequently he was aide-de-camp to Brig. Gen. Charles S. Winder. He continued to fill the post with marked ability until the death of General Winder at the battle of Cedar Run. His patriotic course during the war, and the successful manner in which he has discharged his duties, entitle him to great praise and confidence.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant

T. J. JACKSON, *Lieut. General.*"

He served successively on the staffs of Brig. Gens. Charles S. Winder, George H. Steuart, and Maj. Gens. I. R. Trimble and G. W. C. Lee.

Always ambitious to be at his post, when the general with whom he was serving was absent by reason of disability, he volunteered for duty at the front. He was President of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland, formed in 1871, from 1877 to 1883. Also a second time for a number of years prior to his death.

[A comrade.]

JOHN R. POPE.

John R. Pope, born in Chatham County, N. C., January 27, 1844, died at his home near Erwin, Tenn., on September 13, 1923. He served the Confederacy as a member of Company F, 59th Tennessee Regiment, during the four years of conflict. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Mary Lane, of Sullivan County, Tenn., and three children of that marriage survive him, also his second wife, who was Miss Cynthia Leath, of Anderson, County. At his burial the Rosalie Brown Chapter U. D. C., of Erwin, placed the evergreen wreath and the Confederate flag on his coffin. By this Chapter Comrade Pope was presented the Cross of Honor on October 6, 1922, and on the same date a year later the Chapter placed at his grave the Confederate marker.

ROBERT INGRAM.

From memorial resolutions by the Confederate Historical Association of Memphis, Tenn, the following is taken:

"In the early morning of June 10, 1923, our much-loved comrade, Robert Ingram, was summoned to answer the call of the grim reaper, death coming to him at his home in this city quietly and peacefully. Comrade Ingram was born at Grenada, Miss., on May 27, 1838, and for several years he had made his home in Memphis. Of his family left to mourn his passing are two daughters and a son, also four grandchildren.

"His surviving comrades also sincerely mourn his departure from our council chamber of comradeship. By his noble manhood and his pleasing personality he had long and well endeared himself to each of his comrades.

"Robert Ingram proved himself a Southern soldier of sterling merit. He was a loyal, faithful son of Mississippi through all the trials and tests of the war of 1861-1865, and afterwards was firm and faithful throughout that most dreadful era of attempted carpetbag-negro domination, standing the trying tests as a true son of his State and of the Southland.

"Firm in his friendship, loyal to the right, this fond, devoted father, faithful friend, cheerful comrade has left us to join his kindred and comrades who have crossed over to the other shore. As a neighbor he was par excellent.

"He now sleeps the sleep of eternal rest. Peace be ever with him."

[Committee; F. D. Denton, Robert L. Ivy.]

F. L. DAVIS.

On the 5th of September, the spirit of F. L. Davis passed from its earthly tenement, and this passing took from life one of the remarkable characters that made history in the sixties. He was born in Whitfield County, Ga., November 24, 1842, and as one of the defenders of the Southland in the sixties won distinction and honor for himself while rendering gallant service to his country. From his autobiography it is learned that he enlisted on March 2, 1862, joining Company B, of Phillips's Legion, Georgia Volunteers, which was stationed near Hardeeville, S. C. Soon after the seven days' battles about Richmond the command was ordered to the James River, and then started in on the Maryland campaign, taking part in many engagements. He was shot through the thigh at the battle of Antietam Creek, near Sharpsburg, and after weeks in the hospital was furloughed home. He returned to the army in February, 1863, and joined in the fighting of his command up to Gettysburg, where he was again wounded and captured. He was paroled and sent back to Petersburg, and again furloughed home, again returning to the army in February, 1864, and in that year took part in the battles of the Wilderness, South Anna, Spotsylvania, and Cold Harbor, and was on the lines in front of Richmond and at Petersburg. His command was captured just three days before the surrender and sent to prison at Newport News, from which he and a companion escaped and made their way back to Georgia on foot, a journey of eight hundred miles to his home. In writing of his experiences as a soldier, Comrade Davis says he was barefooted most of the time.

In January, 1867, he was married to Miss Amelia J. Martin, and to them ten children were born, six of whom survive him—five sons and a daughter. His wife died in 1899, and he was married to Miss Maggie E. New, who died in 1902. His third wife, who was Miss Joe Ella Kiresky, of Clarksville, also survives him.

Comrade Davis removed to Texas in December, 1875, and settled near Greenville, removing to Greenville some fifteen years ago. He was a faithful and devoted husband and father, a consistent Christian, and fine type of citizen, contributing liberally of his time and means to the development of the civic, religious, and moral activities of his community.

MARION WILSON BORUM.

On December 27, 1921, Marion Wilson Borum answered to the last roll call at his home in Birmingham, Ala. He was born October 16, 1845, and thus had passed into his seventy-seventh year when he fell on sleep. During the War between the States he was mustered into service in November, 1863, as a member of Captain Pitts's company of the 62nd Alabama Regiment. His command was stationed at the Coosa River bridge until July 11, 1864, and was later stationed at Mobile with the guards on the line of batteries with Battery C, and went into camp at Saluda Hill on February 2, 1865. From there they went to Spanish Fort, and took part in the fighting of Sunday, March 29. The regiment was captured and sent to Ship Island and guarded by negroes.

In January, 1873, Comrade Borum was married to Miss Mattie E. Goodman, who died in 1882; his second marriage was to Miss Josephine Johnson. He had joined the Big Spring Baptist Church, at Harpersville, Ala., in 1870, which he served as deacon. Afterwards he lived in Talladaga County for a time, engaged in farming, but some fifteen years before his death he became a resident of Woodlawn, a suburb of Birmingham, and for a time was engaged in the mercantile business, with his Church affiliations with the Fifty-Sixth Street Baptist Church. He was a devout Christian, unassuming, humble, sincere, and devoted to his Church. After the funeral service at his home, his body was taken back to the old church at Harpersville, where a tender service was held and he was laid to rest in the old cemetery to await the glad reunion with friends and loved ones. His wife followed him into the glory land within a few months, dying in June, 1922. Three sons, two brothers, and a sister survive him.

STEPHEN S. LYNCH.

After an illness of eight weeks, Stephen S. Lynch died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. E. Holcomb, in Kenilworth Park, Asheville, N. C., on September 6, 1923, in his eighty-first year. He was born in Holly Springs, Miss., May 25, 1842, and spent his youth in that section. Enlisting in the Confederate army at the outbreak of war, he served four years and was seriously wounded. After the war he made his home at Asheville for some fifty years, but for the past two years had lived in Atlanta, being on a visit to his daughter at Asheville at the time of his death. In that city he engaged in the contracting business, and many of the finest homes of Asheville were built by him. Old wounds of the War between the States had caused his retirement from active work.

Comrade Lynch was twice married, and is survived by his second wife, who was Miss Jane Butler, of Clinton, S. C., three sons, and a daughter, also a son of the first marriage. Two brothers also survive him, Columbus Lynch, of Hico, Tex., and Newton C. Lynch, of Lindsay, Okla. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Asheville, and comrades of the Zeb Vance Camp, of which he was a member, were of the honorary pallbearers.

In writing of the loss occasioned by the death of such a citizen as Stephen S. Lynch, the editor of the Asheville *Times* says: "This valiant soldier bore upon his body the scars of the War between the States. The wounds which he carried with

him down to the end of his days proclaimed the courage and patriotism of the man. His loyalty to the Southern cause was exceeded only by his devotion to his family."

JAMES C. HARDIN.

From memorial resolutions by the Tom Green Camp U. C. V., of Weatherford Tex., the following is taken:

"Comrade James C. Hardin was born in Randolph County, Ark., in 1844, and there he lived and labored until he had developed into splendid and promising young manhood. On the breaking out of War between the States, he, with a number of young friends of his class, promptly espoused the cause of the South by joining Company E, 1st Regiment Arkansas Infantry, volunteers, in which he served with unabated devotion throughout the war. When hostilities ceased he returned to his native State to begin life anew. He married in 1866, and the following year he took his wife to Parker County, Tex., where, except for a brief period of time, they continued to live and labor until his death.

"Comrade Hardin's occupation was that of a farmer and stock raiser, which he followed with reasonable success in all the latter years of his strenuous life. He was a good man, a true husband, a reliable, upright citizen, and a consistent Christian. He was a worthy member of the Methodist Church, also of the Masonic Order, under whose direction his funeral services were conducted. His death occurred on September 12, 1923. His active service as a soldier was highly commendable; he did his whole duty until ordered to ground arms by his commander. His after private life was irreproachable in all relations with his fellow man.

"*Resolved*, That in the death of our comrade, James Coutts Hardin, Tom Green Camp No. 169 U. C. V., has lost one of its most loyal members, one who had become endeared to all by his nobility of life, and one who had never lost faith in the justice of the cause which inspired the South to take up arms in its defense."

[Committee: J. M. Richards, H. C. Fallon, B. C Tarkington.]

SURRENDERED WITH FORREST.

(From the *Herald Democrat*, of Trenton, Tenn.)

An interesting communication from Mrs. Elihu Morgan, of Memphis, contains a roster of Company G, Forrest's Cavalry, who surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., in 1865, May 11. It contains the names of many of the boys who wore the gray from Gibson County. Practically all, as far as it is now known, have "crossed over the river." Two, however, remain, one in Trenton, J. W. Sappington, and one in Memphis, Wilson F. Wade, formerly of the Brazil neighborhood. The company was in most of the fighting that the regiment took part in and served well the cause of the Confederacy.

Following is the list:

W. T. Carmack, captain, Shelby County.
J. S. Appleberry, first lieutenant, Shelby County.
H. House, second lieutenant, Gibson County.
G. W. Frost, first sergeant, Gibson County.
E. R. Greer, second sergeant, Fayette County.
S. A. McDaniel, third sergeant, Gibson County.
T. B. Johnson, fourth sergeant, Fayette County.
J. A. Williams, first corporal, Fayette County.
J. S. Wood, second corporal, Gibson County.
H. G. Edwards, third corporal, Fayette County.
J. M. Leath, fourth corporal, Gibson County.

Privates (Shelby County)—R. G. Appleberry, J. M. Hannatt, R. N. McCalla, J. C. Thompson, L. W. Thompson, A. C. Taylor, G. M. Tucker, W. W. Wade, I. F. Wade, T. P. Wylie, W. C. Allen.

Privates (Gibson County)—W. A. Banks, J. B. Bowman, B. H. Bennett, J. C. Bessent, M. L. Crisp, O. G. Fitzgerald, W. T. Gleason, J. E. Johnson, E. B. Jones, A. M. Jones, J. D. McCutcheon, R. W. McCutcheon, A. C. McLeary, J. M. Moore, G. C. Maun, W. C. Robinson, J. M. Sappington, J. B. Jones.

Privates (Haywood County)—F. V. Baldwin, T. J. Evans, W. T. Bass, A. T. Edwards, E. R. Freeman, D. F. Griffin, N. W. Galloway, T. J. Flippin, W. J. Hodges, H. Harvel, W. T. McFadden, J. D. McCrow, J. P. Robinson.

Privates (Rutherford County)—W. A. Cooper.

Privates (Lincoln County)—J. W. McClough, J. M. Strong, M. Walker.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON CAMP U. C. V., OF PARIS, TEX.

Quite a remarkable showing is made by the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tex., in point of membership and age of members, as will be seen by the following list sent by Miss Constance McCuiston, the capable Adjutant of the Camp. She writes that it is her plan to make a roster of the veterans of Lamar County, regardless of Camp affiliation, to be kept as county history. In this list those marked "visitors" are from various points in the county, but they attend the meetings of the Camp.

OFFICERS OF THE CAMP.

Commander, T. J. Vansant; First Lieutenant, G. P. Henley. Second Lieutenant, J. H. Smith; Flag Bearer, A. K. Oliver; Chaplain, W. L. Gill; Quartermaster, F. D. Mallory; Historian, Mrs. O. L. Means; Adjutant, Miss Constance McCuiston.

MEMBERSHIP.

J. O. Bradley, 80, Company G, Georgia Rangers.
I. F. Baker, 83, Company C, Tennessee.
L. J. Bankhead, 78, Company A, Chamber's Mississippi Infantry.
J. E. Bobo, 76, Company E, Holcomb's Legion, South Carolina.
H. L. Clark, 77, Company F, 1st Mississippi Infantry.
T. H. Chennault, 77, Company A, 3rd Mississippi Cavalry.
J. W. Cockran, —.
B. M. Copeland, 78.
L. W. DeWeese, 77, Company C, Chambers Battalion.
J. W. DeWeese, 82, Company H, 9th Texas Cavalry.
D. U. Duncan, 82, Company H, 11th Alabama Infantry.
E. C. Fort, 80, Steuben Artillery, Polk's Corps, Tennessee.
S. N. Garrison, Company K, 8th Alabama Infantry.
S. A. Griffith, 85, Company H, 9th Texas Cavalry (first lieutenant).
J. Q. Griffis, 79, Company C, 23rd Texas Cavalry.
W. K. Griffin, 77, Company C, 9th Georgia Infantry.
W. L. Gill, 79, Company E, 24th Mississippi Infantry.
E. K. Gunn, 82, Company A, Whitfield Legion, Trans-Mississippi.
D. S. Hammond, 81, Company E, 1st Missouri Battalion.
J. W. Hardy, 82, Company F, 19th Mississippi Infantry.
W. H. Harmon, 81, Company G, 49th North Carolina Infantry.

J. K. P. Hayes, 77, Company H, 19th Alabama Infantry.
G. P. Henley, 79, Company B, 16th Missouri Infantry.
J. T. Henley, 86, Company C, 5th Missouri Infantry.
J. R. Justiss, 81, Company F, 22nd Indian Cavalry, Texas.
J. B. Johnson, Company F, 1st Regiment Mississippi Reserves.
J. F. Keel, 79, Company K, 14th Texas Infantry.
T. F. King, 83, Company F, 8th South Carolina Infantry.
W. B. Lilliard, 78, Company E, 4th Tennessee Infantry.
J. M. Long, 79, Company I, 9th Texas Infantry.
W. K. Long, 82, Company G, 32nd Texas Cavalry.
W. A. Martin, 77, 12th North Carolina Infantry.
W. N. Martin, 77, Company G, Whitfield Legion, Mississippi.
W. J. Moran, 77, Company D, 18th Mississippi Cavalry.
S. H. Neathery, 82, Company H, 9th Texas Cavalry.
A. K. Oliver, 84, Company E, 9th Texas Cavalry.
W. H. Partin, 78, Company H, 3rd Mississippi Cavalry.
A. T. Petitfiles, 82, Company C, 9th Texas Cavalry.
J. C. Porter, 82, Company B, 41st Alabama Regiment.
G. A. Reynolds, 82, Company F, 22nd Taylor's Regiment Indian Cavalry.
H. T. Rooks, 80, Company K, 4th Mississippi Infantry.
W. W. Stell, 90, Company A, 9th Texas Infantry.
P. M. Speairs, 89, Company E, 9th Texas Infantry.
S. S. Speairs, 77, Company E, 9th Texas Infantry.
J. H. Smith, 78, Company C, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
P. S. Simpson, 80, courier for General Price.
R. M. Stamper, 78, Company C, 34th Texas Cavalry.
Carroll Smith, 78, Company A, 9th Texas Infantry.
W. B. Stillwell, 79, Company C, 5th Mississippi Infantry.
John Scott, 83, on detail service.
T. J. Vanzant, 79, Company E, Bryan's Arkansas Cavalry.
J. T. Webster, 81, General Joseph E. Johnston's Escort (courier).
P. M. Warlick, 87, Company I, 12th Tennessee Cavalry.
A. S. Wall, 80, Company C, 5th Mississippi Cavalry.
T. D. Wilkinson, 82, Company T, 9th Texas Cavalry.
J. T. Woodard, 79, Company D, 11th Texas Cavalry.

VISITORS.

C. W. Driskell, 79; M. A. Bridges, 78 (Guiley's Company, 4th Alabama Cavalry); C. B. Jennings, 81; J. W. Dickey, 82; F. D. Julian, 76; William Roberts, 82; R. S. Pope, 77; J. E. Stallings, 76; J. M. Sumner, 80; John W. Webb, 82; Charlie Mathews, 86; J. B. Ellis, 82.

David W. Campbell, Crockett, Tex. (Route 5, Box 51), in renewing his subscription, writes as follows: "I read the VETERAN with much interest. I belonged to the 20th Mississippi Regiment, Company K, Chalmer's Brigade, Loring's Division. Left Kosciusko, Miss., the 15th of July, 1861; stopped at Iuka to drill; thence to Lynchburg, Va., and then to West Virginia, to White Sulphur Springs, under General Floyd; went with Bragg into Kentucky, was with Hood at Franklin, captured at Nashville, sent to Camp Douglas, released on the 20th of June, 1865, got home on the 28th. Would like to hear from any of the old boys."

Rev. Giles B. Cook, of Mathews Courthouse, Va., the last surviving member of General Lee's staff, renews his subscription and writes: "I consider the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a valuable vehicle of communication for all who love our sacred cause and a just and fearless champion of that cause."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

'Love Makes Memory Eternal'

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President General*

520 W. 114th St., New York City

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MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, Riverside, Cal. *Second Vice President General*

MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. *Third Vice President General*

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MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*

MRS. ST. JOHN ALLISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*

MISS IDA POWELL, 1447 E. Marquette Road, Chicago, Ill. *Registrar General*

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT-GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Convention Call and Credential Blanks.—It is with the knowledge that every Daughter will extend to our Recording Secretary General her deepest sympathy that this explanation in the delay of issuing the calls is offered. Mrs. Byrne has been in a hospital for several weeks, recovering from one of the most serious operations, and during her illness death has visited her, when, two days after the birth of her little grandchild, its father passed away. Truly the hand of affliction has been laid upon this officer, whose sorrow lays an obligation upon our consideration. Mrs. Byrne has just telegraphed me to issue the Calls, Credentials Blanks, and By-Laws.

Charters.—Owing to the illness of the Recording Secretary General, many charters have been either lost or delayed in the sending, as inquiries are coming to the President General from many Chapters asking why, since the papers of the charter members have been returned, the charter was not forthcoming. Your President General has advised all Chapters who hold their return papers to function, as the charter might have been lost in the mail, and these returned papers supply evidence that the charter has been fully recorded. She hopes, however, that the charters will soon follow, since news has been received that Mrs. Byrne has returned from the hospital.

Railroad Certificates.—Many inquiries are coming in asking how railroad certificates may be secured, and, in reply, I am giving you a copy of the following letter, which will supply all information:

"SOUTHEASTERN PASSENGER ASSOCIATION,
OFFICE OF THE CHAIRMAN,
Atlanta, Ga., September 12, 1923.

"Mrs. Walter Allen, 2515 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Madam: Yours of the 8th instant received, and I return herewith letter addressed to you by Mrs. Narrimo.

"The carriers will, of course, coöperate in every way possible with a view to making your Washington convention a success, and I trust that everything will work out to the entire satisfaction of yourself and the members of your organization.

"In this connection, I suggest, if you have not already done so, that you impress upon your members the importance of their requesting certificate receipts from ticket agents when purchasing one-way tickets to Washington. All ticket agents are supplied with these standard form certificate receipts, but, in the event supply at any ticket office may be exhausted, ticket agents will issue improvised receipts on request, and such receipts will be honored at Washington the same as standard form certificate receipts. If all delegates request receipts when purchasing tickets, I feel sure that no difficulty will be experienced.

"Very respectfully, W. H. HOWARD, *Chairman.*"

Selling dates, November 17-23; validating dates, November 23, 24; last honoring dates, November 28.

Reunion and Division Conventions.—During the last four weeks it has been my very great privilege to attend the reunion of the United Spanish War Veterans as a guest of the Tennessee Division of that organization, also the conventions of the Virginia and North Carolina Divisions, and to be the guest of several Chapters in Tennessee *en route*. It was a deep regret that the conflict of dates made it necessary for me to forego the pleasure of being with West Virginia on September 19.

As your representative at the reunion in Chattanooga of the United Spanish War Veterans, it was my privilege to extend from this organization a greeting, both to the veterans and to the Woman's Auxiliary, and to make an address at Chickamauga on the sixtieth anniversary of that battle. This participation on such a historic occasion will be one of the most cherished experiences of my life. The hospitality extended by the city of Chattanooga to its guests could not have been surpassed, and it would be very difficult to equal it. Seldom does one have the opportunity of seeing thousands feasted at a barbecue, while the social functions included everything from a breakfast to a ball. The exclamation came from all sides; "What next!"

On October 3, the Virginia Division held its convention at Bristol, where, under the most delightful auspices, as the guest of the Division, I spent Wednesday and Thursday, being forced to leave before the conclusion of this most interesting meeting in order to be with North Carolina during a part of its convention. It was a source of great joy to all present to see Mrs. Norman V. Randolph again in active service showing no ill effect from her late serious illness. It is seldom that a convention receives greetings from two mayors, both presiding over the same town, but this was the unique experience in this case, as Bristol is situated on the dividing line between two States, Virginia and Tennessee, and therefore their welcome was twofold.

The privileges lost in Virginia were gained in North Carolina, as my arrival there was after the opening functions, but the reports from which a President General must draw her inspiration for the great tasks laid upon her were made after I reached the beautiful city of Greensboro, which is very cosmopolitan and thoroughly up to date. A great event was the address on Historical Evening of Senator Stedman, the last surviving Confederate veteran in the United States Senate, with whom it was the privilege of your President General to share the honors on that occasion. When I tell you that North Carolina rounded out her contribution to two thousand dollars for the Jefferson Davis Monument, you will realize that nothing seems impossible with these splendid women actively at work; but there was an event which filled me with so much courage that I am certain of the final ac-

complishment of everything that this great organization undertakes. The North Carolina Division placed itself on record and raised a large amount in pledges on the floor of the convention for a monument at Gettysburg, not to cost less than fifty thousand dollars, and as much more as necessary to make it worthy of the deeds of heroism of the men of North Carolina who took part in that great battle. This is in line with the great undertaking of the Tennessee Division, which is building a Confederate Memorial Hall at the George Peabody College for Teachers to cost fifty thousand dollars. In every report made, North Carolina doubled or tripled her pledges made to the general organization, and she honored her splendid leader, Mrs. Holt, by giving her a most enthusiastic reëlection.

Convention.—It is difficult for me to realize that at the close of this our *thirtieth* convention, my official relations as your President General will cease, and that this is the last time I shall address you as your executive through the medium of the VETERAN. These thoughts bring a feeling of great sadness, for I have enjoyed a relationship and intercourse with the entire organization which has drawn me so close to the members that I can scarcely break this bond without feeling a deep sense of loss. Whatever has been accomplished for the good of the work has been the result of your untiring devotion and coöperation. I have endeavored to express my gratitude by giving in return the best of which I was capable, and, in closing this communication, I beg to subscribe myself always and ever, your faithful friend and coworker, even though the time will soon arrive when I can no longer sign myself

Yours faithfully.

LEONORA ST. GEORGE ROGERS SCHUYLER,
President General.

U. D. C. NOTES.

The editor acknowledges with thanks an invitation to the convention of the Georgia Division to be held in Augusta, October 23-26.

Last month we spoke of three Chapters in Pickens County, S. C., holding a county meeting. Since then we have heard of Kentucky's going South Carolina one better, in that the Chapters from two neighboring counties came together for an afternoon of social and intellectual pleasure, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney writes that sixty-one Paducah Daughters accepted the invitation to meet with their U. D. C. sisters of Livingston County at Smithland. The two addresses of the afternoon were by Mrs. Martha G. Purcell, an authority on West Kentucky history, whose subject was "Back Home"; and Mrs. Mary Lanier Magruder, well known on account of her poems and short stories, whose subject was "The Spirit of the South, Old and New."

Incidentally, we have learned that Paducah Chapter has an average monthly attendance of sixty. Something is accomplished when that many enthusiastic Daughters come together once a month.

One of Kentucky's gifted Daughters, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, has written a pageant apropos to the Lee Memorial, and this is being produced by Kentucky Chapters as a means of raising funds for the chapel.

* * *

That the Chapters of Louisiana are ever attentive to their veterans is shown again this month:

"One of the very pleasant affairs of the past month was the reception given at the Confederate Home by Mrs. George

Denegre, of New Orleans, in observing the birthday anniversary of her father, the late Hon. T. L. Bayme. This is an annual affair to which all the veterans look forward, and was instituted by Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, the beloved sister of Mrs. Denegre. Many guests were present in addition to the veterans in the Home, and, after a most enjoyable program, luncheon was served in courses. Mrs. Denegre succeeded Mrs. Vaught as Director of the Soldiers Home and in all her Confederate work, and is happy in carrying on the work in memory of her sister.

"Louisiana has suffered another loss in U. D. C. circles in the death of Mrs. Samuel D. McEnery, who died at the home of her daughter in Dawson, Ga., on Monday, September 24, and who was tenderly laid to rest in New Orleans. Mrs. McEnery was the widow of Senator and ex-Governor S. D. McEnery of Louisiana, and was Past President of Fitzhugh Lee Chapter of New Orleans. At the time of her death she was a member of the Confederate Home Board and Registrar of Fitzhugh Lee Chapter.

"Gov. John M. Parker has appointed Mrs. Charles Granger, Past President of New Orleans Chapter No. 72 and Past President of Louisiana Division, a member of the Confederate Home Board to succeed Mrs. McEnery.

"Admiral Raphael Semmes's birthday, September 27, was fittingly celebrated at the Confederate Home with the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter as hostess, assisted by the New Orleans and the Stonewall Jackson Chapters. Mrs. Arthur Weber, President of Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, presided.

"Crosses of Honor were bestowed on three veterans, and a portrait of Mrs. Seiferth was presented to the Home and to the veterans whom she loved so well. A beautiful poem in her memory was read.

"The State reunion U. C. V. and S. C. V. was held in Alexandria, October 11, 12. Gen. Hiram C. Rogers, of Shreveport, Commander U. C. V., and Hon. St. Clair Favrot, of Baton Rouge, new Commander S. C. V., presided over the respective bodies."

* * *

For several months we have missed the interesting notes from the Missouri Division, and are grieved to learn that the silence was due to the long illness and death of the father of Missouri's Publicity Chairman, Miss Virginia Wilkinson, of Kansas City. Our sympathies do, indeed, go out to her.

* * *

Wednesday, September 19, 1923, is a day long to be remembered by North Carolina Daughters, and by the citizens of Louisburg. On that day, a beautiful marble monument, seven feet high, with drinking fountains at either side, was unveiled to the memory of Maj. Orren Randolph Smith, the designer of "The Stars and Bars." On the face of the monument is engraved the flag, under which is a large bronze tablet bearing the inscription telling the history of the flag, its designer and maker, together with the dates in its history.

Hon. A. W. McLean was the speaker for the day. After the unveiling, Mrs. W. E. White, in behalf of the committee, presented the monument to Mrs. R. P. Holt, President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C. Mrs. Holt, in well-chosen words, accepted the memorial, in turn presenting it to Col. Fred A. Olds, who represented the State of North Carolina. Major L. L. Joyner accepted the monument for the county, town, and the Joseph J. Davis Chapter, U. D. C. Those readers who know Miss Jessica Smith, her beautiful devotion to her father's memory, and her loyalty to his thoroughly substantiated claim, will appreciate the real joy

that this Memorial brings into her heart. The editor deeply appreciates the invitation to be present on this historic occasion.

* * *

Miss Edythe Loryea unites from South Carolina that Mrs. Chapman J. Milling, President of the Division, was appointed by the Red Cross organization of the State on the State-wide committee for raising funds for the Japanese Relief.

That the South Carolina Division will hold its twenty-seventh annual convention in Newberry, December 5-7. The three U. D. C. Chapters of that city will act as hostesses on this occasion. Much enthusiasm is being shown by the Newberry Daughters in arranging for the convention, and a fine meeting is anticipated.

That the following South Carolinians have been awarded General U. D. C. Scholarships in 1923: R. Wilson Ball, Charleston, S. C., Medical College of South Carolina; Charles W. Moore, Charleston, S. C., the Jubal A. Early Memorial Scholarship; Miss Martha Norment, Darlington, S. C., Hero Loan Scholarship, Winthrop College; Joe Benton White, Centenary, S. C., Wofford College; William DeK. Wylie, Richburg, S. C., Hero Loan Scholarship, University of Virginia.

That there are at present eight Division Scholarships, as follows: one at the University of South Carolina; one at Winthrop College; one at Confederate College; four District Scholarships at Winthrop College; one Ridge District Co-Ed Scholarship at University of South Carolina.

* * *

Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, Historian General, has issued the following to the press of South Carolina:

"The request has come from Dr. Samuel Eliot Morrison, occupying the chair of American history in Oxford, England, to Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton, Historian General, U. D. C., that this organization give to the library at Oxford the works of John C. Calhoun.

"Since it is eminently fitting and proper that the South Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, make this presentation, the request is made known first to the people of this State, hoping that some one owning these works may be willing to part with them under the circumstances.

"The first volume of Calhoun's works published in South Carolina has been donated for this cause by Henry Taylor Williams, of Charleston.

"The third and fifth volumes have also been secured.

"Any one wishing to contribute or to sell the second, fourth, and sixth volumes of Calhoun's works for this purpose will please communicate with Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, 43 South Battery, Charleston, as it is very desirable that the complete works be forwarded promptly to England."

* * *

A late report from Mrs. Chester A. Garfield shows that Chapters in Southern California are flourishing and making excellent record in their work. The energetic Division President, Mrs. Frank Elmer Ross, simply radiates enthusiasm in U. D. C. activities. She will represent the Division at the Washington convention.

Many members of the Joseph LeConte Chapter at Berkeley lost homes and possessions in the great fire which swept that city in the early fall, a great disaster in every way.

Jefferson Davis Chapter in San Francisco had an impressive commemorative service on Admiral Semmes's anniversary.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter gave a Southern Ball on October 6, which added considerably to their Veterans' fund.

The California Division is interested in the establishment of a Home where veterans, their wives or widows, may be cared for properly, a plan that has a special appeal to all Daughters.

* * *

The report of Mrs. Higgins, Treasurer General for the Jefferson Davis Monument, speaks for itself:

State.	Amount Contributed.	No. of Chapters.	Average per Chapter.
1 New York.....	\$ 227 00	3	\$75 66
2 Massachusetts.....	50 00	1	50 00
3 Pennsylvania.....	90 00	42	45 00
4 Kentucky.....	1,599 75	37	43 23
5 Maryland.....	250 00	6	41 66
6 Illinois.....	55 00	2	27 50
7 California.....	502 70	21	23 93
8 Florida.....	878 38	39	22 52
9 West Virginia.....	547 50	25	21 90
10 New Jersey.....	20 00	1	20 00
11 North Carolina.....	1,834 58	111	16 52
12 Arkansas.....	705 00	45	15 66
13 Washington.....	45 00	3	15 00
14 Louisiana.....	432 50	29	14 91
15 Ohio.....	103 30	7	14 75
16 Texas*.....	1,004 35	76	13 21
17 Missouri.....	557 12	47	11 85
18 Indiana.....	10 00	1	10 00
19 South Carolina.....	1,035 00	104	9 95
20 Colorado.....	32 00	4	8 00
21 Oklahoma.....	280 00	36	7 77
22 Alabama.....	564 50	81	6 96
23 Tennessee.....	422 25	63	6 70
24 Georgia.....	821 30	127	6 46
25 Mississippi.....	321 90	59	5 43
26 New Mexico.....	5 00	1	5 00
27 Virginia.....	382 20	130	2 94
28 Arizona.....	2 00	2	1 00
29 District of Columbia...	5 00	9	55

States not contributing to date Minnesota, Montana, Oregon, Utah.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General*.

SUGGESTED STUDY FOR U. D. C., DECEMBER, 1923.

Battles of Fredericksburg, December 15, 1862. Confederate victory. Lee and Burnside.

Grant's plan of campaign in the West against Vicksburg completely thwarted by Van Dorn and Forrest.

Sherman defeated by Stephen D. Lee.

C. OF C. PROGRAM, DECEMBER, 1923.

Jefferson Davis: President Life Insurance Company in Memphis, Tenn. "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," written at Beauvoir, 1876-79. New Orleans, December 6, 1889—The end.

WEST VIRGINIA FIRST OVER THE TOP.

The October report on "Women of the South in War Times" gave West Virginia first place as having filled her pledges for copies of the book under the capable leadership of Mrs. Edwin R. Robinson, State Director for the West Virginia Division, and this accomplishment deserves special recognition. The quota for West Virginia was two hundred copies, and at the State convention, held at Martinburg in September, Mrs. Robinson reported *two hundred and ten* copies sold this year.



MRS. EDWIN R. ROBINSON.

Mrs. Robinson is also Corresponding Secretary for the West Virginia Division U. D. C., and is known for her activity in all the work of the Division.

Greater activity in taking up these pledges has been shown by the Divisions generally since the October report, and the States of Ohio, New York, and Maryland report their quotas taken. May there be others so reporting to the convention in Washington.

CONFEDERATE HOMES.

A request has come for a list of the Confederate Homes and the places where located, which are as follows:

Alabama, Mountain Creek; Arkansas, Sweet Home; Florida, Jacksonville; Georgia, Atlanta; Kentucky, Pewee Valley; Louisiana, New Orleans; Maryland, Pikesville; Mississippi, Jackson; Missouri, Higginsville; North Carolina, Raleigh; South Carolina, Columbia; Tennessee, Hermitage (near Nashville); Texas, Austin; Virginia, Richmond.

A TREE TO BE REMEMBERED.

Referring to the article in the September VETERAN on "Famous Trees of America," J. A. H. Granberry, Waverly Hall, Ga., writes: "There is a tree not mentioned in this list that certainly deserves at least a passing mention. It is on the east side of that beautiful macadamized road leading from Staunton to Winchester, Va. The distance between the two cities is ninety-six miles, and the tree is perhaps nearer to Winchester. What is remarkable about the tree is that at the height of about four feet from the ground there is an orifice from which flows a constant stream of clear, cold mountain water. In size the stream is nearly the thickness of a man's arm and flows with great force.

"I first saw this tree in the fall of 1862, and in July, 1863, I was there again just after the battle of Gettysburg. Hundreds of Lee's army who were able to walk stopped there and drank the clear, cold water and bathed their wounds. I do not know how long that willow had stood there with the stream of water pouring from its side, nor do I know that it is still standing, but hundreds, if not thousands, of the Southern soldiers, and many of the Northern army, will remember that remarkable tree. There was a report—whether true or not I cannot say—that some man of eccentric turn of mind

placed a hollow willow post over the original spring, the post became a living tree, and from a decayed knot in its side the water found vent.

"I am now in my eighty-sixth year, and though sixty years have elapsed since I saw that historic willow tree, it has not been forgotten."

THE OLD WILLOW TREE.

Of the soldiers yet living I am one of the few
Some of whom wore the gray and others the blue.
I know some of you remember when both you and me
Marched down the Valley by the old Willow Tree.

Many times 'neath its shade and foliage of green
Have we drunk from the spout and filled the canteen
With life-giving water so sparkling and free
That gushed forth from the trunk of the Old Willow Tree.

The soldiers in gray, though gallantly led,
Were scantily clothed and but poorly fed,
We seldom ever had to drink coffee or tea,
Our only beverage being water from the Old Willow Tree.

The Blue quite often would march up the Valley,
Then General Jackson his troopers would rally,
And from rebel yell and shot back they would flee,
Not even halting at the Old Willow Tree.

The Gray would then follow, gathering the goods
That were strewn by the road, o'er fields and through woods.
At camp we would meet laden with trophies, coffee and tea,
And talk o'er the victory round the Old Willow Tree.

Elated by victory, to the cause of the Gray ever true.
Though victors we were, oft-times we looked blue.
In blue clothing, we would meet at call of reveille,
And gray rags would be strewn round the Old Willow Tree.

This Old Willow Tree is now dead and gone,
Where it stood by the pike is a beautiful lawn.
And many brave soldiers who drank at this fountain so free
Now rest under the shade of some other tree.

To the few of us who are yet in the ranks,
Let us bow before God and humbly give thanks
For his mercies and blessings so boundless and free,
For the blood shed for us on Calvary's Tree.

Our march is not ended. We shall soon follow on
After the other brave heroes who have already gone,
And like others who followed Jackson and Lee,
We'll cross o'er the River and rest under the Tree.

—Samuel Stone, Company B, 51st Virginia Regiment.
New Orleans, La., Nov. 10, 1916.

(During the War between the States there stood by a pike in the Valley of Virginia, between Staunton and Winchester, an old hollow willow tree. In the bottom of the tree was inserted a pipe log which ran from a near-by spring. About two or three feet above the ground was inserted a spout from which water supplied by the spring constantly flowed. During the fighting around Winchester and other places in the Valley the Confederate soldiers especially had several opportunities to drink from this tree. Recalling some of the stops made inspired this tribute.)

(This poem was sent to the VETERAN sometime ago, as a newspaper clipping, by Dr. J. W. Bosworth, of Philippi, W. Va., who wrote: "I have drunk there many times.")

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
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MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

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ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
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OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

A PLEA FOR HISTORICAL WORK.

My Dear Coworkers; From your Historian General, Miss Rutherford, comes another plea for your coöperation in the work which we are honored in having her do in collecting and preserving unwritten Confederate history. May we not have full and free response from every Association within the circle of our membership? If it so be that you have no Historian, elect or appoint one at the very first meeting, and do not fail to send her name to the Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga., that she may communicate with you.

MISS RUTHERFORD'S "SCRAPBOOK."

To those of you who have been subscribers to the first issue of the "Scrapbook" and appreciate the inestimable value to Southern history of the splendid work done by the author, it is not necessary to remind you that the publication of the second edition and the continuance of the work is dependent upon the support given next year; but to those who have not subscribed and have failed to reap the rich harvest of much history heretofore unpublished, we would urge that you send in your subscriptions now, so that the continuance of the work be assured. A small number of bound volumes containing the the complete first edition are available and would make most appropriate and valuable Christmas presents. It is, therefore, wise to order early that you may not be disappointed. Again bear in mind that the continuance of this valuable work depends on the support given it, and do not fail to renew if a subscriber, or, if not already on the list, to send in your name and check. If each Association would send in a subscription it would be a great help. Please bring this to the attention of your meeting.

OUR OFFICIAL ORGAN.

And now as word as to our official organ, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, if you have not already a committee appointed from your Association to work up interest in and to secure subscriptions for it, here is the best opportunity for real service before you to-day. Not only do we, as Confederate women, owe it to ourselves to keep in touch with every phase of Confederate work, but we owe it to the memory of the great hearted founder of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that we perpetuate and keep alive the work for which he gave his life. Nowhere else do you find so much of vital interest to the cause which we represent, and our gratitude for having fallen heir to a partnership in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN should stimulate our endeavors to put our concerted efforts behind it and to help make of it a perpetual monument to the founder, S. A. Cunningham.

STARS AND BARS MEMORIAL.

Your President General acknowledges with sincere appreciation the invitation of the North Carolina Division U. D. C., and the Joseph J. Davis Chapter to attend the unveiling of the Stars and Bars Memorial in the Courthouse Square in Louisburg, in honor of Orren Randolph Smith, who designed and presented the first Confederate flag. Our admiration and affection for "Dad's daughter," Miss Jessica Smith, made our enforced absence doubly regretted, but our heartest interest and congratulation centered in the splendid achievement of our U. D. C. in thus paying deserved tribute and honor to one of the foremost heroes of the sixties whose thoughts and prayers followed the cause always.

STATE PRESIDENT FOR TEXAS.

In appreciation of the splendid achievement in organizing with large membership the Dallas Ladies Memorial Association, it was decided at the New Orleans convention to appoint Mrs. Fields State President for Texas, filling the unexpired term of Mrs. Mary E. Bryan. The heart interest in all things pertaining to the South and her zeal for our work made the committee feel that the honor was rightly conferred, and those who know Mrs. Field's ability as a worker look for great things from the new State President, the head of the great field of Texas work.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General.*

PATRIOTIC WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

When my President General requested me to send you a little message of greeting, she knew, I am sure, and you all know, that the theme on which I write be that which fills and thrills my heart more and more, and that is my "dream of fair women."

To express the joy that has come to me in expressions from the literary world in appreciation of my work in recording the lives of our Southern women would be impossible. The thought I would bring to you of our C. S. M. A. is that I have found among our honored number many of my most inspiring subjects, and the wonderful letters that I receive daily from all parts of our country expressing joy that I am recording the lives of our noble, cultured Southern women would help you to realize how dependent the world is on you for examples of true womanhood.

You are standing on a pinnacle of modest simplicity, yet imposing dignity, while the hurrying throng of humanity rushes on. So this thought I would bring to you to-day: remember,

that while you may be confined in the kingdom of the home—the throne, I believe, of all great women—though you may not be before the spectacular footlights of to-day, yet your life will ever be the greater influence and power for the things that are of greatest value.

You are the direct descendants of those women who wrought out their matchless careers in the epic days which are now but a memory and a tradition, the never-to-be-forgotten days of the sixties, those mothers of the Confederacy who kept the home fires burning in the darkest days of that conflict and who welcomed home the immortal heroes of the gray to hearts whose faith and courage shone bright amid the shadows of defeat.

And while we honor and revere their memory, we are happy in the realization that you, their daughters, are representing in our day the highest ideals for which they lived and are making this nation the wonderful land it is to-day. In doing our beautiful memorial work, we will keep alive the memories and dreams of our Southland that they loved and we love so well. The Confederate mother, in her silent influence, in her eternal vigil, still abides, and her gentle spirit is the priceless heritage of her daughters.

MARGARET WOOTEN COLLIER.

CONFEDERATE MOTHERS' PARK.

BY MISS RUBY E. LIVINGSTON, RUSSELLVILLE, ARK.

Many memorials and monuments have been lovingly erected to heroes of the Southern cause, but very few to these soldiers who fought without guns—the women of the Confederacy—the mothers of the South. So it happened that in pondering upon these things Judge Robert B. Wilson and his wife, decided to donate a piece of land, the property of Mrs. Wilson, to the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Russellville, Ark.

This, they said, they wished left in as nearly its natural state as possible, to be preserved as a park and playground for children, as a memorial to them of the bravery of Southern womanhood. The tract consists of twenty acres on the crest of a hill just south of the little city of some six thousand souls. On one side it overlooks the city, on the other the Arkansas River, nearly a mile away. It is near the historic site of Old Dwight Mission and old Norristown, where there was a mission school for the Cherokees, founded in 1819. When the War between the States came on, Pope County was the scene of much hard skirmishing, even after the surrender, during carpetbagger days, and Pope County men and women earned a well-deserved reputation for bravery.

The Daughters accepted the tract with gratitude and set to work at the task of improving it. The Wilsons placed a monument on the crest of the hill and furnished available water. But there were no good roads leading to the park, so they had to begin grading the hill, building bridges over small gulches, and having the scrub timber cut out.

They made slow progress, for the Chapter numbers only fifty members, and labor is high; then some one suggested that it would be a splendid site for a State park, so the Chapter offered it to the State Daughters, believing that in union there is strength. It was accepted, and aid was promised toward making it a place of interest to these who will follow in our trail.

This past year two roads have been completed at a cost of over eight hundred dollars, a pavilion built, and other improvements made. Little help can be expected from the State Daughters for some time to come, so the local organization will have to proceed slowly unless outside aid is given.

It is desired to erect an imposing entrance, with the name, "Confederate Mothers' Park," wrought in iron or stone, so that he who runs may read and know that it stands as a silent tribute, a holy place, in a sense, to the ideals of noble womanhood and love of country.

On this playground, as the city grows rapidly to one of size, these children and their children will be taught to love and respect those who have labored and loved to make our Southland the home that it is to them. Already it is becoming a place where the citizens drive to sit under the shelter of the pines and talk over the old days of sacrifice and hardship, and none can visit the spot without being impressed.

Bird houses are being built by the boys of the town in an effort to make a bird sanctuary among the trees. Liberal citizens donated money and loaned teams for road work, and the county did its share. The Daughters feel that a good beginning has been made, but much remains to complete the beauty of the spot. If it can be sufficiently beautified in the near future, the local Rotary Club has promised to build a skyline drive along the ridge of mountain skirting the town, which will greatly enhance the convenience of the park as a show place.

Many tourists from all parts of the country pass through Russellville, for it lies at the gateway where hill and valley meet, and through the little city one must go to visit the great Diamond Cave in the mountains of an adjoining county. The scenery is beautiful around the little town; on one side a prairie; on the north, foothills of the Ozarks, back of the twinkling lights of a State District Agricultural College; south of Russellville lies the Arkansas River, flanked on either bank by bold bluffs, one called Dardanelle Rock, noted for its legends.

Across the river between Dardanelle and Russellville runs the longest pontoon bridge in the world, built some fifty years ago, and still the only means of portage, except a small ferry. Back of Dardanelle, rising majestically above the surrounding country, is Mount Nebo, around whose head the clouds gather in great billows on foggy mornings. Tradition tells that this section was traversed by De Soto and his men on their fruitless search for the sea.

This is a brief history of the beginning of "Confederate Mothers' Park" at Russellville, but who can say where its influence will end? At least, it shall not be said of us that we have forgotten the women who kept the home fires burning—when they could cut wood enough; and fed the sons of the men in gray—when they had corn to boil; and spun and wove and hoped and prayed, till the long struggle was over.

The Daughters are building for the future, and have laid a good foundation; they are deeply grateful for what help has been given: and if at some future time, the Sons of Veterans see fit to share their generosity toward a great, living, lasting memento to the mothers of the Confederacy, it will be greatly appreciated by both Daughters and the many visitors who will pass over the hill and "rest under the shade of the trees."

"Fewer and fewer, day by day,
Close up the ranks, O Men of Gray!
True, o'er the plain is heard no more
Musket's long rattle and cannon's roar;
Breathe ye no longer the battle smoke;
List ye not now to bullet's stroke,
Shrapnel's keen whistle, or bombshell crash;
See ye no more the bayonet's flash:
Still is death with ye, cold and grim,
Claiming the tribute all owe to him."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.

[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

REPORTS AND REFLECTIONS.

THE ASTIGMATIC LEAD THE BLIND.—While John Drinkwater's play "R. E. Lee" is totally and woefully at fault historically, it amuses a little to see the ignorance of our history which prevails among the dramatic writers for London papers, who, calmly unconscious of their own weakness, take Drinkwater to task for defects along other lines. The writer for the *London Chronicle* says, for instance, in reviewing the play: "We no longer see the simple emotions of the easily victorious side as in 'Cromwell' or 'Lincoln,' but the far more interesting point of view of the always losing and finally defeated side."

How much closer to fact this writer would have been had he said, "the interesting point of view of the *always winning* and finally defeated side!" Further he says: "Lincoln and Cromwell both disapproved of war. They went out to fight for the beliefs they were quite sure of and were therefore happy. General Lee was not. He held a commission in the United States army, and he only left it to become a Confederate and a rebel because he was a Southerner by birth." Lee unhappy as a Confederate and a rebel, forsooth! How do you like that, Mr. and Mrs. Southerner? Yet that is how Drinkwater impresses this London critic with his characterization of Robert E. Lee.

The critic of the *London Times* is worse: he is as ignorant as the *Chronicle* scribe, but tries to be facetious, and the result is painful. He speaks of a ball at the "Lee House, Arlington," where "even Lee dances" on the eve of secession and war. Later, he comments on the fighting at "Malvern House" and describes Stonewall Jackson as "the fiery one." Jefferson Davis impresses this critic as a "rather futile person" who, however, gets Lee, losing, to promise him to "stick it." A year later he shows Lee is forced to retreat and the futile Mr. Davis has to admit all is lost, but "Mr. Lincoln will be merciful."

This point of the play is where Drinkwater is most glaringly at fault historically in depicting Lee as "retreating" and trying to get into the shelter of the Petersburg trenches, when, in truth, Grant was struggling desperately to reach Richmond, promising to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," and at every point was confronted by Lee and checked and beaten with tremendous losses until at Cold Harbor the Union army stopped dead in its tracks, fought to a standstill. It was a period when the morale of the Army of Northern Virginia was never better nor its achievements more glorious. To depict it as a beaten and retreating, as well as despairing, body is beyond the latitude allowed poetic or dramatic license. And there is absolutely no excuse historically for an earlier depiction of Lee appealing to Davis as early as May, 1863, to ask Lincoln for terms of peace. These things not only totally misstate facts, but they completely reverse the facts of the case. Where a man writes historical drama he is allowed poetic and dramatic license and latitude, but not total obliteration of basic truths. A distinguished historical writer says to this department on this line: "After

such victories as the Wilderness and Chancellorsville, it is absurd to say the victorious general would advise his government to sue for peace. The slaughter of the Union soldiers in the campaign preceding Petersburg was so terrible that there was a great outcry at the North against Grant, and the North was full of peace talk. Davis and Lee held it to be their duty to strive for Southern independence as long as a possibility of the success of the cause remained."

WASHINGTON CAMP, S. C. V.—At a meeting of Washington Camp No. 305 S. C. V., of Washington, D. C., the following officers for the year 1923-24 were elected:

Commandant, John A. Chumbley, Washington.
First Lieutenant Commander, F. M. Lewis, Cherrydale, Va.
Second Lieutenant Commander, E. O. Pillow, Washington, D. C.

Quartermaster, W. P. Mansfield, Washington, D. C.

Adjutant, Frank F. Conway, Washington D. C.

Treasurer, Jesse Anthony, Washington, D. C.

Surgeon, Murray A. Russell, Washington, D. C.

Chaplain, Rev. A. R. Bird, Washington, D. C.

Historian, E. W. R. Ewing, Ballston, Va.

Color Bearer, James U. D. Briscoe, Hyattsville, Md.

This was the first meeting of the Camp since spring, and resolutions were passed deploring the death of President Harding, and a copy of these ordered sent to Mrs. Harding.

GENERAL ORDERS.—

Headquarters Army Tennessee Department S. C. V.
Lake Charles, La.

General Orders No. 1.

By virtue of my election as Commander of the Department of the Tennessee, S. C. V., by the General Executive Council in place of Comrade Ralston F. Green, resigned, I hereby officially announce the appointment of the following comrades as members of my staff for the Army of Tennessee Department.

Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Charles H. Winterhalter, Lake Charles, La.

Quartermaster, Col. John Z. Reardon, Tallahassee, Fla.

Inspector, George B. Bolling, Memphis, Tenn.

Commissary, H. B. Richardson, New Orleans, La.

Judge Advocate, Gov. W. W. Brandon, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Surgeon, Dr. L. F. Lario, Baton Rouge, La.

Historian, John Ashley Jones, Atlanta, Ga.

Chaplain, Dr. Battle McLester, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Assistant Department Adjutants: J. J. Slappey, Roanoke, Ala.; Y. R. Beazley, Tampa, Fla.; W. W. Stenbridge, Milledgeville, Ga.; W. J. Snow, New Orleans, La.; James B. Irvine, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Assistant Department Commissaries: R. Low Reynolds, Atlanta, Ga.; Dr. Richard S. Kramer, Jennings La.; J. P. Cagle, Louisville, Miss.; B. W. Griffith, Vicksburg, Miss.; E. S. Kendrick, Bristol, Tenn.

Assistant Department Quartermasters: Edgar O. McCord, Gadsden, Ala.; Jackson Brandon, Pensacola, Fla.; Albert L. Almand, Atlanta, Ga.; W. L. Atkinson, Arcadia, La.; R. L. Tucker, Holly Springs, Miss.

Assistant Department Inspectors: Demps A. Oden, Birmingham, Ala.; Dexter M. Lowry, Tallahassee, Fla.; A. D. Krenson, Savannah, Ga.; H. H. Mobley, Alexandria, La.; J. Bailey Wray, Knoxville, Tenn.

Assistant Department Judge Advocates: Judge Bernard Harwood, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; D. S. Sanford, Milledgeville, Ga.; Edmund Maurin, Donaldsonville, La.; A. M. Feltus, Natchez, Miss.; A. L. Kirkpatrick, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Assistant Department Surgeons: Dr. E. P. Lacey, Bessemer, Ala.; Dr. Henry E. Palmer, Tallahassee, Fla.; Dr. W. M. Dunn, Atlanta, Ga.; Dr. G. L. Gardiner, Crowley, La.; Dr. S. W. Johnston, Vicksburg, Miss.

Assistant Department Historians: Thomas Dozier, Birmingham, Ala.; Luther Martin, Arcadia, Fla.; E. A. Jackson, Lafayette, Ga.; P. C. Willis, Shreveport, La.; Dr. W. T. Bolton, Biloxi, Miss.

Assistant Department Chaplains: Elijah Crawford, Fort Payne, Ala.; E. B. Calhoun, Pensacola, Fla.; R. E. McMillian, Rockmart, Ga.; Rev. G. B. Hines, Lake Charles, La.; Rev. C. E. Woodson, Vicksburg, Miss.

By Order of:

LUCIUS L. MOSS,
*Commander, Tennessee Department,
Sons of Confederate Veterans.*

Official:

WALTER L. HOPKINS,
Adjutant In Chief, S. C. V.

Official:

CHARLES H. WINTERHALER,
Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

Headquarters Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V.,
Vinita Okla.

General Orders No. 1.

By virtue of my reelection as Commander for the Trans-Mississippi Department, S. C. V., at the twenty-seventh convention and reunion of the Sons organization at New Orleans, I hereby officially announce the appointment of the following comrades as members of my staff for the Trans-Mississippi Department S. C. V.

Department Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Earl Walker, Vinita, Okla.

Assistant Department Adjutants: John H. Hardin, Independence, Mo.; G. S. McFall, Star City, Ark.; J. C. Carrington, Bay City, Tex.; John H. Robertson, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Fining E. Stockton, Ozark, Ark.

Department Quartermaster, W. S. Patton, Houston, Tex.

Assistant Department Quartermasters: John H. Hardin, Independence, Mo.; D. F. Wade, Lexington, Tex.; Joe H. Ford, Wagoner, Okla.; William Warren, St. Louis, Mo.; W. E. Broughton, Warren, Ark.

Department Inspector, H. C. Francisco, Marshall, Mo.

Assistant Department Inspectors: L. A. Morton, Duncan, Okla.; F. P. Wood, Port Arthur, Tex.; B. B. Guthrie, East Prairie, Mo.; Robert D. Lee, Little Rock, Ark.; R. E. Sharp, Duncan, Okla.

Department Commissary, B. E. Williams, Piggott, Ark.

Assistant Department Commissaries: G. D. Mitchell, East Prairie, Mo.; D. C. Giddings, Jr., Brenham, Tex.; M. C. Haycock, Wilburton, Okla.; Joseph Shelby, Independence, Mo.; W. S. May, Little Rock, Ark.

Department Judge Advocate, W. Scott Hancock, St. Louis, Mo.

Assistant Department Judge Advocates: Judge E. B. Lobb, Lufkin, Tex.; James E. Hogue, Little Rock, Ark.; Dr. L. C. DeWoody, Hot Springs, Ark.; Judge L. S. Britt, El Dorado, Ark.; Charles M. Clark, Arkadelphia, Ark.

Department Surgeon, Dr. F. O. Mahony, El Dorado, Ark.

Assistant Department Surgeons: Dr. J. L. Martain, Beaumont, Tex.; Dr. E. M. Moseley, Rusk, Tex.; Dr. D. B. Stough, Vinita, Okla.; R. D. Alexander, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. W. A. Pickins, Bentonville, Ark.

Department Chaplain, Rev. Randolph Clark, Cisco, Tex.

Assistant Department Chaplains: Rev. Forney Hutchison,

Oklahoma City, Okla.; Rev. A. A. Few, Jasper, Tex.; Rev. R. H. Howard, Holderville, Okla.; Rev. A. J. Martin, East Prairie, Mo.; Rev. C. G. Elliott, Arkadelphia, Ark.

Department Historian, Judge James I. Phelps, El Reno, Okla.

Assistant Department Historians: Elgin H. Blalock, Jacksonville, Tex.; John J. Ball, Orange, Tex.; W. H. Sitton, Duncan, Okla.; Norman Lincoln, St. Louis, Mo.; John E. Harris, El Dorado, Ark.

JAMES S. DAVENPORT,

Commander Trans-Mississippi Department S. C. V.,

Vinita, Okla.

Official:

WALTER L. HOPKINS,
Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V.

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD MEMORIAL AGAIN.—Communications from Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, former Historian in Chief S. C. V., and President now of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park, Inc., show encouraging progress and development in the work of transforming this spot, where Southern arms achieved two remarkable victories, into a memorial worthy of their bright deeds. However, no narrow sectionalism prompts the efforts of these patriotic men, for the literature of the Park says: "The Park is distinctly a tribute to all Confederate soldiers and to the women of the South at the time of that war but will be also dedicated to the memory of the soldiers of both armies who fell on the fields of First and Second Manassas, both of which were brilliant Southern victories."

The officers of the Manassas Confederate Memorial Park Inc., are: Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Ballston, Va. President; J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C., Secretary; Col. E. B. White, Leesburg, Va., Treasurer; Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Washington, D. C., Director and Chairman Finance Board; Mrs. Albion W. Tuck, Washington, D. C., First Vice President; Mrs. H. L. Simpson, Pensacola, Fla., Second Vice President.

All of these are prominently associated with the United Daughters of the Confederacy or the Sons of Confederate Veterans organizations and are active in Confederate works. Included in the Finance Board are such people of prominence as Hon. R. Walton Moore; Hon. C. Bascom Slemph, Secretary to President Coolidge; Col. W. McDonald Lee, Commander in Chief S. C. V.; and Mrs. M. M. Lee, widow of the late Col. Robert E. Lee. Anyone who is interested in this patriotic work can help if they will write to Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Counsel, Reclamation Division, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., and literature of a descriptive nature will be sent any inquirer.

ATTENTION, HISTORY CLASS!

A good friend in Georgia writes that her grandson told her some time ago that in his history class the subject for the day was President Jackson, and his teacher said he was sometimes called "Stonewall." "No," said I, "Stonewall Jackson was never President. He was the great Stonewall Jackson of the Confederate army. My grandma told me all about him, and that war too." The teacher replied: "Jack, I will look this up." This is along the line of the ignorance which John N. Ware brought out in his Memorial Day address (see VETERAN for August, page 289).

SURVIVORS OF QUANTRELL'S BAND.

The twenty-sixty reunion of survivors of Quantrell's Band was held at Wallace's Grove, on Independence Road, Kansas City, Mo., on September 14, with four of that famous command as the star guests. For sixteen years they have been meeting at that place annually, and Miss Lizzie Wallace is there to greet each grizzled old warrior. There were seven of them in 1922. The four who are left are:

George M. Noland, 2526 Spruce Street, Kansas City, secretary of the Association, 78 years old, who joined Quantrell when he was sixteen years old.

John Tyler Burns, 83, Mount Washington, who joined Quantrell early in the war, when he was twenty years old, and who remained with him until Quantrell went eastward with his men at the close of the war.

Capt. John Hicks George, 85, Oak Grove, who commanded one of the companies under Quantrell. Frank James was in Captain George's company. Jesse James was in "Bill" Anderson's company.

"Lazy" John Brown, 89, Oak Grove, who joined Quantrell when he was seventeen years old, because "the Yankees would not let him alone."

These comrades are hale specimens of Confederate veterans, ever ready to reminisce and tell anecdotes, as are all comrades when they meet after long separation. As soon as one has his say, another launches forth.

"After the war they disfranchised us," Noland said. "So for four years I registered at Independence as 'George N. Noland, one of Quantrell's horse thieves.'"

Captain George was stirred to recollection, too.

"The tightest place I ever got in was when the 'red legs' caught me," he said. "They said I had to tell them where Quantrell was. If I told them they let on as how it would be easy for me. And if I didn't tell, I was a dead man. Well, I didn't tell. Of course they strung me up and left me for dead."

"But, you are alive, to-day," said Miss Lizzie Wallace.

"Yep," said Captain George. "Didn't kill me, but it killed the tree."

FIRST—AND LAST.

In sending some notes on the annual reunion of the North Carolina Division, Commander E. R. Harris of the Scales-Boyd Camp, Reidsville, N. C., refers to a suggestion brought up during that meeting, which was that comrades have the privilege, at the general reunions, of relating before the convention some of their personal experiences during the war. He adds—for the North Carolina troops: "We saw the men who fired the first gun at Bethel Church, and the last one fired at Appomattox was by a comrade of mine, John L. Lyon, of Company G, 14th Regiment North Carolina Troops, Gen. W. R. Cox's Brigade, which made the last charge at Appomattox. He and I were together behind an old barn, we being two of seventeen who volunteered to protect a piece of field artillery; fifteen of us were captured, Lyon and I dodging behind the old barn, and we fired several times after the surrender. I surrender the credit, if any there be, to him, but am sure one of us did the last firing there. The State of North Carolina erected a nice monument to the honor of Cox's Brigade and a slab to the memory of the seventeen men who volunteered to save that gun. At Appomattox there is a monument on which is chiseled: 'To the memory of North Carolina soldiers. First at Bethel, Furthest at Gettysburg and Chickamauga, and last at Appomattox.' Some comrades

objected to this, but in his address of welcome on the occasion of dedicating the monument in 1905, forty years after the surrender, Governor Montague, of Virginia, told the objectors that this inscription was taken from the war records and was true; that it seemed to him North Carolina was at all times at the right place at the right time to accomplish something.

We see very little in the VETERAN from North Carolina, yet she furnished more soldiers, lost more killed and wounded, and surrendered more than any other State in the South, and since the war she has been too busy building up and developing her resources to think of her past deeds. By the way, she has accomplished more, and now stands at the head of the list of progressive States of the South."

A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

The Confederate veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy of Los Angeles, Calif., have organized a Monument Association to secure funds for the erection of a Confederate monument in Los Angeles that will be an ornament to the beautiful city, will reflect credit on the South, and honor the brave soldiers that offered up their lives in behalf of our loved Southland. Hundreds of them have died, and others will die, in the Golden West, all of them loyal and patriotic and deserving of having their memory perpetuated in marble as have those still in the Southern States. We appeal to all who hold the Confederate soldier dear in their hearts, asking aid. We earnestly and confidently solicit liberal contributions for this most worthy and patriotic work of love, thereby insuring the early erection of this much-needed and greatly deserved memorial. Subscriptions may be sent to Maj. Gen. William Cole Harrison, Commander Pacific Division U. C. V., 837 South Lake Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Refund of money is guaranteed if monument is not erected.

"THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

In the absence of Mrs. R. P. Holt, Chairman Committee on Publicity, the Managing Editor is glad to report the best progress in the past month that has yet been made in the fulfilling of the St. Louis pledge in regard to the distribution of "Women of the South."

Since the previous report, when it was announced by wire to the VETERAN that West Virginia was the first Division to go over the top under the leadership of Mrs. Edwin Robinson, three other Divisions have distributed their quotas in the order named: Ohio, New York, and Maryland. The directors of these Divisions are, respectively: Mrs. Perry V. Shoe, Mrs. W. R. Marshall, and Mrs. Clayton Hoyle, and they are to be heartily congratulated in having finished their work. Possibly there may be others by the time this report is in print.

Through Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson an order came from the Mississippi Division for fifty copies, this being the beginning of that State to wipe out its quota of 600.

In addition to Mississippi, Georgia has been showing signs of exceptional activity. Publicity contributions have come in from several of the States as follows: From the Dixie Chapter, Washington, D. C., \$1; from West Virginia Division, \$3; from Illinois Division, \$5; from Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of Frederick, Md., \$1; from Huntington Chapter, of Huntington, W. Va., \$1; from John F. Hickey Chapter, of Hyattsville, Md., \$1.

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Mail orders filled promptly. You deal direct with the factory. Inquiries invited.

PETTIBONE'S, CINCINNATI

THE RULING PASSION

Old Master tells it:

Po' ol' Mammy Jane lay ill in her bed She must have good food, the doctor said.

There came by chance the friend in need, Heard the prescription, said: "Yes, indeed.

Mammy must have a nice little chick, Mammy's grandson must go for one quick,

There must not be the least delay— And right here was the dollar to pay!"— No sooner the lady's good-by was said Than Mammy called feebly from her bed:

"Here, boy, come gimme dat dollar, I say—

An' go get dat chicken—in de natchal way!"

—*Martha Young in "Minute Dramas."*

In order to secure a pension, Carlton Ashworth, of Wills Point, Tex. (R. F. D. No. 6), appeals to comrades of Forrest's command for proof of his service. He belonged to Company I, 1st Confederate Cavalry, under command of Colonel Cox, Captain Bettis, and First Lieutenant Estes. He joined the army at sixteen years of age, was in the battle of Franklin, and later captured. Comrades will please help him out.

Col. W. B. Woody, Commander of Camp Sam Davis No. 1169 U. C. V., of Rockdale, Tex., is interested in securing some information of one T. V. Browning, a Confederate soldier who located in Texas after the war, investing in lands about Houston, it is understood from his letters to his people. He died in Texas, many years ago, and this inquiry is in the interest of locating his property. Anyone knowing when and where he died will kindly communicate with Colonel Woody promptly.

WORTH PRESERVING.

The tang of fall was in the air as the Al G. Field band, in their new tan uniforms trimmed with black, drew up in circle formation in front of the Methodist Publishing House on a sunshiny day in early September. An "old-timer" and a "newcomer," attracted by strains of the march, looked down on the crowd and the big bright horns and the small boys upon whom the honor of acting as music stands had fallen.

"Do you know the story back of this annual serenade?" said the O. T. to the N. C. as the plaintive notes of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" floated up to the listeners.

"No. What is it?" asked the N. C. with a hint of interest.

"Well, it's a tale of two friends, and it is worth preserving just to warm your heart when you get to feeling that this is a cold world.

"It might begin 'once upon a time,' for it was a good many years ago that Al G. Field, of minstrel fame, and Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, met at a hotel and liked each other so well that they continued the friendship. Every year when the Field company came to Nashville the band marched up to the Methodist Publishing House, accompanied by Mr. Field in a carriage, and, while the band took its stand in front and played the old Southern airs of which Mr. Cunningham was so fond, the two friends visited in the VETERAN office in the Publishing House. It came to be an annual event expected by the whole Publishing House force, which always furnished a large audience, for the concert usually took place around the noon hour. Some of the new pieces were played, but the old ones were never forgotten, and always at some time during the half hour the stirring strains of 'Dixie' brought the cheers.

"Some years ago the genial editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN laid down his pen for the last time; but his faithful friend, Al G. Field, paid his visit to the office when September came around, and the band voiced the lament of one friend for the other.

"A few more years passed, and Al G. Field slipped away to join his friend, but there is still a son-in-law of Al G. Field at the head of the company, and annually when September comes around old-timers and new comers at the Methodist Publishing House listen to the sweet old airs and rehearse the story of the two men who found something so

Deafness

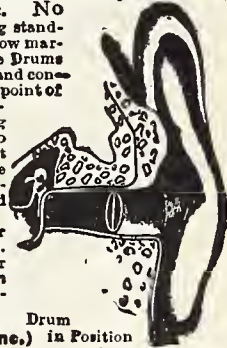
From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!



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fine and true in each other that the whirl of business is stopped for a time to commemorate affection in strains of music."—*From the House Publication, Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.*

MONEY IN OLD LETTERS

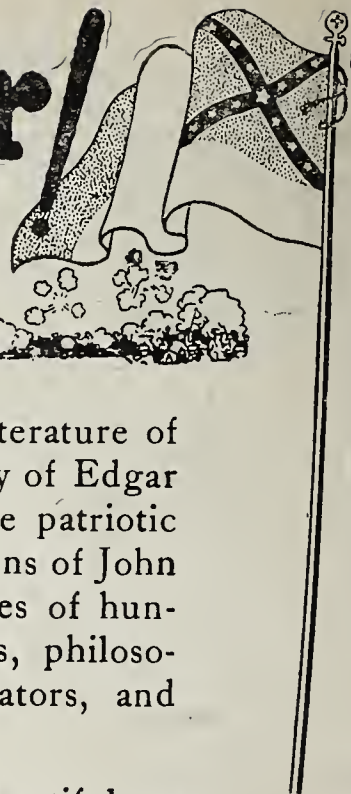
Look in that old trunk up in the garret. It may contain some old letters. Old used Confederate and old United States postage stamps up to 1890 are valuable. Please be sure to leave the stamps on the envelopes, as I pay more for them that way. Write me what you find. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York City.

Claude B. Calhoun, of Marlow, Okla., wants to get in communication with any surviving member of the 2nd Arkansas Cavalry, Captain Oliver's company, of Colonel McMurtrey's Battalion, to which he and his brother, Joe Calhoun, belonged.

Miss Alice Vance Robinson, of Seattle, Wash., wishes to learn the parentage of James Thomas, of Edgefield, or Abbeville, S. C. He had a brother, John Harris Thomas, also an uncle, McKinley Thomas. Replies may be sent to the VETERAN,

Furl that banner!

"FURL THAT BANNER! TRUE, 'TIS GORY,
YET 'TIS WREATHED AROUND WITH GLORY,
AND 'T WILL LIVE IN SONG AND STORY,
THOUGH ITS FOLDS ARE IN THE DUST."



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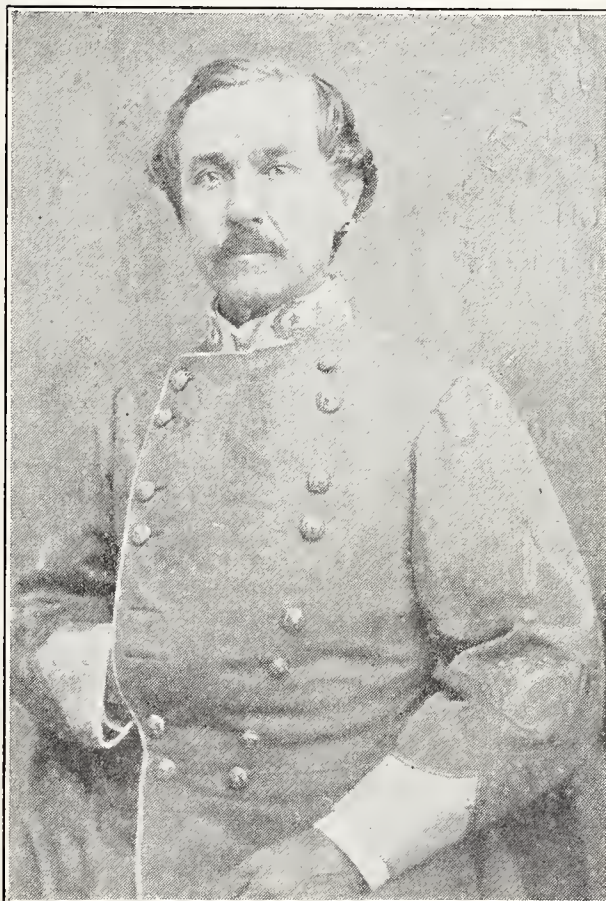
Confederate Veteran.

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VOL. XXXI.

DECEMBER, 1923

NO. 12



GEN. JOSEPH R. ANDERSON, C. S. A.
(See page 448.)

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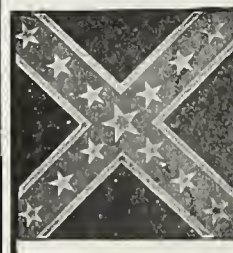
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James P. Coffin, of Batesville, Ark., who served with Company I, 2d Tennessee Cavalry (Col. Henry M. Ashby), would be glad to hear from any of his old comrades or any survivors of the brigade.

Judge H. D. Wood, 707 1/2 Main Street, Dallas, Tex., makes inquiry for a book published in Richmond, Va., in 1876, on "The Woman in Battle," which gives the exploits of a woman who donned male attire and served in the Confederate army as "Lieut. Harry T. Buford." If she is not living, he wants to know if she left any heirs.

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Comrades: The monument to Jefferson Davis at his birth-place, Fairview, Ky., will be dedicated next June. Work to this end has occupied my time, and it is gratifying to make this report.

A message of Christmas greetings to my comrades and the women of the South, whose unselfish devotion to us has been ever abiding. May we be glad in our own hearts and bring joy to the hearts of others in the season celebrating the birth of the Christ-child. To one and all a sincere appreciation.

W. B. HALDEMAN, *Commander in Chief U. C. V.*

LLOYD GEORGE AT AMERICAN SHRINES.

With Lloyd George's words at the tomb of Abraham Lincoln echoing through the columns of every American newspaper, this excerpt from a recent editorial article in the *Springfield Republican* is most apposite:

"There is another tomb not far from the city of Washington that is never visited by the distinguished visitors from abroad, and that is the tomb of Gen. Robert E. Lee in the chapel of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va. Yet the weight of European military judgment probably inclines to the opinion that Lee was the greatest soldier America has produced. More than that—and surprising in its implications—is Gamaliel Bradford's recent statement in a review of John Drinkwater's play on the Southern general, that Lee now takes on the magnificent dimensions of 'one of the grandest figures in American history—all things considered, perhaps, the grandest.'

"Perhaps the grandest' of Americans—such is Bradford's arresting and challenging opinion of General Lee. If that judgment is sound, it will in time become generally accepted by our own people and, in the future, our distinguished visitors from abroad may include the tomb of Lee in their itinerary of American shrines. But until American opinion as a whole coincides with Mr. Bradford's, the Balfours, Clemenceaus, Fochses and Lloyd Georges will stay away from Lexington, Va.

"Possibly Mr. Bradford used the word 'grandest' in a sense that carries an entirely different meaning from 'great-

est.' Yet this tribute to Lee from his pen implies nothing that is inconsistent with true greatness:

"You feel the power in infinite patience, the magnificent energy under more magnificent control; above all, the combination of simplicity and dignity, the untroubled inner spiritual aristocracy, coupled with the most perfect democracy the world has ever seen in the absolute forgetfulness of self for the service of others."

TAUGHT BY A BRITISHER.

The following comes from John Reeves, of Charleston, S. C.:

"The September *VETERAN* contained an admirable and illuminating article on the genesis of the submarine in Charleston during the War between the States and the heroism of Dixon and the men who accompanied him in the assaults on the blockading vessels. At the end of the article is a bit of verse predicated on ex-President Wilson's expression 'too proud to fight' written by Bowers, a Britisher, who was a student of our war, a 'Sailor's View' of the fighting qualities of the Yankees on both sides.

"After reading the article, I sent it to a kinsman in the United States navy, thinking the article would interest him. It did; and my sending it to him was a striking coincidence, from the fact that Bowers, the writer of the verse, was a particular friend of his, and it was my kinsman J. S. K. Reeves, who was instrumental in having the verse printed in the *Literary Digest*.

"I am inclosing part of a letter written by him on the subject:

"My Dear Cousin John: I received the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. When you mailed it you had no idea of the thrill it would produce. I was on the Delaware during the world war. We were operating with the British Grand Fleet in the North Sea. One of my best friends was Lieutenant Commander John Bowers, in command of the British submarine K-12. I took a lot of magazines to him and in the back of a *Literary Digest* were some of Bowers's poems copied from the *Blackwood*. I sent the *Literary Digest* a copy of all of Bowers's poems, which that magazine printed, including the one quoted in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. So I was the one who had the "Sailor's View" published. It seemed queer you should have sent it to me.

"Bowers is now connected with the Admiralty in London. You will be surprised to know that a 'Britisher' should have been the one to write of Dixon and his men. I want to say that what Bowers knew of our Confederate navy would put you and me to shame."

"TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES."

This picture is of two little Southern boys of Baltimore, Md., Henry Phelps Brooks IV., and Thomas Boggs Brooks, five and three years of age. "They are valiant little 'Johnny

Rebs," writes their grandmother, "and love nothing so much as hearing the story of the 'Princess of the Moon,' a book dedicated to the children of the South, and which was presented to me by Mr. Jefferson Davis, with his signature on one of his visits in my father's home. This picture was the conception of the elder of these little boys of the fourth generation of Confederates.



He got together the 'uniforms' and posed himself and baby brother, and gave the picture the title of 'Two Little Confederates,' which is conclusive that camp fires of memory are being kept bright with the ideals of that never-to-be-forgotten cause."

The great-grandfather of these boys was Judge Jeremiah Wathins Clapp, of Memphis, Tenn., a member from Mississippi of the Confederate Congress, and he was also on the committee of three for cotton in the same period, the others being L. Q. C. Lamar and Jacob Thompson. Their grandmother, Mrs. John L. Steele, Washington, D. C., is the youngest child of Judge Clapp, a member of the Hilary Herbert Chapter U. D. C., and active in its work. She is also an American Legionnaire for her work during the world war.

WHY HE WOULD BE A CONFEDERATE.

A pathetic story is told of a little Southerner with his mother in a Brooklyn theater, when the play was "Held by the Enemy."

During a brief intermission he asked, "What did the Yankees fight for, mother?"

"For the Union, darling," was the answer.

Just then the curtain fell, and the orchestra struck up "Marching through Georgia." An expression filled with painful memories brought up by the air swept over the sad face of the mother.

After a brief pause the little fellow asked, "What did the Confederates fight for, mother?"

The second question was hardly asked before the music changed, and the ever-thrilling strains of "Home, Sweet Home" flooded the house with its depth of untold melody and pathos.

"Do you hear what they are playing?" she whispered. "That is what the Confederates fought for, darling."

Then he asked quite eagerly, "Did they fight for their homes?"

"Yes, dear; they fought for their homes."

Was it the touch of sorrow in the mother's voice? was it the pathos of the soft, sweet notes of "Home, Sweet Home?" or was it the intuition of right? No matter. The little boy looked up at his mother with adoring eyes, burst into a flood of tears, and, clasping his arms around her protectingly, sobbed out: "O mother, I will be a Confederate!"

The mother's tears mingled silently with those of her true-hearted boy as she pressed him to her heart and repeated softly:

"Yes, they stood for home and honor;
Yes, they fought for freedom's name."

PETTIGREW'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

Down the hillside we sweep,
(Ready, ready!)
Time with our heart throbs we keep,
(Steady, steady!)

Hark to the cannon's boom,
Tones of thunder,
Stern as the trump of doom,
Souls to sunder.

Swing we across the vale,
Quicksteps ever,
Metting the deadly hail,
Falter, never.

God! how they mow us down
Dear Christ save—
Glory? a soldier's crown?
Aye, then the grave!

Close up the ranks again,
Forward! Forward!
Foes dare to call these men,
Never coward.

What be the need of it?
Shock on shock.
Hurling a Death at Fate,
Storming a rock!

Back now the way they came,
Mourn, ah, mourn!
Back now but not in shame,
Heroes return.

—Mrs. F. L. Townsend.

Mt. Airy, N. C.

A comrade writes that the Missouri Legislature passes a liberal pension appropriation each session, and the governor vetoes it. Why?

THE CROMWELL OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

BY MRS. NANCY NORTH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The remarkable personality of Stonewall Jackson and his extraordinary character produced an impression upon his soldiers which remains to this day, for the like of whom we must go back to the times of Cromwell. He might have been one of "Cromwell's Ironsides," who feared no one but God, since he made war with a tremendous vigor and yet, morning and evening, had prayers in his tent, as if he were chaplain instead of the general of the army.

As an instance of the personality and influence of this great commander upon his soldiers, a Confederate veteran has related this incident in his own experience. Many years after the war, he, in company with the former chief of staff to General Beauregard, happened to be on a business errand in the Shenandoah Valley. At the close of the day they found



E. S. FAGG, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL U. C. V.

E. S. Fagg, appointed Assistant Adjutant General on staff of Gen. H. B. Halde-
man, Commander in Chief U. C. V., with rank of Brigadier General, has the
distinction of having served on the staff of two Commanders in Chief, and also
on the staff of the Commander in Chief G. A. R., the only Southern man who
has ever had this honor. General Fagg comes from a soldier family. His great
grandfather, John Fagg, was a chaplain in the Revolutionary War and was
killed in the battle of Guilford Courthouse. General Fagg, of the Mexican
War, was of the same family. Hotel men in every State of the Union know E.
S. Fagg as one of the most efficient and obliging caterers in the business. His
friends, and they are legion, know his interest in the U. C. V. will be greater
than ever and feel sure he will wear his honors worthily.

themselves at the foot of the mountains, in a wild and lonely
place, where was no village, not even a house, save a rough
shanty for the use of the trackwalker on the railroad. It was
not an attractive spot for rest, but rather suggestive of the
suspicious characters that lurk in out-of-the-way places; yet
they were forced to pass the night in this solitary cabin, in
which they sat down to such a supper as could be provided in
this desolate wilderness. When the keeper of the station
came in and took his seat at the head of the table, a bear out
of the woods could hardly have been rougher than he. With
his unshaven beard and unkempt hair, he answered the type
of the border ruffian whose appearance suggests the dark
deeds that might be done there and hidden in the gloom of
the forest. Imagine their astonishment when this rough
backwoodsman rapped on the table and bowed his head!
"And such a prayer!" said this veteran. "Never did I hear a
petition that more evidently came from the heart. It was so
simple and reverent, tender and full of humility and thank-
fulness to the Giver of all good. We sat in silence, and as soon
as I could recover myself, I whispered to my friend; 'Who
can he be? To which he replied: 'I don't know, but he must
have been one of old Stonewall's soldiers.' And he was.
As we walked out into the open air, I accosted our new ac-
quaintance and, after a few questions about the country,
asked: 'Were you in the war?' 'O, yes,' he said with a smile,
'I was out with old Stonewall.' Here, then, was one of that
famous Stonewall Brigade, whose valor was proved on so many
battle fields. Such was the class of men—white with years
and scarred with wounds—who, on the anniversary of the
battle of Manassas a few years ago, thronged the hilltop at
Lexington and wept at the unveiling of the monument which
recalled their great commander."

Jackson's religious convictions were so much a part of his
nature that his men soon imbibed these principles and came
in this way to share his own zeal and faith, thus he acquired
over the most unbelieving the power which is so strikingly
suggested in the lines of the celebrated ballad, "Stonewall
Jackson's Way":

Silence, ground arms! Kneel all, caps off!
Old Blue Light's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff—
Attention! Its his way!

Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God!
"Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod,
Amen!" That's Stonewall's way!

It was thus that Cromwell acquired over his thousands a
power which made them greater and stronger than a host.
In making up his "Ironsides," Cromwell sought to band to-
gether a few men who had the fear of God before them and
would make some conscience of what they did. Jackson had
that faith, and it made him the Cromwell of his time.

David W. Campbell, of Crockett, Tex., now eighty-two
years of age, served with Company K, of the 20th Mississippi
Regiment, Chalmers's Brigade, Loring's Division. His
company left Kosciusko, Miss., on the 15th of July, 1861,
stopped at Iuka to drill, then to Lynchburg, Va., and on
West Virginia, to White Sulphur Springs, under General
Floyd; was with Bragg in Kentucky, Hood at Franklin,
captured at Nashville, went to Camp Douglas; released the
20th of June, 1865, and got home on the 28th. He wants to
hear from any of his old comrades.

GENERAL LEE'S PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE
OF MARYLAND.

(From the *Baltimore Sun*.)

Declaring that he was bringing his army into Maryland upon a friendly mission and guaranteeing to each individual the right of opinion and conduct, Gen. Robert E. Lee issued from Shepherdstown a proclamation "to the people of Maryland," which never reached the readers for whom it was intended.

Sixty-one years ago, on September 8, 1862, three men of Frederick—William Johnson Ross, George Murdock Potts, and Charles Worthington Ross—were placed under arrest by the provost marshal of the Union army, then in one of its spasmodic controls of the city of Frederick. These men were arrested because the women of their family had prepared for distribution among the Confederate prisoners confined within the Union lines boxes of dainties and necessities. Upon the person of one of these men was the Lee proclamation. Realizing the importance of the paper, as well as the danger incurred in carrying it, it was quietly dropped upon the walk in front of their home and a woman member of the family recovered it.

At this time the Union army, under General Banks, was approaching Frederick from Hagerstown. Coming in advance were stories of depredation by this army. The valuables of the Ross family were hurriedly gotten together and sent to the home of two friends who were in sympathy with the Northern view. The Ross family were recognized as the leaders of the Southern activities in Frederick, and the same day their house was searched from garret to cellar for incriminating papers. A few days later a carriage left Frederick for Baltimore, carrying the silver and valuables of the Ross family to their connection in this city.

Securely hidden in the bottom of a jewel case was the proclamation of General Lee, to these Southern sympathizers by far the most valuable of all their possessions. A few days later the Southern army came sweeping into Frederick. One of the first arrivals was a commanding officer of the division, Bradley Johnson. His coming returned confidence to the Frederick people, and the proclamation of General Lee was overlooked. It was intended for publication in the *Frederick Times*. Coincident with the arrest of the Rosses and Potts, the editor of that paper was also placed in confinement.

For sixty-one years almost the proclamation has remained hidden away and forgotten in the Ross family. A short time ago, in the overhauling of some papers, it was brought to light. There has been a dispute as to whom it should belong, and but few members of this old Maryland family know where the paper is to-day. It was upon the promise that its hiding place should not be revealed that the paper was loaned to the *Sun* for publication.

In a diary kept by a Frederick woman during the war days the story of the arrest of the three men was graphically described. This lady was a witness to the whole transaction, and she it was who saw the paper dropped and called from her window to the Ross house, telling that family they would find a paper beside the front gate.

It is typical of the love and feeling that General Lee had for the people of Maryland that he should have caused, or in all probability did it himself, the line drawn through the word "Official" and "Charles Marshall," "Major A. D. C." General Lee evidently felt in writing this proclamation that he should make the appeal as man to man and not as a commander of an invading army.

The proclamation follows:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
NEAR FREDERICKTOWN, 8th Sept., 1862.

To the people of Maryland:

"It is right that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as that purpose concerns yourselves.

"The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties.

"They have seen with profound indignation their sister States deprived of every right and reduced to the condition of a conquered province.

"Under the pretense of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned upon no charge and contrary to all forms of law; the faithful and manly protest against this outrage made by the venerable and illustrious Marylander, to whom, in better days, no citizen appealed for right in vain, was treated with scorn and contempt; the government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of the press and of speech has been suppressed; words have been declared offenses by an arbitrary decree of the Federal Executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by a military commission for what they may dare to speak.

"Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore independence and sovereignty to your State.

"In obedience to this wish, our army has come among you and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been despoiled.

"This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission, so far as you are concerned.

"No constraint upon your free will is intended, no intimidation will be allowed.

"Within the limits of this army, at least, Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech.

"We know no enemies among you and will protect all of every opinion.

"It is for you to decide your destiny, freely and without constraint.

"This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be, and while Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome when you come of your own free will.

R. E. LEE, *General Commanding*."

Official:

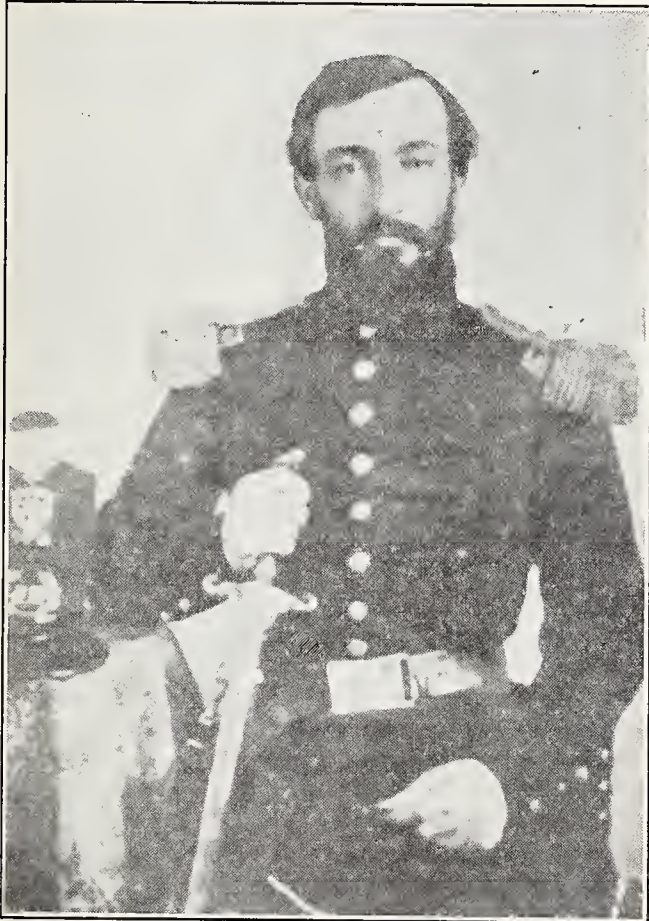
CHARLES MARSHALL,
Major A. D. C.

Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

MEDICAL DIRECTOR OF LEE'S ARMY.

Dr. LaFayette Guild, famous Alabama soldier-physician, who served as Medical Director and Chief Surgeon of the Army of Northern Virginia, has been named as the man who best can typify the work of the Medical Corps of the Confederate armies on the great memorial to the Southern cause now being carved from the granite face of Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Ga.



DR. LAFAYETTE GUILD.

Dr. Guild is remembered by his former comrades as one of the most valiant of the Southern leaders, for his battles against odds for the lives of General Lee's sick and wounded troops contributed greatly to the string of victories which preceded the fall at Appomattox. His soldierly figure in the Stone Mountain bas-relief will not only do honor to the corps which he organized, but will constitute a deserved tribute to the outstanding service, the splendid character, and self-sacrificing patriotism of Lee's noted surgeon.

A native of Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dr. Guild had received an appointment as a medical officer in the regular army of the United States a number of years prior to the War between the States. He was later commissioned surgeon and assigned to the Pacific Coast Division of the army under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. With the outbreak of war between the States, Surgeon Guild, together with General Johnston and other Southern officers, resigned his commission and made the long transcontinental journey to join the colors of the Confederacy.

His first post as a surgeon in the Southern armies was that of Inspector of Hospitals. His was the vital task of organizing the chain of hospitals which soon were to harbor an ever-increasing army of sick and wounded soldiers.

A trained soldier as well as a kindly physician, Surgeon

Guild soon was in demand on the northern front, where, because of the rapid movements of the armies, a well-administered ambulance service became imperative. On the battle field near Seven Pines during the climax of the Peninsula campaign, and just after General Lee had succeeded the wounded Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Lee turned to one of his aides: "Where is Dr. Guild?" he asked, "Tell him to report to me in person." When the surgeon arrived, General Lee handed him his commission as chief surgeon and medical director of the army. He held this post under steadily increasing pressure of his duties until the surrender at Appomattox.

The task of keeping adequate ambulance and field hospital service with the Army of Northern Virginia was one of the most stupendous of the war, but it was only one phase of Surgeon Guild's work. Lee's army was fighting continually, moving continually, and when the winters would check military activity and the consequent stream of new wounded, disease would creep into the camps and further complicate the situation faced by the medical staff. Drugs and anesthetics were almost unobtainable because of the Federal blockade; ambulances were scarce, horses were scarce.

One of his greatest achievements was that of handling the train of wounded after Gettysburg, when a less efficient medical staff would have meant the loss of thousands who lived to make the last stand around Petersburg. After the cessation of hostilities, it was estimated that for every soldier who laid down his arms at Appomattox at least six had passed through the kindly hands of Lee's efficient medical corps.

So great were Surgeon Guild's labors during Lee's vigorous campaigns that, like General Lee and others who had taken part in the supreme effort, he found his health broken. But, following the example of his noble chieftain, he plunged into a new work, that of restoring a homeland which war had torn asunder. He accepted a post as quarantine inspector for the port of Mobile, and with all of the energy he could summon plunged into an almost single-handed fight against yellow fever. This campaign was crowned with success long after his death in 1870 at the age of forty-five.

Dr. Guild's record as a soldier and his contributions to the science of military medicine have survived him and made him especially worthy to represent his native State upon the Stone Mountain memorial. His hospital designs were used largely during the World War, and some of the principles he applied during his service to the Confederacy are written in the modern military manuals of every army in the world. The sculptor will find his figure to have been one of the most soldierly and his face one of the handsomest of all the officers chosen for a place on the gigantic memorial.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

He who would build a house for all to see,
In honesty should dig the foundation ways,
And lay the corner stone of love, and raise
The walls of steadfastness; and then should he
Bedeck the walls with song and poesy
And keep the fires of sweet content ablaze;
The windows hope, the ascending gables praise,
And over all the roof of charity.
Then let the tempests rage, the fires consume,
Time's self is impotent to seal the doom
Of such a house where wanderers may find
Carven in gold above the open portal:
"Who enters here leaves hopelessness behind."
The true home is the heart, and so immortal.

—Richard Nixon.

ANDERSON'S BRIGADE IN BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND.

BY JOSEPH R. ANDERSON JR., LEE, VA.

In the brief sketch of the gallant Brig. Gen. Edward Lloyd Thomas, published in the September VETERAN and which is said to have been taken from the "Confederate Military History," these words occur: "At the time of the battles around Richmond he was assigned to command of the brigade of Gen. J. R. Anderson, who had been transferred to the control of the Tredegar Iron Works."

This statement is not true, and does grave injustice to the late Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, who *himself* commanded the Third Brigade of A. P. Hill's Light Division in the battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, and Frazier's Farm, and who turned his command over to his senior regimental commander, Col. Edward L. Thomas, only *after* he fell wounded at the close of the battle of Frazier's Farm.

The report of Brig. Gen. Joseph R. Anderson of the part performed by his brigade in these battles is here given; and I will be glad for VETERAN readers to refer to the report of Maj. Gen. A. P. Hill of the same battles, as found in the official records of the war, Series 1, Vol. XI, Part II—Reports, etc.

Report of Brig. Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, commanding Third Brigade, A. P. Hill's Light Division, of the battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, and Frazier's Farm.

"HEADQUARTERS, THIRD BRIGADE,
CAMP ON MILL'S FARM, VA., July 25, 1862.

"General: In compliance with your order, I respectfully submit a report of the part taken by the Third Brigade in the combats before Richmond.

"On Wednesday evening, June 25, in pursuance of your order, I put the brigade in motion and marched to Meadow Bridge, where we bivouacked that night.

"On Thursday afternoon I was ordered by you to march, and followed the First Brigade (General Field), crossing the Meadow Bridge, and down the road toward Mechanicsville. When within a few hundred yards of Mechanicsville, the enemy having opened from his battery to the left and beyond the place, my battery (Captain McIntosh) was directed by your order to take position and draw his fire, while I was directed to make a detour to the left, under the direction of a guide, and capture the battery. We had to march about a mile, a part of the way through a dense wood, so that it was impossible to know whether we would strike a favorable point of attack. I ordered Colonel Thomas, commanding the leading regiment, to make a detour, so as, if possible, to take the battery in reverse, or in rear, and the other regiments to support him.

"Being totally unacquainted with the ground, we came within range of the enemy's guns and the sharpshooters, too much to the right. Colonel Thomas, however, dashed forward with his regiment, withholding his fire, and succeeded in crossing the creek (Beaver Dam) and gaining the wood, dislodging the enemy posted there, and driving them back. They were soon heavily reënforced and renewed the attack, and were a second time repulsed with loss, Colonel Thomas being well supported by the 14th Georgia Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Folsom, and the 3rd Louisiana Battalion, Lieut. Col. Edmund Pendleton [of General Anderson's brigade].

"In the meantime the 49th and 45th Georgia came up and were posted on the right, opening a fire from their position on the enemy lodged in their rifle pits beyond the creek. Night approaching, and having now ascertained the position and strength of the enemy's works, that they were, contrary to our

expectations, located on the far side of Beaver Dam; that my right was separated from them by a wide morass through which ran the creek (considerably dammed up), and that the ground gained by the daring of the 35th and 14th Georgia and 3rd Louisiana Battalion was still separated from the enemy's main work by a deep ravine, and their position strengthened by abatis at the foot of the hill, while its crest was strongly supported by extensive rifle pits, manned with sharpshooters—I concluded it was better to adopt another line of approach by a movement farther to the left, unobserved, through the woods, perhaps three-quarters of a mile, so as to gain the table-land near the Old Church road, and take the work in rear. Darkness prevented the execution of this plan, and I determined to bivouac my brigade, and reported to you my readiness to execute the enterprise the next morning.

"In this fight I have to report the loss of some of my best officers in killed and wounded, and many of the men, all of whom behaved in a manner worthy of all praise. I would especially notice the conduct of Col. E. L. Thomas, commanding 35th Georgia, who evinced fearlessness and good judgment, not only in this affair, but throughout the expedition. He was wounded on this occasion, but remained always on duty at the head of his regiment. His adjutant, too, Lieutenant Ware, was conspicuous for his gallantry, and sealed with his life his devotion to the cause of his country, as did other valuable officers whose names have been reported to you. I have also, as the result of this action, to regret the loss from the service, at least for a time, of Col. A. J. Lane, commanding 49th Georgia, who received a painful and serious wound in the arm, and of Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Simmons of the same 45th regiment; nor can I omit to call special attention to the gallant conduct of Capt. L. P. Thomas, quartermaster of the 35th Georgia, who volunteered his services for the occasion in the field, seeing his regiment deficient in field officers. He rendered valuable services until he was seriously wounded. Lieut. Col. Robert W. Folsom, 14th Georgia, also deserves special mention. This officer was confined to his sick bed, but as soon as the order to move forward was given, he got up and gallantly led his regiment, though laboring under the effects of disease.

"On Friday morning, the enemy having evacuated the place attacked the evening before by my brigade, I commenced the march, as ordered by you, deployed in line of battle in the edge of the woodland north of the Mechanicsville road, between the village and the river. Soon, I received orders to fall in the column proceeding down the road, and placed my brigade in the position assigned it, next to the Second Brigade, Brigadier General Gregg's. Captain McIntosh's battery, attached to my brigade, having exhausted its ammunition, and one piece being disabled, was left behind to renew its supply and repair damages, and I ordered up Capt. Greenlee Davidson's battery, Letcher Artillery, from the other side of the Chickahominy. It was however so late in the day before that gallant and active officer received my order that it was not in his power to reach me before the affair at Cold Harbor though I learn that he took a part in the fight at a point in that field which he reached before ascertaining where my command was posted.

"After crossing the stream at Gaines's Mill, I was ordered by you to proceed up the right-hand road, and afterwards I received an order from you, through one of your aides, to march with caution, as the enemy were said to be in force at Turkey Hill. I threw forward an advance guard and flankers on each side of the road in the woods until I arrived at the

crossroads, where we observed the enemy's pickets, two of whom we captured in the woods on our right. I then filed to the right, marching through the woods by the right flank, until my right reached the field in which General Pender's Battery was posted and playing on the enemy. Here I faced to the front and marched forward in line of battle, driving the enemy's skirmishers before us while I was supported by General Field's Brigade, a few paces in rear.

"On arriving near the edge of the woods, we came under a brisk fire of the enemy, which increased as we emerged from it, and crossed the narrow slip of land to the crest of the hill. This hill was separated by a deep ravine and creek from the enemy's position. Here the brigade encountered a very hot fire, both of musketry and shell, which brought us to a halt from the double-quick in which I had commenced the charge. But it was only after a third charge in which every effort was made by me to gain the enemy's lines beyond the ravine that, in consequence of some wavering¹ in the center, I concluded to order my men to lie down in the edge of the wood and hold the position. At the same time, it seeming to be totally impracticable, at this point, to effect a passage of the ravine, I ordered the 35th and 45th Georgia, which, under their brave leaders (Cols. E. L. Thomas and T. Hardeman, the former on my right flank and the latter on my left), had proceeded a considerable distance in advance of the center, to fall back in line and lie on the ground, which position we maintained until by the general charge the day was won.

"On the night of the 29th, Sunday, my brigade, having had a very exhausting march in the position assigned it in your column, bivouacked on the Darbeytown road near Atlee's. Many of the men fell down by the wayside, unable to march farther on that day.

"The next evening, 30th, when the firing commenced at Frazier's Farm, I received an order from you to form close column of regiments on the side of the road, which was executed on the right. Here we were within the range of the enemy's guns, but had not many casualties.

"About sunset I received your order to bring forward my brigade and form line of battle on the crest of the ridge, which was quickly done, the road dividing my line into two parts, the 3rd Louisiana Battalion and 14th Georgia Regiment forming the left, while the 35th, 45th, and 49th Georgia formed the right wing. I was then ordered to send forward my left wing under the senior officer present, Lieutenant Colonel Pendleton, of the 3rd Louisiana Battalion, who led it into the fight. A few minutes later, by your order, I led the remainder of my brigade into the fight, with a warning from you that one of our brigades was in my front. This order was promptly and enthusiastically executed by the whole command, the more so, doubtless, as at this moment the President of the Confederate States galloped by us the whole length of my column, and was recognized and vociferously cheered by the men. We had about half a mile to march, the sound and flash of the musketry indicating the enemy's position to be on the left of the road. I filed to the left and changed my front forward, so as to form line of battle parallel to what appeared to be that of the enemy. By this time it was dark. I immediately gave the order, 'Forward in line of battle!' The march was handsomely performed. Orders were given that no musket was to be fired till we came up with and recognized our friends in front. The march was continued in perfect order under a galling fire until we came up to a fence, and on my right found my left wing in position under Lieutenant Colonel Pendleton. I immediately ordered my brigade over the fence and, placing myself in

its front, reformed the line, still believing our friends to be in front, and determined to proceed to their aid.

"At this moment I was just able to see a force which seemed to be a brigade or division marching down upon us, and was soon satisfied that they were the enemy; but it was impossible to inspire the men with this belief, especially as the enemy, not then more than fifty or seventy-five yards from us, were constantly singing out: 'For God's sake, don't fire on us; we are friends.' An order to fire at this moment, I was satisfied, would be unavailing, so I ordered, 'Charge bayonet in double-quick,' hoping that a moment more would satisfy my men of their mistake. At this moment Lieutenant Colonel Coleman, of the artillery, who happened to come up, rendered me valuable assistance in attempting to undeceive my command; but it seemed to be impossible, and its consequent demoralization was great and unfortunate. All doubt should soon have been removed by the command 'Fire!' on the part of the enemy, who delivered a very deadly fire, received by my then left wing, and chiefly the 45th Georgia, Colonel Hardeman. The men were ordered to lie down and continue the firing until, finally, the enemy were driven from the field.

"It was in this affair that Colonel Hardeman, while nobly encouraging his brave men, was severely wounded, and I, myself, receiving a blow on my forehead, fell disabled for a time, which devolved the command on Col. Edward L. Thomas. [Here is where Colonel Thomas *first* took command of General Anderson's brigade.]

"The lists of killed and wounded in my brigade in these three fights, amounting to 364, have already been reported to you.

"In closing this statement, General, of the part taken by my brigade in the battles around Richmond, I respectfully refer to the reports of the regimental commanders for details.

"Where so many officers and men did their duty well, it would be difficult to particularize. But it is due to Capt. Roscoe B. Heath, my able Assistant Adjutant General, that I should acknowledge the obligations I am under to him for his valuable assistance, not only on these occasions, but throughout his service as the chief of my staff. Notwithstanding the fact that he was suffering from severe illness, he insisted on accompanying me on this march, against my earnest advice, and, after passing through the battles of June 26 and 27, was only induced to retire by assurance from the surgeon that further exertion would cost his life.²

"I beg to commend to your notice my aide, Lieutenant William Norwood, who evinced throughout zeal, enterprise, and daring; and to my volunteer aides, Capt. William Morris and Philip Haxall, I am indebted for valuable assistance in delivering orders, in entire disregard of danger, as well as in encouraging and rallying the troops. It was in the engagement of June 27 at Cold Harbor that Captain Morris was severely, and I fear dangerously, wounded by a musket ball breaking his thigh bone.³

"My brigade commissary, Maj. Lewis Ginter, and quartermaster, Maj. Robert T. Taylor, more than justified my favorable estimate of their qualifications.

"I have not referred more particularly to the two field batteries attached to my bridge, commanded by those accomplished officers, Capt. David G. McIntosh and Greenlee Davidson, because they were under your immediate command.

"Nor should I omit to express my unmeasured appreciation of the fidelity of the surgeons of this brigade in the performance of their onerous and responsible labors. The chief surgeon and his assistants, I know by personal obser-

vation, devoted their skill and sleepless energies to the alleviation of the sufferings of our brave men. The infirmity corps system, too, I regard as wisely conceived, and was, as far as my observation extended, faithfully executed by the several details.

"I have the honor to be, General, your obedient servant,
J. R. ANDERSON, *Brigadier General, Commanding.*"
"MAJ. GEN. A. P. HILL, *Commanding Light Division.*"

GENERAL ANDERSON'S CONFEDERATE WAR SERVICE.

Volunteered and commissioned brigadier general, September 3, 1861. Assigned to command the District of the Cape Fear, Headquarters, Wilmington, N. C. April-May, 1862, in command of the Confederate forces near Fredericksburg opposed by Maj. Gen. Irvin McDowell, U. S. A. Then, June-July, commanding the Third Brigade of the Division of Maj. Gen. A. P. Hill, and served in the battles around Richmond. Slightly wounded in the battle of Frazier's Farm.

When General Anderson volunteered for service in the Confederate army, he was commissioned as above by the President, with the distinct proviso that if the exigencies of the Confederate government required his return to the Tredegar Iron Works, he would at once resume control of these works, which had been entirely given over to the government from the day the war began. The time had arrived (soon after the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, in which he participated with distinction) when the Confederate government's necessities required him to fulfill his promise to the President. Hence this letter from General Lee:

"HEADQUARTERS, 15 July, 1862.

"My Dear General: I have received your letter of the 15th and regret the necessity that withdraws you from the field. You may recollect the opinion I expressed to you when you first proposed entering the service—viz., that I was not sure but that you were doing more service in your then position than you could do in the field, and that unless you could make arrangements for the favorable prosecution of your operations (at the Tredegar Iron Works), I could not recommend the exchange. With the same impression and belief, as you say you cannot make such arrangements, I have forwarded your resignation and recommended its acceptance.

"I know that all your energies will be devoted to the cause of the country, and that it is your desire, as well as mine, that they should be applied where they can be of most benefit.

"Thanking you for all you have done, and with my best wishes for all you may do, I remain truly, and as ever,

"Your friend, R. E. LEE."

"GEN. J. R. ANDERSON."

One of the Richmond papers, in its "Biographical Sketches of the members of the State Legislature of 1874," referring to his splendid service as brigadier general in the field, and particularly to his gallant and distinguished conduct in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, thus spoke of General Anderson:

"His military education and training fitted him well for command, but his great workshops were of more importance to the Confederacy than half a score of brigades, and after the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, in which he bore an active part, he was ordered by the President, on the recommendation of General Lee, to resume active charge of the Tredegar Works, which he did, increasing their efficiency by all possible means, furnishing the greater part of the ordnance and war munitions of the Confederate army, turning out cars and locomotives and rails and iron, and rendering the South more effective service than an 'Army with Banners.'"

The following is from the *Richmond Times* of January 24, 1892, and signed "An Eyewitness" (a leading citizen of Tidewater, Va.):

"General Joseph R. Anderson, Hero of an Incident of the Battle of Gaines's Mill"

"The 27th of June, 1862, dawned bright and beautiful over Richmond, with the armies of Lee and McClellan confronting each other on the Chickahominy. A. P. Hill's Division on the previous evening had crossed that stream at Meadow Bridge, and moving down to Mechanicsville had enabled Longstreet to cross on that turnpike. Lee and McClellan had had their first deadly grapple with each other at Mechanicsville and Ellison's Mill, and McClellan had withdrawn his troops to the heights of Gaines's Mill, where Fitz John Porter, with his Pennsylvania 'Bucktails,' supported by artillery, held a position naturally strong, but which had been rendered almost impregnable by earthworks and an abatis of felled trees. Hill, feeling his way, reached the front of Porter about noon, or a little later, and formed line of battle. His first line was composed of a brigade of Georgians, the second of Gen. Charles W. Field's brigade, consisting then of the 40th, 47th, 55th, and 60th Virginia Regiments and the 22nd Virginia Battalion.

"About 2 P.M., an advance was ordered and the two lines moved steadily forward to the assault. On reaching the crest of the hill confronting Porter's position, the leading brigade encountered a storm of grape, canister, and Minie balls, and in a moment or two, unable to withstand the deadly fire to which it was subjected, gave way and fell back, a part breaking through the supporting column of Field, throwing his line into temporary disorder.

"Just at this critical moment the attention of the writer was attracted to a general officer of commanding figure, who was moving along the broken line endeavouring to rally his men, and exhorting them to stand firm. Seizing the colors of one of the regiments, he planted it near the crest of the hill, and, by entreaty and example, soon gathered around it the more intrepid of his command. The tide of battle was rushing on, men were falling on either hand; but even amid the storm of battle one could pause long enough to inquire the name of an officer so conspicuous for his gallantry. On that field the writer first saw and learned to admire the lion-hearted courage of one, now a prominent citizen of Richmond, Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, under whose quiet demeanor, as he moves daily about our streets, one would scarcely recognize the hero of this incident."

These extracts are from two letters from the late Dr. William S. Christian (the former gallant lieutenant colonel of the 55th Virginia Infantry, C. S. A.), of Urbanna, Va., to Joseph R. Anderson, written in December, 1909:

"I have a most pleasant recollection of your honored father. I was not far from his side in one of our fiercest battles (Gaines's Mill) in 1862."

"I am very sorry to say I was not the author of the tribute to your honored father's gallantry referred to. I had a very slight personal acquaintance with him, but I saw him often on the march and in battle. His brigade being in the same division (A. P. Hill's) as ours, we were often in touch, and I well remember, even at this late day, the pleasure I felt when I knew that 'Anderson's Brigade' was on our right or left, and better still, when it was supporting us, for I knew the support would be effectively rendered when most required.

"General Anderson's manner always impressed me. There was something in his courage and superb coolness under fire that was an inspiration. He showed himself brave and gallant

without ostentation, cool, deliberate, and careful in placing his men, and bore upon his face the marks of unyielding stubbornness, when stubbornness was required. But that stubbornness never amounted to rashness. We subordinate officers loved to see a general officer of those characteristics, a man who seemed to know what he was about while he was doing it; who would willingly and cheerfully take the same risks which he required others to take. Yes, I was a friend of your father's from that standpoint. I knew him much better than he knew me. He and my brother, Judge Joseph Christian,⁴ were warm friends. But I always loved and admired his memory as one of those gallant Virginians who helped to write the brightest pages in Virginia's history."

Joseph Reid Anderson was the youngest son of Col. William Anderson, of "Walnut Hill," Botetourt County, Va., a soldier of the Revolution at the age of sixteen, and commander of the famous Botetourt Regiment in the War of 1812. He was born at "Walnut Hill," February 16, 1813. He was educated at the United States Military Academy, graduating with fourth honor and as senior captain of the corps of cadets, in the class of 1836. He served for a short while as assistant to Capt. Robert E. Lee, of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., in building Fort Pulaski, near Savannah, Ga., and then resigned his commission in the Engineer Corps and became assistant engineer to Capt. Claude Crozet, engineer of Virginia, who was formerly a distinguished engineer under Napoleon I, and later professor of Engineering at West Point.

He was at once placed in charge of the building of the Valley Turnpike from Staunton to Winchester. Upon completion of that great work in 1843, he settled in Richmond and became the owner of the Tredegar Iron Works, which, during the Confederate war, was entirely devoted to producing cannon and other heavy ordnance, as well as other necessary products for the Confederacy. Upon the incorporation of these works in 1867, he became the president of the Tredegar Company and continued as such until his death.

For fifty years General Anderson served his city, State, and county as one of the foremost citizens of Virginia. He married twice—first, Miss Sarah Eliza Archer, daughter of Surgeon Robert Archer, U. S. Army, of Norfolk, Va.; and many years afterwards he married Miss Mary Pegram, daughter of the late Gen. James West Pegram, of Richmond, Va., and sister of Gen. John Pegram, Col. W. R. J. Pegram (both killed in battle), and Maj. James W. Pegram, all of the Confederate army.

His twelve children, of whom the late Col. Archer Anderson, Assistant Adjutant General to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, C. S. A., was the oldest, were of his first marriage.

General Anderson was one of the original builders of historic St. Paul's Church in Richmond, and served many years, and until his death, as vestryman and senior warden of this Church. He died September 7, 1892.

¹It was, doubtless, here that General Anderson performed the heroic act described by "Eyewitness" in the *Richmond Times*, of January 24, 1892, whose communication will be found transcribed this article.

²This accomplished officer and noble gentleman lived only a short while after this event.

³He died of this wound in a few weeks.

⁴Of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia.

Left mainly to her own resources, it was through the depth of wretchedness that her sons were to bring her back to her place in the republic after suffering more and doing more than the men of any other State.—*Bancroft (referring to South Carolina in the latter part of the Revolution).*

INCIDENTS OF SECOND MANASSAS.

BY CAPT. W. F. FULTON, GOODWATER, ALA.

In the latter part of August, 1862, the 5th Alabama Battalion, Archer's Brigade, was camped on the Rappahannock River, confronting General Pope, with whom Generals Lee and Jackson had been playing hide and seek for some days, and we expected something to happen at any hour. Orders came to be ready to march by daylight, and we knew the time had come, the hour had struck, and bright and early we were on the move. No one knew whither or for what purpose, but all were content, as "Old Jack" was at the helm. At a swinging gait we moved out, and all day, until late at night, we pushed on. Tired and worn, at last the command was given to halt and rest for the night. Again the next day we were hurried forward, and on the 26th of August, 1862, we passed through Thoroughfare Gap, a most wonderful gap, a narrow passageway worn in the course of years by the water currents forcing their way down the mountain side, just wide enough to permit the passage of an army line, and a small force could block its passage. But all was serene, and we marched through unmolested. We soon became aware that we were getting between General Pope and Washington City, and what a stimulus this was to our weary bodies. The very thought had a thrill in it, and we forgot our weariness in contemplating the unique status of affairs. Here we were marching straight toward Washington, with General Pope by this time following in our wake, with Longstreet and General Lee bringing up the rear, hurrying to keep up with Pope.

We reached Manassas, and the 5th Alabama Battalion was well acquainted here, having camped on the ground for a considerable time previous to the First Manassas battle, and we were, of course, on the *qui vive* for every object that could remind us of these days of 1861. General Pope's army stores fell into our hands, great piles of crackers, bacon, etc., in abundance. A soldier would stick his bayonet in a big chunk of bacon and start off with it, but soon he would take out his knife and cut it in half—too heavy for a tired man—and when he got to the stopping place, there wasn't much left.

General Jackson sent to A. P. Hill an order for an officer with a detail of men—the officer must be, according to the order, a strictly sober man, and also the detail. When they reported, Jackson told them he was informed that there were barrels of whisky in the captured commissaries, and he wanted them to take charge of it, to knock the heads out of those barrels, and see that it was all poured out on the ground. "For," said he, "I fear that whisky more than I do Pope's army." This was a wonderful prohibition speech indeed by the immortal Stonewall. He knew that many of the men would indulge to excess, and would be in no condition to meet the events soon to follow.

Now, as we moved on up into the old field encompassing Manassas, looking off toward Washington, we saw a great blue line of men with guns, marching in line of battle, with the Stars and Stripes floating out on the breeze, coming straight toward us. We were drawn up in line to await their coming. Archer's Brigade was here alone; the rest of our division had gone in another direction. As the blue line approached nearer and nearer, the officers of our command were persistent in their orders: "Don't shoot, men. Stand steady and let them come on." And they came briskly on, making right for us, and it seemed that they would walk right over us. Our men began to get nervous and would raise their guns, but the officers were sharp in the command not to shoot: "Put down your guns, and stand steady."

Just to our rear, on a little elevation, a battery of artillery

unlimbered. Who they were or where they came from I never knew, but I saw General Jackson sitting on old Sorrel as stiff as a board, with his eyes intent on that blue line. He was right among the cannon, and suddenly every one of those guns blazed away, right over our heads, sending their missiles into that blue line, which by this time was within a stone's throw. As the artillery fired we raised a yell and made a dash forward, our guns blazing away. That line of Yanks melted away like wax in a blaze of fire, and it became a fox and dog chase for quite a distance. They broke without firing a gun. Archer's men were running at good speed, firing as they ran. In passing a house on the way, many of the Yanks entered and began throwing their guns out of the windows, as much as to say: "We surrender." The officer in command of this body of men was killed among the first shots. It was said these men were sent out from Washington to drive off the cavalry which they supposed were the only troops at Manassas. Anyway, this was one of the remarkable incidents of the war that I was to witness, and it impressed me so I am speaking of it now after a lapse of sixty years.

From here we marched toward Centerville and reached the stone bridge across Bull Run and then debouched to the left, leaving the road altogether, and went right through the woods, apparently lost, in so much that many said: "Boys, Old Jack is lost this time." Finally we came out into an old field and were drawn up in line of battle and commanded to rest in our places; but we soon spied in the distance a battery of artillery, accompanied by infantry, which soon spied us, unlimbered their guns, and began firing on us. We were ordered to lie down, but General Archer continued to ride up and down our line as we lay sprawled on the ground. The men at last appealed to him to dismount, as he evidently provoked their fire. A piece of shell came ricocheting along the ground right in line with me as I lay prostrate. It finally reached me, almost spent, and struck me on the head, doing no damage, but affording me the privilege of saying I was wounded by a piece of shell at Second Manassas.

Nothing came of this firing, and we soon moved over beyond the old railroad cut so often mentioned in connection with Second Manassas. We remained here back of A. P. Hill's line in reserve until late in the afternoon, when we moved up to the railroad cut to relieve General McGowan's South Carolina Brigade. As they moved out we began moving in, and while this change was in progress, the enemy rushed forward in an effort to capture the position. For a few minutes things looked squally, but order was soon obtained, and they were driven back. Right in the midst of the excitement, I looked around and there was General Jackson sitting his horse on the edge of the railroad cut, as cool as a statue. He spoke to the men near by, telling them to cheer, as reinforcements were near at hand, and, sure enough, a brigade of Louisianians soon appeared. But Longstreet came, and he and Jackson closed in on Pope and that great braggart was overwhelmed in utter defeat. General Jackson, always on the alert, moved rapidly around to a place called "Ox Hill," where he struck the retreating army of Pope a side stroke and produced confusion in their ranks. And here General Shields, of the Northern army, was killed. He was a one-armed soldier of the Mexican War. This encounter with the retreating foe occurred amid rain and a thunderstorm, and it was here that an aide from General Hill rode up and reported that the ammunition of the troops was wet and on that account they wished to retire. General Jackson is said to have replied: "Give my compliments to General Hill and tell him the Yankee ammunition is as wet as his; to stay where he is."

CRUISING WITH THE SUMTER.

BY HENRY MYERS, PAYMASTER C. S. N.

(The following explanatory note comes from O. C. Myers, of Seattle, Wash., in sending the article written by his brother many years ago: "At the outbreak of the War between the States our family, then residing near Marietta, Ga., consisted of seven sons and three daughters. At this time two of my brothers were in the United States navy, one a paymaster (on sick leave) and the other a lieutenant on the old U. S. S. Brooklyn, then in the China seas. Immediately upon the call to arms by our governor, Joseph E. Brown, four of us answered the call (the fifth being nearsighted almost to blindness could be of no service, as he could not distinguish an object twenty feet from him). As soon as he heard of the secession of his State, the lieutenant resigned, was sent to the United States, and imprisoned in Boston Harbor. Upon his release he joined the Confederate navy and was given the same rank as he had held in the United States navy. Of the remaining four brothers, two were officers of infantry, one assistant surgeon, and one a private in the old Chatham Artillery. All of us served during the entire war. I was wounded in the battle of Nashville, taken to Franklin, fell a prisoner to the Federals, and taken to the hospital at Nashville, where I was held until 1865, and then released after taking the oath of allegiance to the United States government. I am now eighty-seven years of age, and the last of the seven brothers.)

Capt. Raphael Semmes, in command of the Confederate steamer Sumter, passed through the blockade of the Mississippi in July, 1861. After inflicting some damage to merchantmen in the Gulf and in South American waters, the vessel went to Southampton, England, followed closely by the United States steamer Tuscarora. From Southampton the Sumter went for the Straits of Gibraltar. After my resignation from the United States navy I had at once reported for duty on the Sumter at New Orleans.

On January 4, 1862, the Confederate steamship Sumter arrived at Cadiz in a somewhat crippled condition. She had struck upon a rock in going into Maranhão, Brazil, some months before, and was leaking badly. It was absolutely necessary that the ship be docked. We had been on a cruise of forty days before reaching Cadiz. Immediately on our arrival Captain Semmes opened a correspondence with the governor of the city. We were granted permission to remain, as it was shown that it was absolutely necessary for us to make repairs, and we were allowed to proceed to the naval dockyard.

The commander treated us with every respect and consideration, and hurried our repairs as rapidly as possible. As soon as the repairs were finished we returned to Cadiz. The governor was evidently timid, for he pelted Captain Semmes with so many official communications that at last, in disgust, Captain Semmes gave the order to "up anchor," and we steamed out of the harbor, followed by a government boat. The last I remember of our escort was an officer standing up and waving an envelope at us. No notice was taken of him, and we proceeded to Gibraltar. I mention these facts simply as a prelude to an episode in my life connected with my service as paymaster of the Sumter.

On our way into the harbor of Gibraltar we sighted an American vessel (the schooner Neapolitan, bound for Boston with a cargo of sulphur and fruit), which we burned in full sight of the town. This naturally created great excitement, and our vessel was the subject of much curiosity. As soon as we came to I was sent on shore to purchase (without funds) an anchor. When that cleverly-handled ship the Iroquois had

tried to blockade us at Martinique and we ran for it, we had slipped our cable and lost our spare anchor. It was necessary, in so exposed a harbor as Gibraltar, that we should have another anchor. By good luck the first person I called upon in Gibraltar was a Scotch merchant. He proved a good friend, furnishing us with everything that we needed, except coal. Mr. Sprague, the American consul, who had been in Gibraltar for many years, and was deservedly respected, had used his influence in preventing our being furnished with coal. We remained at Gibraltar for more than a month before we received funds from Mr. Mason, one of our commissioners in England. We enjoyed our enforced stay at Gibraltar all the more because we had been on a most harassing cruise for many months. We were treated with marked hospitality by an English regiment, the Royal Prince of Wales Regiment, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Dunn, and officered principally by Canadians. Colonel Dunn was said to have been one of the six hundred who rode "into the jaws of death" at Balaklava.

Immediately on receipt of funds, I was ordered to proceed to Cadiz, to purchase a cargo of coal and return to Gibraltar with it. I at once took passage in a small French steamer, which touched at Tangier. At Tangier I heard that a particular friend of mine, an English officer, was ill. I was glad of an opportunity of meeting him. We had been much together several years before on the Pacific station, when I was in the United States navy.

After spending an hour very pleasantly with him, recalling our younger days, I bade him good-by and started to return to the steamer which was to convey me to Cadiz. On reaching the Tangier boat landing, two swarthy Moors took their places on each side of me. I was seized by the wrists and turned toward the town. At first I could not realize the situation. Looking ahead, I saw a large man, evidently directing the movements of my captors. He was the American consul. He was gesticulating violently and indulging in a choice collection of oaths: "I'll teach you," he yelled, "to burn ships!" I was dragged along the streets. I attracted little attention, as I suppose such scenes were too common to create any excitement. I was at first carried into a stable, and across the narrow street was the consulate. After a while an old blacksmith, grizzled and grimed, proceeded with evident pleasure to rivet with horseshoe nails the heavy irons which manacled my ankles. Then I was informed I was to be put in the consulate for safekeeping.

At the door of the stable, just as I was going out, there stood a large swarthy man. Afterwards I learned that he was the interpreter to the legation. He extended his hand to me and grasped mine making me understand that he was a friend. He took me up in his arms, carrying me to the second story of the building, where I was to be kept a prisoner. Addressing me in French, he told me that means of communication would be found, and that, if I attempted an escape, I would be aided. With a view then of keeping up communication with my friend outside, I declined receiving food or anything else from the consul. My meals were sent me from an adjacent hotel. I was apparently not in good health. I, therefore, asked that a physician be sent for. An English physician came, and he gave me, in lieu of a prescription, a steel bow saw. It was to be used for cutting my irons off. My recovery was rapid, due to such a stimulus.

I at once set to work and sawed off the head of one of the nails. The manacle was a bar of rough iron, twelve or fourteen inches in length. There were holes in both ends, through which passed a ring fastened by this riveted nail. After cutting off one of the irons, most unfortunately, the saw broke,

and I could make no further use of it. I lashed the bar with a handkerchief to my leg. I was prepared for escape, though hampered. I had been informed that on a certain night parties would be under my window to receive me. That night happened to be a dark one, and, being on the alert, I heard the signals agreed upon.

During my imprisonment there were always six to eight guards in the next room. One of them was sitting in the doorway when I approached the window. I waited a second signal, and then jumped out of the window. The distance to the ground was about eighteen feet. The ground was so hard, or the leap in the dark so uncertain, that on landing I burst my boot from toe to heel. To my great dismay, no one was there to assist me in my escape. I had jumped into an inclosed court. Seeing no way of exit, I climbed to the top of the adjoining Moorish house, which was only one story high, and, running along the roofs of several connecting houses. I made a second jump, thinking I would land in the street. I found myself in a Moorish court, with numerous cells opening into it. On attempting to enter one of the cells, women yelled and screamed, attracting the attention of the guard. I was recaptured and marched off to prison.

The guard, to show their zeal, showered blows upon me one of the men, a very tall fellow, holding a sword point to my throat. The situation looked embarrassing. I soon discovered, however, that their anger was only simulated, as none of their blows hurt me. Once more my old friend, the blacksmith, made his appearance, and the irons were again riveted upon me.

After a week or ten days, a United States sloop of war, the *Ino*, came into port for the purpose of receiving me. She was commanded by a Captain Cressy, famous as having made an unusually quick voyage from New York to Australia in the early days of clipper ships. I was present when he made an official call on the consul, and felt assured that I could not expect any very generous treatment from him. On Captain Cressy's return to his ship, a body of about fifteen seamen was sent to take me on board. I suppose, as my capture was in violation of the neutrality laws of the port, a rescue might have been thought possible. On reaching the ship, I was placed between decks, and, to add to the indignities that had been heaped upon me, handcuffs were placed upon my wrists. My watch and my money were taken from me. Some time after, while a prisoner at Fort Warren, I communicated these facts to the Navy Department, and, through the instrumentality of Judge Wayne, one of the Supreme Court Judges, an old friend of my father's, they were returned.

We sailed for Cadiz, and I was prepared for a great deal of suffering. When off the harbor we met a four-masted schooner, the *Harvest Home*, loaded with salt and bound for Boston. I was transferred to the schooner. Although the sea was rough, I was compelled to go over the side of the ship manacled hand and foot, and dropped into the boat which took me to the *Harvest Home*.

The voyage to Boston was a very stormy one. The old captain was a Maine man, with a warm sailor's heart. Although ordered to put me into the forecabin, he took me into his cabin, and I ate at his table. He took off my handcuffs. His treatment of me was in strong contrast to that of Captain Cressy. I hope the good old fellow is alive to-day, and I would have him know that his kindness to me I shall never forget. On reaching Boston I was delivered into the keeping of the United States marshal of the District of Massachusetts. I was taken to his office, where my irons were removed. A deputy marshal was sent out with me, and he purchased for me ail that was necessary for my comfort. The marshal's name,

I think, was Davis. He took me to the Tremont House, where, over a good dinner and a bottle of wine, he treated me as an officer and not as a pirate. He took my parole and left me, giving me the liberty of the city.

I walked about Boston unconscious of any trouble. After a short ramble, I returned to the hotel, where I slept the sleep of the just. In the morning, before daylight, some one awakened me. It proved to be the United States marshal. He said the night before there had nearly been a riot in the hotel. Parties who had had their ships burned by the Sumter expressed great indignation at my being treated in a humane way. Some had advocated the use of the nearest lamp-post as a suitable ending of my career. More prudent counsels had, however, prevailed, and I was reserved for better things than an ornament to a street lamp. The marshal's office sent me in a carriage to the boat, which conveyed me to Fort Warren, at that time commanded by Colonel Dimmick, of the 4th Artillery. A noble-hearted, gallant soldier was he, whose kind government of the prison won the affection and admiration of all who were in his keeping. He was strict in his discipline, yet extending to the prisoners every privilege consistent with their safety. The largest number of the prisoners had been captured at Fort Donelson. There were a few privateersmen and many Baltimoreans. I often recall with pleasure my social intercourse with these men. Among them were S. Teackle Wallace, Judge Parkins Scott, Mr. Charles Howard, his son Frank, Mr. Gatchell, Mayor Brown, and Harry Warfield. The monotony of prison life was relieved by books, cards, and other games. In the afternoons, when the weather permitted, hundreds would engage in football. During my stay no attempt was made by us to escape, not that we were satisfied to remain prisoners, but there were too many chances against our being successful. After remaining at Fort Warren for four months, the joyful news came that there was to be an exchange, saddened by the knowledge that the political prisoners from Baltimore were not included in the order.

My own hopes were dampened when I received a message to call at Colonel Dimmick's headquarters. I was informed that I was not included in the order, but that he would take the responsibility of sending me on to Fortress Monroe, where all the formalities of the exchange were to be carried out, and if the authorities at Washington desired to still retain me as a prisoner, I should then be informed of their decision. I felt some anxiety. I went through with the rest without any notice being taken of me. The passage from Fort Warren to Fortress Monroe was without incident or discomfort. A pleasing incident took place at Aiken, our point of debarkation on the James River. I had formed quite an intimacy with Colonel Waggaman, of the Louisiana regiment, who was captured at the Battle of the Wilderness, where he lost his sword. It was an heirloom and much prized by him. In some way he learned that his sword was at the War Department at Washington, and had had some correspondence in regard to it. While waiting to receive his baggage on board a steamboat lying at the landing, he noticed a general officer standing at the cabin door, resting a sword upon the deck. The Confederate colonel's eye traveled quickly from the point to the hilt of that sword. He recognized his own. Presently the United States officer informed him that he had been requested by General Meagher to return the sword to its former owner. The colonel's delight was great, for that sword had been handed down to him through several generations and had never been dishonored. That proved to me that all chivalry had not departed from the world, and that a soldier, though an enemy, recognized

the fact that the most valued possession of a soldier was his untarnished sword.

I was fortunate in my intimacy with Colonel Waggaman, for his adjutant had procured an ambulance, and we were driven to Richmond, while most of the poor fellows had to travel on foot through the dust and mud.

In regard to my imprisonment at Tangier, Captain Semmes wrote: "A formal call was made in the British Parliament upon the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs for an official statement of the facts, but it being rumored and believed soon afterwards that the prisoner had been released, no steps were taken by the British government, if any were contemplated, until it was too late."

EWELL'S ATTACK AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 2, 1863.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

About 4 p.m. on July 2, Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson, commanding a division in Ewell's Corps, and posted on the extreme left of the Confederate line confronting the north and east of Culp's Hill, ordered Maj. J. W. Latimer, commanding Andrews's Battalion of Artillery, to open fire with all of his guns from the only eligible position within range, Jones's Infantry Brigade, of Johnson's Division being posted in support. Latimer's position was directly in front of Culp's Hill, and within easy artillery range of Cemetery Hill; hence, Latimer was exposed to the concentrated fire of both positions and also to an enfilading fire from a battery farther to his left. The artillery on Culp's and Cemetery Hills being elevated above Latimer's position subjected him to a plunging fire. The unequal contest, both in numbers of guns and position held, was continued for two hours with considerable damage to the enemy.

The Federal General Howard, commanding on Cemetery Hill, said, about 4 p.m., "the enemy opened from some dozen batteries to our right and front, bringing a concentrated fire upon our position. The batteries replied with great spirit. Projectiles often struck among the men, but in no case did a regiment break."

At Latimer's request, Johnson, on account of the unequal contest, permitted him to cease firing, requiring him to hold only four guns to support the advance of the infantry. After going through a fearful artillery fire, almost from the last shot fired at his wrecked battery Latimer received a wound which proved fatal. Because of his youthful appearance, this young officer attracted considerable attention from all ranks of the army. Operating in the same corps, the writer often came in contact with him, and saw him in action during the progress of more than one battle. I soon saw that, though a youth in years, this Virginian possessed soldierly qualifications developed to a greater degree than were usually displayed at his age. He was known as the "Boy Major."

Lieutenant-General Ewell, Major-General Johnson, Colonel Brown, acting chief of artillery for the Second Corps, and Brigadier-General Pendleton, Chief of Artillery for the Army of Northern Virginia, all paid splendid tributes to his worth as a soldier.

When the artillery fire ceased, General Johnson advanced his infantry to assault Culp's Hill, a rugged and rocky mountain, heavily timbered and difficult of ascent; a natural fortification, rendered more formidable by deep entrenchments and thick abatis.

Johnson's division consisted of the brigades of Stuart, composed of the 1st Maryland Battalion, 1st and 3rd North Carolina Regiments, 10th, 23rd, and 37th Virginia Regiments;

Nicholls's brigade, commanded by Col. J. M. Williams, composed of 1st, 2nd, 10th, 14th, and 15th Louisiana Regiments; "Stonewall Brigade," commanded by Brig. Gen. James A. Walker, composed of 2nd, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33rd Virginia Regiments; Jones's brigade, composed of 21st, 25th, 42nd, 44th, 48th, and 50th Virginia Regiments. Johnson's advance began in column of brigades, Jones, Williams, and Steuart moving in the order named. Walker was directed to follow Steuart, but reported that the enemy was advancing from the right, and was directed to repulse the force and follow as soon as possible. The force encountered by Walker proved to be larger and the time consumed longer than was anticipated, and he failed to reach the remainder of the division to participate in the assault that night.

By the time Johnson's force crossed Rock Creek and reached the base of the mountain, it was dark. The Federal skirmishers were driven in, and a vigorous and spirited attack was made. Steuart's Brigade, which occupied the left of Johnson's line, carried a line of breastworks which ran perpendicular to the general Federal line, captured a number of prisoners, and a stand of colors; and Johnson's whole line advanced within short range, and kept up a heavy fire until late at night, but Johnson failed to make his attack a complete success.

Doubtless one of the most brilliant and daring feats accomplished on that memorable 2nd of July, when so much courage was displayed by so many brave men, was the charge of Hays's Louisiana and Hoke's North Carolina brigades, of Early's Division, Ewell's Corps, the two brigades being commanded by Brig. Gen. Harry Hays. A little before 8 P.M. Hays was ordered to advance his own and Hoke's brigades. He immediately moved forward and had gone but a short distance when his whole line became exposed to a most terrific artillery fire from the entire range of hills in his front, and from his right and left, yet under this terrible raking fire both brigades advanced steadily up and over the first hill, and into a bottom, or valley, at the foot of Cemetery Hill. Their objective point was the latter hill.

Here they encountered a considerable body of Federal troops, and a brisk fire of musketry followed; at the same time the artillery opened with canister, but owing to the darkness, now verging into night, the deep obscurity afforded by the smoke from the firing guns, the exact locality of the assaulting column could not be discovered by the Federal gunners, and the bold charging column escaped what, in full daylight, could have been nothing else than a horrible slaughter.

If the record is accepted, less than 100 determined and gallant spirits of the two brigades wormed their way among the houses of the town of Gettysburg, which lay on the right of their line of march, through the storm, first of deadly shrapnel belched from more than twenty red-mouthed cannon, and later through a hurricane of canister poured from the muzzles of the same death-dealing "dogs of war." Added to this destructive mass was the ever-present stream of Minie balls, leaving in their flight their familiar death song, to halt the forward movement of the gallant band of heroes. The latter were the contributions of the several lines of infantry encountered. As they pushed their way through a line of battle, such Federal soldiers as had not taken to flight and were clinging to the walls of the breastworks were ordered to the rear as prisoners. Having pushed their way through two lines of battle, they encountered the entangling abatis, made especially difficult to crawl over or through. Thence their way was up the sides of fortified Cemetery Hill. At

the point they climbed this hill it was over a hundred feet nearly as straight up as a perpendicular wall. On they pushed their way, over and through apparently impassable obstructions and facing great swarms of deadly missiles.

The little band having reached the summit, by a simultaneous rush from the whole line, two batteries of artillery, Weidrich's and Ricketts's twelve pieces, four stands of colors, and a number of prisoners were captured. At this stage of the tragic proceeding, the band of heroes found themselves in the midst of a deep quiet. Every piece of artillery and every musket had ceased firing. An expressive silence for several minutes reigned, and the tumultuous contestants found themselves in the midst of a tranquility that could, as it were, be grasped. During this oppressive silence, General Ames, commanding a division of the Eleventh Corps, was making extraordinary exertions to arrest a panic at Weidrich's battery. Proper coöperation would have made the feat a complete success.

Who can divine the working of the minds of the heroes who had achieved so much under such great difficulties. What were their feelings, their hopes, their expectations under such great difficulties? What were their feelings, their hopes, their expectations? Under such stress as these men were laboring, the mind operates rapidly. The pictures that pass through it are as great in variety and quickness of change as are produced by the kaleidoscope, but of entirely different character. Here were a few heroic spirits, less than a hundred in number, in the midst of thousands of enemies ready to brain them with clubbed muskets, pierce their palpitating hearts with sword or bayonet, or send the deadly musket ball into the brain of each. Perhaps their longing eyes were cast to the left and strained to catch a glimpse of the advancing troops of Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson, of the same corps. Can it be doubted that their glance of expectancy was cast to their right, from which direction they had been advised to expect the approach of the troops of Maj. Gen. Rodes, of Ewell's Corps? Possibly their expectant eyes were cast to their rear, whence they expected to see the troops of Brigadier General Gordon approach.

"Silence! coeval with eternity! Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be; thine was the sway ere heaven formed on earth, ere fruit thought conceived creation's birth." The very boldness of the achievement struck their antagonists dumb. A heavy line of troops, perfectly discerned through the increasing darkness, was seen advancing from their front. Were these the troops of Lieutenant General Longstreet, which they were informed would probably be met approaching from that direction? Within one hundred yards the bright flashes of muskets and the rattle of their fire followed by the familiar whistle of the flying Minies, greeted their astonished gaze and broke the profound silence which had prevailed for several minutes.

Owing to the uncertainty as to whether the volley came from friends or foes, the Confederate line reserved its fire. This was an exceedingly trying moment on Hays and his little band of heroes. They quietly submitted to a second, and even a third volley. At this stage, however, the flashes of the muskets disclosed the still advancing line to be Federal troops. The Confederate band then began to return the fire, which checked the advancing Federal troops for a time; but another line was seen moving up, and still another in rear of that, and being beyond the reach of support Hays gave the order to retreat to the stone wall at the foot of the hill, which was quietly and orderly effected.

The several lines of troops, which approached and were encountered by the brave band on the hill were Carroll's

Brigade, sent by Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock, commanding the Second Federal Army Corps. This act of Hancock's was of his own volition, and for the service there has been erected a beautiful equestrian statue of General Hancock on or near the spot where the action took place.

Col. C. S. Wainwright, commanding the artillery of the First Federal Army Corps, reported that "about dusk they opened again from a knoll on our left and front, which fire was followed by a strong attack upon our position. As their column filed out of the town, they came under the fire of the 5th Maine Battery at about 800 yards. Wheeling into line, they swung around, their right resting on the town, and pushed up the hill, which is quite steep at this corner. As their line became fully unmasked, all the guns that could be brought to bear were opened upon them, at first with shrapnel and afterwards with canister, making a total of fifteen guns on their front and six on their flank. Their center and left never mounted the hill at all, but their right worked its way under cover of the houses, and pushed completely through Weidrich's battery into Rickett's."

Brigadier General Hays, under whose immediate command the two brigades made the charge, reported only on the action of his immediate brigade. Col. Isaac E. Avery, of the 6th North Carolina Regiment, was in command of Hoke's brigade and was mortally wounded during the action, dying about thirty hours afterwards, and made no report. Col. A. C. Godwin, of the 57th North Carolina Regiment, on whom the command of the brigade devolved, is authority for the statement that in the preliminary charge of that regiment in the darkness, it was now found impossible to concentrate more than forty or fifty men at any point for a farther advance."

Maj. Samuel McD. Tate, 6th North Carolina Infantry, states that "late in the evening," the brigades of Hays and Hoke were "ordered to charge the north front, and, after a struggle, such as this war has furnished no parallel to, seventy-five North Carolinians of the 6th Regiment and twelve Louisianians of Hays's brigade scaled the walls and planted the colors of the 6th North Carolina and 9th Louisiana on the guns. It was now fully dark. The enemy stood with a tenacity never before displayed by them, but with bayonet, clubbed musket, sword, and pistol, and rocks from the wall, we cleared the heights and silenced the guns."

In vain did these brave men send to their friends for support. Major Tate states: "On arriving at our lines, I demanded to know why we had not been supported, and was coolly told that it was not known that we were in the works. Such a fight as they made in front and in the fortifications has never been equaled. Inside the works the enemy were left lying in great heaps, and most all with bayonet wounds and many with skulls broken with the breeches of our guns. We left not a living man on the hill of our enemy."

Troops available for support to the charging column up Cemetery Hill were Mahone's Brigade, of Anderson's Division, Pender's Division, and Heth's Division, of Hill's Corps, nine brigades; Gordon and Smith's brigades, of Early's Division, and Rodes's Division of Ewell's corps, seven brigades total sixteen brigades. Gordon failed to advance because he received information that no advance would be made by Rodes. Rodes noticed late in the evening, when an attack was made by Confederate troops on his right, that is produced a stir among the enemy in his immediate front, "and seemed to cause a diminution of both artillery and infantry."

He had been given orders during that afternoon, and after the engagement had opened on the right, that required him to coöperate with the attacking force as soon as any oppor-

tunity of doing so with good effect was offered. When the stir occurred, he thought the opportunity had come, and sought Early, on his left, with the view of attacking in concert with him. Early agreed with him and made preparations accordingly. Rodes then sought an opportunity to coöperate with the officer in command of Hill's troops on his right, giving him notice that he would attack just at dark, and proceeded with his arrangements; but having to draw his troops out of town by the flank, change the direction of his line of battle, and then traverse a distance of 1,200 or 1,400 yards, while Early was to move only half that distance without change of front, the result was that before he drove in the enemy's skirmishers, Early (Hays and Hoke) had attacked and been compelled to withdraw.

Ramseur, commanding a brigade in Rodes's Division, was ordered to move by the right flank until Doles's Brigade, which followed him, cleared the town, and then to advance in line of battle on the enemy's position on Cemetery Hill. The movement of Ramseur's Brigade would govern the movements of the other brigades of the division. He obeyed his order until within two hundred yards of the Federal line, where he discovered batteries in position to pour direct, cross, and enfilade fires upon his lines. Two lines of infantry behind stone walls and breastworks were supporting these batteries. Conferring with Doles and both making representation of these conditions to Rodes, they were ordered to retire quietly to a deep road some three hundred yards to the rear, and be in readiness to attack at daylight next morning, which order was obeyed.

In his report on this battle, Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill briefly reports the part that Wilcox, Wright, and Perry took in the assault, which coincides with what is said of their gallant conduct above. A description of the reasons why the remaining troops of Early and Rodes did not respond shows some of the difficulties to which an army is subjected in its efforts to secure coöperation of all its parts. It will readily be seen that these troops did not wilfully refuse to act in concert with their comrades.

HOW GENERAL TAYLOR FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF MANSFIELD, LA.

BY THE LATE J. E. SLIGER, OF LONG BEACH, CAL.

Our regiment, the 28th Louisiana, commanded by Col. Henry Gray, a great lawyer of Louisiana in ante-bellum days, was camped at the Bisland Plantation on Bayou Teche, a few miles above its mouth, where it emptied into Berwick Bay. Just opposite was Brashear City, on the eastern shore of the bay, and connected with New Orleans by rail. The bayou was the dividing line between the Federal forces, under General Banks, and the Confederates, under Gen. E. Kirby Smith as departmental commander, with headquarters at Shreveport. The 28th Louisiana infantry and the Crescent Regiment, under command of Maj. Mercer Canfield, composed Mouton's Brigade, which, with General Green's Brigade of Texas Cavalry, about 2,500 strong, composed Taylor's Division. General Taylor was a son of the famous Mexican war hero, Zachary Taylor. We called him Gen. "Dick" Taylor, and he had all the daring, military genius, and generalship of his illustrious father, "Old Zach." I don't believe that General Taylor's force, all told, exceeded, if it reached, 5,000 men, yet he fooled and out-generaled and out-fought General Banks, with his not less than 20,000 men, and his gunboats on Red River to back him up and act as a base if necessary—and they did form such base for a few days, till Banks got back to Alexandria.

Of course, the Federals in New Orleans knew that an immense quantity of baled cotton was stored at Shreveport and that every farm in all North Louisiana had cotton stored in their gin houses. The farmers had raised the cotton hoping that it could be shipped to England and sold for big money. The rigid blockade prevented that, so they just had to hold the cotton.

The Federals were very keen for cotton. Its possession meant big money for them. A large quantity was stored at Shreveport, and all that was necessary to get it was just to go up there and scare General Smith and send him skedaddling off up into Arkansas to join General Price, whose army was variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand men.

Price was under Kirby Smith, who commanded the whole Trans-Mississippi Department. So when Banks started from New Orleans for Shreveport, his gunboats to go up Red River and his army to go up the dirt road, paralleling the river, General Taylor was ordered by General Smith to fall back, with Shreveport as his objective. Of course, Smith knew how small was Taylor's available force, and that he could not stand before Banks's army of not less than four to one of Taylor's force.

I happen to know these facts by reason of having been detailed as forage clerk under Captain Madden, Quartermaster, and I stayed at Colonel Gray's headquarters. I had free access to headquarters and to the mess, eating and sleeping in the Bisland residence, a big, fine colonial house that represented not only great wealth, but refinement and culture. Mr. Bisland had taken his family and slaves to Texas and safety before we reached the Teche country. He was glad to have Colonel Gray occupy the home as his headquarters. It meant protection.

So when General Banks began to cross his army over Berwicks Bay to the Teche country, we began to hike! We did not wait for the Federals to get close enough to shoot us. Banks's gunboats had been shelling us at long range from the mouth of the Teche (the stream was too shallow for gunboat navigation). Well, we beat Banks into Mansfield by at least twenty-four hours. We passed through the town one afternoon and camped a short distance out in the woods in the direction of Shreveport. Banks was due to reach Mansfield with his advance division some time next day.

That night General Taylor held a council of war, Generals Green, Mouton, Colonel Gray, and Major Canfield being present. General Green had kept Taylor posted as to the movements of the enemy all the way up from Nachitoches, a wooded country all the way, and Green's men had hovered on the flanks of the enemy continually. His orders were not to fight nor worry the enemy, but just to keep in touch sufficiently to know all about Banks's movements. His information was to the effect that the divisions of the enemy were marching separately. That is, one division, complete, with its artillery and wagons with all their camp equipage and munitions and sutler supplies, was marching leisurely up the road and all their transportation immediately following, so that the next division coming on behind would be some miles in the rear of the first. They were like separate armies, following each other.

General Taylor's plan was to surprise the front division by an unexpected and daring attack upon their front and both flanks, throwing it back on its wagons and artillery munitions, etc., and thus into great confusion, all the while firing in their rear and from both flanks and creating the opinion on the part of the enemy that Taylor had been reinforced by Price,

from Arkansas. They supposed it impossible that Taylor would dare to attack them with his small force.

The conception was a daring one; but one that, if it did not succeed, would utterly wipe out Taylor's little squad. He explained his plan, and every officer present was enthusiastic in his approval.

All this, however, would be in almost direct and positive disobedience to orders from General Smith, and it was necessary to bring about the execution of the plan in such a way as to make it appear otherwise. General Smith must be informed and the dispatch must reach him in time for him to forbid its execution. It would have to be sent by courier on horseback, and started in good time for the courier to reach Smith's headquarters at Shreveport in time for him to reply countermanding Taylor's contemplated attack the next morning. This would relieve General Taylor of any charge of insubordination that might be brought against him.

The dispatch to General Smith was prepared, informing him that unless Taylor received orders to the contrary, he would attack Banks's advance division at daylight next morning. Capt. Wilbur F. Blackman, Colonel Gray's adjutant, was present at the council of war, and to him, not to General Taylor's adjutant, was given the dispatch with instructions to forward it by a hurry-up courier at once.

But Captain Blackman knew it was the hope that orders from General Smith forbidding the attack on Banks would not come in time to prevent the fight—they knew he would forbid it if he got the dispatch in time for him to send a courier to Mansfield before the fight began. Blackman knew his Colonel, Henry Gray, did not want the courier to reach Smith in time, so he managed that General Smith would not get the dispatch in time to prevent the attack on Banks. I know this, personally. I was familiar with Colonel Gray's headquarters, and generally knew what was going on. Colonel Gray always treated me as a father would a son, and I loved him with all my heart.

Well, General Smith's order forbidding the fight did not reach General Taylor until after the fight had begun and it was too late to withdraw. That is exactly why and how the battle of Mansfield was brought on. Otherwise Banks's advance would have been in Mansfield the next day and Shreveport would certainly have been captured, and the whole of North Louisiana and Eastern Texas would have been overrun by Banks's cotton-hungry hordes. Things would have been very different at the close of the war in North Louisiana and Eastern Texas but for General Dick Taylor's dare-devil courage in his practical disobedience to General E. Kirby Smith's orders. He was supported loyally by every officer under his command. Too much credit cannot be given to General Green and his brigade of Texas cavalry, without which Taylor would have been helpless. Green was a general of no mean ability and his courage, dash and bulldog hang-on-a-tiveness was unsurpassed during the whole war.

Orders were given that night, and the next morning we marched back through Mansfield out to an abandoned farm in a valley curved around a kind of wooded peninsula, through which the river ran lengthwise. Arriving at the field, our regiment and the Crescent Regiment were marched along an old road to the left, which ran alongside the old field, a small fringe of brush being between the old worm fence and the road. This prevented the Federals, who were now on the opposite side of the field, from seeing how very small was our force. We were somewhat elongated. Reaching a point opposite the Federal cavalry, we were halted, and companies A and B of our regiment were thrown out into

the field as skirmishers. The Federal cavalry was dismounted at the fence on the opposite side and their skirmishers were thrown out into the field also, and skirmish firing began. I was in command of Company B. Each skirmish line protected itself by taking advantage of the logs and stumps, of which there were plenty in the field. I was in full uniform and had a fine cape of which I was very proud, and a Federal sharpshooter, seeing that I was an officer, wanted to get me. He was behind a log; I was behind a stump. He gave me some very close calls until the boys concentrated on him, when he quit firing and got down behind his log.

At this time the regiment came charging, double-quick, up behind us and we fell in line wherever we could, Company B, being in skirmish formation, was distributed about half way along the regimental line, which left me without an organized command. I fell into line, however, and rushed forward with the boys. I kept my eye on the log from which the Federal sharpshooter had made it hot for me. He was only about two hundred yards from me. Reaching the log, I jumped over it and looked under and found the sharpshooter still there. I ordered him out, took his Sharps rifle, belt, and ammunition, told him to go to the rear, and I rushed forward. The dismounted Federal cavalry lying behind the fence did not wait for us to reach them, but fled back through a small strip of woods to the main road, which at that point bordered another old field. They kept going; I saw no more of them. The Federal battery was stationed on some rising ground in this old field, about 300 yards in front of us, and their grape-shot was something we did not relish. Green's men were coming up back of them, however, and the battery men wanted to get away; but their captain, who was on horseback, could see that the grapeshot had caused some of our men to hunt shelter, and he was waving his sword and haranguing his men, evidently urging them to give us "a little more grape." I dropped on one knee and was taking sight with my captured Sharps rifle, when Captain Bradford, of Company F, came up to me, saying: "What, Lieutenant, got a gun!" I replied: "Look at that officer." He turned his eyes upon the officer, I fired, and the officer fell off his horse. "You got him," cried Captain Bradford, and passed on. The battery did not fire another shot, but left in a hurry. That was all the fighting I did in the battle of Mansfield.

After the Federal artillery captain fell from his horse, the men got on the horses and left, running off in the direction of their main army.

No enemy being in front of us, we rushed out into the main road, turned to the left and went down to the farm buildings, where a crowd was collected. Going into the residence, we found the floors and walls spattered with blood. As I came out of the house into the door yard, a Federal captain came running up to me, wanting to surrender and seemingly wanting protection. As I took his sword, belt, and pistol, and turned to the right, I became aware of the fact that our loved brigade commander, General Mouton, had been shot from his horse by a Federal after his fellows had surrendered, and that was why the Federal captain thought he needed protection. He supposed we would take dire vengeance upon the prisoners because the Federal soldier had murdered General Mouton. For it was murder. The fighting had ceased, and General Mouton and Colonel Gray came riding up, not thinking of any danger.

Well, it was all over. We simply followed the retreating Federals down to Pleasant Hill, where they made a slight stand, but we did no fighting here. Night came on and tired, hungry, and worn out, we lay down just where we stood in the road.

Late that night a party of horsemen came riding up from the direction of Mansfield and rode over some of our men, who gave them a good cussing, and were then told it was General E. Kirby Smith and his aides, and they wanted to find General Taylor. They were told that General Taylor and Colonel Gray were lying in the road at the head of our column, and to be careful not to ride over them.

I happened to be near by when General Smith reached General Taylor. The first thing he said was: "Bad business, bad business, General." Evidently Taylor did not think it very bad, for he replied: "I don't know, General. What is the trouble?" Smith replied: "Banks will be upon you at daylight to-morrow with his whole army." Taylor replied: "Well, General, if you will listen, you will hear Banks's artillery moving out now on their retreat."

And so it was. Banks never stopped until he got back to New Orleans, except when we crowded him too close at Yellow Bayou, a few miles below Alexandria; but he did not stop there long.

General Banks's purpose in attempting his raid on Shreveport was not so much to save or help "save the Union" as it was to *get cotton*, rob the people of North Louisiana and Eastern Texas of their cotton, and ship it to England for big money! It was not to free the slaves nor save the Union. It was to *get the cotton!*

The writer of this bit of history enlisted in the service of the Confederate States in the fall of 1863. His company helped to make the First Battalion of Louisiana State Troops. The battalion was commanded by Major Wyche, and was ordered to Alexandria, La., and from there to go down on Bayou De Glace and burn all the cotton they could lay hands on. The enemy, coming up from New Orleans, caused us to retreat back to Alexandria. Then the battalion was ordered to go down on Black River, which then was the enemy's line. While on duty there, the enemy crossed the river one morning below where our squad was camped. It was Christmas morning, and all the videttes came in to eat a Christmas breakfast. Just before we sat down to eat, a company of one hundred of the enemy's cavalry formed a line in the road in front of our camp and demanded our surrender. Only two of three made any effort to escape across the cotton field; but they were soon overtaken and brought back to camp. We were allowed to eat our breakfast. I remember that my appetite was gone, and that I did not eat any of the inviting breakfast.

We were put on their horses, and they took ours. Their horses were poor, and ours were fat and sleek. That night we went to Natchez, crossed the Mississippi River, and spent the night in the Natchez jail. The next morning we were put on a transport up on the hurricane deck, and were carried to Cairo, Ill., and from there to Indianapolis, Ind., and put in prison, Camp Morton, where we remained for fourteen months—all of the year 1864 and two months in 1865.

We were then paroled, and started South. From Richmond we went in different directions. The few that were in our squad did not stop until we reached home. Shortly after we got home the surrender came, and we did not go on duty any more.

After every victory over our enemies, let us holler at the top of our voices, peace! peace! peace! In the language of Patrick Henry, let us cry, "Peace, when there is no peace." What we shall holler after every defeat this *deponent* sayeth not, and would like for you to say yourself if you know.—*Bill Arp* ("A Message to All Folks").

THE BATTLE OF PIEDMONT.

(Written by Gen. J. D. Imboden in 1883.)

As I have never seen in print a detailed account of Hunter's capture of Staunton, which was the result of our defeat at Piedmont, I have long intended to write the history of that conflict, as I know a great deal of error about it was spread broadcast at the time; and unless some one who knows the cold, naked facts, corrects it, our local history may in time be falsified.

The battle of Piedmont, Va., fought on Sunday, June 5, 1864, was the culmination of three weeks of rapidly recurring events that immediately followed our victory over Sigel at New Market on the 15th of the preceding month. General Lee was so hard pressed by Grant from Fredericksburg to James River below Richmond in May, 1864, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could succor us in the Valley, where, with a single brigade, less than 1,500 effective men, I was confronting Sigel, who was at Strasburg with over 11,000 troops of all arms. Finally my appeals were so urgent that he sent General Breckinridge with somewhat less than 5,000 men to the Valley. With these veterans, my brigade, and the Virginia Military Institute cadets, whom I, as district commander, had called out, General Breckinridge gave Sigel battle at New Market on the 15th of May and defeated him with heavy loss.

The day after that battle, General Beckinridge was ordered back to General Lee's army, and took with him not only all the troops he had brought to the Valley, but also that grand old regiment, the 62nd Virginia Infantry (mounted when with me), then the largest regiment of my brigade, and commanded by the bravest man, I sometimes thought, I ever saw, Col. George H. Smith, now of Los Angeles, Calif. This left me the 18th Virginia Cavalry, Col. George W. Imboden; the 23rd Virginia Cavalry, Col. Robert White, now, or lately, attorney general of West Virginia, with Lieut. Col. Charles T. O'Ferrall most frequently in command; Maj. Harry Gilmor's Maryland Battalion; Major Sturges Davis's Maryland Battalion; Captain McNeill's company of Partizan Rangers; and McClanahan's splendid battery of six guns. The cadets were returned to the Virginia Military Institute, having suffered heavy losses in the battle, and a few hundred reserves (old men and boys) I had called out from Augusta and Rockingham were also permitted to go back to their homes and work. I was, therefore, left with about 1,000 veteran effectives to hold the Valley.

Sigel was promptly removed from command after his defeat and Maj. Gen. "Dave" Hunter, a human hyena, succeeded him. In less than ten days he was reënforced at Strasburg to the full extent of Sigel's losses at New Market, and being at the head of 9,000 infantry, 2,500 cavalry under General Stahl, and thirty-one field guns fully manned and equipped, he began active preparations for a forward movement, in coöperation with Generals Crook and Averill from Kanawha upon Staunton and Lynchburg as their objective points.

I was at New Market, with outposts at Woodstock, when Hunter slowly began his march the last week in May. I at once made the most earnest appeals to General Lee for help, representing my inability with 1,000 men to prevent the junction at Staunton of Hunter, Crook, and Averill, with a combined force of over 18,000 men. General Lee replied that he could not spare a regiment, not even my own noble 62nd, to help me; directed me to call out again *all* the "reserves" of the Valley (old men, boys, and detailed men in the shops, forges, etc., at quartermaster and commissary posts); and to

at once telegraph Gens. Sam and William E. Jones, in Southwest Virginia, to come to my aid, saying, in conclusion, that he would send them orders to forward to me by rail every available man; and that in the meantime I must, at all hazards and to the last extremity, resist Hunter's advance up the Valley till this help reached me, when we must drive him back and then turn and confront Crook and Averill and drive them back from the Valley.

This was the situation and these were my orders when, on the 1st of June, 1864, my little band of not over 1,000 brave and noble men, mounted on lean and jaded horses, was driven out of New Market to Lacy Springs, where we camped for the night. On the 2nd we were driven back through Harrisonburg and to Mount Cranford, where I decided to contest the passage of the river, and to that end had trees cut into all the fords, and mounted a heavy gun or two, sent me from Staunton, on heights commanding the bridge and fords.

It was vital to preserve my devoted men from capture as a nucleus for the reënforcements hoped for and, therefore, I could offer little resistance to Hunter's army in the open Valley, for Stahl's 2,500 cavalry were ever present and ready to flank and envelope my little band of followers. Occasionally we could, and did, make a stand and check them till flanked, when there was no help for it but to fall back rapidly.

On the night of the 2nd of June, I took up my headquarters at Mrs. Robert Gratton's, that matron who, as well as her three daughters, would have done honor to Rome in its palmist days. Augusta reserves and a few from Rockingham joined me there, and I also received a telegram from Gen. William E. Jones that he was at Lynchburg, on his way by rail, with 3,000 men to join me. On the 3rd these troops began to arrive in small detachments, having marched on foot from Staunton, seventeen miles. Fortunately for us, Hunter made little progress that day, remaining at Harrisonburg and sending out scouting parties of cavalry, with whom some of my men had several trifling conflicts when they chanced to meet on the north side of the river, where I kept the gallant 18th regiment on duty all day to observe the enemy's movements.

To my dismay, I learned from officers in command of the detachments arriving that no large *organized* body of troops was on its way to join me except Vaughan's small Tennessee brigade of cavalry. Jones had cleaned out the hospitals from Lynchburg to Bristol of convalescents, and gathered them together with the depot guards along the railroad, aggregating all told less than 2,200 men. The largest organization was no more than a battalion, not a single complete regiment was coming on, except, as stated, Vaughan's brigade of about 800 men. Mostly they were in companies, and parts of companies. During the day they all arrived, and in the evening I ordered their various commanding officers to report to me in person. Quite a crowd of these assembled, all strangers to me, and many strangers to each other, from Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee. I obtained lists of their respective commands, and had a roster of the officers made by Capt. Frank B. Berkeley, my accomplished adjutant general. Colonels Jones and Brown, of Southwest Virginia, whose Christian names I fail to remember, were found to be the officers of highest rank present. Of each of these I improvised a brigadier, and, with Captain Berkeley to assist, set them to work to divide the numerous small bodies of men between them as nearly equal in numbers as possible, so as to form two small brigades for themselves, respectively, to command. In a few hours during the night this work was done, when I ordered the two brigadiers *pro tem* to aggregate their men and complete the or-

ganization by forming regiments and battalions. About 10 o'clock that night Colonels Jones and Brown reported their brigades organized as directed, and were formally assigned to their respective commands.

Perhaps at no time during the war were such heterogeneous materials brought together so suddenly and compacted into harmonious and obedient bodies of troops. I have often thought this incident proved most strikingly the devoted patriotism of our Confederate soldiers. Here, without acquaintance with each other, in the face of the enemy, and a desperate battle impending at any moment with overwhelming odds, some 2,200 men and officers, without a murmur of objection, accepted the situation and with alacrity stepped into ranks and "touched elbows" with strangers, and obeyed orders from, to them, unknown and unfamiliar lips. It was an instance of sublime devotion to their country unsurpassed, so far as I know, during the war, and deserving to be held in everlasting remembrance by us as a personal honor to each and every one of the officers and men who thus behaved in the face of an enemy ready to fall upon them the next day in the proportion of three to one.

On the morning of the 4th, before sunrise, Gen. William E. Jones and staff reached Mrs. Gratton's, having ridden rapidly from Staunton. He was of my own grade in the army, but his commission was a year older than mine, and, of course, he at once assumed command. Before and during the hasty breakfast by a camp fire, I explained to him the situation. He adopted and ratified my organization of his detachments of infantry, and informed me that General Vaughan was coming forward from Staunton with about 800 weary cavalry to join us. While we were discussing what was best to be done, a courier from Col. George W. Imboden, of the 18th Virginia Cavalry, who had remained all night on the north side of the river in vigilant observation, brought the intelligence that Hunter's entire army was in motion on the road from Harrisonburg to Port Republic. We instantly divined his purpose to flank our somewhat strong position behind the North River, and to get across at Port Republic without opposition, and thence move upon Staunton. General Jones was wholly unacquainted with the country, never having been through it except on the Staunton and Winchester pike, and, as I knew it perfectly, he naturally looked to me for information to guide his movements. I gave him a full description of Hunter's proposed route, and made him a rude map showing the streams and roads, distances, etc.

I particularly described the topography at George W. Mowry's, three miles above New Hope on Long Meadow Run, and urged the selection of Mowry's hill west of the stream as the place for us to deliver battle, with such advantages in our favor as to fully compensate for the disparity in our numbers and insure us a complete victory at small loss of life on our side. When he fully understood me, he, without hesitation, concurred in my views. I then proposed, with my brigade alone, to place myself in Hunter's front that night at or near Port Republic, and to so retard his march next morning as to give Jones ample time to move all his infantry and the artillery and Vaughan's jaded command to Mowry's hill, and occupy it long enough before the enemy appeared in his front to throw up some light works and rest his men before action. All this was agreed to, and, at his request I furnished him guides from the Augusta reserves. I think the late W. J. Davis Bell and another citizen, whom I have forgotten, volunteered to lead him by the shortest and best route. I accompanied for a mile or two from Mrs. Gratton's, and, just before we parted, General Vaughan rode up, and Jones

introduced us, when, on comparing the dates of our commissions, Vaughan also ranked me by about ten days, which entitled him to the command of all the cavalry, mine included. He generously proposed to remain with Jones and let me proceed alone and in command to Hunter's front. We then parted, Jones for Mowry's hill with the infantry, artillery, and Vaughan's Brigade, and I for Mount Meridian.

I recalled Colonel Imboden from the north side of the river and proceeded cautiously, picketing all the fords of the North River. On reaching Mount Meridian late in the evening, my scouts brought information that Hunter had crossed and gone into camp at Port Republic. I placed a picket of about twenty men at the forks of the road leading to Weyer's Cave, on Col. Alex Given's farm, and bivouaced my command on Col. Sam Cranford's farm, with orders to be in the saddle at day dawn. Just as it was light we were in the act of mounting, when a sharp firing was heard from the picket post. The 18th Cavalry, being nearest at hand, I ordered and accompanied Colonel Imboden to the support of the picket. I have omitted to remark sooner that General Jones, when we parted, directed me under no circumstances to become involved in a serious conflict with numbers from which I might not be able to extricate my command, but simply to offer such opposition as would harass and delay Hunter. Bearing this in mind, when I passed through the village of Mount Meridian, I directed Colonel Imboden to throw down the fence and pass into a hill field overlooking the road and form line of battle. He had barely accomplished this, when a charge being made by the enemy on the picket, they fled over the hill toward us, hotly pursued. The 18th immediately charged these pursuers and drove them back rapidly, but followed too far, for the whole of Stahl's 2,500 cavalry was just beyond the forks of the road and my men ran into them, when the situation became very serious.

We were driven back and, in turn, pursued with great vigor. Capt. Frank M. Imboden, commanding one of the best companies in the regiment, was wholly cut off and surrounded, when he and about forty men fell into the enemy's hands as prisoners; with very great difficulty the rest of the regiment was saved. I, being cut off and pursued alone by an entire company, owed my escape to the speed and great power of my horse, a gift stallion from my command, who carried me at a bound over a post and rail fence into the river road below the village, where no one could follow. Rejoining the regiment just above the village of Mount Meridian, a running fight was kept up that would have destroyed us all but for the opportune arrival of Col. Robert White at the head of his regiment, the 23rd Virginia Cavalry, whose gallant and impetuous charge, along with Davis's Maryland Battalion, checked the enemy, with some loss on both sides, and enabled the 18th to get out of the lane in front of Col. Sam Cranford's house, where it had become "wedged in" between post and rail fences, and was at the mercy of the enemy in the fields on both sides, and also in the road behind. This affair at an end, we fell back without further difficulty to the eastern brow of the hill, where the battle of Piedmont was fought a few hours later, and there formed line of battle.

The position overlooked cleared land for more than a mile in our front, and my object in making the stand there was to compel Hunter to deploy his whole army, if possible, in the fields before and a little below us, knowing that if we could do so, he would lose at least two hours in breaking into column again to resume his march after we should have retreated through New Hope, as was my intention, as soon

as he should deploy into line and advance. To get the full benefit of this maneuver, I felt the great need of artillery to hold Stahl's Cavalry well in check. Believing Jones to be at Mowry's hill, three miles back, for I had not heard from him, I dispatched a hasty note requesting him to send me a section of McClanahan's Battery and 500 infantry, with which I offered to so retard Hunter that he would not reach Mowry's Hill till afternoon. My courier met Jones and his staff before he was out of my sight, riding rapidly toward us. In a moment the General rode up and greeted us. I hastily detailed the incidents of the morning, and inquired whether he had read my note. He replied that he had. Just then the head of Hunter's column came in sight, and my skirmishers opened fire on them more than half a mile in front of us. I told the General that a trusty scout had gotten into Port Republic the night before and ascertained very accurately Hunter's force, and reported it at 9,000 infantry, 2,500 cavalry, and thirty-one guns, an odd number. I knew our force to be about 2,200 infantry, 1,800 cavalry, some 200 "reserves," McClanahan's six-gun battery, and, I understood eight guns that had been manned at Staunton under command of Capt. J. C. Marquis, with a body of detailed men and reserves temporarily organized as a field battery; 14 guns in all.

(Concluded in January number.)

THE COAHOMA INVINCIBLES.

BY C. C. CHAMBERS, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

After the battles around Richmond during the months of July and August, 1862, up to the date of the move from Richmond about the middle of August, I was using every effort to get myself in shape to be with my command. By the advice of Dr. Ward, I gathered blackberries and made a cordial that did the work, but by going out on the march too soon I was "all in" again, and when nearing the Rappahannock River I answered "sick call." The Doctor said: "You had no business coming. We have no use for sick men on this move. Now you will have to return to the rear in the absence of any provision for the sick." A blue proposition for me, but the only alternative, so I turned with sad heart to retrace my steps if strong enough. My brother, H. W. Chambers, was ordnance guard, then at the crossing of the Rapidan, and that day the ordnance teams were sent back to bring up supplies. I was picked up by a Texas teamster I knew, so was saved the almost impossible trip on foot. Brother soon had me on a mule and took me to a farmhouse, where I was put to bed and an old retired doctor sent for. I made a rapid recovery and soon landed at Charlottesville, getting back to my old Dr. Randolph and Robert H. Carter's to rebuild.

It seems to have been providential that I was destined not to cross the Potomac River. The battle of Sharpsburg was to be fought this trip, and, on the second crossing, Gettysburg. It was my fate to be in the hospital with pneumonia on the last trip.

I joined the command at Winchester on horseback from Albermarle County, delivering a fine animal to its owner and also \$115, the price of another that young Dr. Randolph had ridden home, the owner living at the foot of the mountains near Brown's Gap. Recrossing the mountains in a new pair of boots, my feet were terribly blistered. When well upon the side of the mountain the second day, I took the boots off and was trying it with rags wrapped around my feet. While resting on a bank about two feet high, I discovered the old mooley cow belonging to some Texas officers near me. Getting to my feet, I leaped for the cow's back, and to my surprise she did not "buck." The road was crowded with men,

and such yelling and laughing. Every one wanted me to take on more load, but that was an imposition on good cow nature. The owners enjoyed the situation, and the dear old cow landed me safely on the other side of the mountain.

My second trip to meet the army at Winchester was as a convalescent under guard of an officer. Some fifty or more were to go to Staunton by train. Having crossed once on horseback, I knew the route, so proposed to two of Company G, Tub Buford and Pet Rogland, to join me at a water station while the men were out filling canteens. We three hid until the train pulled out, and maybe we did not miss a long tramp down the Valley pike. We fared fine, had a good time, and got to Winchester before the army pulled out. Our comrades did not get there, but had to turn about, cross the mountains, follow the army, living as best they could. I was in better condition on this last trip and could take part in the sharpshooting. As we crossed the range there was some sharp skirmishing on the mountain side. Bristow Station was the next, and gave us a chance to try the Yanks. Had Stonewall been in A. P. Hill's place, Meade would have been annihilated. It was there I did some deadly work as a sharpshooter. The left was in front that day. I was a small man and always fell in on the left with Company B. I was leading on quick step as we marched out of the woods into an open field overlooking the railroad, and saw plainly guns stacked line after line, men cooking, etc. Instead of getting out of sight and sending back to hurry up the troops and get at them silently and as quickly as possible, a small battery was sent out to notify them to come out and get us, which they did. Never in all of my life did I see as complete a failure and mismanagement. The 55th North Carolina, a new regiment, sent out to support that battery without support to themselves was surrounded and cut to pieces, lost the battery, and was simply lucky to get out.

The 11th Mississippi was there in line not very many yards away. Why were they not sent in to take a hand? The 4th Alabama was not far off, but perhaps not close enough to get in until the damage was all done. Sharpshooters in to the right of this battery in thick cedar found a line in the railroad cut, where we had a hot time. Lieut. Cole Boot, Compton, and I were the last to get out. We had driven in a line and then it was the Yanks' time to drive us out. Two well-filled haversacks in a pile we had passed twice, but halted not far off. Boot said: "Columbus, you lie close and watch while I get those haversacks." I got the man who would have got Boot, and we both were fired on by our own men as we passed out of the thick cedar into the opening. My right ear caught a ball passing so close that the doctor said it affected the drum, and from that day to this I can hear little on that side. This failure caused a duel between Major Belo, of the 55th North Carolina, and one of the 4th Alabama's Cousins, a sharpshooter and a scout, Major Belo challenging after the word went out that the North Carolinians were cowards for losing the battery. Major Belo and our surgeon, Dr. B. F. Ward, were fast friends. Dr. Ward knew of my Mississippi rifle, and that being the kind of gun chosen by Cousins, Dr. Ward wanted me to let Major Belo have my rifle, which I reluctantly did, feeling that it was a shame for men of our command to get into deadly conflict. Two shots were fired by both, but no one was hurt, though Major Belo had his collar cut, a close call.

Many years after this happened, an old comrade sent me a paper with the picture of the three—Ward, Belo, and Cousins—and there was the story of the affair. Major Belo had gone

to Texas and was owner and editor of two large papers, one in Dallas.

We spent a while at Suffolk, where we had some sharpshooting. Digging in at night, gaining a little each move, until we got in range with the forts, always moving in and out after dark. That winter of 1863-64 we put in at Goldsboro, N. C. The brigade was on picket duty on the hills overlooking the Rapidan and watching Grant's army. About the 4th of May we broke camp and hit the old Plank Road, and on the 5th the memorable battle of The Wilderness began. A. P. Hill was alone and minus one division to meet the enemy in strong force. We hit the enemy about ten, in the thick woods. As a sharpshooter, I was close to the left of our main line, the 11th Mississippi on the extreme left. I could lie down and see line after line rush on to my old comrades. I could not see how it was possible for them to hold the line, but, as they were lying flat on the ground, few shots fell low enough to hit, while our shots cut down saplings the size of a man's leg.

Temporary breastworks, logs, anything was gathered in the woods to arrest a bullet. Soon the Yanks found the end of our main line and sent a full line after us. Sharpshooters were strung out skirmish fashion, one man to twenty feet, and, in fact, some places twenty steps; but we were men who knew how to use the rifle, and we gave them a warm reception, falling back slowly, until at dark we had dealt a hard blow, and they did not care to disturb us that night.

I found the 11th Mississippi had been relieved and was resting in line on the opposite side of the Plank Road. We slept in arms ready to spring to duty at a signal any moment, which did come before it was light. Canteens were ordered out for water, and in a few minutes sharpshooters were ordered out on the opposite side of the road from where we were the day before, and without water, the detail not having returned. Our supper and breakfast consisted of a small ration of raw bacon and hard-tack, no water.

It seems that there was a line giving way, and the sharpshooters were sent out on quick time, the 11th Mississippi to follow us. I was soon into the thick of the fight, but not many shots did I have time to fire. No ammunition was wasted by me. At close range I made things count, but soon it was all off for me. I saw the 11th lying not thirty feet behind. A ball hit me squarely, going through my tent, a six-foot square of heavy drilling, folded up with my shawl on the left shoulder, and lodging against the skin. It fairly lifted me off of my feet, and I fell close in front of the men of my own company. One of the company got to me with water, which revived me for the time. I got up and went through the line, but soon went down again, calling for water. A small boy with the company gave me water the second time, and the third time I fainted I got water on the ground (swamp water). Not over 250 yards away I found Hood's Texans forming to relieve us. Imagine my feelings at seeing those men in time to save us. We were outflanked, in a manner surrounded, eight or ten to one, of that I am positive.

I had a Texan loose my cartridge box and then buckle the belt on over the shawl. He saw the ball had cut my jacket, yet there was no blood, but he counted fourteen holes on the tent. My suffering was intense and I knew my shoulder was smashed badly. It was while being relieved of the extra useless pack that I saw our beloved Lee for the last time. He and Longstreet were quietly talking, surrounded by their staff. When Longstreet's line was properly formed, the men went forward in slow time, the woods so thick in places no line of men could keep in place or make time.

One of Company B, I learned in later years, was killed in that day's fight, Dane McMullen. His father, nearly one

hundred years old, wept when I told him of his son's being killed the day I was wounded.

That morning ended my fighting days. At the field hospital, the doctor pulled up my shirt and out dropped the ball, well flattened. "You are lucky; a spent ball." Yes, it was spent when it went through fourteen ply of heavy drilling, my jacket, vest, and three shirts, knocking the breath out of me. Nothing now but to hit the trail; too many not able to walk. I lit out, but, suffering as I was, it was slow going. I moved on all that day and most of the night, making Charlottesville some time the next day. All wounded were being sent to Lynchburg, but no Lynchburg for me. I had good clothes and lots of friends and, in fact, a distant relative in Congress, and to Richmond I was bound to go. For a snap of my finger I would foot it, but I feared to undertake it, and it is well I did not. I stuck to my job of dodging guards, so I made the trip by train. I think by the 9th I was at Howard's Grove Hospital, suffering intense pain. The ward I was put in had a doctor named Mudd, a Marylander, but the Pennsylvania nurse was all O.K., a dandy good girl. My arm was in a sling, it and the entire shoulder as black as tar. I sent for Dr. McGuire, and told him I was on the verge of death. A knife had to be used, the sooner the better. He cut deep into the abscess and drained the wound of pus. The cut made by the surgeon healed, but the shattered bone left bare a running sore. I had no use of my arm, carrying it in a sling. The doctor finally determined to transfer me to the hospital nearest to my home. I did not report to the hospital, which was at Grenada, Miss., but left the railroad at Winona, staging out to Greenwood, where I met a comrade going across the Mississippi River. My father at this time was refugeeing in Bolivar County, a wild, out-of-the-way section, his old home near Friar's Point being so torn up by the Yanks. In the spring of 1865 I began using my arm, the wound having begun to close up. I could use the arm, yet it pained when hanging down. I was not content to remain at home if I could be of any service to the army, so I set out about the 1st of March, in a new suit of Confederate gray, obtained through the lines at Memphis, Tenn., by a sister-in-law, and had some \$40 in greenbacks, a thousand or so in Confederate notes. In order to make time, I paid any price to cross gaps in the railroad. Johnston and Sherman had left the country in a destitute condition. How I missed all the cavalry scouts I do not know, but up to the day I got to Salisbury, I saw nothing of either side except a few men, like myself, getting back to the army.

Three of us traveled from Augusta—my companions being M. F. Magner, once a member of Company B, but then in cavalry, and a Texas boy, and an Englishman. At Salisbury I found Col. J. M. Stone, of the 2nd Mississippi; Lieutenant Colonel Nelson, of the 42nd Mississippi; Captain Prince, 11th Mississippi; Albert Myers, 11th Mississippi. General Stoneman, Federal, with 5,000 cavalry, was closing in on Salisbury. Colonel Stone very foolishly undertook the defense. I told him I did not think I could fire a gun yet, but, "Come along, he said, "we may be able to use you." So when he took his position behind the railroad embankment and did not have men enough to fill the position, he sent me back to the cut with an order to file out to his line. Just as I got there I saw the Yanks dashing out of the timber to the left and rear of Stone's position. I delivered the message, but said: "It is all up with Colonel Stone, and it's every man for himself."

A. B. Myers had told me where his brother lived. Albert was fortunate in getting a horse, but I had to foot it back to town, where I got my pack and lit out to escape capture. The cavalry were all around me. I threw my old saddlebags of clothes into a brier thicket and made for a pond. By this time

pistol shots were flying thick and fast and many calls to "halt!" I thought they wanted me alive, as I was well dressed and they knew I was a soldier. My thought was: "You can shoot on, I will run until I cannot run." If I had been well armed they might have had me for the two-mile heat. My only hope after leaving the pond was to find some spot to hide. Around a large white oak, which had fallen, the leaves still on, many men had found shelter, as they thought, but none had found the spot that finally provided a secure hiding place. Breaking a few limbs down over the forks, I crawled up under this fork, spread out my shawl, which was the color of the white oak bark, and there I lay watching and listening to the Yanks picking up every man around.

After dark I crawled out. By this time the garrison was on fire, and from the light and bursting shells, I could keep my course. Just after dark the next day, the cavalry came near getting me in a railroad cut. I slid up one side as they came in on the other, crawled into the thicket, and went to sleep for the night. The following day I struck a town some twenty odd miles from Charlotte, where the citizens proposed giving me a horse to scout for them, to look out for cavalry. No more service for me. The end had come, and I was headed for home. The very next morning at the section house just out of Charlotte, I got the first news of the surrender. I went direct to the home of Mr. Myers, and there I found my comrade Albert. A bath, a nap, a short rest, something to eat, etc; and I was ready to travel, but very soon A. B. came to my room all excited over the surrender. Mr. Myers gladly gave me Confederate money for some greenbacks and wanted more.

I had now about twenty-five greenbacks and near two thousand in Confederate bills, and I hit the trail alone for the next town, Newberry, S. C. I went to the office of the provost marshal to secure transportation to Abbeville, if possible, telling him that Stoneman, with five thousand cavalry was right at my heels and I wanted to get out. The provost marshal was a brother of young Walker, of the 2nd Mississippi. I told the crowd if something did not stop Stoneman that he would be in Newberry before sunset. Sure enough, a flag of truce met him at Broad River, I learned later.

I reached Augusta, Ga., and remained there long enough to get my first monthly pay for over one year, money being paid out to soldiers who had papers to show where they belonged, these men going to and from home. There I met John Kimbrough, Company K, from Carrollton, Miss. He and I left Augusta together, to ride the train as far as it went, and footing it on to near Wetumpka, Ala., where we stopped to get some dinner and directions. The man of the house was out on his fine saddle horse watching the Yanks, who were out in squads robbing the country. A squad of us were ready to arm with shot guns and give them a parting salute and get some horses, if possible. I offered him \$25 in greenbacks and all the Confederate notes he wanted for the horse. He took me up, and I was not long in leaving. John and I rode time about that afternoon. The Yanks were in force at Montgomery. I felt uneasy and, of course, traveled all night. John left me the next day, and I rode on, stopping only long enough to eat if I could get it. The second night, as I neared a farmhouse, I could see a man mounted on a large, fine horse. He called out, "Are you a soldier?" "No, I am a soldier no more. Who are you? I think I recognize your voice." "Is that Chambers?" "And that is Harris." Never did two boys feel more relief. We had not met since the siege in Howard's Grove Hospital, our bunks adjoining. I was first to get out, never expecting to see him again. He was from Jackson, Miss., and had got into the squad at Wetumpka, Ala., after I left, and had passed me the first night. He soon left me to go

to Jackson, and I was on my way to Carrollton. I met up with one of General Wheeler's men, and we were together until we crossed the Tombigbee or Black Warrior into Mississippi. I was warned to look out for trouble, as many deserters were out in that section. I feared the loss of my horse, and I slept with him, but in the thick woods I kept my course regardless of public roads. In the most desolate place at the crossing of a creek, I saw a fine looking young man riding a splendid black, whom I recognized as Joel Booth, who had taken me out to the Taylor home in Virginia. He gave me a warm welcome and led me to his home. His father was a Baptist minister. I remained with them until the next day, Joel going with me until he said there would be no trouble. From there I rode into Carrollton the next day. John Kimbrough had already gotten home, reporting where he left me.

So ended my four years in the prime of life, a cripple, but here I am well along in my eighty-eighth year, feeling fine, in better health and with more flesh on my old bones than since the day the Yanks came so near ending my earthly career. I would gladly receive a line from any of the old boys or girls who went through those terrible days. I do not feel old of late years. I am taking life easy, was at Richmond in 1922, had a fine time at New Orleans; and hope to be at Memphis in June, 1924. A long road, but I am used to long trips. Met one old comrade of Company G, at New Orleans—Tom Loveless; he is eighty years old, but does not look it. I saw him afterwards in Phoenix.

ROSTER OF COMPANY B, AS REMEMBERED.

John Ashe, James Alston, William Alley, Thomas Bell, Brestiviser, William Burton, H. W. Chambers, C. C. Chambers, James Cravins, Tom Curry, William Curry, Dr. Coleman, J. F. Cox, J. Crenshaw, P. Campbell, Hicock, F. Shelby, Titus Johnson, Dr. Ervine, P. St. John, Ben St. John, William Hibler, J. McLain, Dodson, Watson, Powers, F. Henderson, Emmons, Sam Eastman, Pridgeon, Cris Kober, William Ferguson, Martin Flynn, Joc Manyard, Louis Lawrence, John Lemmon, J. Lawler, John Garner, Sip Garner, M. Garner, Tom Glenn, Martin Webb, Dr. McLcod, M. F. Magner, John Sanguenet, Fred Ross, Morgan Richardson, Clark Johnson, H. Montroy, Clay Montroy, H. McMullin, G. Morton, P. Morton, James Morton, H. H. Hopson, Joc Hopson, John Hopson, H. Richardson, L. Richardson, Joe Richardson, S. N. Delaney, Kelley, Gus Simms, Left Welch, David Nunn, William Neely, Cris O'Brien, John Olson, Gus Purvis, Canfield, B. McLean, Z. Montroy.

THE WORD.

O Earth! thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Though it may hold the Message unawares.

All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them: A Spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The Touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

—Richard Realf.

GAMBLING IN THE ARMY.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

Young and inexperienced when I enlisted in the Confederate army, I was surprised to find so many gamblers among my comrades. It seemed that as soon as they entered the service and found themselves free from the civil law, they resorted to gambling for pastime between all duty in camp, and a great part of the night was spent in that way until our field officers ordered all lights out after a certain hour. But this did not quite put a stop to it, for during the day, when there was any leisure, there were many games of chance which could be indulged in despite our duties. One of these was the raffle, by which means many valuables, or things considered valuable, changed ownership. Many of the men had brought from home such things as watches, pistols, bowie knives, etc. The watches were out of fix, the pistols were antiquated revolvers, and the bowie knives were useful only to cut up meat in preparing our meals.

Among my comrades was a boy named Dan Bowie, a schoolmate of mine, an easy-going, lucky sort of fellow. He always took a chance in these raffles, and invariably won; good fortune seemed to follow him, even a great while after we were sent to Virginia, for there he was always favored by some one higher up and kept out of battle; but luck seemed to have forsaken him suddenly when we got back to the Valley of Virginia from our march to Washington, D. C., in 1861. We had just settled down quietly in camp when some Yankee cavalry that had followed after us from the Potomac placed a battery in position in the mountain pass overlooking our camp and threw shells down on us. One of the first of these killed poor jolly Dan. We were all ragged and dirty from our long march of four hundred miles, and I got permission to go back to the river at the foot of the mountain to take a swim with several of my comrades. We were just having a fine time in the water when, overhead and near us, we heard the boom of cannon. At first we thought it was our cavalry engaging the enemy, but the shells seemed to pass over us, and we hustled out and hastened to camp. When we reached it we found our men all lined up to meet an attack, which was some time developing. As soon as I reached the ranks they told me of Dan's death. He lived long enough to ask a comrade to send his belongings to his widowed mother in Georgia. As he tumbled over a photograph of a woman which he had never shown to anyone, fell out of his pocket, and the comrade who took charge of his hat and other things came to me a few days after the fight and asked me whose picture it was, saying it was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. I recognized it as a picture of Mrs. Ware, Dan's sister. He said: "I shall write to her if I live." Soon after I had returned to my father's house after the war I went to see Dan's mother to tell her about her son's death, and she showed me the things his friend had sent her. I recognized the hat, as I had owned it myself. He had swapped me a cap for it soon after I had picked it up on the 12th day of May at Spottsylvania Courthouse. I had lost mine in that dreadful affair and snatched this one up and placed it on my head when a shell plunged into the ground and, bursting, showered me and a comrade with red mud and came near cutting our heads off. The mud stains were still on the hat.

I must tell about another gambler and his "luck." Just at the outbreak of the war, a young man named Echols came to our town (Bainbridge, Ga.), and opened a barroom. He stocked it with liquors and other things usually sold in such places. There was a rich old man who used to stand

around the place and wait for some one to ask him to take a drink, but he was never known to spend a cent himself. One day, when he and Echols were there alone, he asked the old man why he did not buy any drinks. This touched the old colonel in a tender spot, and he asked Echols what he would take for his whole stock. Echols named his price; and the old man took him up, paid him the cash, and sent the whole stock up to his house. Echols disappeared and I never thought of him any more until I enlisted in the Confederate army at Savannah in 1861, where I found him a private soldier in one of our Georgia regiments. He was a noted gambler and always successful. He accumulated by his operations ten thousand dollars of good money and sent it all home to his widowed mother. A great revival of religion was in progress among the soldiers, and he professed to be converted, quit gambling, and seemed to be devout and a model young man. But his good fortune deserted him, and he was killed in one of our first engagements in Virginia.

A mile or two before we were reached the battle field at Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, I was surprised to see the greasy decks of cards scattered along the way. The thunder of cannon indicated the hot time ahead of us, and the worst gambler in our ranks did not want his dead body to be found with a pack of cards in his pocket. After this I never saw another game of any kind in Lee's army.

For awhile after the war there was no civil law, and everybody did pretty much as he pleased, and gambling was very common. On a visit to relatives at Quincy, Fla., December, 1865, a kinsman and I were strolling around the town, and in passing an empty storehouse we saw a one-armed ex-Confederate soldier sitting behind the counter with his gambling outfit spread out before him. Curiosity prompted us and others to go inside and see his "tricks." He had been there alone for sometime and nobody had offered to play. Conversing with us, he said he did not consider gambling an honorable profession, but he had lost his right arm at his shoulder in defense of his country, and since he could not work, and there was nothing else that he could do, he had taken to it to make a support. After awhile quite a crowd was attracted to the place, but still no one offered to play. I went away and left my kinsman there and had been gone some time when he came to me in another part of the town and handed me a great roll of money, and said: "Take this; it does not belong to me. Go into that store and walk by that fellow in a careless way and give him a wink. He will follow you to the back and hand him this money for me." This I did and he seemed grateful for the favor. He had fixed the game so that the other party could win and it seemed an easy matter to all the crowd looking on, but all who tried it lost. I was interested in the playing of a black Republican State Senator. He won very seldom, only enough to lead him on until he had lost his last dollar.

I knew a Confederate colonel who had by his good judgment and bravery made a splendid record under General Wheeler. From a captain in command of a company he soon became colonel of his regiment and later on brigadier general. My brother served under him, and, like all of his comrades, had the highest regard for him. When the war ended I saw the colonel frequently. He was always dressed faultlessly and appeared to be a perfect gentleman, but had no visible means of support. He had fallen back on his old profession of gambling for a livelihood. In this he was an expert and won thousands from others who were considered the shrewdest

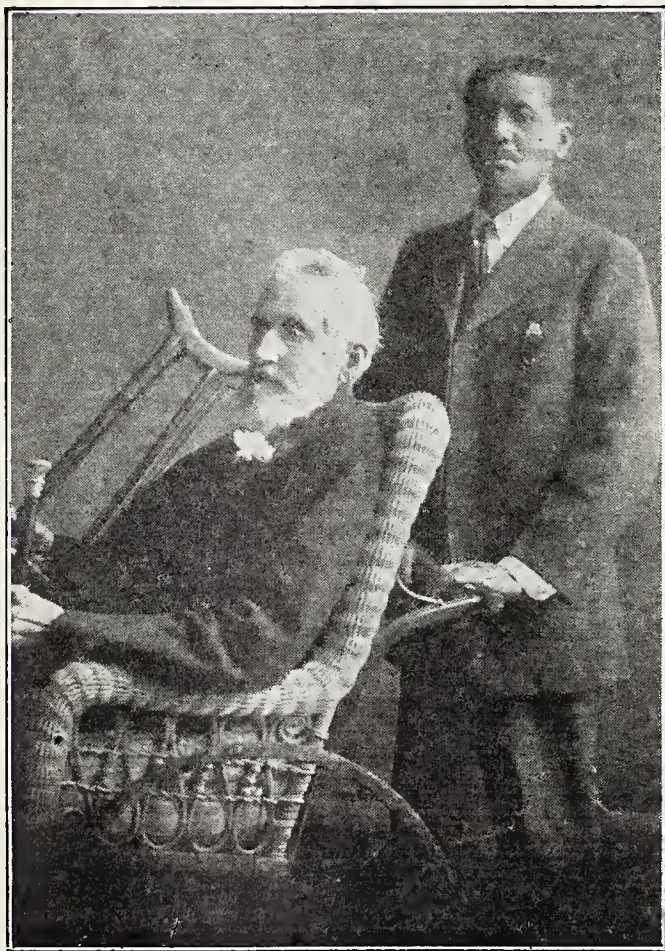
(Continued on page 475.)

A NIGHT WITH GUERRILLAS.

BY DR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, RAVENNA, TEX.

This truthful story begins one cold, dark day in January, 1863, a day of north wind and sleet, with skiffs of snow during the entire day. Our horses' manes and tails were sheathed with ice, and icicles hung from their bridle bits. Thus Tom Light and I traveled through the day. As evening came on there appeared in view a large, old-fashioned Southern home, the yard filled with stately oaks, rose bushes, and a row of servant quarters. We yelled at the gate, and an old gentleman appeared, to whom we made known our wants. He invited us in and told a servant to care for our horses. In the great, broad fireplace the flames were soon leaping high, and seeing how we hugged the fire the kind old host said: "Boys, you must be chilled through and through." He then stepped to a closet, returning with a decanter of peach brandy, a jar of honey, glasses and spoons, and we promptly obeyed orders to warm up in that way. Finding out that our home State was Kentucky, and our account of battles and general deportment pleasing the old gentleman, he soon called in his wife and two lovely daughters, who also plied us with questions in regard to sons, nephews, neighbors, and sweethearts. Then supper was announced. Tom and I spoke of it as "human vittles," which seemed to amuse our host. From the dining room we were invited to the parlor, where the girls made music until eleven, when we were shown to our beds.

At one o'clock we were aroused by taps on the door, and were told by our host that a company of men was demanding that we go with them on a raid. They were guerrillas, he explained, and killed all Union soldiers, also captured and robbed whoever had money, whether Northern or Southern.



DR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM IN HIS WHEEL CHAIR WITH HIS FAITHFUL ATTENDANT.

He said they were strictly desperadoes, and if we did not go with them they might take our horses or do worse. We decided to go. The road was covered with ice and sleet. After five or six miles we reached a log cabin, which they surrounded and burst in the door, making a captive of the Union soldier there. A sad and tragic picture was presented by the mother and two little girls, pleading and praying for the husband and father. They knew the character of the gang and felt that it was a last farewell.

I was so impressed by the pathetic scene that I determined those brutes should never murder that man. After he was taken out to the public highway, the captain called one of his men to take the prisoner up behind him, but he demurred with excuses; a second was likewise called upon, and again more excuses were put up; then a third, who also demurred on like reasons. By this time I had worked my way up close and said, in a careless tone: "Captain, I have a big, stout steed. If nobody else wants him, I can carry him." So the prisoner was helped up behind me, and the gang moved off at double-quick, halting some four or five miles farther on in front of a large country home. They all dismounted and entered the house, leaving me alone with the prisoner. Soon my comrade, Tom Light, came out and said they were torturing the old man of the house to make him give up his money. I thought then was the time to make good my oath, so I told the prisoner to jump and run. He said, "You will shoot me if I do," but I told him that I was a Confederate soldier and had been forced to join the gang, that I didn't believe in killing prisoners. I had hardly finished before I heard the prisoner on the ground and running for a black jack thicket some fifty yards off. I began yelling at the top of my voice and firing my six-shooter, which alarmed the cutthroat gang, who left the old man and ran over one another in getting out, believing that a hostile force was after them. They mounted and moved off, but I knew that the captain would demand an explanation about the prisoner's escape, so I prepared for action. Under the cape of my overcoat, which covered the horn of my saddle, I had my pistol bearing on his heart, my finger on the trigger. The captain held up and said he wanted to know how the prisoner escaped; so I told him that when the company went in the house and left me with the prisoner, all at once I heard a rustle in the leaves and realized that the prisoner was off, then I immediately began firing at him and yelling. He said: "You tell a straight tale, but if I believed you turned him loose, I would put a bullet through your brains." I said: "That would be treating me just right if you believed me guilty, but you can't believe it." He said, "No," and moved on. But had he attempted to draw his gun, I would have given him a dead shot, then traveled for life and liberty. I confess to the lying, but as I had put my life in jeopardy to save the life of an enemy, I felt it was justified.

I never knew just where these tragic happenings were taking place, perhaps in Henry or an adjoining county, but some three or four weeks later a Confederate cavalry company appeared in that section, keeping under cover, as it were. They soon learned when the guerrilla force would travel a certain road the next day, and the company ambushed on that road. The bloody bandits came along singing their ribald songs, when suddenly eighty muskets belched forth and every bandit saddle was emptied; not a single one escaped.

If there are now any living who knew of those occurrences, I should be glad to hear from them.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY JOHN G. HERNDON, EAST FALLS CHURCH, VA.

In the month of August, 1862, after recovering from a severe illness of fever, I was transferred from Richmond to the Delavan Hospital, Charlottesville, and put under the care of Dr. Allen, one of the surgeons there and at the University of Virginia (whose wife was a Miss McCoy, a daughter of a great-aunt of mine). The hospital being well filled, he sent me to Mrs. McCoy's, thinking I could get closer and better attention. After reaching the old Virginia home near by, I found there to my surprise, Sergeant McCoy, who had been struck on the back by one of the artillery wheels while going into action at Cedar, or Slaughter, Mountain; he was so hurt it was next to impossible for him to pick anything from the ground. About that time peaches were ripe, and we would walk out in the orchard, McCoy knocking the fruit down and I picking it up. I had not sufficient strength to do the knocking.

In about ten days my father, hearing of my whereabouts through some scouts in Fauquier County, drove the carriage to my aunt's, eighty-three miles, hoping to take me home, and both father and son were sadly disappointed that I could not go; but Dr. Allen had no authority to make the transfer, as I had been sent there by Dr. Moore, Surgeon General of the army, located at Richmond. The young Confederate was very much down for a while.

After fattening and regaining strength, and feeling ourselves fully able and sufficiently recovered to join our command, we started off, with haversacks well filled, on the road to Warrenton by way of Culpeper Courthouse, reaching the home of a great-uncle, Mr. Charles Kemper, about three miles from the town, the second day of our march. The next morning news came that the Yankees were in the town in large force. Finding our way blocked trying to reach our command in the Valley by that route, and realizing the nearness of our foes, we deemed it wise to countermarch by way of Amissville, in the county of Rappahannock. After reaching the Rappahannock River, we witnessed the passing of herds of cattle, sheep, and hogs, being driven rapidly across the bridge, fleeing the approach of the enemy. Crossing over the bridge, we moved on about a mile and left the road, entering a thick grove of pines, and had our bed on the pine tops, which lay thick on the ground. Our sleep was undisturbed and very restful. Feeling refreshed, we ate breakfast from our haversacks, and, entering the road, moved on toward Culpeper Courthouse. Passing us quite often were families refugeeing from lower Fauquier and Culpeper counties.

After a good day's march for convalescent soldiers, we reached the home of Mr. Botts (whose wife was a sister of General Kemper), and found there several soldiers, among them Lieutenant Hampton, a son of General Wade Hampton, a tall, handsome young soldier, bright and very entertaining. The poor fellow! It was not long after our meeting that he was killed.

Taking up our march the next day, we moved toward Madison County, hearing that Jackson's Corps had left the Valley and was moving in that direction, hoping to join our command the next day. After a few hours on the road quite a number of refugees were passing us, among them a farmer with a number of nice-looking horses. McCoy and I were weary from our continual marching, and somewhat down at many disappointments, so we decided we would buy a couple of horses from him. Noticing a nice bay, bridled and saddled,

I made an offer and bought him; McCoy soon bought a gray, without saddle, but bridled. We soon mounted, McCoy on a bag and I in the saddle; that was truly one of the ups in our career as soldiers. Our movements were accelerated thereby, and we reached the army just after it had camped near Madison Courthouse. The next morning all were alert and on the move toward Fredericksburg. An officer of artillery rode up to me and asked if he could buy my horse, and I sold him in a few minutes at an advance of 100 per cent; McCoy soon sold his at 75 per cent. We knew we could not keep them, as officers only were allowed horses and rations for them, so we were up financially, but again very much down as to locomotion.

In a former article I told of my transfer from artillery to cavalry during the summer of 1863. I was at my grandfather's when General Meade's forces were in pursuit of General Lee after the battle of Gettysburg. Their advance forces got near the house before I saw them. I hurriedly left the house, passing out at the rear, escaping the notice of the Yankees. Reaching a high point of woodland, I stopped and looked back at the house surrounded by the enemy, as thick as blackbirds in October. In a short while their guns rang out as they began killing the cattle, sheep, and hogs, making a clean sweep of stock and poultry, with the exception of one sheep, which they crippled and it had hidden in a swamp. My handsome saddle and bridle (which I had bought at a big price) was found as they were searching for eggs and taken by the Yanks. My grandfather thought it would be perfectly safe behind some gooseberry bushes, but their keen eyes and instinct for stealing found it. Seeing it would be impossible for me to return to the house, as a division had gone into camp on the farm, I moved on farther into the woods, and found two young men I had known all my life. One was Robert Tibbetts, of the 6th Virginia Cavalry, who had to flee from the home of his uncle (Mr. John Murray) without getting his side arms, as I had done. The other man, young Harrell, was out squirrel hunting, not knowing of the nearness of the Yankees.

After talking over plans for the day, I suggested we move back to the mountain road running from Markham to Paris, and await developments. We had not been on the way long before we saw two cavalymen coming up the road. The question was asked, "What shall we do now? We have only one gun." In reply I said we must catch them, so, posting Harrell down the road with his double gun, with instructions that when they passed Tibbetts and myself to jump out in the road and halt them, and we would rush in their rear with hands full of rocks and raise the rebel yell. The plan acted like magic; they surrendered at once and begged us not to kill them, thinking we were bushwhackers. The question then arose, "What shall we do with them and the fine horses?" The suggestion made was that Harrell, being armed, should take them and turn them over to Mosby's men, as we had heard that a company of that command was not far off watching Meade's movements.

After a short consultation we separated, I following the ridge one and one-half miles until I could overlook my father's home, very anxious to know how the enemy was treating them. Moving out of the woods into the field, I could see distinctly everything going on in that vicinity. In front of me I discovered a negro boy holding several horses in a ravine not far from where I was standing, he evidently thinking that was a place of safety. Turning my eyes to the left, I saw a squadron moving at a rapid pace, seeing the horses and boy, made

for him, capturing all. I could hear them ask the boy many questions and one particularly interesting to me was, "Boy, have you seen any rebels about here?" The boy's reply was, "Yes; saw one near the woods on the hill," pointing in my direction.

They immediately put spurs to their horses, coming toward the wood at my left and not far from where I was standing. I pulled off my shoes and moved rapidly, reaching a large cliff of immense rocks, where I settled down in a large crevice and pulled leaves over me, feeling that they could not find me if my rapid heart beats did not betray me. Through an opening in the rocks, I could see them with pistols drawn looking in my direction (the road was just a short distance below me). I heard them say finally, and to my great joy and relief: "He evidently has crossed the road and gone down in that deep hollow." They soon moved down the road at full tilt. Crawling from between the rocks and shaking the leaves off, I started toward my father's home, about one and one-half miles off; reaching the orchard and passing that and the garden (it being after sundown), I rapped lightly on the back door. My father soon appeared and was evidently surprised to see me, and in an undertone said: "My dear son, you cannot come in (one of the greatest downs of a soldier), as General Meade's officers were here to supper and are sitting out in the front yard smoking."

Father told me to go back into the garden and he would bring me a couple of blankets and something to eat. Leaving the garden, I soon reached a swamp about three or four hundred yards from the house, where I spent the night. Early the next morning I entered the home of my boyhood days, got a good breakfast, but found the family fatigued and excited after the day and night's work. Later in the day I walked across the fields to my Grandfather Gibson's, anxious to know how they had fared at the hands of the cruel invaders. The destruction was frightful, the soldiers having carried off the meat from smokehouse, all the bees, from 500 to 600 bushels of wheat, from 150 to 200 bushels of corn. While they were moving the corn the old negro wagoner, Smith Thompson, went into the crib, pleading with them to leave some for bread, as there were besides old Master and Mistress three or four families of negroes on the farm. They made a clean sweep, however, not heeding the earnest pleas of the old servant. During his entreaties, a rascal among them poked his pistol through a crack and shot the old fellow in the back, afterwards claiming it was an accident. Inhuman and vilest of wretches; Satan could not outdo them in barbarity. The faithful old man lived some twenty-five years carrying that ball in his body. He was faithful to the last, and we did all we could to make his last days comfortable.

Having sold my horse to a member of Company G, of my regiment, I was soon mounted again on a number one horse given me by father, who had saved him and several others from capture by running them off to a field surrounded by woods, quite a distance from the house and public road. Joining my command at Browntown, between Front Royal and Luray, we had some little excitement by reports that the Yankees were making raids in Fauquier and Loudoun counties, and greatly annoying the citizens, particularly in upper Fauquier, known then as "Mosby's Confederacy," because of his having so many men located in the different homes between Paris and Markham.

It was in the month of February, 1864, our company received orders about 3 P.M. one day to make a forced march by way of Linden Station (Manassas Railroad) to Middleburg, and if possible to intercept some raiding parties who

were driving off the little stock Meade's army had overlooked the summer before and capturing any Confederates they could find, particularly Mosby's men, as they had been making frequent raids on their outposts in Fairfax and lower Loudoun counties.

It was very cold and commenced snowing before we reached Linden Station, turning into a blizzard when we reached Markham. Pressing on, we reached Delaplane Station about sundown and halted. We were ordered by our captain to disband and seek homes and shelter for the night, to report next morning at 9 A.M. Faithful to our orders, we reported to a man and our march was continued to Middleburg, and in the town we found the Yankees had left by way of Aldie to Fairfax the previous day.

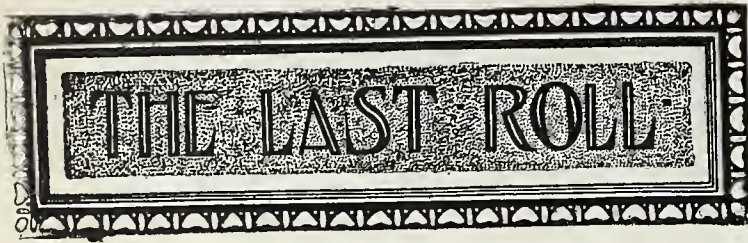
After resting a short while and feeding our horses, and being fed ourselves by the good people of the town, we mounted and returned to our command in the Valley.

Not long after, in the same month, another raiding party, led by a notorious renegade from Fauquier County, who had fled to Fairfax County to escape military service, and a young negro man who had been raised by my father and with whom I had played as a boy, reached my father's home just before day, a bitter cold morning. They rushed into the house and upstairs (doors were rarely locked those days), catching two of Mosby's men, Whitefield Nutt and Ash Lynn. In a room just across the hall were two more men, A. G. Willis and Foley Kemper, who, hearing the noise, locked their door and jumped down on a side porch in their night clothes, barefooted, and made for the barn, Willis hiding under the hay and Kemper running to a swamp some distance from the house. Finding the door locked the raiders rushed downstairs and entered the sitting room, where they found my father, partly dressed. They threatened to kill him if he did not open the door upstairs. The noise and confusion aroused my oldest sister and a Miss Logan (a teacher in the family), occupying the same room in another part of the house. They came down in their night clothes, hurried into the sitting room, finding it full of Yankees threatening my father with death, a pistol at his head. They screamed and yelled and so unnerved the Yanks that they lowered their guns and ran back upstairs, firing twice through the door; then with an ax they burst it open, taking a gold watch, pistols, and sabers, and some other things. Failing to catch the two men, they moved off to a near neighbor's. Willis and Kemper were nearly frozen when they got back to the house.

Reaching our neighbor's, the raiders continued their search for other Mosbyites. Lieut. Frank Williams, stopping there, heard them coming into the house, jumped out of bed and ran upstairs to a room occupied by the two daughters of the family, exclaiming: "Save me!" The young ladies pulled off the feather bed and made Williams get on the mattress; there they pulled the feather bed back and got into bed, covering themselves up a few seconds before the Yanks entered the room. They searched in every closet and corner without finding him, finally leaving the house. Such strategy would be a credit to Stonewall Jackson.

Their raid continued, and the searching of many houses in that vicinity; many escapes were very, very thrilling indeed.

After the surrender we began farming again, hitching up our old war horses beside some old branded U. S. horses, and the fall of 1865 found us gathering the fruits of our labors during the year, which was one of the ups of many an old ex-rebel.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"Only an aged pilgrim
From life's dark western slope,
Deaf to the silver bugle
Blown by the lips of hope;
Dumb to the calls of the future,
Blind to the scenes of to-day,
Lying so still in the valley,
Wearing his jacket of gray."

MAJ. GEN. H. C. DAVIDSON, U. C. V.

One of the most prominent of Alabama's veterans of the Confederacy has passed with the death of Gen. H. C. Davidson, former Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., which occurred suddenly at Atlanta, Ga., on November 11. His body was taken back to the old home, Montgomery, and after funeral services at St. John's Episcopal Church, was tenderly laid to rest in Oakwood Cemetery, attended by his comrades of Camp Lomax, the Daughters of the Confederacy of the Sophie Bibb Chapter also attending in a body.

When war between the States came on, Henry Davidson was but sixteen years old, but at the time he was a clerk in the office of the Secretary of State, C. S. A. When the capital of the Confederacy was removed to Richmond, Va., young Davidson was transferred to that point, enlisting a year later in the Confederate army. Toward the close of the war he was captured by Federal troops and was confined at Camp Chase, being paroled at the close of hostilities.

Returning to Montgomery, Comrade Davidson entered the clothing business, in which he was actively engaged until a few years ago, when failing health compelled retirement. After the reunion in Richmond, in 1922, he had a severe break down in physical condition, and later on made his home with his daughter, Mrs. George Linder, of Atlanta. He is survived by his wife and daughter and two granddaughters, also by two sisters and three brothers.

In an editorial tribute, the *Montgomery Advertiser* says: "General Davidson was one of those young men who returned with dreams disappointed and fell to the harder and more wearying daily tasks of reconstructing society and building again a prosperous environment for his people. . . . He prospered in his own affairs, and it was his pleasure to lighten the burdens of his less successful comrades. For them his hand was always open, and it was a high but deserved compliment for these comrades late in life to select him as Commander of the Alabama Division, U. C. V. . . . His was an active life. He had much understanding of and love for humanity and the gift of drawing men of every age to him."

A touching instance in his life was his purchase of a beautiful Confederate flag, which he placed in the keeping of Capt. Paul Sanguinetti, with the request that when he died the emblem should drape his coffin, and the sacred trust was fulfilled.

ANDREW BENJAMIN BOWERING.

On October 20, 1923, following an illness of two weeks, Andrew Benjamin Bowering answered the last roll call at his home in Fredericksburg, Va., in his eighty-second year. He was for forty-two years the faithful and efficient commissioner of revenue for this city, an office of great responsibility and arduous duties. Though born in the State of New Jersey, when Virginia called her sons and citizens to the colors in the War between the States, Andrew Bowering rallied for the defense of the honor, integrity, and rights of the South. His name was known far and wide as a great musician and band leader. It is said that he played the last military recall at Appomattox, on April 9, 1865. He had the distinction of composing the funeral dirge and leading the 30th Virginia Band when it played at the funeral of the South's great military chieftain, Stonewall Jackson. He was ever and always loyal to the Confederacy, and at the time of his death, and for many years before, he was Commander of the Confederate Camp of this city.

When a mere boy, Andrew Bowering united with the Baptist Church and was for a long time the superintendent of its Sunday school in this city, as well as the leader and teacher of its Bible class.

After the war, he engaged in the foundry business with his father. He did great service for the poor, sick, and stricken. Though old in years, he was young and optimistic in spirit, looking ever toward the sunshine. He was thrice married, his last wife surviving him, with a daughter and son by a former marriage. His funeral, conducted by his pastor at the Baptist Church, was largely attended, and among the many mourners were his comrades in gray. His casket was covered with flowers and the Stars and Bars, which he had loyally and lovingly followed through four long, weary years of war.

[John T. Goolrick.]

CAPT. ABSALOM BLYTHE.

The death of Capt. Absalom Blythe at his home in Greenville, S. C., on April 5, 1923, in his eighty-fourth year, brought to a close a career of brilliant and almost continuous service to city, State, and country. He was born in upper Greenville County, July, 1839, the son of Rev. Davis Blythe, a wealthy and influential Baptist preacher. He was descended from an old and distinguished English family, whose seat in England is still called Blythe. The American branch of it came to this country in the time of Cromwell, landing in Virginia. His grandfather, William Blythe, moved to South Carolina some hundred years ago and settled in Greenville County.

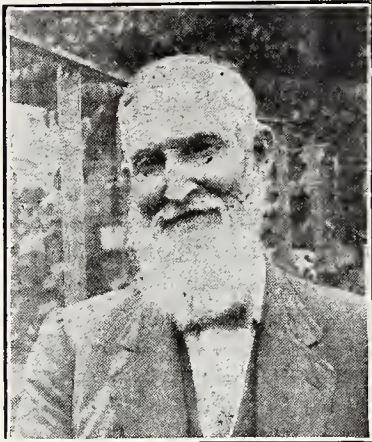
Absalom Blythe graduated from Furman University in 1861, and immediately enlisted as a private in Company K, Captain Brooks, of the Hampton Legion, which was afterwards the 2nd South Carolina, commanded by Col. M. C. Butler. Promoted from the ranks to orderly sergeant, then to a lieutenantancy, young Blythe was finally placed in command of a company, and served in the Hampton Legion with J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry throughout most of the war, taking part practically in all of the fighting of Stuart's cavalry.

Returning home in 1865, he married Miss Emily Edgeworth Earle, daughter of Henry M. Earle. In 1869 he was admitted to the bar. Twice he represented his county in the General Assembly, and was solicitor of his judicial circuit; and at the time of his death he was president of the Greenville Bar Association.

Surviving Captain Blythe are two daughters and a son. His comrades of Camp Pulliam U. C. V., of Greenville, attended the funeral in a body. Members of the Bar Association were honorary pallbearers.

DR. T. H. LAUCK.

While absent from home, I was inexpressibly shocked to learn of the sudden death on August 3, 1923, of my beloved comrade and brother, Dr. T. H. Lauck, Company K, 10th Virginia Infantry, which leaves me as the last surviving member of four who were messmates together. Although since the war living in States far distant from each other, we had kept up the fellow comradeship that had bound us together. I shall miss him and mourn his departure.



T. H. LAUCK.

As his commander, I can pay no higher tribute to his memory through the years of service than to testify that he was a soldier with an unblemished record as to fidelity to duty and loyalty to his flag and country, even suffering imprisonment for months after the surrender of General Lee, refusing to take the oath of allegiance until advised by his parents of useless resistance any longer.

He was brave without any bravado, cool and calm in action, not stoical, but, conscious of impending danger, faced it with intrepid courage. In the battle of Cedar Mountain he was wounded, but upon his recovery returned promptly to his duties and fought through all the principal battles of the Army of Northern Virginia.

He was universally loved by his comrades for his genial nature and ties of comradeship. He was endowed with a bright mind, which manifested itself in deep thought, quick at repartee, and a ready writer. His recollections as to minute details of war incidents were remarkable, and he could give as good account of his own personal experience in battle as any man in the company.

In 1861, when war was imminent between the States, and the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for 75,000 troops to coerce South Carolina into the Union was flashed over the wires, Dr. Lauck, then but seventeen years of age and not subject to draft, was among the first to respond to the call to repel the invaders by volunteering in the first company from Page County, Va., then being enlisted for service.

He had been reared in tenderness by his parents and had not experienced any hardships to inure him to what was to confront him, but he, with many others of his comrades, surprised those of more hardy lives by his endurance in military drill, discipline, and fatiguing marches.

At the close of the war, he chose the profession of medicine and graduated from the University of Virginia, and, after returning to his home, began practice at Manassas, Va., but after a few years he emigrated to Texas and located in Leander, where he practiced for a period of many years until physical infirmities compelled him to retire.

At the time of his death he was visiting his native home in Page County, Va., and was contemplating an early return to Texas when suddenly stricken down and died in a few days.

He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church, a son of the Rev. William C. Lauck, an eminent divine of that denomination in Virginia. May he rest in peace.

[D. C. Grayson, Washington, D. C.]

COMRADES OF CAMP GARNETT.

Chaplain J. K. Hitner reports the losses in Camp Garnett at Huntington, W. Va.: "Lately two of our most worthy and constant members have passed away—Adolph Brogh and Nathaniel C. Petit, both over eighty years of age. Comrade Brogh came to this country in early life, and he served in the Confederate cavalry as a gallant soldier. Comrade Petit was born in Clarke County, Va., and at the age of eighteen years joined the Confederate forces and served in the commissary department under Generals Echols and John C. Breckinridge with great ability throughout the war. He afterwards returned to Huntington and engaged successfully in business pursuits until enfeebled by years. He married Miss Marietta Simpson in 1873. He is survived by a daughter. He was a constant attendant of his Bible class and a devoted member of Camp Garnett, also of the Knights of Honor.

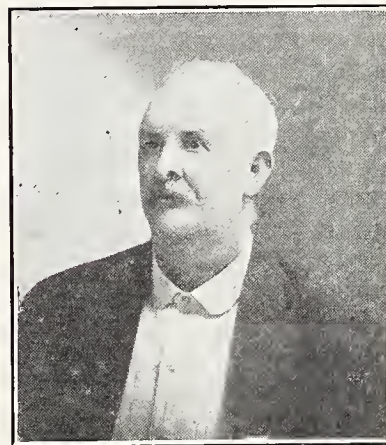
Camp Garnett mourns the loss of these worthy members, whose constant attendance and activity in the Camp's service will be greatly missed.

COMRADES AT PARIS, TEX.

The death of Comrades H. L. Clark, aged seventy-seven years, who served with Company F, 1st Mississippi Infantry, and E. K. Gunn, aged eighty-two, Company A, Whitfield's Legion, is reported by Constance McCuiston, Adjutant Camp Albert Sidney Johnston, Paris, Tex.

JUDGE ANDREW PARK.

Omer R. Weaver Camp No. 354 U. C. V., of Little Rock, Ark., mourns the loss of its loved commander Judge Andrew Park, who died on September 7. He was born in Carroll, Tenn., September 8, 1834, and thus lacked but one day of completing eighty-nine years.



JUDGE A. PARK

In 1843 he moved to Panola County, Miss., and there married Miss Deliah Adeline Foster in 1856.

He enlisted in the Confederate army on March 5, 1862, joining Company I, of the 42nd Mississippi Regiment, Davis's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V.

Just seven days before General Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox Court-house, Andrew Park was captured and sent to Point Lookout, Md., where he was held for two months and fourteen days, being released on June 16, 1865, and reached home June 25.

Coming to Arkansas some twenty-five years ago, Judge Park became a leading citizen of the State. In 1907 he was appointed county judge by Governor Pindall, and he had served the Omer R. Weaver Camp as Commander for two terms, first filling the unexpired term of Commander A. L. Smith. He was elected Commander in January, 1923, but was unable to serve on account of failing health.

Judge Park is survived by his wife, six daughters, two sons, fifty-two grandchildren, sixty-four great-grandchildren, and six great-great-grandchildren. After funeral services at the home of his daughter, Mrs. McCraw, in Little Rock, his body was taken to Cabot and laid to rest in Mount Carmel Cemetery.

[Committee: A. J. Snodgrass, H. E. H. Fowlkes, Sam R. Cobb. Miss Bessy Henry.]

FRANCIS MARION WINN.

Francis Marion Winn, born in Sumner County, Tenn., February 15, 1847, died in Redlands, Calif., October 6, 1923. At the age of about sixteen he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving under General Forrest in Company D, 2nd and 21st Cavalry, Tennessee Volunteers, taking an active part in many hard-fought battles. He was paroled at Gainsville, Ala., May 11, 1865, returning at once to the home of his father, near Castalian Springs, Tenn. Soon after this he developed a substantial business as a contractor and builder and left many elegant buildings as monuments to his ability as a builder. One of the last services he rendered his native State in this capacity was that of being chief supervisor of the construction of the present courthouse at Hartsville, Trousdale County, Tenn.

In 1913 he removed to Redlands, Calif., and bought an orange grove, giving it his personal attention, but some three years ago he sold his grove and retired from business.

He was thrice married and is survived by his last wife and fourteen children, twenty-three grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. All his children were with him during his last illness, and it was a notable incident that his eight sons were the active pallbearers at his funeral and burial, which was at beautiful Hillside Cemetery, adjacent to the world-renowned Smiley Heights, near Redlands.

Comrade Winn was ever loyal to his Church and its ordinances, and in civil life he was known universally as a man of excellent character, uncompromising as between right and wrong, true to everything Southern, the cause for which he fought so well and faithfully being always dear to him. He was the only Confederate veteran residing in Redlands, but the G. A. R. has an organization here, and because of his sterling traits of character he had so won their esteem and admiration that he was invited to participate in all their social activities, an exhibition of splendid spirit which resulted in much pleasure to all concerned. Outside his own family relations, the best friend he had in Redlands was an old Union soldier, who sat with him in Sunday school class every Sunday. He has fought his last battle and won the glorious victory. Peace to his ashes.

CAPT. ANDREW R. GORDON.

Capt. Andrew R. Gordon, who commanded Company E, of the 11th Tennessee Cavalry, died at his home in Cornersville, Tenn., May 14, 1923, having nearly completed his eighty-eighth year.

As a Confederate soldier he first enlisted in a company of cavalry, one of the first, probably, raised in the State, and was elected as one of the lieutenants. In a short time after the formation of the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, into which this company was incorporated, Lieutenant Gordon resigned. Soon after this time he took part in raising another company, of which he was elected the captain, and this company became a part of the 11th Tennessee Regiment.

During the last twelve months of the war, or more, this regiment was engaged in service about army headquarters. It seems that for some special reason, Captain Gordon, with his company, or a part of it, was detailed to relieve a body of infantry, and they had to sustain a vigorous assault from the enemy. The Captain was painfully wounded in one of his hands, having lost one or more of his fingers. A short time after this, he, being away from the army on furlough, was captured by a body of Yankee scouts, and was sent to a Northern prison, where he was held until the Southern armies had been disbanded.

Captain Gordon was married before the war, and he was blessed with a number of sons and daughters, whose lives were creditable to their parents and serviceable to their country. After the war was over and life's many responsibilities were heavy on him and the prayers of numerous friends going up to heaven on his behalf, he identified himself with the Church, and we may trust all is well with him.

[J. T. Rothrock.]

WILLIAM R. JOHNSON.

William R. Johnson, prominent citizen of Greenbrier County, W. Va., died at his home in the Fort Spring district, near Lewisburg, on the 28th of February, 1923, having passed the eighty-fifth milestone in his long and eventful life. A son of John T. and Mary Tuckwiller Johnson, he was born January 25, 1838, on the farm adjoining his own where the greater part of his life was spent, and to which he returned after a few years in Madison County, O., where he met and married Miss Margaret Linson, his first wife and the mother of his son, John T., now of Alderson. Some years after the loss of this wife he married Miss Nannie Hern, of Augusta County, Va., who died some nineteen years ago. Four daughters and two sons of this second marriage survive him.

When the great war of the early sixties came on, William Johnson was among the first to volunteer in defense of the South, joining Company A, Captain White, later attached to the 14th Virginia Cavalry. Later in the war he was transferred to Company K, of the same regiment, with which he saw much hard service in West Virginia, Maryland, and in the Valley of Virginia. He was an excellent soldier, uncompromising and faithful. On one occasion in the Valley campaign, he came in close contact with a Yankee cavalryman, each being on his horse armed with a pistol, the two but a few feet apart on opposite sides of a rail fence. A number of shots were exchanged at close range, and in the last round Comrade Johnson brought down his man, took his horse, and led him off in triumph.

William R. Johnson was a good citizen, leading the busy, peaceful, independent life on the farm, where he looked carefully after his own business, though interested always in the larger affairs of county, State, and nation, and ever ready to help a neighbor when his advice or counsel was sought. At his home he dispensed a generous hospitality. As a faithful, provident husband, an affectionate father, a kind, obliging, and helpful neighbor, a trusted friend, and a law-abiding citizen, he will long be remembered.

J. W. NORVELL.

James William Norvell, former mayor of Bristol, Tenn., and one of the most prominent citizens of that community for the past fifty years, died suddenly on November 4, at the age of eighty-three years. He and his wife had been married sixty years, and only recently celebrated this anniversary by a wedding trip to their former home in Christiansburg, Va., where they were married on August 27, 1863. Comrade Norvell then went on to the army of the Confederacy and fought gallantly to the end, while his bride, who was Miss Lucy Stratton Douthat, remained at home and helped to nurse the sick Confederate soldiers, and she has been actively interested in Confederate work until the present time, known among the daughters of the Confederacy for her good works and having more stripes on her Red Cross ribbon than any other person in the city.

Comrade Norvell was an elder in the Presbyterian Church and had the distinction of being one of the few Thirty-Third Degree Masons of that section. During the many years he

ived in Bristol he was known as a man of the highest character and was deeply loved by his many friends, who mourn with his wife and daughter the loss of one so dear, now sleeping the sleep of eternal rest.

TUBAL E. MCDANIEL.

Tubal E. McDaniel, one of the few Confederate veterans of Warren County, Ky., died at his home in Smith's Grove on September 10, 1923. He was born near what is now that town on December 6, 1841, and thus had nearly completed his eighty-second year.

He joined the Buckner Guards at Bowling, Ky., the last of December, 1861, commanded by Captain Ridley. This company was disbanded at Corinth, Miss., and he was then transferred to Morgan's Squadron as a member of Company D, Captain Brown, of Louisiana, commanding. On Morgan's first raid into Kentucky he was taken prisoner at Lebanon, Tenn., and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. He reached Vicksburg, Miss., September 10, 1862, on exchange, and in November he was placed in the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, under Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, as a member of Company I, Capt. William Roberts. He was with Morgan on his raid to Kentucky, Christmas, 1862; in the battle of Milton, April 20, 1863; Missionary Ridge, November 27, 1863; was wounded in the right shoulder at Dud Gap, on Rocky Face Mountain, near Dalton, Ga., May 8, 1864, and was sent to the hospital at Oxford, Ga., but stayed only twenty-five days, reporting to his company before the wound had healed. He was in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864; was in front of Sherman, and with General Wheeler on his march into Middle Tennessee. He was also with Forrest in Middle Tennessee in October, 1864, reporting back to his command in November. He was wounded severely in the knee in a skirmish near Macon, Ga., November 24, 1864, and was paroled at Macon, April 28, 1865, on crutches. He carried with him through life a stiff knee. When he returned from the war, he accepted the situation philosophically and devoted himself loyally to his government, but never for a single moment doubting the rectitude of the fight he made for the South. He was a lifelong member of the Methodist Church, an earnest Christian, and was ready with abundant sheaves to answer the last roll call of his great Commander. He leaves a wife, his companion for fifty-six years, and three daughters, and to these loved ones he has left a heritage of lasting qualities far more precious than many jewels.

JOSEPH L. JOHNSON.

Joseph Linden Johnson, aged seventy-seven years, died at his home in Philippi, W. Va., on November 11, after a short but severe illness. He was born in 1846 at Meadowville, Barbour County, the son of Hon. William and Lydia Ann (Wells) Johnson. He was married January 12, 1869, to Ella Rebecca Crim, who preceded him to the grave several years ago. He is survived by three daughters and two sons.

Mr. Johnson was engaged in the mercantile business and in farming at Meadowville until a few years ago, when he moved to Philippi and associated himself with his son-in-law,

Dr. Myers, in the manufacture of medicines. He served in the Confederate army on the staff of General Imboden. Capt. Mortimer C. Johnson, a brother, was killed in the Sinks of Randolph County while returning South after having been home on a furlough. Another brother, Col. Isaac V. Johnson, served under Stonewall Jackson and after the war was elected clerk of circuit court of Barbour County, serving three terms of six years each; was elected State auditor in 1892, and died at Shepherdstown some years ago. Comrade Johnson's father represented Barbour County in the House of Delegates from 1859 to 1865.

M. C. KOLLOCK.

Death has again invaded our ranks and taken from us our fellow member and friend, Macartan C. Kollock, who died in Atlanta, Ga., on October 24. His body was brought back to Savannah, and a delegation from the Camp was his escort to beautiful Bonaventure Cemetery and closed the last sad rites by placing our flag on his grave. His wife and a son survive him.

Our friend and fellow soldier entered the service of his country in 1863 by joining Company E, Confederate States Marine Corps, as a private, and was detailed for eighteen months by Commodore Josiah Tatnall. He surrendered with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865, after having served to the best of his ability the cause he loved so well.

Comrade Kollock was of an old Savannah family, his father Dr. P. M. Kollock, being a noted physician of this city. For several years after the close of the war between the States, he lived in Savannah, then removed to Atlanta and followed the profession of civil engineering. He was of a jovial disposition, a kind husband and father. Peace to his ashes, and may we all meet him in the land of rest.

"Resolved, That this memorial be adopted as the sentiments of this camp."

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

[D. B. Morgan, Secretary, Confederate Veterans Camp, 756, U. C. V.]

COMRADES OF PARIS, TENN.

Capt. P. P. Pullen, the faithful adjutant of Camp No. 1284 U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn., reports. "Two noble comrades have passed away since my last report. W. J. Wiseman, eighty-seven years old, served with Company I, 20th Tennessee Cavalry, under Forrest through the war. His parents dying when he was quite young, he became the guardian of two younger sisters and a brother, giving his life to their rearing and care afterwards. He and his sisters never married, but made their home together all these years. He is survived by one sister and the brother. The family was loved and respected by all who knew them.

Francis Marion Hastings, who died on August 16, 1923, was a most valiant soldier of the Confederacy, serving as lieutenant of Company G, 5th Tennessee Regiment. He was twice wounded, but served to the end of the war.

Comrade Hastings was the son of James and Nancy Hastings, born May 20, 1836, and was the father of eleven children, three sons and four daughters surviving him. He was twice married, first to Miss Mary Jane Pierce, who left a daughter, two sons dying in infancy. His second marriage was to Miss Henrietta Dortch, who died some years ago. He was for many years a member of the Methodist Church and active in Church work as long as able to do it. He was also a member of the Masonic Lodge, and services in loving memory were held by his brother Masons. Death came to him in peaceful sleep.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEALE, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
MRS. FRANK ELMER ROSS, Riverside, Cal. *Second Vice President General*
MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead, N. C. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
MRS. W. J. WOODRIF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, *Official Editor*, Newberry, S. C.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Arkansas Daughters have been deeply interested in the plans for the unveiling of the David O. Dodd monument at the old State Capitol grounds, early in November, writes Mrs. William Stillwell, of Little Rock. The monument is of Vermont marble and will have an eleven-foot shaft, with a base of thirteen feet, the shaft to be embellished by a medallion likeness of David O. Dodd. Beneath this and on the sides of the base will be appropriate inscriptions.

Steps have been taken by the Division to erect a Memorial Building in Prairie Grove Battle Field Park, at Prairie Grove, and members of the Division are exerting every effort to enlist public interest and support for accomplishing this purpose.

Mrs. E. Wilson Lincoln, President of the Boston Chapter, sends the following sketch of a recently deceased member of her Chapter, whose memory the members greatly revere and whose passing they deeply mourn.

"Mrs. Anne Bouldin (Cabell) Rust, widow of Brigadier General Rust of the Confederate army, died October 9, in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Pauline Carrington Bouve, at 48 Ivy Street, Boston. Mrs. Rust was born in Lynchburg, Va., August 7, 1829, and was the daughter of John Breckinridge Cabell, of Lynchburg, and Martha Bickerton (Bouldin) Cabell, his wife, of Richmond, Va.

"On her father's side Mrs. Rust was fourth in line of descent from Lady Sarah Bram (Butler) Cabell, niece of James Francis Bram Butler, second Duke of Ormond and thirteenth Earl of Carrick, who was her guardian, and through whose influence her husband received a very large grant of land in Virginia from Queen Anne, the Duke of Ormond being at that time commander in chief of Queen Anne's army and navy. On her mother's side Mrs. Rust was descended from the Tylers, Contesses, Dabneys, and Nalles, of Virginia."

* * *

Mrs. Preston Power, of Maryland, writes that a meeting of Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, was largely attended on Tuesday October 18, and eighteen delegates were elected to attend both the Division and general conventions.

That a scholarship in memory of Mrs. John P. Poe is to be established at Goucher College. Part of the necessary funds have been collected; the remainder, will be obtained by popular subscription. Mrs. Poe was for many years President of Baltimore Chapter and much loved by every member.

That to help the Division's "Charity Fund," a card party will be arranged by Mrs. Paul Iglehart for the month's end.

That Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler, President General, will come to Baltimore for the Division meeting, and will be entertained by the Daughters.

* * *

We welcome this month Mrs. Jesse T. McMahan, of Black-

water, as Publicity Chairman from Missouri, who sends us their recently elected officers. She writes that the annual convention of Missouri Division took place in Kansas City October 11, 12, 13, 1923, and that it was the largest and best ever in the history of the organization. The following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. Hugh Miller, 917 West Thirty-Eighth Street, Kansas City.

First Vice President, Mrs. B. Liebstadter, 3940 Walnut Street, Kansas City.

Second Vice President, Mrs. John Butterly, Moberly.

Third Vice President, Mrs. T. W. Doherty, Poplar Bluff.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. F. Yates, Richmond.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. D. D. Denham Kansas, City.

Treasurer, Miss Virginia Garrett, Slater.

Register, Mrs. John Hope, 5711 Chamberlain Avenue, St. Louis.

Director Children's Chapter, Mrs. G. Baxter, Springfield.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press, Mrs. Jesse T. McMahan, Blackwater.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. T. E. Hook, Mexico.

Chaplain, Mrs. O. Banner, St. Louis.

* * *

From Miss Edith Loryea comes the report that a South Carolina war flag, taken from Columbia during Sherman's raid of the State, has been returned. It is said to be the original flag carried by Gen. Wade Hampton, dark blue cloth with a yellow palmetto tree in the center set in a white circle, all made by hand, the circle and tree being of cut cloth applied upon the blue. The story of its return is an interesting one. When a South Carolina Daughter was told in Washington last spring at the D. A. R. Continental Congress that this flag was in the possession of an Illinois man, steps were immediately taken leading to its return. It was taken from Columbia by the brother of the possessor of the flag, either on February 16 or 18, 1865.

John M. Kinard, Newberry, Division Commander, has issued an open letter to the Sons of Confederate Veterans and United Daughters of the Confederacy asking their help in organizing Camps S. C. V. throughout the State. He writes that the slogan should be: "A Camp of S. C. V. for every Chapter of the U. D. C."

A bowlder is now being erected by the South Carolina Division on the battle field at Petersburg, where nearly three hundred South Carolina soldiers were buried in the explosion of the "Crater," July 30, 1864.

Miss Armida Moses, of Sumter, as chairman, has perfected plans for the dedicatory exercises on Monday following the adjournment of the general convention in Washington.

The three U. D. C. Chapters of Columbia have recently dedicated a handsome granite bowlder, six feet high, at the

intersection of two important streets, marking the route of the Jefferson Davis Highway. The governor of the State, Hon. Thomas McLeod, and the Division President, Mrs. C. J. Milling, and Mrs. Clarh Waring, President of the Girls of the Sixties," were the speakers for the occasion. In raised letters on the boulder is the inscription:

"Jefferson Davis Highway
1923

United Daughters of the Confederacy."

* * *

From across the continent, Mrs. Mary H. Gammon, President of Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, Wash., sends the following notes, which show that the Daughters in that State are interested and enthusiastic:

"The Division convention was held at Seattle, October 10, 1923. Mrs. Kurt Schluss was elected Division President with a new corps of officers.

"The retiring President, Mrs. F. G. Sutherland, was presented with a beautiful U. D. C. pin as an expression of the high regard in which she is held by the Division.

"Mrs. R. H. Simpson, age eighty-four years, who served as a nurse in a Confederate hospital in New Orleans during the War between the States, was present and proud to wear the Southern Cross of Honor, which was recently bestowed upon her in recognition of her service.

"A resolution was passed during the convention asking the American Legion to aid in obtaining permission to have the sick and needy Confederate veterans placed in the government hospitals and given government care. This resolution was forwarded to Col. Alvin C. Owsly, hoping that the Legion in their meeting in San Francisco would take some action at this time.

"Reports from the Chapters of the State show a substantial growth in membership and liberal financial support to the various patriotic enterprises sponsored by the General Organization.

"Although in this far-away northwest Pacific Coast State, where members are few and Chapters still fewer, there is great enthusiasm shown in U. D. C. work, and our aim is, 'The Forward Movement.'"

* * *

The Virginia Division held the sessions of its twenty-eighth annual convention in the First Baptist Church at Bristol, October 3-5, Mrs. J. A. Scott, Division President, presiding.

The President General, Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, was the honored guest of the convention. Her presence was an inspiration; her timely words of wisdom and her readiness to give assistance when assistance was needed were deeply appreciated.

At the Memorial Hour special tributes were paid to Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, Honorary President of the Division, wife of the great Confederate cavalry leader, and to Mrs. C. B. Tate, Honorary President, Past President, and, at the time of her death, Custodian of the Lee Mausoleum at Lexington.

Some of the outstanding features of the convention were: To petition the General Assembly of Virginia for \$10,000 to be used as a nucleus for a fireproof building in Richmond to take care of the ever-increasing valuable historical material pertaining to the Confederacy.

The passage of a resolution of protest against the present plan of enlargement of the Lee Chapel.

The appointment of a committee to attend the premiere production of Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee" in Richmond, and to make a report on its historical aspect.

That there are one hundred and fifty scholarships, valued at \$17,352.

That great emphasis be laid on proper books in the Virginia schools, and that those published by Southern firms be used in preference to those published in the North.

That relief work is the first and paramount work of the Virginia Daughters.

The Welby Carter Chapter had distributed 1,154 books during the past year, for which it was especially commended, as was the Bristol Chapter for securing scholarships.

The following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. Edwin F. Goffigan, Cape Charles; First Vice President, Mrs. M. E. Huddleston, Clifton Forge; Second Vice President, Miss Margaret Shepherd, Fredericksburg; Third Vice President, Mrs. Walter T. Allen, Richmond; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. George Taylor, Big Stone Gap; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Harry Wooding, Jr., Danville; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Charles Fraley, Hampton; Historian, Miss Anne V. Mann, Petersburg; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. James E. Alexander, Alexandria; Registrar, Miss Gattie Webb, Franklin; Custodian, Mrs. Lee Cash, Bristol; Custodian Virginia Division Badge, Mrs. Gwynne T. Shepperd, Cynwyd, Pa.; Correspondent of the VETERAN, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Richmond; World War Records, Mrs. William A. Roberts, Chase City.

The convention adjourned to meet in Norfolk, accepting the invitation from the Hope-Maury Chapter extended by Mrs. F. A. Walke.

The presence of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph at the convention was an inspiration and a delight.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

By the time this report goes to press, Mrs. R. P. Holt, Chairman, Committee on Publicity, will have made her report at the annual convention. It will interest the membership of the U. D. C., to know that the returns for the year's work showed an improvement of about seventy per cent over 1922, a gratifying increase, but by no means what is yet needed toward fulfilling the St. Louis pledge for the distribution of 10,000 copies.

South Carolina, under the able leadership of Miss Marion Salley, again won the prize for the distribution of the greatest number of copies, with the West Virginia Division second and North Carolina third.

Mrs. Edwin Robinson, Director of the West Virginia Division, deserves special commendation and won a specially donated prize for having put her Division over the top first, *exceeding her quota* of 200 copies with 124 to spare! She was ably assisted in making this record by the phenomenal success of Mrs. W. A. Pankey, of the Bluefield Chapter, who secured and distributed no less than 150 copies. Mrs. Pankey and Mrs. Robinson developed some new ideas in so splendidly solving their problem. The distinction again falls on West Virginia in having the banner Chapter. Incidentally, West Virginia was the first to fulfill the Birmingham pledges in distributing "Memorial" volumes.

The other Divisions that have gone over the top with their quotas are Ohio, New York, Maryland, and Massachusetts, in the order named. The District of Columbia had the distinction of leadership in the matter of contributions to the Publicity Fund, due very largely to the energetic work of Mrs. Frank Morrison, while Alabama ran a close second. Alabama is now in the lead in the 1924 contest, with South Carolina second.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
Ballyclare Lodge, Howell Mill Road, Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

A MESSAGE OF LOVE FOR OUR PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Our hearts go out in tender sympathy to our beloved President General, Mrs A. McD. Wilson, as her heart is bowed in deepest grief over the sudden death of her devoted husband. It is always hard to bear our sorrows, even when time has warned and prepared us for them; but when death touches us with cold and icy hand, which tells us life has gone, we stand in silent grief and can only look unto our Father to give us strength to live.

Such has been the Valley of the Shadow experience through which our dear friend has passed. Gloriously led by the hand of the Master, she has bravely borne her grief. Her friends are many, and from all over the Southland messages of sympathy and love, laden with beautiful flowers, have comforted her sad heart.

In the death of Mr. Arthur McDermott Wilson, who died Wednesday, October 24, our cause sustains the loss of a true and devoted friend. In all of our work he was always deeply interested. Attending the reunions with Mrs. Wilson, he was ever by her side, as gallant as a devoted lover. In Chattanooga and New Orleans he had the honor to be the color bearer, and proudly he marched in the processional with the gold and purple banner waving over his snowy hair. We will miss him at our reunions.

For fifty years he was an honored citizen of Atlanta, serving the city in many of her most important civic organizations. His advice was sought on grave questions touching the city's welfare, and his judgment highly prized. He was a charter member of the staff of the Old Guards of Atlanta, honorary member of the Atlanta Memorial Association, honorary member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. He loved the South with a sacred devotion, and in the passing of his noble life we have lost a loyal friend.

When just a lad of seventeen, he left his native home in Ireland and turned his boyish face toward the wonders of a new world. Since the day he landed on American soil and turned his face toward the South, he had been true to every star in her flag and loyal to every cause of our Southland. He loved nature in all her rainbow beauty, and no song of a bird ever passed unheeded, and no flowers ever bloomed that he did not cherish. When the last sad tributes were paid to his memory, the casket was borne to St. Philip's Cathedral underneath a large white floral cross, made the length of the casket, of pure white roses and lilies of the valley, the last sweet token of a wife's unflinching devotion to a loving husband.

MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY MRS. BRYAN WELLS COLLIER.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of our Memorial Association will be June, 1924. Begin to plan and think about it now.

Mrs. William A. Wright, President of the Atlanta Memorial Association, has pledged through her Association one thousand dollars to the Stone Mountain Memorial Association. Fine! If many of our Associations did this, we would soon build the Stone Mountain monuments.

It was a great pleasure to attend our State U. D. C. convention in Augusta October 23-25, and take greetings from our President General. Our Memorial Association was extended every honor on this occasion. Mrs. Oswald Eve, the efficient President of the Augusta Memorial Association, was a charming hostess. Her Junior Memorial presented your Corresponding Secretary with most beautiful flowers for our President General, who at the last moment found she could not go.

CONVENTION IN 1924.

FROM NOTES BY RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL.

The twenty-fifth annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will be held in Memphis, Tenn., at the same time as the reunion, U. C. V. June 4, 5, 6, 1924.

It has been the custom of the Association to meet annually since its organization, and the coming convention is anticipated with much pleasure, that it will be one of deep interest to the many Memorial Associations.

We urge that the Associations send a full representation to the coming convention, each being entitled to two delegates and two alternates.

At the first convention, held at the Galt House, in Louisville, Ky., May 30, 31, June 1, 1900, the constitution and by-laws were adopted, and since that date many Associations have joined the C. S. M. A., and are assisting wonderfully in the perpetuation of memories of 1861-65. They are taking part in the great memorials of to-day under construction which will perpetuate for all time and glorious days of the early sixties and keep them before the historians of the coming generations, who will portray in truth the everlasting history of the great nation:

The grandest that ever rose,
The purest that ever fell.

A WOMAN OF THE SIXTIES.

Mrs. Martha Kincaid Sudderth, a native of Burke County, N. C., recently passed away at her home in Asheville, at the age of seventy-eight years. She was of distinguished ancestry, directly descended from David, Scotland's first king, and Sir



MRS. MARTHA KINCAID SUDDERTH.

William Kincaid, and then another line, Sir Hugo Bristol. Her later American ancestors were typical of the best in her loyal Southland. She was of the highest type of Southern womanhood, consecrated to its highest ideal and traditions, a devoted, loyal daughter of the Confederacy. She taught school the first two years of the war of the sixties, yet found time to sew, knit, and serve much to help make comfortable the boys at the front.

After she became the wife of William Patterson Sudderth, she still gave willing heart and hands in helpful sacrificial service to the South's cause, together with her many Southern sisters. She toiled courageously with little of constructive material, and on willing, high-bred feet transported her offerings save for an occasional lift from some faithful "Old Dobbin."

One of the most glorious types of womanhood in the annals of time, truly now for her "'tis light!"

NOTICE.

To Whom It May Concern: In answer to inquires about a book published in 1913 entitled "Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-to-Be," I beg to say that, although I am author and owner of the copyright, I have been unable to procure a copy of the book since 1917. I wish to hear from purchasers of the book since that date. Any information concerning agents or dealers handling it will be appreciated. Address all communications to me.

HOWARD M. LOVETT, Covington, Ga.

GAMBLING IN THE ARMY.

(Continued from page 464)

professionals. Conversing with my brother on one occasion, he asked him if he remembered a certain soldier in his regiment who was a great gambler, and told him how he broke him of the habit. This young man's mother often sent her son large sums of money, which he soon lost to much shrewder gamblers in the regiment. Knowing her and the sacrifice she was making, the colonel tried to persuade the boy not to play cards any more, but, like all other gamblers, the boy had an idea that he was very smart, and he would not promise to quit. They always cleaned him up the first night, and for days he seemed depressed and always wrote back home for more money, only to lose it again. Finally a large sum came in a letter through the hands of the colonel. He retained the package and sent for the young fellow to come to his headquarters that night. When he gave him the money he proposed a little game of cards. At first he let the boy win a good sum and this pleased him very much; but in the windup the colonel won every cent. The boy went dejected to his tent that night, and for several days remained in that condition. After he had suffered sometime over his loss, the colonel sent for him and lectured him on his conduct, and told him he did not know anything about gambling, and tried to make him promise never to do so any more; but he was too proud to do that and went away in a very sullen mood. Later on the colonel gave him the money, telling him at the same time that he did not know anything about gambling and that he had won it from him to show him that he didn't know. It was a great pity the colonel did not take his own advice, for he went on in his career of gambling until he was degraded and ruined.

Returning to our homes from Appomattox, we first came in contact with our soldiers of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., and were surprised to see them everywhere engaged in gambling. I had never seen so many kinds of games of chance before. They all seemed well supplied with Confederate money, and it was changing hands pretty freely. But I suppose they were not so much to blame for this, as the money was worthless and it was a means for diverting their minds from their unfortunate situation. To their credit it may truly be said that very few of them practiced it after they returned to their homes, but they applied themselves assiduously to the task of rebuilding their homes and fortunes.

IN TRIBUTE.—Capt. William F. Bahlson, who commanded Company K, 22nd Virginia Infantry, now living in Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I would like to add something to what was written of George W. Hendrickson, of Atchison, Kans. (VETERAN for August.) He came to Company K, 22nd Virginia Infantry, in September, 1863, just before he was eighteen years old (we were camped in Greenbrier County, Va.), and he served faithfully till the close of the war. He was wounded in the last fight in the Valley of Virginia, and walked five days before he found a surgeon. That bullet was in him when he died. He was a first-class soldier and a gentleman of the first water."

Hon. Charles M. Stedman, the only Confederate in the House of Representatives at Washington, writes from his home at Greensboro, N. C., in sending order for two years' subscription: "I wish the VETERAN great success, and will help it whenever I can."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1922-1923.

Commander in Chief.....W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Adjutant in Chief.....Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.
Editor, Arthur H. Jennings.....Lynchburg, Va.

[Address all communications to this Department to the Editor.]

REPORTS AND REMARKS.

ANOTHER HOOT FROM DR. HART.—Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart has an article in a recent magazine in which he assumes his usual rôle of South critic. While Dr. Hart's dislike and contempt of the South amounts to a passion, if we may judge by his writings and speeches, he has seldom gotten out an article more permeated with misleading and incorrect statements than this one, nor one more open to successful refutation, more alive with prejudice and prejudiced statements. He says: "The South let other people furnish them ships and sailors. They gave up the mechanical and commercial side of life when they accepted slavery as the basis of their economic system; and in the end they paid the penalty of backing the wrong horse. At the time of the Revolution Virginia was going backward financially." There is practically no truth in a single assertion of this expression. Now if Dr. Hart had been specific and said that the South let other people furnish *slave* ships and *slave-holding* sailors, he would have been exactly fair and right. For while the South had no such ships or sailors, the North had a superabundance of both. In the slave trade, to quote the *Continental Monthly*, of New York, as late as 1862 New York, Boston, and Portland were the "principal ports of the world for this infamous traffic." All New England ports were open, duty free, to the slave trade, while more or less heavy duties were imposed upon the traffic in all Southern ports. The first slave ship that sailed upon its sinister mission from this country was the *Desire*, which cleared from Marblehead, Mass., and the last one captured, caught off the Congo with 900 slaves aboard, after Fort Sumter was fired on, was the *Nightingale*, from Boston. Massachusetts was the first State to authorize the establishment of slavery by statute law, and among the first slaves on this continent were the Indian captives of the Puritans, who were drafted into slavery and, in some cases, sent out of the country and sold.

John Adams, who Dr. Hart mentions as being conspicuously an anti-slavery man, stated that it was not a tender conscience but a purely economic situation upon which the forbidding of slaves in Massachusetts was based. The laboring white people would not allow the rich to employ these sable rivals so much to their injury.

As to Virginia going backward financially, it might have been said in fairness that at the time of the Revolution Virginia, acting in her sovereign capacity as a sovereign State, borrowed money from France and loaned it to the Continental government—her credit was better.

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL.—A letter to the editor from President H. N. Randolph, of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association, discloses some very interesting facts about this truly amazing commemorative enterprise. There is world-wide interest in the movement, and this is well illustrated by the pictures and comments which appear in a newspaper of Cairo, Egypt. A prominent

business man of the North has written; "Stone Mountain is the most interesting and spectacular subject in the world to-day." The work is getting along well, and it is hoped to have General Lee's figure sufficiently completed by January 19 next as to enable the statue to be unveiled on his birthday. "Nothing else in history approaches this memorial. The nearest to it was the dream of Alexander the Great of transforming Mount Athos into a sculptured monument to his vainglorious conquests."

TWO LINCOLN LETTERS.—Inquiries as to these letters and matters collateral to them lead to their production here. The first is the famous letter written to Horace Greeley just before the preliminary proclamation of 1862, in which Mr. Lincoln declares his perfect willingness to retain all the slaves in bondage if he could thereby hold the South in the Union, and where he announces that what he does about the negro is done because it might help to save the Union. The letter is published in the *New York Tribune* of August 25, 1862, page 4, column 3, and is on file in the Congressional Library. It reads as follows, with a few nonessential sentences omitted:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
August 22, 1862.

"Hon. Horace Greeley.

"*Dear Sir:* I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that also. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men, everywhere, could be free.

"Yours.

A. Lincoln."

The other letter is to a carpetbag governor of Louisiana in Reconstruction days and relates to giving suffrage to the negroes:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
March 13, 1864.

"Hon. Michael Hahn.

"*My Dear Sir:* I congratulate you upon having fixed your name in history as the first free State governor of Louisiana. Now you are about to have a convention which, among other things, will probably define the election franchise. I barely suggest for your private consideration whether some of the colored people may not be let in—as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. They would probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty within the family of freedom. But this is only a suggestion, not to the public, but to you alone.

"Yours truly.

A. LINCOLN."

Confederate Veteran.

This letter which Lincoln so earnestly desired not to be made public is now in the Buffalo Public Library. There have been many sinister interpretations of these significant sentences. They may have large meaning. Judge for yourself.

GENERAL ORDERS—

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
AND MARYLAND DIVISION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 20, 1923.

General Order No. 1.

1. By virtue of my appointment as Division Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans for the Division of the District of Columbia and State of Maryland, I hereby assume command of the Camps composing that Division and establish headquarters at Washington, D. C.

2. The Division Commander's staff for the District of Columbia is hereby appointed and will assume the duties of their respective positions at once:

George T. Rawlins, Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff.
W. L. Wilkerson, Division Quartermaster.
Joseph Graham, Division Inspector.
Dr. C. P. Clarke, Division Surgeon.
E. H. Shinn, Division Commissary.
M. L. Lemmon, Division Chaplain.
John F. Little, Division Historian.
George H. Newman, Division Judge Advocate.
Frank J. Bostick, Division Color Sergeant.

3. The following ladies are hereby appointed as the Official Ladies to represent the Division of the District of Columbia at the general reunion and all other public functions:

Mrs. Thomas H. Baker, Matron of Honor.
Mrs. Josephus C. Trimble, Chaperon.
Miss Carrie Aldrich Conway, Sponsor.
Miss Rebecca Fairfax Fred, Maid of Honor.

By order of
FRANK F. CONWAY,
*Commanding District of Columbia and
Maryland Division Sons of Confederate Veterans.*

Official:

GEORGE T. RAWLINS,
Adjutant and Chief of Staff.

HEADQUARTERS VIRGINIA DIVISION, S. C. V.,
RICHMOND, VA., October 10, 1923.

General Order No. 1.

To be read before all Camps of the Division.

1. By virtue of my election as Division Commander at the reunion and convention of the Virginia Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at Roanoke, Va., on September 11, 12, and 13, 1923, I have assumed command of the Camps composing the Division, and established headquarters in the City of Richmond, Va., at 805 East Franklin Street.

2. I hereby announce the appointment of the comrades as hereinafter set forth as members of my official staff. They will be respected and obeyed accordingly.

C. I. Carrington, Richmond, Adjutant and Chief of Staff.
James P. Woods, Roanoke, Judge Advocate.
R. M. Gilliam, Montvale, Quartermaster.
Carroll D. Hagan, Richmond, Inspector.
J. G. King, Fredericksburg, Surgeon.
J. W. Atwell, Leesburg, Color Sergeant.
W. W. Moss, Jr., Westhampton, Historian.
William Byrd Lee, Norfolk, Chaplain.
Albert Bolling, Charlottesville, Commissary.

Your attention is called to the fact that the fiscal year of the Camps is the same as the calendar year, and the camps must elect officers during the month of January. The 1924 membership cards are now ready for distribution and all persons joining a Camp from this date will be membership card, good until December 31, 1924. Adjutants should immediately write Walter L. H. Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff, 609-615 Law Building, Richmond, Va., for 1924 Membership Cards. Your attention is further called to the fact that the dues of \$2 for new members, \$1 for old members, must be sent to the Adjutant in Chief; he in turn will forward the Camp Adjutant cards which will be countersigned by him and issued to the members paying. For all information pertaining to the formation of a new Camp, address these headquarters.

By order of
LEE O. MILLER,
Official: *Division Commander, S. C. V.*

C. I. CARRINGTON,
Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.

THUMBS DOWN FOR DRINKWATER.—This is written the day after the premiere of Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee" at Richmond, November 5, at the Academy of Music, that city. One of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled in Richmond attended; they left the theater, say the critics, convinced that the play was far short of the mark. "Unfair to the South," "History is twisted," "Many inaccuracies," "Characters untrue" are among the headlines of the notices this morning after the opening of the play. This department has all along attempted to show the glaring historical inaccuracies of the play as a book and the misconception of his character and "the emotions of the South" as displayed by Drinkwater. After this unfavorable opening, it is hardly possible that the play can do us much harm, for it is branded, at the start as a historical burlesque.

STAFF OF LOUISIANA DIVISION S. C. V.—J. St. Clair Favro of Baton Rouge, Commander, Louisiana Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, has appointed the following staff:

Division Adjutant, E. L. Kidd, Ruston, La.
Assistant Division Adjutant, Trent L. James, Alexandria, La.

Quartermaster, J. G. St. Julien, Lafayette, La.
Inspector, L. L. Richard, Jennings, La.
Commissary, H. A. Morgan, Gonzales, La.
Judge Advocate, W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La.
Surgeon, Dr. E. S. Matthews, Bunkie, La.
Chaplain, Rev. G. B. Hines, Lake Charles, La.
Historian, Cecil Morgan, Shreveport, La.
Color Bearer, M. H. Sandlin, Minden, La.

Official: WALTER L. H. CARRINGTON,
Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.

CLOSING ITEMS.—Commander F. F. Conway, D. C., Division Commander of District of Maryland Division, writes that he is very anxious to touch with eligible Sons of Maryland with a view to them give a hand in the further organization. Commander Conway's address is 1510 R Street, Washington, D. C., and eligible or active Sons of Maryland, Annapolis, Hagerstown, and all through the State to write him.

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Furl that banner!



"FURL THAT BANNER! TRUE, 'TIS GORY,
YET 'TIS WREATHED AROUND WITH GLORY,
AND 'Twill LIVE IN SONG AND STORY,
THOUGH ITS FOLDS ARE IN THE DUST."

These soul-stirring words are but a few lines from the literature of the Southland, a literature including the breathless mystery of Edgar Allen Poe, the tender humor of Joel Chandler Harris, the patriotic fire of Patrick Henry, the delightfully instructive descriptions of John James Audubon, and the enthralling writings and utterances of hundreds of noted authors, dramatists, humorists, historians, philosophers, biographers, educators, scientists, theologians, orators, and statesmen.

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